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PHOTOPLAY

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JULY

WHY WE ROOSEVELTS ARE MOVIE FANS By ELE

HOW TO HAVE A STAR'S FUN ON YOUR INCOME B

Madeleine Carroll Leads Photoplay's Brilliant Summer Fashion

See Page 53

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The New 1938 *Bradley* **SWIM SUITS**

The Rise and Fall of Lilly Jones

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, announce the birth of a daughter, Lilly, at the Harbonage Hospital, on May 1st.

June 1897

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue gave a cocktail party last night at the Waldorf for their lovely debutante daughter, Lilly, who is home from Miss Genches School for the holidays. Among the guests were: Mr. Talcott Talcott, II.

Dec. 1915

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, announce the engagement of their debutante daughter, Miss Lilly Jones, to Mr. Talcott Talcott, II, son of Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Talcott of 9000 Park Ave.

May 1916

June 1916

Newport, R. I. Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, New York City, today denied the rumor that the engagement of her daughter, Lilly, to Talcott Talcott, II, heir apparent to the sodawater fortune, had been broken.

"There is nothing to it," said Mrs. Jones, on the veranda to her lovely estate, "The Pines." "I am sure that both my daughter and Mr. Talcott would also deny it if they could be reached. Unfortunately my daughter is enroute to Europe, and Mr. Talcott, I believe, is off on a yachting trip."

Town Topics. Hi de ho and ho di hum —what little debby missed out on a lot of bucks and a walk up the aisle with a biggy, just because she wasn't quite fastidious enough?

June 1916

Sept. 1916

Lilly Jones, lovely debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, who has just returned from abroad, will be among the flower girls at the League for Service Ball to be held next Thursday.

Lilly Jones, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, has organized the Junior Guild of Service Knitters. Their entire output will go to needy service men in nearby camps.

Sept. 1917

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones announce the engagement of their daughter, Lilly, to Ensign Jasper Chubb, U.S.N. Mr. Chubb is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Chubb, of Sandblast, Nebr

Nov. 1917

Town Topics. A little birdie whispered to me that all is not as merry as a marriage bell between a certain mellowing Park Avenue belle and her brave sailor-boy (in the commissary department), the latter having sailed overseas with the engagement ring back in his pocket.

Jan. 1918

Lilly Jones entertained for the Friends of Ancient Art at the Fortnight Club, last evening.

Feb. 1922

March 1925

Lilly Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, will open an interior decorating shop in the East 50s on or about May 1st. Miss Jones' shop will be known as "Interiors Entime" and will specialize in modern interiors. Miss Jones has just returned from the interior of the Continent where she studied Bulgarian fabrics and color schemes.

Exquisite furnishings and objects d' art will be at auction in the Banderson Galleries on June 1st. Among the objects on display will be practically the entire interior of the "Interiors Entime" shop of Miss Lilly Jones.

May 1926

July 1926

Town Topics. Three times and out. What plump society woman missed out on one husband, then another, and then on business—and all for the same reason?

Sept. 1930

The animal world has no stouter champion and defender than Lilly Jones, well-known New York society woman. Always an animal lover, Miss Jones has transformed part of her Westchester estate into a haven for homeless cats.

"I've planned such a venture ever since the war," said Miss Jones. "It gives me great pleasure to provide comfort and food, at Rest Haven, for any homeless cat no matter how mangy."

Lilly Jones will address the Ebelle Club Saturday. Her subject will be "Tombstones – Their Charm and Antiquity."

May 1937

● In social or business life, there is no fault more damning than halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is usually due to food fermentation in the mouth. Everyone offends at some time or other—needlessly, too, because all that is needed to halt fermentation and put the breath beyond suspicion is Listerine Antiseptic, used as mouth wash or gargle.

LISTERINE *for* HALITOSIS (*bad breath*)

TWO YEARS IN A ROW THE PRIZE AWARD!

Beautiful Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as "THE TOY WIFE"

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may" ...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

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BOOS AND Bouquets

With St. Bernard "Buck" as arbiter, the Fighting Irishers Dennis O'Keefe and Maureen O'Sullivan declare a long truce in M-G-M's new film, "Hold That Kiss"

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: $25 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and $1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

SITTING down to the breakfast table, I open the morning paper, and the first thing to give my day a bad start is the headlines, screaming the possibilities of a foreign war. My wife, spying said headlines, starts worrying how soon I'll be sent over.

While I go out to start my car, she starts bemoaning the presence of the week's wash ahead of her. Getting into the car, I am not astonished to find the battery dead. As usual, I'm late for work

For the next eight hours, I have to listen to the boss harping about the recession and his vain attempt to cut down overhead. At the quitting whistle, I go home to more worries, still wondering how long my job will last.

Home--ah--the wife's washer went on the bum. The foreign situation is worse. The battery is still dead. The recession is still on. Oh, well. We've still got enough left, after fixing washer and buying battery, to go see a doctor, whom we need badly by now.

I get out the latest medical directory (latest issue of PHOTOPLAY) and see what they advise in our case. Dr. Waterbury heartily recommends Drs. Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music" as a tonic—or for a severe case, recommends that able surgeon for the blues, Dr. Shirley Temple. Doctor Temple treats us with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and what a pleasant prescription that is!

And after taking one of the treatments recommended by Professor Waterbury under the capable hands of any of our swell Hollywood doctors, we leave our neighborhood 'blues sanitarium" (theater) feeling completely rejuvenated. The foreign crises are forgotten. A country with such fine ideals as ours won't send us over unless for our own safety--then we'll be rarin' to go. The wife, thinking over the funny incidents of the previous night's treatment, has the wash done before she knows it. And as for me--thanks to Drs. Waterbury, Durbin, Temple, etc., the new battery went right off, I got to work on time, and the boss—well, he took the same treatment, and he's forgotten there ever was a recession.

J. L.
Westmont, N. J.

The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture announces that out of every dollar spent by the American public for any type of amusement whatsoever, twenty-nine cents is for motion pictures. Each family spends between ten and sixteen dollars a year in admissions, and here's one PHOTOPLAY reader who seems to think he gets his money's worth!

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY!

I think one of the greatest credits to the screen, and one of the finest gifts to the public, is Sonja Henie. We cannot have too many pictures where there is skating on ice, as long as "Skating Through Life" Sonja is the skater. I will never forget the Friday night I attended the weekly prize fights at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium. My companion was a cabinetmaker, an all-around film studio worker. He had worked on the ice rink, getting it ready for Sonja and the picture "Happy Landing." He was telling me, as we saw her enter with other film celebrities, that she never forgot faces and names; that she was nice and spoke in a friendly way to all the studio workers.

In a jiffy, my friend had left his seat, and to my surprise I saw him confront Sonja inside the main entrance. I saw her smile, and put out her hand. Quickly he came back, and said, "Hurry, Sonja is waiting for her escort to pick up the tickets. I told her I had a Danish friend I wanted her to meet." Well, I was a bit surprised, but I hurried back with him. I greeted her in Danish, and she smiled and took my proffered hand, giving me a clever, friendly comeback in her own language. Then her escort turned up, and she returned our farewell wave, as her admirers closed in upon her beaming self.

To me she is not only a great skater and actress and a fellow Scandinavian, but a deep, intelligent bright light of friendly joy. Those who surround her are very fortunate indeed.

MARTIN H. HERLICK,
Long Beach, Calif.

Returning from a hugely successful skating tour, Miss Henie is now working on her newest picture for 20th Century-Fox, "My Lucky Star." Opposite her will be Richard Greene, a young Englishman, new to American pictures, and rumored to have more than a professional interest in the little skater.

(Continued on page 68)

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty . . . charm of performance . . . has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe . . . The star of the sensational MAYERLING . . . which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DARRIEUX • DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA AUER · HELEN BRODERICK · LOUIS HAYWARD

Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson

Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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HELEN BRODERICK

MISCHA AUER

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists

This is Clive Brook's best picture in years. Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a brother officer's wife, is accused of being a card shark, tries to vindicate himself in court. Fine direction allows exceptional suspense and a superlative cast assists. Buy British and go. (*April*)

★ ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO THE—Goldwyn-U. A.

The travels and romantic mishaps of the Venetian stalwart who opened the trade routes from Europe to Asia in the 13th Century. Gary Cooper is ably supported by Sigrid Gurie (a newcomer), Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes and others. Humor and excitement in settings of incredible beauty. Distinguished. (*April*)

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (*June*)

★ ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Two little stars, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, once more prove David Selznick (discoverer of Freddie Bartholomew) a genius in choosing new talent. Mark Twain's loved classic of Mississippi village life in 1845 is faithfully and beautifully reproduced in Technicolor, and *Muff Potter* (Walter Brennan), *Aunt Polly* (May Robson), and *Huckleberry Finn* (Jackie Moran) are all here. Need we say more? (*April*)

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M

The polish of Melvyn Douglas as the renowned French *Raffles* overcomes the lackluster of this antiquated story of missing "jools." With the aid of Warren William, Douglas convinces the gem of his heart, Virginia Bruce, that he is innocent of stealing her baubles. Average. (*April*)

★ BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox

A confused political satire built around a domestic's attempts to get elected to Parliament in Hungary. He succeeds and the havoc it creates in his social relationships is amusingly outlined by Bill Powell, Annabella, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The actors are much better than the story material. (*May*)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

A new team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quirt* and *Flagg* of yesteryear left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending the convention in New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some snap too. (*June*)

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners

A sadly unconvincing story of a spoiled, rebellious child's transformation into a cherub through the kindness of a reform school superintendent. Bonita Granville, Dolores Costello, Natalie Moorhead and Donald Crisp are in the cast, but the picture is a yawn. (*May*)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown; Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (*May*)

BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal

Mystery and lowdown comedy abound in this, the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempt of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murder and his own extermination by *The Doll*. Nan Grey is lyrical, Donald Woods is lackadaisical, Edgar Kennedy is simply hysterical. (*April*)

★ BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in a reckless, highly amusing comedy of no manners, directed by Ernest Lubitsch with his usual gay skill. Cooper, believe it or not, has had seven wives before he meets the penniless daughter of a nobleman, who thereupon becomes the eighth and leads him a merry chase. David Niven and E. E. Horton are able coplayers. Celluloid sex at its best. (*May*)

★ BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

This chronicles the chase of a young heiress after a shy collector of bones for a museum, and their problem in hiding a baby panther on a Connecticut farm. Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant give their respective rôles their best; May Robson as the eccentric aunt, Charley Ruggles as a big game hunter, and above all, the leopard and Asta of "Thin Man" fame, make this a magnificently funny picture. (*May*)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and subsequently to John Howard's rushing off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to trail Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative inspector; Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The players have had the same rôles so long they're perfect. (*June*)

CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox

Love here finds a novel way to take the conceit out of a misguided executive; the result is mildly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the gal who uses Cupid as Bergen uses McCarthy; Michael Whalen is the one who profits by the experiment. Two-bit material. (*April*)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty dreary, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her. A new slant on a social problem. (*June*)

★ DIVORCE OF LADY X, THE—Korda-United Artists

Merle Oberon's lusciousness, the enticements of the English countryside in Technicolor, and a side-splitting characterization of a drunken nobleman by Ralph Richardson, are well worth your admission. The silly story involving mistaken identity will bore you, but pay no attention and go anyway. (*April*)

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DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio

This might be labeled "On the Trail of the Missing Preston Foster," for it is he, in the guise of a gentleman crook, who keeps policemen late for their chicken stew. Whitney Bourne is an attractive accomplice. Vapid. (*April*)

★ EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M

More pictures like this and the recession would be over! It's funny, bright with music, the cast happily chosen, the production good. It concerns a mad family with Billie Burke (mother), Reginald Owen (father), Judy Garland (daughter), Fanny Brice (maid) and Allan Jones (chef). Their antics will delight you. (*April*)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confused by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to play catch with Virginia. It's all very gay. (*June*)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action shuffles a cinema queen into a situation with a penniless Frenchman (Fernand Gravet), who then becomes a chef in her household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden-headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson stooge. Just charge it up to the California flood! (*June*)

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a vague version of David Belasco's old-time favorite, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeedy). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lusty days of padres and Indians are beautifully photographed in Technicolor, and the duets of the two principals offer you a prize package. (*June*)

★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warners

Based on the battle between farmers and miners in the lowlands of California's Sacramento Valley, this is rugged, gripping drama, its scenic beauties enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent, Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains are extremely competent in their respective rôles. Highly recommended. (*April*)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired, slow story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. Tommy Riggs, of radio fame, entertains with his *Betty Lou* imitations. (*June*)

★ HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox

Here are prime requisites for good cinema—spectacle, fine music, comedy and, first and last, Sonja Henie. The thin story concerns Cesar Romero's dalliance with a little Norwegian who, of course, manages to become A-1 skater of the world under Don Ameche's tutelage. Hot swing by Raymond Scott; Ethel Merman's voice; a ballet on ice—swell! (*April*)

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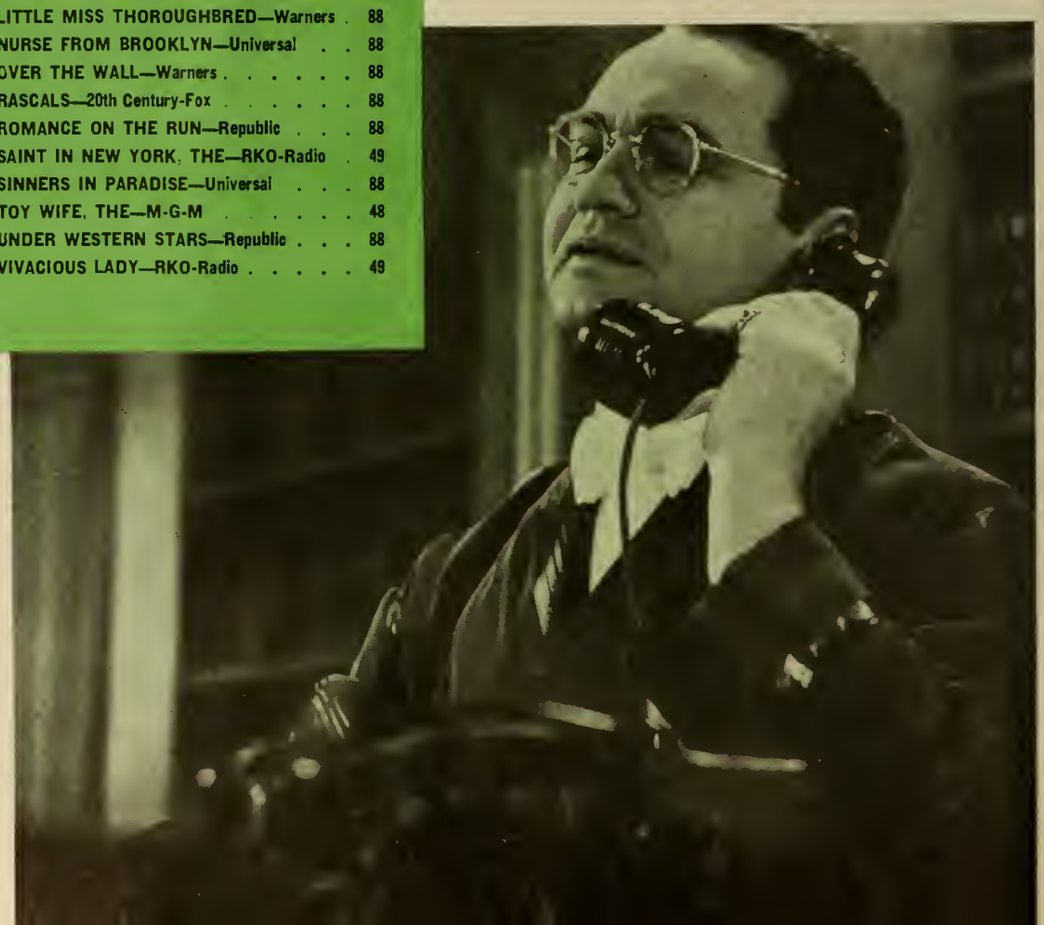

Prime screen gangster Edward G. Robinson turns the tables on himself. In "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," he plays a sleuthing medico who runs racketeers ragged

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"

Starring
RUDY VALLEE
ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT
ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON
MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

A NEW TRIUMPH IN *BIG-PICTURE* ENTERTAINMENT!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Two people who want to get away from the Hollywood that has made them famous: Fredric March and Joan Crawford (seen above with husband Franchot Tone at Phil Selznick's cafe). Why? . . .

. . . perhaps because of the same alarming situation that is making many people stay away from the movies today—and which Miss Waterbury discusses here

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN the month just passed, Hollywood production reached an all-time low . . . in weeks where in previous years forty-five to fifty pictures would have been shooting, as few as twenty-seven were in the works . . . in the "home offices," meanwhile, producers were shaking haggard heads over box-office statements . . . we, the public, were staying home in droves . . . and why not? . . . we can get every movie star of any importance whatsoever almost any night on our radios . . . free . . . and usually in good skits. . . .

Until the last several months I have always chosen the movies I attended very carefully . . . like any other bargainer in entertainment, I tried only for the best . . . but recently I have been literally going to every picture shown . . . and I have been appalled, not so much by the poorness of the pictures shown, but by their total lack of understanding of you and me and what we want to amuse us. . . .

Two things have stood out most . . . the nutsy comedy cycle and the musical comedy in which acts popped up without any more relationship to each other or the plot than so many empty beer bottles . . . now the "vaudeville" type of musical movie is a good enough sort of entertainment . . . and so, too, is the nutsy comedy . . . only we want other things by way of contrast . . . other dramas . . . some tears . . . some conflict . . . not this persistent abandonment of all common sense. . . .

WE have many causes for complaint . . . but we are not complaining . . . we are indulging in actions that speak louder than any words . . . we are staying home. . . .

For example . . . Metro announced that it was making no more "B" pictures . . . which, in effect, means Metro hates the double bill . . . and by putting out pictures that run for two hours it would have an effective weapon against the second or "B" picture in the average theater. . . .

All very well and good if Metro will put out pictures in which the drama holds our interest for two hours . . . "Test Pilot" is a swell, exciting picture but two hours of it, in my opinion, is too long . . . "The Girl of the Golden West" would have been a fifty percent better production if it had been cut off a reel or so . . . do away with "B's" . . . that's fine . . . but don't do it by making A into B pictures. . . .

MODERN life is packed with drama . . . we have war and conquest in Europe . . . we have strikes and labor troubles at home . . . all over the world we see men haggard with unemployment and women wondering if they dare give birth to the babies that are already on the way . . . we have kids getting out of school not knowing what kind of a job, if any, they can find for all of their fine diplomas that prove they majored in this or that . . . and Hollywood isn't reflecting one bit of that. . . .

Don't misunderstand . . . I am neither for films getting highbrow or deadly serious . . . I still want entertainment and amusement when I go to the theater and I believe you do, too . . . but I want something that relates to me and my problems . . . you and yours. . . .

Virginia Bruce in "The First Hundred Years" is a successful businesswoman married to a less successful businessman . . . a situation that faces many thousands of American women today . . . that plot could have been made an interesting theme . . . but, in the movie, they solved it by having her go back to her husband . . . because—and get this—her lawyer finds out through Virginia's trying to get a new insurance policy that Virginia is going to have a baby . . . that's their portrait of a 1938 businesswoman for you . . . having to have her lawyer discover by such an involved route that she was going to be a mother. . . .

Kay Francis in "Women Are Like That" takes over her husband's business when he takes to drink and succeeds at it magnificently . . . she is about to be married to another man when her husband comes back . . . so, while the fiance sleeps off a cold, she succumbs once more to her husband's charms . . . all of which is supposed to be mighty funny. . . .

NOW, all right . . . maybe all businesswomen are jokes . . . I don't really believe it, but I'll argue that way for the sake of getting my point over right now . . . but those two pictures started out seriously . . . Virginia and Kay were presented to you as heroines . . . that is, somebody to admire, with tough problems on their hands . . . and both pictures end up by showing you what saps both those women were. . . .

Think of the women who are facing the prob-

WOMEN'S LIVES *Made* Easier —every month

BY THIS time, practically all women are *curious* about Tampax. But those who actually use it are *crazy* about it . . . Housewives, office workers, college girls, sports lovers — all are adopting this neat hygienic unbulky method of sanitary protection. Investigate Tampax now!

- **Perfected by a physician for all women's use**

Tampax is designed for *all* classes of women, not for any special class . . . The principle is *internal absorption* . . . No belts, pins or pads. And no odor!

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Hygienic, highly compressed, each in patented applicator. 35c for full month's supply. Smaller introductory size now available at 20 cents.

- **In any costume—complete daintiness and protection**

NO BELTS
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NO PADS

No bulk with Tampax . . . Nothing can show . . . *Odor banished* . . . Sold at drug and notion counters (if not at *yours*, use coupon below).

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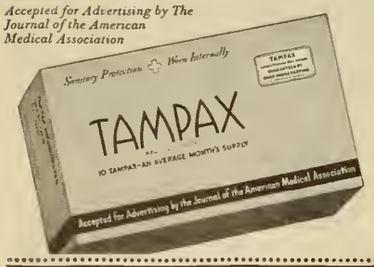

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lem of a husband who drinks too much . . . think of the stoic heroism they represent as they try to hide such a tragedy from the world . . . think of their futile attempts to make their man conquer a habit that is consuming him . . . and know how you are going to feel when you see Kay Francis' character made a laughing stock in "Women Are Like That." . . .

I believe you are going to be so annoyed by being cheated into thinking you were going to get something true and real which is later, because of the ineptness of the writing in it, turned into farce that you are going to stay away from the movies for the next week. . . .

I AM perfectly aware that it is much easier to be critical than constructive . . . but I have what I believe is a constructive suggestion to make . . . let the important people of Hollywood get away from Hollywood every so often and meet a few of us people who represent their audiences. . . .

For it is Hollywood, itself, that is selling Hollywood short. . . .

Consider this . . . the number of great painters, composers, writers, actresses, or representatives of whatever art you choose . . . who have come from the ranks of wealth and society . . . you can count them on the fingers of one hand of a three-fingered man . . . but today, all the people who "matter" in Hollywood are rich, very rich . . . and, with very rare exceptions, every one of them is socially ambitious . . . Gary Cooper married into the social register . . . so did Randy Scott . . . so did Fred Astaire who is so proud of being the sole actor member of the swanky New York Racquet Club . . . Kay Francis, who mixes little in Hollywood, parties gaily in New York with the hoity-toity set . . . Robert Montgomery's conversation bristles with exclusive "money" names . . . I could pile up examples endlessly. . . .

All of which social ambition is no crime certainly . . . but just as certainly it is killing to art and creativeness . . . it is death to the reacting to the problems of you and me who wonder whether, out of this week's wages, it is wiser to get a needed new pair of shoes or start going to the dentist's to have that aching back tooth filled. . . .

I simply cannot believe that any person can be deeply concerned with the fate of the average man while sitting astride a polo pony. . . .

INTERESTINGLY enough, the more sensitive Hollywood personalities are aware that something is wrong and want to get away from the town that has made them famous . . . Joan Crawford, that caldron of ambition, violently studying music five hours a day . . . wants to do a Broadway play . . . and then yearns to embark on a concert tour . . . Fredric March has already tried one stage play and will probably try another . . . scratch the average Hollywood writer, turning out scripts at unbelievable sums, and you will discover an unfinished novel . . . all these things are symptomatic of the creative unrest out there. . . .

Hollywood must become important enough to itself and the world to make people want to live and die for it . . . its creators shouldn't feel that, for their best expression of their art, they must leave it . . . and no more should anyone who goes there have only one idea . . . how much money can I get for this idea or talent or whatever it is he is selling. . . .

But everyone does feel that way and it is Hollywood's own fault for making money of paramount importance in its own scheme of things . . . huge estates, great yachts, strings of polo ponies, important wines, jewels . . . those are the things the mind of Hollywood concentrates upon . . . not truth, not reality, not art . . . when they talk about making a picture "good" it is because it is provable that a good picture makes more money than a bad picture . . . when they put a fortune in a production it is because they believe that fortune will get a greater fortune back. . . .

LET the creators of Hollywood come back to our way of living a few days of each year, at least . . . let them put their limousines aside and ride on a crowded subway just to rediscover how amazingly far a nickel, which they wouldn't hand out as a tip, can go toward getting a man to his job . . . let them try shopping in a bargain basement for a six-dollar dress marked down to four-fifty on a hot, busy Saturday afternoon . . . let them try bargaining for a price on a baby's funeral procession. . . .

I know the average star going about in such a way would be mobbed by autograph fans, but the writers and the producers wouldn't . . . since nobody knows or cares what they look like . . . the actors will portray what the producers tell them to show . . . if the producers and writers would snoop around a little, perhaps they would discover that our problems are just what they have always been . . . life and death and love . . . we don't have to worry over our taxes since they touch so few of us . . . we don't have to puzzle very much about subtle shades of emotions since we are usually too tired to bother with them . . . but we still do have to figure how to pay the rent and buy food and clothes . . . and the great compensating miracle of love is more known to us than it is even to them . . . since one love is all-important to us while they have a chance at twenty. . . .

Life and death and love and laughter . . . those are the things we want from Hollywood . . . put those things in our pictures and there will be no more need to worry in the future over box-office statements. . . .

Are all businesswomen jokes? Miss Waterbury takes sides—but definitely—on that question. She uses in her argument M-G-M's "The First Hundred Years," in which Warren William, Virginia Bruce and Alan Dinehart (below) appeared

DAINTY *golden-voiced* DEANNA DURBIN

is keen about Lux . . .

Deanna gets a thrill out of clothes—"She's as finicky about their care as I am," says her mother. "I won't trust silks and woolens (nice cottons or linens, either) to anything but Lux," Mrs. Durbin adds.

LUX keeps washable frocks and blouses charmingly feminine—lingerie fresh and sweet—stockings sleekly smart. All dainty things safe in water alone are safe in gentle Lux. It's easy to get a reputation for exquisite daintiness when you stick to Lux. It has no harmful alkali, as harsh soaps have—does away with the cake-soap rubbing that's apt to weaken threads. This superb care that the screen stars adore costs next to nothing—yet it saves dollars in clothes upkeep!

LIKE ALMOST EVERY GIRL her age, Deanna loves the sleek flattery of silk stockings. She is very particular about their looking just so. Naturally, they're always Luxed. "I don't want Deanna to be troubled with annoying runs," explains Mrs. Durbin.

DEANNA'S FAVORITE COLOR is blue and she likes simple lingerie touches. "We prefer dresses that are Luxable," her mother explains. "Then it's easy to have them always spick-and-span."

IN HER PICTURES, TOO, Deanna wears Luxables. See her in UNIVERSAL'S new picture, "THAT CERTAIN AGE."

AT UNIVERSAL, as at other leading Hollywood studios, Lux is specified in the wardrobe department for the care of everything washable. It insures freshness and daintiness . . . saves thousands of dollars in upkeep and replacements.

Daintiness wins

"OF COURSE IT'S A LUXURY . . . BUT *it's a luxury I can enjoy ALL Seasons*"

You'll take your FEDERAL scarf on your summer vacation trip; you'll build your fall wardrobe around its flattering beauty; you'll throw it over your shoulders and make a gorgeous wrap of your untrimmed winter coat. It's a joy to have a becoming and luxurious fur that you can wear smartly straight through the year. FEDERAL Fox is that and more—these thick, soft, stunningly silvered skins have *lasting* loveliness. Better stores everywhere feature FEDERAL Fox . . . look for the name clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

DRAWING BY VINCENT

"THE LAW IS ON OUR SIDE . . . NONE OF THAT MONEY HE EARNED BELONGS TO HIM."

—From a statement by Arthur L. Bernstein

Born

The Loretta Young of today—the exquisite star of "Three Blind Mice"—with her co-star, Joel McCrea

Age ten—at Ramona Convent. Now a confirmed romanticist, but still the ugly duckling baby sister of the Young family

For Romance

Baby Gretchen—stark realist

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

BANNERS sometimes wave invisibly when a child is born. Forecasting, pageants in the sky sweep past, and melodic signals ring. These things tell, as they must have told on that certain afternoon twenty-five years ago when Gretchen Young first howled her way into the living, that here is a special spirit born to glamour. Where this person goes, things will happen. And all the important dreams and fictions, always, will have reality; and tragedy and laughter and heartbreak will follow closely.

Gretchen Young—she calls herself Loretta, now—was dedicated at her birth to romance. This her two beautiful sisters and her charming, tall father and her lovely mother would have denied, laughing, since she was a homely child. She was gangly and when she turned over in her crib she did the bumps, although there was nothing rhythmic in the movement.

Small Gretchen grew with alarming rapidity into a world and home that made a place for her willingly, when there was little room to spare: you must know that Mr. Young followed railroad jobs sporadically about the country, so that his family left the house on Salt Lake City's Hollywood Avenue where Gretchen was born before she had a chance to see it. Railroad men do not make much money, and the houses were always cottages. . . .

She was the youngest of the tribe until a brother was born, which was later; but she received neither the pettings nor the spoils which fall usually to the lot of baby sisters. Her clothes came to her from the experienced needle of her mother, but via first Polly Ann and then Betty Jane. The dresses were worn and cut down and mended by this time, and were hardly calculated to enhance an awkward little kid with vaguely sandy hair and teeth with braces.

This, however, was minor tragedy, contributing to the oppressive weight of knowing—before she knew anything else—that she was the tail-end duckling, plain if not ugly, whose lot must inevitably be that of watching while the others acted, staying behind while the others proceeded. Visitors came to call, and they lifted Polly Ann with heaving motions to ample bosoms, and they cooed; Betty Jane, just past the toddling stage, they mauled delightedly.

Age fourteen—not grown-up in the eyes of her mother, but yet determined enough to change her name to Loretta and sign a long-term contract with First National

FROM her envious perch near the mantel Gretchen observed, leering. Remarks concerning her were addressed to Mrs. Young, conciliatory always, and Gretchen listened, and slowly out of this there grew in her a furious resentment. It exploded one day, when the two older girls were dressing to go to a party.

Gretchen came to the door of their bedroom and stood on one foot, eyeing the confusion. "I'm going, too," she said finally.

"No, dear," her mother mumbled faintly through the pins in her mouth. "Later—when you're grown up. . . ."

The child turned and trotted to the hall closet. She got her hat and coat, put them on, and went out. Ten minutes later and six blocks away from the house Mrs. Young heard pattering footsteps behind her; Gretchen, breathless, joined the little group on the sidewalk.

"I'm *going*," wailed Gretchen shrilly, and did not cower when Discipline came down immediately on the seat of her panty-waist.

"That," said Mrs. Young sternly, "is for crossing five intersections alone, in all this traffic. Now I'll take you home."

Through that afternoon, sitting calmly in the corner of the dining room, with hands folded, Gretchen considered her day. She thought, *so that's a spanking. It only hurt a little. And I got six blocks away. If I'd gone ten blocks I'd have got the same spanking.*

Logic stirred slowly in her four-year-old mind. Suddenly she sat upright, grinning. She thought, *I win. I'll just do what I want, and take the spanking. And some day—some day, when I'm too big for spanking. . . .*

But that was later.

That was later, after Wilson had set up his International Dolls' House at Geneva and come home triumphantly to an America newly at peace; after the charming John Young had for the last time handed his meager pay check to his tired twenty-six-year-old wife and, one night, had gone away, carrying his toothbrush and his name and his memories, never to return; long, even, after Mother, looking desperately around her, had gathered her brood together, dumped them aboard the first train West, and descended hopefully upon California, where relatives offered sanctum.

HOLLYWOOD, in 1918, was a bustling little prairie with a rambling, brand-new center called the Hollywood Hotel and—in Culver City and Burbank—a studio or two. People were interested in the place. They read the stories of incalculable riches pouring into studio coffers and pouring right out again into the laps of new-made stars, who thereupon built palaces in the hills and threw fifty-thousand-dollar parties and rode in mauve Rolls-Royces, behind mauve livery. People read these things, glanced in the nearest mirror, folded up the clippings and entrained for the promised land by the thousands, fingers outstretched for a place in the pie.

They had to have somewhere to eat and sleep, while awaiting discovery by casting directors. Mrs. Young, born a hostess, was shrewd of necessity: she borrowed money, rented a boarding house, made sure that neither her beds nor dumplings were lumpy, and settled nervously down to supporting her four offspring and their incredible appetites.

Gretchen accepted the Great Change in stride, with immeasurable pleasure. Here, suddenly, was color and movement and excitement after the many drab months. Here were sand piles; here were other little girls with long braids which, when pulled, created momentary breathless flurries which satisfied her bursting vitality; here were adults who exclaimed over the loveliness of the two older sisters, yes—but who tossed lollypops and fine indigestible gumdrops at Gretchen as consolation.

They were a varied company, a storybook come to life, living in the next rooms to hers: the bearded man who recited Shakespeare and grumbled incessantly against the indifference to his talents of someone named Zukor; the dancer, pale and slim, who sometimes danced alone in the garden but who coughed rather dreadfully afterwards, always. She went away suddenly one night, in an ambulance. And there was the woman who sang, so loudly, and the boy with the blonde wavy hair, with the soft voice, and the fat man who kept white mice—*You must not touch them, Gretchen, nor go up*

(Continued on page 86)

"The Hurricane"

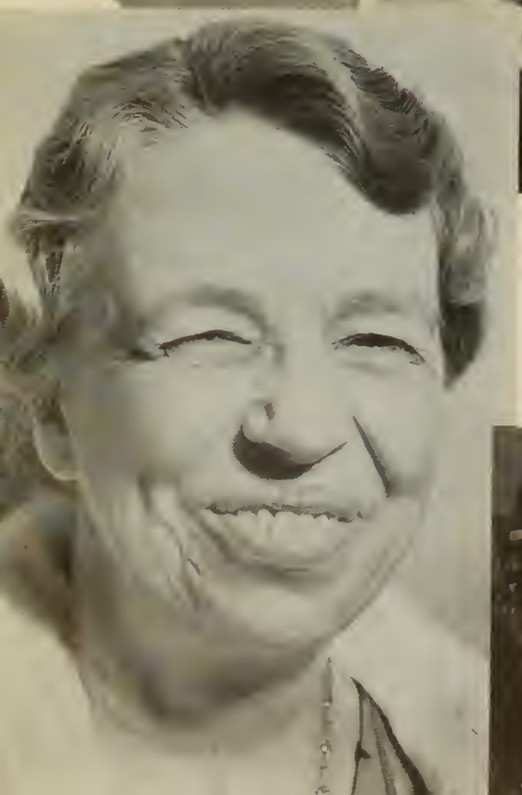
A newsreel view of the Hindenburg disaster

A Mickey Mouse cartoon

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

WHY WE ROOSEVELTS

It is a pleasure and a privilege to see Hollywood—stars, studios, films—through the eyes of the First Lady of our land and her White House family



On her trip to Hollywood, Mrs. Roosevelt formed impressions of many stars, from Temple to Taylor, studied the studios carefully. Now, in this article, she tells why she thinks the stars of today are popular and issues a challenge to producers of tomorrow

IT is strange how for some of us our interest in people as individuals seems to tinge everything we do! The very best movies in the world might be shown in the White House and, if I have work to do, I would probably leave all my guests and sit at my desk all evening. If someone said to me however, "'So and So,' whom you met last January at the Birthday Balls, and whom you liked so much, is in that movie," I would probably decide that my work could be done between eleven and one a. m. and sit through the movie and enjoy it. I would have to have that personal interest in an individual before I would be tempted to see the play. That is the secret of the great popularity of movie stars, I suppose.

The rest of the family do not seem to be affected to quite the same degree that I am, however. They are all just natural movie fans. Jimmy and Betsy will come in in the evening during their busy winter months and say, "We are going to the movies; don't you want to come with us?" I raise my hands in horror and say: "Heavens, when I have more than I can do on this desk, I certainly am not going to the movies!" They go gaily off, jeering at me.

When the children come home for holidays or week ends there is always a demand for movies in the White House and, of course, it is practically the one and only relaxation which my husband has and it is a rare thing that a week goes by without at least one movie being shown for him.

Of course, we always have newsreels and, even when I do not stay for the long movie, I

"The Life of Emile Zola"

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

A newsreel view of the Coronation

"Little Miss Broadway"

ARE MOVIE FANS

These are some of the movies requested at the White House—and the versatile Roosevelts had definite reactions to them all

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

wait to see those, for they seem to bring the whole world before us. We can see things which happen hundreds of miles away just as though we were on the spot. I contend that seeing things is almost a necessity in this visual-minded period of our development, and the newsreels are probably doing as much as the radio, newspapers and magazines to make people world-minded today.

Sometime I hope they will go a step further and do an educational job by stepping back into history and bringing the past before us so that we may better understand the happenings of the present. I remember once being given a preview of a film which depicted present conditions in a foreign land. Interesting as it was to me, I realized all the way through that the average theater-goer would need to know what conditions had existed in that country for two or three hundred years before, or he could not really understand the story which the film was trying to tell. Perhaps we are going to find ourselves learning history and becoming better world neighbors someday as a result of new uses to which the movies may lend themselves.

The newsreels, interesting as they are however, are only the appetizer for the real film.

I THINK a little trip to Hollywood would make every movie-goer more appreciative of the films which he sees. I spent one morning seeing three of the big movie studios. My time was so limited that I could only get an impression of each one but it was a breath-taking experience.

From Warner Brothers I carried away the vision of real streets with buildings—in Paris, in Spain, East Side New York City—and of a research department where a whole wall was lined with hardware of different periods and reference books that were so enticing that I would have gladly offered myself as a candidate for a job among them!

From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I think my impression was one of marked efficiency. A tremendous scene moved before my eyes and then I was shown how certain illusions can be created and I realized more vividly every minute how many skills may be used in the creating of moving pictures. I had thought of it first as largely acting and writing; when, as a matter of fact, it is engineering and painting and a painstaking student's job.

At the Twentieth Century-Fox studio I was so taken up with Shirley Temple that I thought of little else, so I suppose what stayed with me there is the impression of the choice of the right person for the right film. After all, in the movies as in the legitimate theater, half the success is in the casting.

With this visit as background and the very pleasant acquaintanceships made at the time of the Birthday Balls each year when I have a chance to meet and talk with some of the movie stars, my interest is growing greater. I must see whatever films my acquaintances are in and I understand a little better all that goes into giving us this entertainment.

For the youngest members of the family it is never very hard to choose a film. Mickey Mouse always is successful and calls for much applause and squeals of joy, but the grandchildren are not the only ones who enjoy Mickey Mouse. The President never has an evening of his own planning without at last one Mickey Mouse film. Walt Disney's extraordinary film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," has charmed everyone, old and young alike. Some of the little children are frightened by the witch, to be sure, and they weep, but the older members of the family liked it from beginning to end. Even one hard-boiled columnist who has few enthusiasms wrote of it in glowing terms.

One of the movies which I shall never forget was "The Life of Emile Zola," very well acted by Paul Muni, I thought. "The Buccaneer" with Fredric March, "Tom Sawyer," "Arsene Lupin Returns," "Hurricane" and many others that I cannot recall have been given this winter at the White House and all of them, I think, were a pleasant evening's entertainment and well worth seeing.

OF course, as far as we are concerned, the movies are used purely as a method of relaxation and entertainment, but every one of us realizes that it is not only as an amusement that the movies are important. Here is something which may be used to shape public opinion, to bring before a tremendously wide audience a great variety of facts and thoughts which can be a powerful imaginative stimulus. I do not mean that we are at present using it to the full extent to accomplish these ends, but that it may do all of this in the future is very possible.

There are undoubtedly many movies which have done great harm. I can remember years ago being dragged from my fireside in our cottage on Campobello Island, off the coast of Maine, to attend a movie in the little town of Eastport, Maine. I came away from that movie outraged, for society, spelled with a capital "S," was pictured not only as corrupt and immoral, but so unbelievably stupid that I could hardly stand having it looked upon as a true picture of any kind of life by the youth of our country. That old type of picture has practically disappeared, and also there is rapidly disappearing today the type of picture which glorifies the gangster and criminal. They made us more sympathetic with the rascal than with the righteous man. We do occasionally see this still. I do not feel so strongly about it as I should perhaps, for I have so often found in real life that the rascal was attractive and had charm that I am not so sure but what it is well to make this discovery both in literature and on the stage, in order that we may learn to look beneath the surface and not be taken in too easily by appearances.

However, it is harmful to make small boys want to be the head of a gang, and I am very glad we have begun to show that it is possible to have qualities that evoke admiration, and still be a policeman or a "G" man, or even an everyday good citizen. Every now and then, I also get letters filled with concern from mothers and teachers who feel that certain movies actually put into dull or criminally inclined minds methods of procedure, thus stimulating the imagination which has a criminal bent to practical action.

The answer is, of course, that the public demands excitement and sometimes seems decidedly sadistic, enjoying a cruelty and horror on the stage or in a film which they might not be able to stand in real life. This is a curious trait of human nature; but it is true that producers must, to a certain extent, cater to the demands of the public and that if we wish to change anything in the movies, on the radio, on the stage, in the newspapers, we must change

(Continued on page 84)

Above: an old and exclusive picture of four of the famous quintet. Reading, right to left: Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie, Bill and Warner. Again, Clive Brook with Dick, the two who left Hollywood for England. Beneath: Warner and Bill; and bottom, Ronnie and Warner

AND THEN THERE WERE

BY MOLLY CASTLE

IN the last decade of the last century, five important male babies were born: two of them in England, three in the United States.

Maybe there was the right kind of star around at that time, and maybe it was in sextile to the ascendent (as they say in horoscopy) and feeling pretty good about it. This star must have shed very special rays down on those five babies, because, in due course, they all became stars themselves.

The gay twenties found this quintet not only sitting pretty in Hollywood, but also sitting in each other's pockets, a compact little clique of five, a clique which was very exclusive and very difficult to crash. The password, which must have been suggested by one of the two whose star first rose in England, was, "My dear chap. . . ."

Their names, in case you haven't guessed, are Clive Brook, Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell and Warner Baxter.

For years, these five were leaders, not only in the suburb of Hollywood but also in the even more exclusive Malibu Beach. With the British reserve that three of them had acquired by choice and in the other two just grew, they spent their time huntin', shootin' and fishin'.

They kept their huntin' and fishin' to themselves; the result of the shootin' (in shadow form), they gave to their worshipping public.

THESE five good fellows became friends in various ways, through work or play. Tennis drew some of them into the same set. Ronnie and Bill worked in a picture together. Warner was the least prominent of them when the clique was in its infancy. He was a fan of Ronnie's. He admired Ronnie so much that he did everything but ask for his signature. He found out who was Ronnie's barber and had his hair cut in the selfsame, well-bred English lines. It took him a long time to discover where Ronnie bought his suits and his shirts—but he did it, and before long you could see Warner in imported tweeds, loose jackets, flannel trousers; and, if his clothes did not immediately acquire the shabby, casual look of an English squire, all that was needed was that his valet should wear them around for a year or so to get them to the right degree of shabbiness.

One day Warner actually was introduced to Ronnie. He angled pretty shamelessly for an introduction among all of their mutual friends; finally got it from the Ernest Torrences.

Ronnie was a little amused by Warner at first (he had heard about this fan of his) . . . but Warner has too much personality on his own account to remain anyone's shadow, and soon the two became the fast friends they are to this

WILLIAM POWELL

RONALD COLMAN

WARNER BAXTER

THREE

An exclusive quintet made Hollywood its oyster for years. Then two sailed away, leaving this trio to prove that real friendship can be had only on a long-term contract

day—with Ronnie just one jump ahead of Warner, but Warner hopping along merrily just behind.

Years went by and one of them, Clive Brook, went back where he came from. Then there were four. More years, and another, Dick Barthelmess, went back to where Clive Brook came from. And then there were three. There are still three . . . Warner, Ronnie, Bill . . . and so, though life didn't begin at forty for them, it keeps right on going. . . .

THE secret of the appeal of these three is quite simple. They are not callow youngsters; they are men who know their world.

They are a little tired, a little disillusioned, wholly understanding of the small weaknesses and frailties of women. Their weariness appeals to the maternal in women (I speak, you understand, of their screen personalities). There's not a woman in any of their audiences who wouldn't like to run her fingers through their hair, smooth the creases out of their foreheads, lend a lap in which they might rest their heads.

There isn't an adult woman in any one of their audiences who doesn't picture herself as being the one, the only one, who would really understand them, respond to their sophisticated, chivalrous, disillusioned love-making. No woman imagines herself being the first woman in their lives, but every single one imagines herself the last. That's the secret of this trio's success.

But men like them, too. They're stout fellows, decent chaps, even if they do understand women. They're men who would stand by a pal. Look at the way they've stood by each other.

Friendship between men is a fine thing. When Bill Powell was in trouble, he turned instinctively to his two great pals. They're not fair-weather friends; they're tried and trusted intimates.

When, brokenhearted, Bill said goodbye to his Jean for the last time, it was Warner who was waiting for him there in the hospital. After the funeral, Bill went off on Ronnie's yacht to regain his balance, to recover a little from the shock. And as soon as he was able, he set out for London, and was welcomed there by the other two gang members, Clive and Dick. In his great trouble, it was his friends who saved him. "Now," they say jointly, "we're going to take Bill in hand, pull him together. We must find him fresh interests and maybe get him a nice girl to go around with. Someone who will cheer him up and make him laugh, who'll be gay and yet sensible and who won't take him too seriously. Someone like—well, why not?—Sonja Henie. She's a great little sport."

RONNIE is the yachtsman of the group. More than public acclaim, much more than the worship of fans, almost as much as friendship, he loves his boat. Where do you imagine Ronnie was when the crowds were pressing around the portals at the world première of his latest picture? Somewhere off the coast of Mexico.

It is Ronnie's great ambition to make a yachtsman out of Warner. Warner isn't so enthusiastic. He likes the sea—but there seems an awful

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A QUEEN COMES BACK

There could be but one choice for the rôle of Marie Antoinette, comi-tragic queen of the French — Norma Shearer

THE great set was ablaze with lights, brilliant with color. Elegant, wigged and powdered *grandes dames* and their *beaux* moved about the huge stage. The air was charged with excited chatter. The bustle of a great event swelled to the eaves.

It was the start of the first day's shooting on "Marie Antoinette," the biggest, most expensive, most incredibly lavish motion picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would make for months, and probably years, to come.

Suddenly the heavy stage door swung open and a woman entered. The crowd sensed drama. Talk melted like snow.

She started alone across the wide floor. Her face was white as chalk. A tall, silvered wig rose above her cameo profile and from its peak aigrettes streamed back in gossamer streaks. Over a cascading gown she wore a polo coat.

When she saw them all looking at her, she smiled. It seemed to take in the whole stage.

A thin man with grizzled hair stepped up and put his arm around her. In a second, people crowded about, shaking her hand—carpenters with hammers, grips with soiled overalls. Hairdressers, make-up men, picture snatchers, extras.

She broke away finally and made her way to a little apple-green dressing table that stood in the corner. The scars and service scratches of a dozen years spoke through its new paint. It was the same dressing table she had used in the first picture she had ever made—and in every one since.

She sat down and patted powder back by the corners of her eyes where it had washed away.

The thin man moved close. "Whenever you're ready, Honey," said Woody Van Dyke.

"Just a minute," she answered.

That's how Norma Shearer came back to work.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE" is much more than a comeback picture for Norma Shearer. It's more than a film that cost $500,000 before an actor was cast and is likely to cost upwards of $3,000,000 before it is finished. It's more than the most carefully prepared movie re-creation of a historical era ever attempted. It is more than the fruit of a great Hollywood studio's maximum effort. It is more than any material thing. It is a testimonial to one of the greatest real life loves Hollywood has ever known.

Without the perfect love of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, there would have been no "Marie Antoinette," for, without Norma Shear-

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A tender story of a valiant woman and of how, today, she is making a dream come true

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Gladys George, the Madame Dubarry of M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette," the mistress of the old king, Louis XV. Honored by the heads of Europe, for the way to the king's grace led through her salon, she was, according to history, to suffer her first rebuff at the hands of the fourteen-year-old Dauphine, Marie, who publicly refused to speak even one word to the courtesan, thereby throwing the court—and all of Europe—into turmoil

Above: Albert Van Dekker as the Comte de Provence, Louis XVI's envious younger brother, the enemy of the charming gay queen. Left: Tyrone Power as Axel, Comte de Fersen, Swedish nobleman, and the one man whom Marie truly loved. At the age of eighteen, on one of his trips to Paris, he meets the queen at a masked ball—she flirts with him—and thus begins one of the greatest and most moving romances of French history

Left: Anita Louise as Princesse de Lamballe, the naïve young noblewoman who was one of the queen's best friends. Right: John Barrymore as old King Louis XV, whose morals were a bit questionable but whose heart went out to the childlike Marie whom he had chosen to be his grandson's wife—and the future French queen

PORTRAITS BY REGINA McANANY

er's memories of that love, she would not have returned to the screen to star in it.

The other day, in a brief lull on the set, Norma Shearer said, "I could never have attempted this if my enthusiasm for 'Marie Antoinette' hadn't persisted through everything." Then her eyes filled and she turned away.

There is no eloquence in that statement—only in what lies behind it. And that is a play of personal drama unmatched by any picture in the history of Hollywood.

FIVE years ago, Irving Thalberg came home to Norma Shearer one evening fired with an idea. He wanted to film the bittersweet, comi-tragic life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of the French. They discussed it, as they discussed everything, together. The popular conception of the professional relationship between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg is that he guided her completely in everything. The truth is she often disagreed with him; she has always had a mind of her own.

"I don't want to play a queen," she told him "I don't want to be a regal marionette out of a history book."

It might have ended there. But Irving Thalberg handed Norma a book and asked her to read it. "I think you'll find she wasn't just a queen," he said.

When Norma Shearer closed the cover of Stefan Zweig's biography of Marie Antoinette she told her husband she had changed her mind. She wanted to play Marie Antoinette on the screen above everything else. "You're right," she said, "she was more than a queen. She was a woman."

From then on it became a dream they shared.

Irving Thalberg's health broke sharply right after that. The first enthusiastic preparations were abandoned. Norma sailed with him and their son to Europe for curative baths and stimulating airs. When they returned Norma had been off the screen a dangerously long time. She needed to start a picture at once. But "Marie Antoinette" was hardly half prepared. They decided not to bring their dream to life in a shoddy manner. Norma Shearer went into "Riptide" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She had barely finished these when her daughter, Katherine, was born.

Again "Marie Antoinette" was put off. Again, when Norma's career demanded another picture, they decided to keep their dream unhurried. She did "Romeo and Juliet."

All this time Irving Thalberg went ahead on "Marie Antoinette," despite his weak heart and the demands of other pictures on his limited strength.

Then, suddenly, Irving Thalberg died.

It seemed their dream had died with him. The shock left Norma Shearer confused and incapable of making plans. Her perfect partner was gone; there seemed no reason for her to continue on in an empty career. She had two fatherless children to raise. She had the huge bulk of his four million dollar estate to manage. In her mind was one unquestioned belief—that she would never make another picture.

But at M-G-M preparations for "Marie Antoinette" never ceased. And never with anyone but Norma Shearer in mind. They knew what Norma's numbed senses could not tell her. That her life had been wrapped up in motion pictures too long. That she could not stay away; that sooner or later she'd realize her love for Irving Thalberg would pull her back and make their dream come true.

HUNT STROMBERG had been a close friend of Thalberg's. He knew Thalberg's determination to make "Marie Antoinette" the finest appointed picture ever produced. He knew that this had meant everything to two people who loved each other very much. He resolved to carry out the Thalberg tradition to the minutest detail.

The result was the greatest campaign for luxurious authenticity ever attempted in the history of the screen. The research and preparation for Norma Shearer's return in "Marie Antoinette" is a romance in itself.

At first the set was tense with the drama of the great Shearer comeback. So Norma played a clever trick, the cast roared, all tension was gone. The old gay Norma had come back again—Hyman Fink's shot of her on the set leaves no question of that

Stromberg marshalled all the tremendous production resources and talent of M-G-M. The research department assembled over one thousand French books on the Louis' and their lavishly elegant courts. Pouring over these they compiled two bulging volumes crammed with intimate personal details about each of the *sixty* historical characters who appear on the screen. It was a masterpiece of research. By the time their work was completed, every member of the great historical tableau lived vividly—not as a dim figure of history, but as a person.

THEY found, for instance, that Louis XV bathed only seventeen times from cradle to grave! That the ambition of Louis XVI's life was to make twenty clocks strike at the same time. That Marie Antoinette had holes in the toes of her slippers when she knelt before the guillotine. That Madame Dubarry kept perfumed poodle dogs who lived on chocolate bonbons and wore red pants, frock coats, lace collars and tricornered hats!

They re-created from fact and fable such clear portraits of the fastidious pre-Revolutionary French that as one actor said, "There is no acting problem here. There is nothing left for the imagination!"

While research and script were woven together in Hollywood, Stromberg, himself, headed a squad of M-G-M's ace production talent to comb Europe for relics of Antoinette's glamorous reign. Stromberg badgered the French government into letting him photograph the King's and Queen's bedroom in the palace at Versailles, a thing hitherto strictly taboo.

Adrian, M-G-M's famous dress stylist, hiked off to Vienna to ferret out every known Hapsburg portrait of Marie Antoinette's generation—for she was a Hapsburg before she went to France to be Louis' bride. The search yielded only one tiny authentic miniature of the youthful archduchess, but a mountain of manuscripts, prints, sketches and yellowed records of a ghostly glory.

In Paris, Adrian spent months roaming the crooked streets of Revolutionary Paris searching for anything from which to reconstruct the Bourbon dandies and their fashions, fancies, and foibles. He visited hairdressers whose ancestors had trimmed the wigs and curled the coiffures of the dainty courtiers of the period. He traced down families of Swiss wig-makers—for five thousand headpieces would have to be made, each in the correct style of six different periods of French court fads. He combed the knitting mills of France for weavers whose grandfathers had told them hazy tales of the rich splendor of court costumes. He found long forgotten samples of gold cloth and brocades that had graced many a French dandy's prancing figure at the minuet. He dug up Antoinette's very jewels and the jewels of her friends. He

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BACK TO ADVENTURE

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

Photoplay's publisher sees in "The Adventures of Robin Hood" a challenge to stuffy sophistication and a renewal of the vital spirit that is America's heritage

"SOPHISTICATION" is a dangerous thing. Take the dictionary meaning of "sophisticated" for proof. To be sophisticated is to be "deprived of native or original simplicity . . . . to be artificial."

Yet the modern world wants to be sophisticated. The word has become a term of praise, not of derogation. And undoubtedly in answer to this mistaken desire, there has recently been a trend in motion pictures toward sophistication —toward artificiality, smartness, cynicism. The more "sophisticated" a picture was, the more it was to be admired.

And that is the reason, it seems to me, that "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is more than simply a new picture—more than just entertainment. It is a breath of fresh air in an over-luxurious room. It is the pendulum starting its swing back toward native and original simplicity, toward honesty, vigor, and unashamed zest for living.

It would be hard to imagine anything less sophisticated than this picture. Its story is an old one—a well-loved legend, part of the heritage of English-speaking people. But the director, Michael Curtiz, has proved that new life and enthusiasm can be brought to the oldest of stories. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is packed full of intensely dramatic situations.

Errol Flynn, playing the title rôle, is a bold, dashing, lovable villain. He leaps up stairs with the agility of a panther. He scales walls, climbs up to balconies, with the ease, swiftness and grace of a cat. He fights like a demon and makes whirlwind love.

Now, all this is frankly romance, a beautiful legend. But like all the legends which are cradled deep in the hearts of men, it contains truths not found in scientific treatises—nor yet in hothouse dramas or silly comedies.

It glorifies ideals instead of worldly schemes, courage instead of doubt. It takes the glamour away from stuffy drawing rooms and places it where it belongs—in the out-of-doors.

It brings back that love of adventure which has been responsible for all the really worthwhile things man has achieved here on earth.

"Robin Hood," and the other pictures to come which it will undoubtedly inspire, will perform an immense service to the people of this nation. It is impossible to see it without wanting to feel the blood coursing through your veins, to feel the sun and wind on your forehead, to experience the thrill of vigorous action, to approach life with the zest which only perfect health can give. It is impossible to see it, even, without wanting to revive that fine old sport of archery, which is only now coming back into popularity.

The people of America need a change in their viewpoint—just such a change as pictures like "Robin Hood" embody in themselves. We are forgetting that we are a young nation. We yearn for the sophisticated life, forgetting that sophistication means artificiality and an arid lack of simplicity. We forget, too, that the nations which have approached their problems from a too-intellectual angle have always, as history shows, been on their way to decadence.

Our own glorious growth and progress have been the fruit of an adventurous, high-hearted spirit, the same spirit with which "Robin Hood" abounds. We have our own beautiful legends—only they are not legends. Like "Robin Hood," they actually happened, before we turned our backs on simplicity and vigor. It is up to us to find that simplicity and vigor once more, in order to keep on growing, in order to keep on progressing.

There are but few pictures that one cares to see the second time, but Michael Curtiz' "Robin Hood" belongs in that class.

Errol Flynn is a bold Robin Hood, making whirlwind love to Maid Marian (Olivia de Havilland)—all sheer romance, yet deep in this lovely legend lies truth and inspiration

ROUNDERS' GUIDE

Where do they go? What do they do?—those Hollywood sophisticates. A famous bon vivant reports all

Drawing by Floherty, Jr.

THE most glamorous city on earth contains more than a handful of the most sophisticated people.

Americans everywhere want to know everything about these people. They are certainly more fabled than anyone alive today elsewhere.

Just *what* do they do? Where do they go? What do they eat and drink? Who clothes them and who decorates their homes? What are their favorite sports? And a hundred and one other riddles.

Like any other major city, the spots a Hollywood sophisticate frequents change as often as his whims; therefore, there must be men of vision thereabouts who can work fast in the doing-over process.

Right at this moment, sophisticated Hollywood is tennis and polo mad. It will spend all of its extra shekels at this time of year (spring and summer) in outdoing the other guy in either sporting event. You'd be surprised at the stars who covet the net, and who wish they could emulate Helen Jacobs, Kay Stammers and von Cramm.

All winter long in their off-set hours they've been whacking a wicked racquet down at Palm

TO HOLLYWOOD

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Springs. All spring they've been practicing on the tennis courts of friends and at that very exclusive spot, the West Side Tennis Club. They've spent a fortune at the Beverly Hills sporting goods shops in properly equipping themselves for the fray they hope to get into when midsummer's tournaments come along.

The sophisticated East may eye the Casino at Newport, R. I., with favor, but not so the rest of America, who will want to know the net rating of Wendy Barrie and Paulette Goddard, Charlie Farrell and Errol Flynn, Sally Eilers and Betty Grable, Jack Cummings and Gary Cooper, and Frank Shields and Ralph Bellamy.

The comparatively new Will Rogers Polo Field suffered considerably from the big flood which swept over Los Angeles in March. It put out of commission for many months the Uplifters' Field at Santa Monica, and did its share of damage to the Riviera Field in Bel-Air, but there are enough polo fans to do up these discrepancies in the best brown imaginable. Since Will's death, polo has been on the downgrade; but Leo Carrillo and Spencer Tracy decided this spring to bring polo back with a bang. Besides, everyone likes to watch Gary Cooper, Hal Roach, Walt Disney and Walter Wanger bear madly down upon one another. Here is a man's game in the best sense of gentlemanly manliness. No true red-blooded American can stand aside when Wally Beery, Clarence Brown, Jack Holt and Frank Borzage come roaring down the sod, mallets high. The crowd that squat about the turf in their imported cars yell their lungs out when a good stiff game is in progress.

Later they'll all meet at Don the Beachcomber's unique South Sea Island bar, for one of those famous Dr. Funk or Zombie drinks. Don will wager that anyone, save a Hollywood sophisticate, cannot consume more than two or three without the urge to go quite native.

Don is a wise Beachcomber. In Honolulu, on June first, he opens for filmland's best a duplicate spot together with a series of Tahitian huts, rentable at minimum fee to all his filmland clients. His rum—he has ninety-one different brands from the Caribbean Islands and the South Seas—is the most palatable I've ever tasted, and that for me, my fine friends, is really quite an important concession.

Since Don the Beachcomber first opened, forty-five gentlemen have copied his idea in Hollywood. All spots have folded, save eleven. Of these eleven, Sugie's place in Beverly Hills still manages to get the crowd. It is here that Georgie Jessel and Errol Flynn occasionally go; and sometimes Johnny Weissmuller and Howard Hughes.

But Don has been more discreet. He's built one complete "shack" for screenland's elite, with a number of discreet places to "get away from it all." Such people as Tom Brown, Mischa Auer, Annabella, Charlie Chaplin, Tim Durant and a host of others dive into Don's hide-out every evening with the assurance that they won't be photographed, autographed, and besieged by an army of sight-seers.

HOLLYWOOD is the least dressy place in the country today. In fact, you can wear pajamas all day (and night) long and no one will be the wiser.

But on Friday and Saturday evenings, after you've cocktailed and "tead" to suit your taste, you have to put on a bit of the dog or the crowd will give you the "Southern Sasparilla"—which isn't fun!

So out you step for a bite to eat at Lamaze's, in the Strip (as that section of town is called 'twixt Beverly Hills and Hollywood); or Selznick's Versailles, overlooking the lights of town; or the Town House's Zebra Room; the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove; the Beverly Wilshire's Florentine Room.

To each, goes filmland in a body, clad in dinner jacket and milady's foxiest jewels. To each, go as many tourists as have been lucky enough to get in. Sometimes they flock to the Victor Hugo out in Beverly Hills, and a few give large and exclusive dinner parties at home.

Afterwards (not earlier than eleven), the colony proceeds almost in a body to Billy Wilkerson's beauteous Trocadero, America's best known chic nitery next to John Perona's El Morocco in New York; or the Clover Club near by. In fact, Hollywood society is very much divided on the two spots, in their likes and dislikes about the town.

The Hotel Biltmore Bowl is another spot which attracts the movie crowd; and so does the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove on Tuesday—on its special movie night.

Name bands from various sections of the country regale the boys and gals of pictureland at most of these spots. Eddy Duchin, Rudy Vallee, the Conchitas, Jan Garber and a host of others have come and gone all year long.

The trick dances, such as the Big Apple, Little Pear, Fragrant Peach, the Shag and so forth have practically gone out, the Viennese Waltz and the Guatemalan Rhumba have come back in. No one loves the latter so much as Marlene Dietrich, Lili Damita, June Lang, Carole Lombard, Joan Marsh, Mary Rogers, Paulette Goddard, Martha Raye and Eleanor Powell. But to see Louis B. Mayer, Joe Schenck, Cesar Romero, Eddie Sutherland, Lloyd Pantages, Gene Markey, Josef von Sternberg, George Raft, Gene Towne and Bill Robinson is a treat indeed.

There are some who claim that that beautiful thing "Vieni-Vieni," said to be Hitler's favorite piece, is the pièce de résistance at all of the chic night spots this year. Of those who dance to it, Anita Louise, Madeleine Carroll, Marian Marsh, Merle Oberon, Loretta Young, Luli Deste and Marion Davies outshine all others. And as for the men, there are always Winnie Sheehan, Gene Markey, Edmund Lowe, Richard Arlen, Ed Sullivan, Will Hays, Douglass Montgomery, Robert Young and Jack Barrymore.

MOST of the night spots mentioned above close between two and three in the morning, and then the crowd drifts on to La Conga, the Hollywood Brown Derby, Rex Bell and Clara Bow's popular "It" Café, Burp Hollow and "The Drunkard" (incidentally, this latter is now in its fifth year in Hollywood).

Sometimes the evening is wound up at dawn, down in "Omar's Dome" in Los Angeles proper or one of the black and tan spots down there, which correspond to Harlem in New York.

Some there are who motor out to Santa Monica's Grand Hotel for a breakfast out over the languorous Pacific Ocean; others prefer Von Klein's "The Berries" in Cahuenga Canyon, where the best meats and meat sandwiches in the entire far West are served; still others roam down to Olivera Street in the Spanish section of

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A good pianist of the stand-a-lot-of-punishment variety (in this case, Smith Ballew) solves the entertainment problem at many a Hollywood party

Jimmy Stewart is among the flock of stars who have found a camera provides a cheap but altogether fascinating hobby for every day of the year

HOW TO HAVE A STAR'S FUN ON YOUR INCOME

Besides economizing in the pursuit of pleasure, the stars also know how to avoid big bills in keeping beautiful. Jeanette MacDonald demonstrates one method everyone can enjoy

Ginger Rogers' soda bar satisfies everyone's yen to play "soda jerker," and also helps to balance her party budget

The Tones consider badminton wonderful sport, and yet not too expensive

Dick Powell advocates Ping-pong for fun and also for entertainment penny saving

Hollywood's younger set has discovered that bicycling is ideal for having a wonderful time, good for the figure and, last but by no means least, very easy on the pocketbook

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

As in Podunkville—so in Hollywood —"the best things in life are free," says the author of "Orchids On Your Budget;" "Live Alone and Like It"

LIVE like a star on your budget?

Well, I don't expect to convince you that you can, just by saying so. Because, at first glance, that seems as ridiculous a statement as anybody in her right mind—or wrong mind either, for that matter, ever made.

"The woman," you'll say, "just doesn't know *my* budget!"

But I think I do. It's just a little bit smaller than the amount you need to do all the things you'd like to do. Most budgets are like that, my own not excepted.

On the other hand, they are pretty glamorous creatures, these movie stars whose lovely faces and perfect figures are flashed before us on the screen. They must lead pretty glamorous lives. They are not only beautiful, but rich and popular, and they live in the fabulous land of Hollywood where everything is gayer and grander than everywhere else. No need for them, surely, to think about anything so crass as a budget.

When they want to have fun, they go ahead and have it, without bothering to count the cost. Or do they?

Let's peer into a few private lives and see what really goes on there. What we find out is going to surprise you. Moreover, it's going to prove the very real truth of a saying which you've heretofore thought of only as the title of a song: "The best things in life are free." Or, anyway, startlingly inexpensive.

TAKE, to begin with, the Hollywood party. Now, there's a chance to spend a lot of money if there ever was one. Champagne served out of magnum bottles, peacocks' tongues and similar delicacies to eat, and international favorites to do the entertaining at so much a head—so *very* much a head.

But when Ginger Rogers, for instance, has some people in to spend the evening, does she go in for all this? As a matter of fact, she buys some ice cream, some assorted fruit syrups, bananas, maraschino cherries, and lots and lots of bottled soda water. Then she turns her guests loose on the collection and lets them make their own ice-cream sodas and banana splits, thereby solving at one fell swoop the twin problems of food and entertainment. Did you ever meet anyone who didn't have a sneaking ambition to mess around in back of a soda counter? It goes back to the mud-pie instinct in children. And besides, ice cream is much cheaper than liquor. Try it yourself some time, and see.

Ginger Rogers gives dinners, too—formal affairs. She has a barbecue pit in her back yard, and that's where she serves the dinner—small steaks, pots of baked beans, and a green salad, handed around on stone platters.

Of course, you may not have a barbecue pit, but if you have a back yard or a garden you can build one, easily and inexpensively. And if you haven't the back yard, you can achieve the really important thing about these parties—which is their spirit of informality—in other ways. A buffet supper with a chafing dish or electric grill is one way. Giving your guests carte blanche in your kitchen is another.

WHAT is today's biggest fad in Hollywood? Not buying yachts or foreign motors; not anything that means spending lots of money. It's knitting, just plain, ordinary knitting. Walk in on one of Kay Francis' or Bette Davis' afternoon parties, and you'll think you've stepped into Aunt Hattie's sewing circle by mistake. There are all those exotic ladies, sitting around and knitting—and loving it.

Everybody's doing it. One director at Warner Brothers made a big hit with all his stars and players by bringing yarn and needles to the studio and putting them all to work between scenes, knitting little squares for an afghan. He not only made a hit, but he got a nice afghan out of it, too.

When Joan Crawford, who is an expert, wants to give a present to a friend, she invariably knits it herself.

Of course, there's a very human reason for the way the stars enjoy an occupation your grandmother used to call work. A completed sweater is something in which to take a lot of pride. And it doesn't seem to make any difference if a star has won the Academy award—she still finds herself gloating pridefully over that first sweater, despite its occasional dropped stitches or that funny way it fits around the shoulders. Because, you see, it's something she's done all by herself.

To get back, temporarily, to those Hollywood parties: when Ann Sothern entertains, she simply sees to it that somewhere in the crowd there is a good pianist, of the rough-and-ready, stand-a-lot-of-punishment variety. Then she forgets her entertainment problem, while her guests spend hours grouped around the piano, playing and singing every old song they can remember.

Or she makes a game out of it. The pianist plays a few bars of some old song, and the guests have a contest to see who can guess the name of it, tell what year it was popular, and relate some personal memory connected with that year. The George Murphys are whizzes at this sort of thing, and so is Franchot Tone.

THIS brings us to the subject of games in general. The person who introduces a brand-new game in Hollywood is made, socially, for life. And the game doesn't have to be expensive to play, either—the only requirement is that it be ingenious. The Game, or Indications, as it is

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dear ol' mother-in-law o' mine

A timeworn joke bit the dust when Bob Young married a girl with an understanding and unusual mother

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Item one: Maud Henderson, right, mother of Betty Lou Young (above with Bob and Don Ameche) loves to laugh; item two: she loves to dance; item three: she's proved she can mind her own business. All reasons why she doesn't fit into the traditional mother-in-law pattern; why, too, she is the "other woman" in Bob Young's private life

THERE'S another woman in Bob Young's life. He not only admits it, but sings hosannas about it. His face lights up when her name is mentioned. He talks about her with a fervor most men reserve for their wives or sweethearts or children. He never fails to kiss her on sight—"He wouldn't care if the President were standing there," she informs you, beaming with love and pride. He dances with her in public, and she sometimes cooks for him in private. Her name is Maud Henderson and she's his mother-in-law.

I came upon the fact by accident. He was chewing on a drumstick in his dressing room. "Part of last night's dinner," he announced. "Maid's day out. My mother-in-law cooked it. Say, there's a woman I could talk about forever."

The traditional mother-in-law joke, so-called, has long grown stale and tasteless. On the other hand, such feeling as shone in Bob's eyes was a rare sight. I inquired further.

"Why? Because *she's* rare, I suppose. Because the word humane must have been invented for her. Because I've never met her like in tolerance and understanding and seeing the other fellow's side before she sees her own. You know, many of us struggle to be unselfish because we're taught we should be. She doesn't have to struggle, she was born that way. And don't let that give you the idea that she's one of these meek old parties who sits with her hands folded and looks saintly. She isn't old, she isn't meek, and if she ever sat for longer than two minutes with her hands folded, you'd be running for the doctor.

"She loves to laugh. She's got more bounce than a rubber ball. She'll come home from the dentist after having had three or four teeth pulled, and, instead of moaning, she'll start remembering the time she swallowed a couple of inlays and have us in hysterics, telling about it. She meets real trouble the same way. She may cry her eyes out in her bedroom, but, when you see her, she's either ready to battle whatever it is or face the inevitable.

"With us, there's never the problem of, 'Isn't it time we had Mother over?' We can't get her over often enough. Nor the problem of how to

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THE Camera SPEAKS

Study in reflection: Joan Bennett of "The Texans" caught in a moment of lovely tranquillity

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM WALLING

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

Twenty-three years ago moving pictures took up the crusade against syphilis in a bold adaptation of the play "Damaged Goods." Fresh from the Broadway stage sensation was leading man Richard Bennett, father of Constance and Joan

The next year illegal operations were daringly attacked in the powerful "Where Are My Children?" Above, Tyrone Power, Sr., as Richard Walton, strongly denounces his wife and her selfish friends for the sin of depriving their husbands of children

For Adults Only

Although "The Birth of a Baby" aroused nationwide controversy, Photoplay reveals that the social message film is nothing new. Here, in exclusive pictures, is its sensational history

By 1933 medical groups had so acknowledged moving pictures as powerful weapons in the fight against venereal diseases that "Damaged Lives" was endorsed by the American Social Hygiene Association. The film's cast included Diane Sinclair (below), Lyman Williams, Marceline Day, Cecelia Parker, George Irving and Victor Potel

When narcotics killed Wallace Reid, Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport) declared war against dope, including in her campaign "Human Wreckage." Above, Mrs. Reid and Bessie Love as the dope addict. James Kirkwood and George Hackathorne also had rôles

The white slave theme was so dangerous in 1916 that the producer of one film dared not print the cast names. In 1924 "Missing Daughters," on the same subject, included such well-known stars as Pauline Starke, Eva Novak, and Robert Edeson

ONLY a producer not a member of the Association of Motion Picture Producers attempts the "For Adults Only" film. An Association member must obtain the Hays Office approval on every picture. This precludes the social message picture, for the Association Code states: (1) "Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not subjects for motion pictures." (2) "White slavery shall not be treated." (3) "Scenes of actual childbirth, in fact or in silhouette, are never to be presented."

An independent producer must, however, submit his film to a state or city censorship board. State boards have been set up in New York, Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. In the remaining states, local boards exist in "key cities."

Difference in censorship opinion is shown by the case of "The Birth of a Baby," shown in Minneapolis, but banned in New York; and "Tomorrow's Children," approved by Pennsylvania and Ohio, but turned down by Maryland, Virginia, Kansas and New York.

Equally spectacular is the recent film, "Assassin of Youth," exposing the evils of the Marihuana weed or the "reefer" cigarette. Whether this film and its predecessors have succeeded in their avowed aim to educate the public on social subjects is still a moot point

"Tomorrow's Children," a frank study of sterilization, was released in 1934. Application for a license in N. Y. State was refused. When the case was appealed in 1937, the refusal was upheld on the grounds that the film was "immoral"

. Rather nosey about his wooing is this swain of Claudette Colbert's in "I Met Him in Paris." His subject here is the pretty blonde Mrs. Phil Berg

5. "B"oy loves "G"irl in this one. "G" (male—and once a lumberjack) has brown hair and gray eyes; "B" owns an enterprising cosmetic business, is one of three sisters in a family that is noted on the stage

6. The young man on the left was once a crooner, is now a bandleader. His feminine accomplice, Miss M. B., has a soft drawl, thirteen years in films, sixty-eight movie rôles and no husbands to her credit

. Her initials are M. D., but it was leg art in which she specialized. Her colleague is another M. D.—and married

11. This brunette will soon be a baroness; the gentleman in profile won fame in films as Philo Vance

12. Husbar
1935.
vious
man,

WHOM?

If these lips betray you and you can't guess their rightful owners, turn to page 76 for a list of the correct answers

15. The Grand Finale—by a lady who made "Blondie of the Follies" in 1932 and then retired and by a Spanish lover, film actor these twenty-five years

Joe E. Brown and daughters answer the call of the side show vendor

A program vendor has a fair customer in the person of Anita Louise

Among the ardent circus fans—Tyrone and Janet

Unusual celebrity grab shot—front row: the Ronald Burlas (Una Merkel), Curtis Kenyon

STARS AS AUDIENCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The ticket line-up includes Natalie Draper and husband Tom Brown

In the rush for seats Ken Murray lends a helping hand to Betty Grable and Mary Brian

Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant find it all pretty hair-raising

Serious spectators: Mary Astor and her husband Manuel Martinez Del Campo

The worm turns at last! This time it's the film folk who pass judgment on the annual show of shows, Hollywood's favorite Al G. Barnes Circus

Tony [illegible] and Alice Faye greet one of the afternoon's performers

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Soldier of fortune seeking fame is Ray Milland, late of the English stage, now favored young son of Paramount. Welsh by birth, British by education, the new male lead of "Tropic Holiday" looks back on a life that has led him from the blue jeans of a ranchman to the regal uniform of the King's Royal Guards. Having first gained entree to films by reason of his horsemanship, his profile and his spontaneous talent, he spent one year courting the Hollywood that now is courting him

PHOTOGRAPH BY
EUGENE ROBERT RICHEE

The call number for stardom is up, too, for Andrea Leeds. An amateur college movie brought her to the attention of West Coast directorial brains; her own intense talent makes her coolly competent to fulfill the "Letter of Introduction" which Universal is now issuing. Used first as a foil in a kiss test, she was delegated to the cutting room floor; cast as the young suicide in "Stage Door," she was lifted promptly and permanently to her own place in lights, notably in "The Goldwyn Follies"

PHOTOGRAPH BY
RAY JONES

Photoplay's

MUSEUM OF ART

Katie's streamlines first showed up to advantage in this love scene with Colin Keith-Johnston in the 1932 stage success, "The Warrior's Husband"

These gems, unearthed by Photoplay, may not rate the Metropolitan, but we hang them here in our cinematic masterpiece department

A 1925 tango or a love fade-out? At any rate, in melting into Jack Pickford's arms, La Bennett completely forgets her vaccination

Oh, for those dear old days when Mrs. Tone had more pep and less poise! Can you imagine the self-contained Crawford today in an abandoned scene like this one? It's from the 1931 "Dance, Fools, Dance" when Joanie was still a dancing daughter. The handsome stalwart in shorts is Lester Vail

The famous Gable dimple betrays the identity of the black wigged person, who, in those Portland Theater days, used the name of William C. Gable. At Clark's left is Josephine Dillon, later to be his first wife

Three pictures that prove Lon Chaney didn't corner the make-up market. Top: a decidedly unhandsome John Barrymore in a 1921 rôle in "Clair de Lune" . . . Charlie Chaplin (above) as a perfect Napoleon . . .

. . . and this was not the laconic president, the late Calvin Coolidge, but veteran actor Lucien Littlefield striking a pose in the famed Coolidge manner

SHOOTING

STARS

. . the hobby of many PHOTOPLAY readers

1. The inimitable Powell, astride a burro belonging to a fan in Kennedy Meadows, Cal., is snapped by Mrs. M. Shade. Awarded first prize

2. This success shot of Madeleine Carroll was taken right in the middle of Santa Fe Street in Pasadena by a Californian, Ivan Essayan

3. Willard Calderbank, Canadian on vacation in Hollywood, caught Alice Faye hurrying from her radio rehearsal at the Wilshire Ebell Theater

4. Tennis Tournament time is the heyday of the star-shooters. Jack Pashkovsky had the luck to spot Melvyn Douglas in the midst of the crowd

5. Robert Dunbar, radioman of an Air Corps bomber stationed at March Field, Cal., where "Test Pilot" scenes were shot, "candided" Tracy and Loy

6. A scoop picture of Miss Temple enjoying herself on her Hawaiian vacation, for which honors go to Patricia Feeney of Detroit, Michigan

7. As one fan to another—polo enthusiast Bob Montgomery posed on the field of a Santa Monica Country Club for star devotee Mina Gilbert

8. Mary Alyce Jacobs knew how much Photoplay readers would appreciate this picture of Jean Harlow, taken on the grounds of the star's own home

9. An exciting moment for Cantor and Durbin, recorded by Ivan Essayan's camera. Photo taken at the train when the two stars left on their N. Y. trip

10. That Morris-Lane team had a lot of fun one Sunday at a public beach at Santa Monica. Al Hart talked to them, thinks they're both "very nice"

11. John Kinsley, another lucky airman stationed at March Field who watched the "Test Pilots" at work, got this first-hand view of the smiling Gable

12. Nelson Eddy evidently loves to be caught by the camera—at least, when it was Mrs. Frank Thomas who snapped him at the famous Vendome Cafe

FOR LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGE 80

On screen, the city girl sticks to her city streets in Paramount's "You and Me"; off screen, she's turned rural with a farm in New Jersey

Photograph by William Walling

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Informality in a formal setting: as Joan, in a daring version of the strapless dinner gown, concentrates on Joel McCrea's lapel, Cesar Romero concentrates on the first course

Gary Cooper isn't giving Georgie Burns the cold shoulder. It's merely proof of how the night spots pack 'em in on Saturday night

A little o' this; a little o' that; a dash ot truth; a flavor of hearsay—net result: a spicy concoction of news from the stars' own home town

The Truth About the "Ecstasy Girl"

PERHAPS nowhere else in the world do people regret so heartily their youthful mistakes. Under the merciless spotlight, their every thought and deed, their every action, past and present, is brought to light, sometimes with heartbreaking results.

We are thinking now of Hedy Lamarr. No more beautiful woman has ever stormed the doors of moviedom than Hedy, grey-eyed, raven-haired Viennese known as the "Ecstasy Girl."

We talked to Hedy on the "Algiers" set the other day, an experience we shan't soon forget.

"I can't get away from it, this 'Ecstasy Girl' name," she said. "I think to myself now I come to Hollywood and begin again. My father's heart is broken and my mother crushed over the whole episode. So, I think I come to America for I love their language so, their words—'dear'—'darling'—'sweetheart' and their way of laughing off troubles that I see and hear in the American films in Vienna.

"The words that I loved to hear from the screen they call me now but their hearts do not mean it. In their papers they speak of me as another foreigner who is not wanted — the 'Ecstasy Girl.'

"It is not to be stood so heavy is my heart."

She sat at her dressing table and stared helplessly at her make-up, ruined now by the tears that had overflowed.

"I was only sixteen, young and so ambitious to get ahead. That I must appear unclothed in the picture was not in the synopsis they sent me to read. When I was told, it was too late. I was only one against a whole organization. Besides, in my country they looked at it so differently. They spoke of it as art.

"But now it is done—over—and I am not forgiven in this wonderful land of America. My dear friends here, Ronald Colman and others, assure me in time, when I have proven by sincerity in wanting to be near and with you Americans and have proven my ability as an actress, Hollywood will no longer think of me only as the girl of 'Ecstasy.'

"Do you think so, please?"

That Hedy's sincerity will bring her what she wants goes without saying, for, at the present time, in her desire to become a real part of America, she is taking out citizenship papers.

Listen, Girls

BY this time you are undoubtedly asking more about that handsome young Britisher, Richard Greene, seen in "Four Men and a Prayer" and now acting as Sonja Henie's leading man.

Just to be up on Greene you should know:

He's a bachelor. He's twenty-four. He's handsome. He's delightful, he's fancy-free and has a dimple in his right cheek.

Handsomer even than Ty Power, he can't believe Hollywood isn't a dream from which he may awaken any moment. A few short weeks ago Richard was just another out-of-work actor in London. Suddenly, three Hollywood studios began paging him at once.

His description of the conference at which he signed his contract is riotous—for an Englishman. Like Jack Horner he sat in a corner, unimportant and ignored, while agents and lawyers fought over salary.

"And for what?" he asks. "I was put on a six week lay-off after my first picture, 'Four Men and a Prayer' and I'm stony broke anyway."

The "Four Men" company had been shooting ten days when Richard arrived in Hollywood one week after signing his contract.

An hour after landing he stood before a camera on a sound stage and said to Loretta Young, whom he'd never met,

"I love you, too, dear."

Hot dog, what a life! And how he adores them—hot dogs, we mean.

Studio can't keep him out of drive-in stands where Richard feeds his handsome self hot dogs by the hour.

He chews gum. And got lost in Mexico a month after he arrived. Talked the Mexican official in letting him across the border with no papers, which should give you some idea (oh, very rough, of course) of his charm.

His name is constantly linked with 1: Arleen Whelan. 2: Loretta Young. 3: Sonja Henie.

He thinks they're all nice.

And they all think Richard is nice, too.

He's taking lessons to eliminate his too-thick accent.

He can imitate Bob Burns, but he can't look like him no matter how hard he tries.

Play Cozy—and Get Fooled

ONE of Hollywood's mysteries is liable to be cleared up before the month is out. We refer to that old chestnut "Are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard *really* married?"

Because Paulette starts her picture with Janet Gaynor within a few weeks, and Selznick Studios, we understand, will demand a clear-cut, final answer to that question from Miss Goddard before she begins her work. They are starting a publicity campaign on Miss Goddard, which may land her in the "Scarlett O'Hara" rôle of "Gone with the Wind." And the studio wants to know about Miss Goddard's marriages, if any, before they start their build-up.

Gold Star for Shirley

IF you don't believe Shirley Temple is growing up to be a perfect little lady, you should know what the famous "Desert Inn," in Palm Springs, thinks about her. This favorite desert spot is noted for its exclusiveness, quiet restfulness, and complete lack of Palm Springs "whoopee."

During Shirley's last vacation there recently, an elderly banker from Pittsburgh spotted the little star strolling down the lawn. "Isn't that Shirley Temple from Hollywood?" he asked the manager. "Indeed," the manager returned soberly. "Miss Temple is one of our happiest, but quietest clients."

Are You Up On Carole Lombard?

DID you know she—

Giggles that way off the screen, too?

Calls Clark Gable "Pappy" and scolds him for not reporting on his whereabouts so "accident rumors" won't frighten her silly?

Can milk a cow?

Is building a small six-room house in the valley?

Is taking a correspondence course in agriculture from a local university and averages "B's" in her homework?

Can rope a steer?

Is generous to relatives and a small army of people?

Loves to talk of her Mack Sennett "fanny falls" days?

Goes to town on chocolate caramels?

Buys fewer clothes for her own wardrobe than any star in Hollywood?

Is the most outspoken beauty in ten states?

For M-G-M's "Captains Courageous," Photoplay's 1937 Gold Medal winner, Bernarr Macfadden presents the Gold Medal to Freddie Bartholomew on the Maxwell House Good News broadcast. For a party in Mr. Macfadden's honor, Sonja Henie donned a saucy chapeau and brought Richard Greene

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS BY HYMAN FINK

And Bedlam Popped Out

A TAILOR'S delivery boy out in Beverly Hills is still in a daze. Standing one day on Marlene Dietrich's back porch with two cleaned dresses, the boy casually pressed a small button near the back door.

Life for the tailor's boy became a bedlam almost at once. A swarm of motorcycle cops followed by a corps of plain-clothes men surrounded the boy. It was minutes later he discovered he had pushed the burglar alarm by mistake.

Gary Blushes—But Definitely

OF all the embarrassed, bewildered men in Hollywood it's Gary Cooper. It seems Gary, the former cowboy, is now the style setter supreme. The handsome velvet and leather robes worn by Gary in "Marco Polo" have set the fashion designers atwitter.

Mrs. Goldwyn herself was first to copy the lovely robes. This, Gary didn't mind so much. But when women began writing to the actor from all over, wanting to know how many yards it took to make such and such a robe, it was just too much.

"I never thought I'd be a style setter," Gary moans and shuffles off for the nearest hide-out.

Hi there, Schiaparelli.

Leave It to Withers

THE Withers family, the one that contains a member known as Jane, got a new set of dishes last week.

They had to. The ones they had met a very sad fate indeed.

It seems the Nelson Brothers, who worked in Jane's picture, "Hello Hollywood," taught Jane how to play a trick with a set of dishes without breaking a single dish.

It worked well at the studio.

It didn't work at home.

Jane stayed home from the Saturday matinees

A perky girl in a perky bonnet, Penny Singleton with Basil Rathbone and Feg Murray

In Photoplay's office—the scene of the party—Ruth Waterbury looks down on some physical culture byplay on the part of Mischa Auer and the guest of honor

for four Saturdays. Mother's way of punishing the little star for her juggling act.

The moral: keep away from mother's dishes.

Off Color

MACK GREY, the killer friend of George Raft who is known and liked by everyone in Hollywood, is having a heartbreaking but nevertheless amusing time trying to get started in movies.

After months of waiting, Mack finally landed his first big part in George's picture, "You and Me." Two weeks after the picture began, Mack was forced to give up his rôle and go to Palm Springs for several weeks to recover from a severe sore throat.

When George began "Spawn of the North," he hurriedly sent for Mack to return for a fine part in the picture.

With a song in his heart Mack hurried back. At last he was all set. But George and the director, after one look at Mack, knew that his career had reached another setback.

The locale was set in Northern Alaska and Mack was burned a deep tropical brown.

Saga of Bogart's Ferdinand

HUMPHREY BOGART and Ferdinand, his Filipino boy, are at it again. As a team these two should really charge for the laughs they give Hollywood.

Their latest escapade deals with the doghouse Ferdinand decided to build for Humphrey's dog.

Day after day he hammered and pounded away in the back yard, and then, out of a clear sky, Ferdinand disappeared.

After telephoning here and there Humphrey began to grow alarmed over the missing

(Continued on page 74)

Anthony Averill, Kay Mulvey, Michael Whalen and Beulah Macfadden. Top: Anne Shirley, Arthur Treacher, Bernarr Macfadden and Ilona Massey

★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

THEY had to make "Kidnapped" with Freddie Bartholomew. That was a natural setup and so, somehow, is the picture. Here is nothing enormously exciting or surprising. You expect expensive production and get it; you expect wistful courage from Freddie and get it. Certainly Robert Louis Stevenson's story is familiar. Young Bartholomew is matchlessly the little Scotch boy who, innately honest, gets mixed up in a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith and after adventures of varied nature is kidnapped. Romance mingled with intrigue follows when the fleeing Baxter and Arleen Whelan board the vessel which is carrying Freddie to the Americas. Miss Whelan justifies all the ballyhoo given her sudden stardom. She is beautiful and accomplished.

★ THE TOY WIFE—M-G-M

BACK after her vacation, Academy Winner Luise Rainer plays a frivolous Southern gal of the pre-Civil War period. Her name is *Frou Frou* and she marries Melvyn Douglas, a serious young man. Her follies almost ruin his home and eventually she runs off with Robert Young, a dashing gambler. Meanwhile Luise's sister, Barbara O'Neil, who has always loved Douglas, takes over. When Young's gambling brings him to poverty Luise tires, returns home. After a good deal of sacrifice, dueling and tragedy the picture ends, leaving a wilted audience.

The resemblance to "Gone With the Wind" will be duly noticed. Whoever does play *Scarlett* must work at being a black-hearted vamp in order to outclass Bette Davis and Luise Rainer, two of the screen's greatest actresses.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

THIS is a sort of a kind of a musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) seeking an engagement for his "boys" in the famous Grove of the Los Angeles Ambassador. Surprisingly, it is a picture in which the "bit players" completely overshadow the principals. Mr. MacMurray never loses his "worried" look which at times freezes your interest in his vicissitudes, and Harriet Hilliard is disappointingly lackadaisical.

Nevertheless, Harry Owens and the members of his Royal Hawaiian Orchestra make the incidents enroute to California exceedingly droll. The Yacht Club Boys' rendition of "The Three Musketeers" (Moe is the one with the ears) is a highlight.

★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

IF ever those three crack-pot Ritz Boys rode the crest of a laugh wave, they ride it here. With all stops pulled, the lads romp through their first starring vehicle to the rhythm of constant laughter from the audience. It doesn't matter that the story cries for rewriting; it does matter that Tony Martin stands woodenly about when he should be supplying the romantic tone. Learning that radio star Martin is off to Kentucky to search for real hillbilly talent, the Ritz Brothers, with the aid of Marjorie Weaver, hie themselves Southward and pretend to be feudin', shootin', singin' natives. Tony sings delightfully, of course, and Marjorie looks her prettiest. Three cheers.

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

WITH Beatrice Lillie back in Hollywood, picture-goers are at least assured of a series of fine funnies until she gets tired and becomes Lady Peel again. This newest Bing Crosby film would have been his best, anyway, but with Bea trotting delightfully through it, tossing off her ultra chic humor with the most finished of touches, it must rank as one of the year's finest comedies.

A modernized version of O. Henry's story, "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," the piece opens on a high note when Crosby, Andy Devine, Sterling Holloway and Rufe Davis meet in the zoo for a drunken reunion. Andy, a cop, has been assigned to guard Mary Carlisle, Beatrice's niece, because the girl is intrigued with gambler Fred Keating and plans an elopement. The reunion is too much for Andy, so Crosby (really a physician) dons disguise and takes over in his place. Thenceforth the piece concerns Bing's adventures in his romantic chase after Mary, his efforts at spiking Keating's plans, and Beatrice's antics as she prepares the annual Policemen's Benefit. Everything winds up at the party with romance triumphant and Keating in irons.

Miss Lillie's songs and her sketch in which she thinks she will order "Two Dozen Double Damask Napkins" are simply hysterical in the best Lillie tradition, and though you have heard Bing's songs, "My Heart Is Taking Lessons" and "On the Sentimental Side" on his radio program, you never heard him sing them so well. A huge success.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Crime School
Doctor Rhythm
Blockade
Vivacious Lady
Josette
The Toy Wife
Kidnapped
Four Men and a Prayer
Cocoanut Grove
Kentucky Moonshine
The Saint in New York

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady"

James Stewart in "Vivacious Lady"

Beulah Bondi in "Vivacious Lady"

Charles Coburn in "Vivacious Lady"

Madeleine Carroll in "Blockade"

Henry Fonda in "Blockade"

The "Dead End" Kids in "Crime School"

The Ritz Brothers in "Kentucky Moonshine"

Bea Lillie in "Doctor Rhythm"

Bing Crosby in "Doctor Rhythm"

Don Ameche in "Josette"

Simone Simon in "Josette"

Robert Young in "Josette"

★ THE SAINT IN NEW YORK—RKO-Radio

THE hero of Leslie Charteris' popular thriller series, *The Saint,* whose code is justice regardless of the law, is brought to the screen for the first time by Louis Hayward. The result is marvelous.

The story models the original with gratifying results in excitement and suspense. New York police, stumped at a hideous crime wave, give the debonair soldier of fortune license to solve things in his own way. He becomes the executioner of sundry undesirable social elements with ruthless skill, given practical and romantic help by Kay Sutton. Hayward must have stayed awake nights to study his rôle—he just is *the Saint.* Sig Rumann, Paul Guilfoyle, Jonathan Hale, Ben Welden and others are fine support. This is adventure and melodrama calculated to set your spine tingling.

★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

DESTINED to star Simone Simon as a sweet and misunderstood night-club singer, "Josette" more than accomplishes its purpose. It provides hilarious entertainment with Don Ameche and Robert Young in a brother act that tops all screen brothers of the past.

When the boys' daddy falls in love with *Josette,* his sons, who are in the fish-canning business, set out to rescue him. But *Josette,* played by Tala Birell, suddenly leaves town leaving Simone Simon to sing in her place. Naturally, the boys think Simone is the gold-digger and in their efforts to free papa Don and Robert fall head over heels in love, too. From then on it's a you-chase-me-and-then-I'll-chase-you affair . . . a little too giddy to be really smart.

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

WILLIAM DIETERLE'S last picture was "Zola" and won the Academy award. This year, working with current history and present-day political problems, he has transferred the Spanish War to celluloid. It cannot be classed as merely another in the present war cycle. There is an intimacy with fact, an originality of idea behind each sequence which force you to believe, as in "Zola," that here is honest, knowing transcription.

Madeleine Carroll plays the friendless girl who is dropped suddenly into the middle of civil war and accused of espionage. Henry Fonda is forced into action, in line of duty kills Madeleine's father, and their incipient love is temporarily lost in disillusion. She is given the choice of serving a spy ring or of death; chooses the former naturally, and discovers that Fonda has been assigned to follow her. The predicament of two lovers whose passion is frustrated by doubt and suspicion is here resolved magnificently by a series of surprising exposés.

Each war scene is a photograph of carnage—a certain propaganda against war. Madeleine Carroll, still overly aware of her queenly beauty, occasionally lets down the bars of her much criticized restraint and plays tensely dramatic action with surprising finesse. Fonda wins sympathy for a difficult rôle by virtue of his natural manner and some forceful dialogue. The supporting cast, including Reginald Denny, does impressive work. Werner Janssen's symphonic score is superb.

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

THIS is another deliberately shocking, deliberately grim Warners' social-problem picture. It is built on dreary lines and as a story is the most obvious kind of reform appeal. However, it employs the "Dead End" kids, still just as dirty and bratty and incorrigible, and they lift the entire film into most compelling reality. It is absolutely fascinating to watch them in this. They are either the best young actors in Hollywood or they are so scornful of studio and camera that, within certain limitations, they are simply being themselves.

Everything begins, of course, in the slums district where this gang of potential criminals is making the neighborhood miserable. They steal for a shady pawnbroker. He tries to welsh on them and they almost kill him, so the judge sends the lot of them off to the reformatory. Enter Humphrey Bogart at this point, because the school is in dreadful shape under the grafting leadership of a typical Mr. Meany. This is a little overdone, what with cat-o'-nine-tails and food that all but gets up and walks away. At any rate Bogart, the Commissioner, steps in and changes everything, including the boys' attitude. He also gets one of the kid's sisters, Gale Page, who's a newcomer, and very nice.

See this for Leo Gorcey's work as the worst of the hellions, for young Bobby Jordan's portrayal as the squirt of the gang, for Billy Halop's sharp portrait of *Frankie,* leader of the gang.

(Continued on page 88)

★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

IF you are having romantic or money troubles don't stagger off to the nearest sanitorium; go instead to see this magnificent comedy. It is a visual nostrum recommended for any mental ill. Romantically it is at once heartbreaking and tender; its story by I. A. R. Wylie is splendidly written; its humor depends on fine characterization and a recognizable human quality rather than on absolute slapstick. Above all, it is the answer to Hollywood of how to replace the outworn screwball cycle of pictures with which we've been deluged.

Ginger Rogers, never so lovely, gives her best performance as a Broadway singer of strangely sophisticated culture who meets spaniel-eyed Jimmy Stewart, loves and marries him. He's a member of a small-town family of university people—a botany professor himself—and his task is to tell his stern parents the new blonde student is not his cousin's mistress but his own wife. Meanwhile he must make love to Ginger in strange places, elude his fiancee, and keep the cousin, Jimmy Ellison, from getting too fancy while bibulous. Each sequence tops the one before. Each performance is gemlike.

Stewart, playing the inarticulate but lovable husband, allows himself a free hand and puts undeniable sex into his love scenes. As a matter of fact, the whole picture is pretty naughty, if the audience is experienced. Beulah Bondi, the gay mother, who salves her husband's wrath with fake heart trouble, makes the most of her rôle as always.

"Spawn of the North" with Dorothy Lamour, Lynne Overman, Henry Fonda, Louise Platt, George

Allah be praised! The West Coast spring-fever slump is over, and our roving reporter finds a lively star-spangled cavalcade of exciting new films on the march

BY JACK WADE

SO it's the good old summertime again. Well, the trees have budded, the birds have nested, April showers have brought May flowers and—Allah be praised—the studios have finally snapped out of it! Once again Hollywood is a busy, buzzing, if perennially balmy, beehive.

It's a relief, too, we'll tell you, after a long, hard winter and plenty of studio ground-hog stuff this spring. Last month, with picture production barely limping along, half the hired help around the lots were about to reach for WPA shovels. But this month—boom (and we do mean boom)! Covering the early summer bumper picture crop of set-ups makes our eyes pop, our ears wiggle and our arches yell "Uncle!" But it's worth it—for the sights we see!

First of all, there's Danielle Darrieux. She's out at Universal in "The Rage of Paris," and in flowered pajamas the day we squeeze in for an advance look at the fancy-figured French hope. Danielle could wear Mother Hubbards and still stop any show—for our money—although she's not so pretty in the face as we'd imagined. (Always belittlin'.)

They've been keeping Danielle under wraps for so long, we find out, because they wanted just the right story for her Hollywood debut. Director Henry Koster, who did all right breaking in Deanna Durbin, has the same ticklish job with Danielle, and he wanted to be sure.

"The Rage of Paris" concerns a lovely, unsophisticated French girl, stranded in New York, who sets about solving her problems by getting herself a rich husband.

The scene we watch is typically and daringly saucy. Danielle, summoned to model for a nude painting, stumbles into Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s office instead of the artist's studio. When Doug arrives, he finds her doffing her dainties to the danger line.

"Hey!" Doug protests, "What's this for?"

"For two dollars and seventy-five cents an hour!" replies Danielle.

Whereupon Doug (the darned fool) kicks her out of the place!

AFTER the relaxing "Cut!", we chat first with Doug, Jr., wrapped up in a snappy British dressing gown, who tells us with that utterly dis-

[illegible] ng
[illegible] at
night for added scenes on the latter epic. Meanwhile, he's studying up on "The Young In Heart," which ought to be shooting full blast at Selznick-International by the time you read this. The double-duty hasn't taken away Doug's easy grin, though. He tells us he came over on the boat with Danielle and practically taught her the American language—including slang.

We sample said slang the next minute when Danielle plops down wearily in a chair after a hard take and grins at Director Koster.

"I guess I just can't *took* it," she says.

'SINNERS In Paradise," "The Devil's Party" and "Letter of Introduction" make Universal hit on all four in the studio summer production race. The first features John Boles, Madge Evans and Bruce Cabot and is really the old desert island stuff, with China Clipper passengers stranded, a new twist. "The Devil's Party" lines up to be a rough-and-tumble New York police picture, with Victor McLagen and Paul Kelly heading the rowdy city stuff. It's "Letter of Introduction" that lures us inside the set right now, because—well—ever hear of a chap named Bergen and an impudent little wooden-headed snipe called McCarthy? Yes, they're our weakness, too.

For a minute, when we enter, we think Char-

Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Luise Rainer provide the eternal triangle in M-G-M's "The Toy Wife"

lie's sins have caught up with him and he's being burned at the stake. The whole set is choking with yellow puffs of smoke, and through the acrid haze we can just make out George Murphy and Andrea Leeds racing along the third story hallway up next to the high sound stage catwalks. The way the movies slice right down through a house to build a set is terrifying at times. They've done it now so that the camera, on a huge, movable crane, can follow the actors up and down three flights of narrow, scarey stairs.

You see, "Letter of Introduction" has very much the same setting as "Stage Door" and, we might add, very much the same cast. Adolphe Menjou, for instance, Andrea Leeds and Eve Arden. Like "Stage Door," it's laid in a theatrical boardinghouse. The story, too, isn't far removed, but you're going to see some wonderful heart scenes in this one—bank on that. First of all, Edgar Bergen plays a touching Pagliacci rôle—no more specialty act this time—straight dramatics. He tells his forlorn love for Andrea to Charlie, and Charlie tells him what a sap he is. Because, of course, Andrea and George are the real romance. John Stahl, who could make a cigar-store Indian weep in his feathers, directs it. Right now he's scrambling through the the smoke beside Andrea and George. The smoke? Oh, we forgot—the scene we see is where the boardinghouse catches fire. Everyone runs for his most precious possession. Bergen for his dummy; Andrea for her precious letter of introduction; George for Andrea.

They've been doing this scene for two days now. Before every take—and John Stahl once took *seventy-five* takes of one scene with Claudette Colbert—grips run about with burning sulphur bombs, spewing dense yellow clouds. Everyone wheezes. But "Action!" snaps them out of it, like a gong does a slap-happy pugilist.

Bergen and Charlie sit outside in the sunshine, placid and calm. This set is a field day for them both, because Director Stahl is such a dignified, serious man. Just the day before, we learn, Stahl put the pair through numberless takes of a scene. Finally, in despair he cried, "Oh, go ahead. Do it any way you want to!"

"Now why'n'ell," cracked Charlie, *sotto voce*, "didn't you say that in the first place!" But everybody heard—including the stiff Mr. Stahl. And even he had to chuckle.

THEY'RE back again making extra scenes on "Marie Antoinette" with Norma Shearer at M-G-M, but we've seen so much of that grand picture in the make that we pass it by to investigate next the latest Freddie Bartholomew-Mickey Rooney clash, "Lord Jeff." Here again Freddie is a pretty rum sort of brat, and a kid crook to boot, until he gets regenerated at a British boys' school. Mickey helps in the reformation. It's the type of part both talented kids like best—so watch out in the home stretch!

Hedy Lamarr, making her Hollywood debut in "Algiers" with Joseph Calleia and Charles Boyer, speaks her mind on filmtown on page 45

The rivalry between these two is already very keen, and, being the toughie, Mickey usually gets most of the moral support around the lot.

The first thing we notice when we tiptoe in on the brink of a camera take is the setful of beautiful boys. Scores of them all in navy-blue uniforms—future Bob Taylors and Brian Ahernes. Where do they dig up such wavy-haired, starry-eyed kids? They're all eating at long board tables—and the noise! At a front table Mickey, his cornsilk hair as usual hanging down over his nose, gobbles a helping of stew and derisively taunts Freddie by mocking a butler.

"Mickey, you're mugging," accuses Director Sam Wood. "Now lay off." Mickey grins and they do it over. Four times.

"Charge Mickey up with three extra meals," Sam then instructs the script girl. "He's eating all the profits out of the picture!"

Our next stop is the "Shopworn Angel" set, with Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, Walter Pidgeon and company. Margaret did a quick change for "Three Comrades," stepping right across the alley from set to set with one day intermission. But, she tells us, she doesn't care. She can rest up just the same. "So far, all I've been doing in this one is lying down," vouches Maggie, "lolling around in negligees—like this." Whereupon that very poised person stretches out on a divan, lights a cigarette, and the cameras level down. What looks like a soft part, we'd say.

But it's not really. In fact, only a super-fine actress like Sullavan stands a chance of putting over with sympathy the show girl with a lurid past who stirs the finer feelings in wartime doughboy Jimmy's breast, while trifling with rich Broadway producer Walter Pidgeon.

AT Twentieth Century-Fox, where we scurry next, the two newest summer movie models are "Three Blind Mice" and "Hello Hollywood!" Loretta Young is the dainty dish in the first, and the scourge of adolescence, Jane (Whatagal) Withers heads the second. Frankly, we're nuts about Jane, but she's miles away over on Western Avenue (didn't you know there were two TC-F lots?) so, humming about the farmer's wife, we go for the blind mousies.

They turn out to be Loretta, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore—three sisters (says the script) on a Kansas chicken ranch who inherit $5000 among them and decide to gamble the works to snag a rich husband for the one who draws the longest straw. That's Loretta, of course, so Marjorie plays her maid and Pauline does a secretary act, while Loretta dances and romances at Del Monte with the upper crust.

That's what we see, the dancing and romancing. You've got to have a male around for that, you know—and two is better—it makes the conflict the drama boys love. The necessary dinner jackets in this case—Joel McCrea and David Niven—are right in there fighting as we arrive on the set. David, by the way, gets Loretta in the end.

Marjorie Weaver confesses to us she's still a rabid Loretta Young fan—so bad, in fact, that just that morning she had a scene with Loretta and lost her voice right in the middle. When Director Seiter asked her how come all she could say was, "She's so *lovely!*" Marjorie is the college co-ed who found herself in the movies—bing—like that, when she won a contest. The other mouse, Pauline Moore, in case you don't know, is the loving wife of the artist, Jefferson Machamer, and the mother of two darling kids. While we're there she brings in her little girl, Laurie, and work promptly ceases while stars and extras crowd around to goo and gasp. It just goes to prove that old comedy maxim—"When you want a sure-fire scene, cut to a cat or a baby!"

ON our way across town again to Warners', we pull up at Walter Wanger's for a quick look at Hedy Lamarr and a listen to that fascinating accent of Charles Boyer's in "Algiers." But it's bad luck for us; the assistant director yells "Lunch" in a hearty voice as we enter, and you know what that does to a mob that's been on the job since dawn!

We do have a brief peek at the Viennese lovely before she attacks her noon hour snack. Hedy—always want to use two "d's" there—is making her first bid for Hollywood fame in "Algiers," after hanging around with idle hands at M-G-M for almost a year. She's tall and trim, with rich dark tresses and pale blue eyes and so much like her beautiful namesake—the late Barbara LaMarr. We'll be curious as a cat to see if she clicks. If looks will still do it—Hedy's a lead pipe cinch.

The Green Room omelet is cold by the time we make Burbank and the Brothers Warner, but we don't care a bit, because after lunch we're promised a thorough peek at "Garden of the Moon," and we get it, too. We're pretty much interested in this picture. First, because we read it in a national magazine; second, because it's based on exciting happenings at that historic Hollywood haunt, the Cocoanut Grove (a former Grove press agent co-wrote it), and third, because Dick Powell got himself suspended from the studio for vetoing the starring part. Dick allowed Pat O'Brien's chore was twice as good as his and so—no go. The studio said no check for twelve weeks, Dickie-boy.

It's a shame and all that, but it's an ill wind, you know. As a result of Dick's bow-out, John Payne gets his first big-time break in Hollywood. He plays the band leader, Pat the night spot proprietor and Margaret Lindsay a very eye-filling feminine press agent. The story, they say, is the first honest screen exposé of what goes on behind the bowing headwaiters, swinging dance bands and glittering floor shows of a top-notch supper club.

WE leave the sophisticated glitter of the night club and go—of all places—to a kid party! It's taking place right down the line at Warners on the set of "My Bill" where Kay Francis and her brood (strictly make-believe) are having fun at the dinner table.

Of course, you know by now that Kay is retiring from pictures (or so she's announced—do you believe it?). This is the first of her last three movies at Warners. Maybe that's why she consented to playing the mother of a sixteen year old and three other stepping stones; to wit, Anita Louise, Bobby Jordan, Bonita Granville and Dickie Moore. There's hardly any glamour in the scatterbrained widow she plays in this story of small-town prides and prejudices. But there's lots of comedy and down-to-earth drama, which might go much better at the box office than Kay's long and less lucrative line of sophisticated ladies.

There is a dash of real life romance on the set, and before we leave it, true love breaks out in an unmistakable rash.

Bonita Granville and Bobby Jordan, we learn, are in the throes of a fierce romance. Hollywood kids aren't bashful. After the take Bonita comes over to the still cameraman at our elbow.

"Now I suppose," she sighs, "you'll be wanting to take an *intimate* picture of Bobby and me—for the papers, you know!"

SKIPPING over to Paramount we run smack into two embryo epics and the start of a new cycle—or so we're told. Epic number one is "Men with Wings," which will set the stockholders back two million and make the old-timer, "Wings," look like a kite-flying contest.

But it's certain that if you're an aviation bug who vibrates to such things as spads, Fokkers, Nieuports, Liberty motors, Byrd, Lindbergh and such, then you're in for a treat when they bring this one in. It weaves a dramatic and very active story involving Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell (the Bulldog Drummond girl), as it pictures in Technicolor the whole spirited cavalcade of flying—from the day the Wright Brothers took off at Kitty Hawk in 1903 until the very latest whirl of a propeller today.

We slip in on the first day of studio shooting, after six weeks of zooming around in the San Fernando Valley by those two daring screen air-doubles, Paul Mantz and Frank Clarke.

MacMurray isn't around, but Ray, out of the jungle at last and resplendent in a pre-war skin-tight suit, and Louise have a short but delicate love scene while "Wild Bill" Wellman tells them how. Watching Wild Bill direct is always worth the price of admission. He hops about and crouches like a monkey just out of the scene to catch every flicker of the eye, the inflection of every word. Then he puts his arms around both actors and whispers confidentially just what he thinks is wrong.

When they do it over and it's right, Bill kisses them both on each cheek like a French general.

THINGS are a little more quiet and certainly not so hot 'way up in Alaska, which is where we trek to see about "Spawn of the North" and this new "cycle" business. They're saying around town that rough and ready he-man movies will rule the roost for a time now. Well, from the looks of things, this one's rough enough—but it certainly took a long time to get ready.

We thumb back two years in our memory and seem to recall Carole Lombard's refusing to go to Alaska on location to do this very picture. Paramount had a camera crew in Alaska a year before that. It has been scheduled and put off ever since. Now it's an all-star affair, and every

(Continued on page 77)

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Madeleine Carroll's navy and white Chanel costume is from her personal wardrobe. The collarless knitted jacket which tops a four-gore skirt of silk linen has a front vest of heavy white linen which also trims the cuffs and fashions a narrow back belt. The jacket has slit pockets below the waistline and closes with navy disc buttons. Madeleine's scarf is gaily striped in red, white, green and lavender. Her natural straw off-the-face hat created by John Frederics has a tiny bandeau, crown and back bow of navy. Madeleine is currently appearing in Wanger's, "Blockade"

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY DOOLITTLE

MOONLIGHT MOODS

The Empire influence is stressed in this black Sugara evening gown designed by Orry-Kelly for Kay Francis to wear in "Secrets of an Actress." Diminutive straps of black velvet ribbon tied in a front bow hold the gathered bodice; a dust ruffle encircles the hemline of the glamorously slim skirt

PHOTOGRAPH BY WELBOURNE

Marlene Dietrich models a printed blue and white crepe gown from her personal wardrobe. White birds fly against a blue background on the upper part of the gown; the color scheme is interchanged on the lower half. A softly gathered bodice, a snugly fitted waistline and front skirt fullness add distinctive style. Marlene's full-length white fox cape completes this costume photographed exclusively for Photoplay. Left, insert, are Marlene's new evening shoes which were created particularly for her. Distinguished by glittering heels of crystal, the pumps are of black velvet with binding of grosgrain

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Sonja Henie, darling of the ice, whom you will next see in "My Lucky Star," dons this feminine costume for an important luncheon and afternoon engagement. The bolero and sleeveless camisole top of the navy sheer skirt are of heavy white cotton lace. Two gardenias trim the underbrim of Sonja's loosely woven hat that ties on with streamers. The costume selected from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

Joan Crawford's fashion hobby is hats and accessories, for this always-so-smartly-dressed M-G-M star believes that a very simple costume, properly accented, assures chic. First in her fashion parade: a rolled-brim sailor (top, left) of shiny navy straw with a crown of daffodils and black-eyed susans, nestled in a bed of green ostrich plumes. A dotted veil shadows the hat and drops to cover the neckline of the piqué-banded frock with its matching shoulder carnation. To brighten a dressmaker suit of black crepe, she selects the unusual hat of black and white checked silk, pictured top right. A garland of red poppies, bachelor buttons and acacia encircles the novel peaked crown; a bouquet of the same posies ornaments the matching bag. Directly above, a halo sailor of rough black straw, its simplicity accented by a bracelet, choker and clip of gold set with diamonds and sapphires, worn on a simple black gown. Last in Joan's line of stunners is a sage-green straw, right, into whose crown band of rust antelope are tucked sage-green feathers tinged with rust. The rust accent is repeated in bag, hand-sewn gloves, and in the stripes of her jacket. Joan's hats and bags are created for her by John Frederics

The cameraman caught Andrea Leeds, who plays the leading feminine rôle in Universal's "Letter of Introduction," stocking up for a joyous Fourth wearing this hooded sport frock of red, white and blue designed by Violet Tatum, Los Angeles. The "so new" detachable hood, like the blouse, is of Royal blue silk jersey with a lining of matching fabric in white to match the skirt. White mossing outlines the hood, the back neckline and the wide sleeves. A red suede belt completes the patriotic theme

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES

4TH OF JULY FASHIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WELBOURNE

The Fourth of July week
costumes. Rosemary Lane
gests these three. First,
front zipper skirt and blc
red, to match the bindin
cuffs. For the "must have
is pencil slim, short of sle
yellow. Note her rough
casual frock with a stitche
polka dot print, which als
of the trimly tailored whit

Photoplay's Fashion

1. "Vive La France" you'll say when you see the Roxford Felt christened "La France." It's a tailored model that is perfect company for your travel tweeds as well as your little sports silk. There's real individuality in the cleverly creased crown and the brim is wide enough to keep the sun at bay. Joan Fontaine of RKO's "The Muddled Deal" wears for you the Roxford "La France"

2. Vicki Lester, playing in "This Marriage Business," shows you the effective new type Cloche—the Byron "June Rose" blossoming forth in fine felt and tailored grosgrain. It has the new medium-high crown with a "flat top" and a brim that dips forward fetchingly. For an up-to-the-minute color choice, wear "June Rose" in the new Della Robbia Blue—it comes in light and bold tones and is becoming to all

3. Joan Fontaine poses for you in the Roxford "Beauty," a most aptly named Felt. We wish you could see it in color, for "Beauty" features the lovely new Della Robbia Blue, perfect to accent summertime whites and contrast with flowerlike pastels. There's gaiety and youth to the lilting brim and the clever crown of this Roxford model. Many a smart young woman will choose "Beauty"

4. And now, for another perfect sports and casual-hour hat, we show you the Byron "Rambler Rose," a classic Felt that has the swing of youth in every line. Wear it as Vicki Lester wears it, and go right through summer headed for compliments. "Rambler Rose" is a truly wearable and becoming Felt. You get a hint of flattering brim and crown lines from the picture we show here of Vicki in this Byron model

1 2 3

Club Styles

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

1. Olympe Bradna, of Paramount's "Stolen Heaven," chooses crisp formals for summer dancing. A seersucker floral print in green and black on a white background fashions this gown that features a fitted bodice, a skirt that is shirred to give fulness below the knees and a tiny jacket that is trimmed with a smart collar of fresh white piqué to match the trim of the gown 2. Spun-a-lin, a non-crushable rayon with the look and coolness of linen, makes Olympe's unusual navy and white print with its alternate stripes of eccentric polka dots and floral pattern. The softly shirred bodice is caught with cords of attractive white waffle piqué that also styles the short accessory bolero 3. This gown of hand-blocked, wide wale piqué has shoulder straps and front bow of grosgrain that picks up the dominant coloring of the print. The high points on the bodice are stitched so that they stand crisply. All these formals, designed to give you that cool "lettuce look," come in a wide range of colors

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 90

The latest rage of Hollywood—dresses made of tablecloths for playtime costumes. Priscilla Lane, appearing in "Cowboy from Brooklyn," wears one of these dresses printed in blue and white, styled "peasant fashion" with a full gathered skirt and tight-fitting bodice. Patch pockets are stitched to a narrow belt that ties in a back bow. Here is a chance, girls, to put the picnic tablecloth to most unusual and frivolous use

PHOTOGRAPH BY WELBOURNE

PORTRAIT

WITH A FRENCH ACCENT

He likes to stay up late nights . . . he abhors neckties and top hats—that explains him in part; you won't really know him until you read this delightful pen profile

A vivid thumbnail sketch of Charles Boyer who made love to his teacher at the age of twelve and now helps his wife shop for clothes

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE thinks a Hollywood marriage between two professionals is doomed to failure if ever the wife achieves a greater success than her husband.

His complexion is pale, and his black hair is thinning.

He has brooding eyes.

His name is Charles Boyer.

Until three or four years ago he disliked caviar and thought it an affectation to eat it. He has no objection to actors, per se.

He is innately suspicious and distrusts anything with which he is not thoroughly familiar. None of his people has been of the theater.

He thinks Paris the most beautiful city in the world. He likes to sit around the house in robe and slippers. He does not like Mexican food.

He is a graduate of the Sorbonne University, Paris. Life has been very kind to him, and success has come easily. He is addicted to sport clothes and thinks the world is headed for another great war.

He likes to tango and does not like to play cards with women. He travels by air only when he has to. His conversational English is surprisingly glib.

He plays golf badly and thinks Garbo's fame will live long after she leaves the screen. He sings a horrible basso-profundo—but only in the bathroom.

His suits are of only two colors—blue and gray. He does not like ice cream, and his one-word rule for happiness in marriage is "Compromise."

He has never had a nickname. His wife is Pat Paterson, English actress. He does not like baseball or football. His eyes are brown, and he has to take care not to eat rich foods.

He plays checkers and chess and never wears an undershirt.

He seldom catches cold. His wife objects to his singing around the house. He hates to wear tails and opera hats.

His two best friends are Maurice Chevalier and Philip Heriat, the French novelist. He shaves with a safety razor.

He is not gregarious by nature. His favorite book is a French novel, called "Two Men," a study of friendship. He does not like ham and eggs. He is a good driver and employs no chauffeur. He never wears spats.

He likes to spend money. He thinks there is something queer about people who like caged birds in their homes. He is a collector of fine books and numbers about three thousand in his library. He is very punctilious, has never owned a Rolls-Royce, and is not superstitious.

CHARLES BOYER deplores the loss of the late Irving Thalberg and thinks his successor, whoever he may be, is far below him in courage, imagination and aspiration.

He speaks with moderate gestures and his voice has a throaty quality. He decries the numerous magazine digests and all short cuts to culture.

Studying dialogue comes easily to him. He says he has "an indecent memory in French." He has been happiest in Paris.

Eventually he would like to be a producer. He thinks Hollywood has a vicious influence on matrimony.

He is highly volatile. He likes dogs and cats, and only wears socks of plain colors. He would like to do the life of Molière on the screen.

He does not like personal appearances, hamburgers, hotdogs, or long underwear. He prefers American cigarettes and smokes incessantly. He thinks money important to happiness.

He doesn't like publicity about himself. He is not very thrifty and is a bad businessman. Though he dreams of someday leading a quiet, simple life, he knows that he could never stand it. He never wears a cap.

He believes a man should accumulate only enough money to provide him comfort and security. He likes night clubs, never collects souvenirs, and often likes to be alone.

He hates posing for still pictures and is always self-conscious. He is familiar with every book in his library—which makes him practically unique among Hollywood's celebrities.

He is a good sailor, and abhors buying a new hat.

He enjoys staying up late at night.

He plays the violin atrociously.

His name is pronounced boy-ay and has no special meaning. He doesn't give many parties and never wears glasses.

He enjoys taking long walks alone.

He has never known hardship.

He is very fond of champagne.

He believes in matrimonial vacations, and has

(Continued on page 73)

After a ducking by MacMurray, Lombard looked just like a left-over Christmas tree in February—but Lombard got her man!

FASHIONS IN PASSIONS

Romance via the wet-toe route: Dick Powell courts pneumonia and Rosemary Lane in "Hollywood Hotel"—and seems to like it

This is the "how to be enticing though spanked" method, used by Claudette on Gary Cooper in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

Maybe you movie queens can get away with it, but what about us ordinary gals who must win our men, too?

BY RUTH WATERBURY

DEAR Carole:—

Dear Miss Dunne (I don't know you really well enough to call you Irene):—

Dear Miss Hepburn (I'll stay formal with you, knowing how you feel about interviewers—remember that time we flew across the continent together, dear?):

Dear Claudette (hi, there, toots!):

Dear Runners-Up:—

I come to you girls for help. You alone can guide me. For years, I have believed in all of you as examples of how to get on in this world. For many seasons I have used you as mentors,

The Hepburn system of sitting down in water worked on Cary Grant (but why?) in "Bringing Up Baby"

An open letter to Lombard, Dunne, Colbert, Hepburn and all other heroines of the "A kick in the slats is the best way to romance" school

figuring that by modelling myself after you—a long distance after, I admit, still I was there—I might finally become alluring; learn to wear my clothes with that certain something, get wise as to how to smile through my lonely tears, discover how to be a good sport and to act gallantly though my heart might be breaking.

Not that I wanted to do any of these things just for themselves, you understand. Just like you movie kiddies, all of that was a way to land my man—mine or anyone else's. But for guidance along such lines, I went to see you girls.

When you were being just straight glamorous, I could have hope.

I could follow your moves. After all, I, too, could order a yard of eyelashes from the drug store. I may have looked a bit like a water spaniel when I got them on, but get them on I could and have them cast shadows on my nose (which is better in a shadow than in a bright light anyway).

It wasn't such a stunt to imitate Joan Crawford's exotic lip make-up, even though it made my mouth feel as though it had been doused in cold starch. I could buy sweaters anyplace and learn to keep my shoulders back so that I had those visible points of interest all newcomers on movie lots are photographed revealing.

I could, by shopping like crazy, buy clips that at five hundred yards looked, for two and a half bucks, quite a bit like those all of you wear that cost from seven hundred dollars up. I could let my nails grow dagger-length like those of the glamorous Dietrich.

The technique Irene Dunne used on Cary in "The Awful Truth" would ruin any off-screen siren's chances

EVEN when Elisabeth Bergner first came over here and went coy in "Escape Me Never" (whatever became of her anyway?), with Luise Rainer following in "Escapade" and they both made love by being just darned cute, I could do that, too. You remember, girls, that Elisabeth went so far as to bend double and peer at the hero from between her outspread legs. I never quite tried that. Men upset me enough as it is without me turning myself inside out deliberately. But I did try Luise's trick of putting my head down on my left arm and gazing at my man very much on the slant. All he said, I must confess, was, "S'matter? Did you drop something?" I mean, it wasn't too effective in making him dizzy with namcless emotions, but at least I could do it and hope it would get him eventually.

But how to be a siren while goof-nuts—that's what baffles me. In the past couple of seasons everyone of you girls—beautiful, young, enchanting—have suddenly become bird-brained. You have changed your approach. But you end up in the same old way, right smack in the hero's arms. But for us little women in the audience, what a strain! Our particular objective sits there beside us at the theater, admiring you. He yells with laughter at you. He thinks you're keen. How can we expect to do anything with the old tricks like eyes shadowed beneath hat brims, mysterious smiles on our lips, or even that mouldy old line about their not thinking we are that kind of a girl, do they? Drag those techniques out this spring and it's about as effective as talking about the Oxford movement at the monkey house. And it's all your fault.

REALLY, Carole, you are the one I put it up to most because you started the slapstick route to romance two years ago in "My Man Godfrey." That was the one in which you first got your clothes torn and your hair messed up, but Bill Powell loved you just the same. You were a wow—a hit in excelsis. You followed that up with a lot of others, climaxing with Freddie March kicking you half way across the room

(Continued on page 76)

Evolution of a screen queen: siren, above; sophisticate Mrs. Thin Man, above, left; the true Myrna Loy as all-around girl in "Test Pilot," below

THE REVEALING TRUE STORY OF

MY[illegible] LOY

THE S[illegible] DHEAD

BY DIXIE WILLSON

MYRNA WILLIAMS hadn't realized how very much she had counted on the answer to the picture test secured for her by Rudolph Valentino. Her triumphs in dancing, the prophecies of many professional critics and that never-to-be-forgotten chance for Broadway had prepared her only for success, never for failure. She didn't know how to adjust her mind to this new and bitter experience.

Since the day of her father's death she had courageously faced responsibility. At fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, a slim serious child, she had done her best to take her Dad's place as head of

Novem[illegible] quiet confidence, "Your Dad's going to depend on you."

For more than a year she had been dancing four shows a day, her salary the family provender. She had really been sure that, with this test for pictures and the sudden thrilling interest of the great Valentino, success had come. The heights to which her hopes had risen in but three little days made the unhappy answer too blunt a climax. She went home only to be put to bed where she stayed for several weeks; lost her job at the Egyptian; grew thin and so pale that her usually impish freckles were startling and a bit pathetic.

But here, at least, was time to think, time to bolster up her still redheaded disposition and that capacity variously termed "determination" and just plain "stubbornness." And, in the end, Myrna Williams made up her mind that instead of a death blow this was a challenge. Here was something to lick and lick it she would. Though she had heretofore been satisfied to anticipate a career as a dancer, now she knew that no success would ever *seem* success but to get the best of this thing which had taught her the bitterness of failure. She made up her mind that she would make good in pictures!

Her mother was upset and fearful with this new attitude.

"If you didn't have that dogged determination, Myrna," she said, "you could be so much happier. You would make life so much easier."

And this new ambition was frightening to Mrs. Williams, not only as a Don Quixote battle for her valiant daughter but from the serious

(Continued on page 79)

RECOGNIZE THEM?

They're beautiful—adored—they use a simple, inexpensive Complexion Care

Here's IDA LUPINO, charming screen star, caring for her exquisite complexion. "I advise every girl to guard against Cosmetic Skin," she says. "Screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics *thoroughly*—guards against *choked pores*."

Bewitching JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros. star. "Foolish to take chances with Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores," she says. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather prevents choked pores, keeps skin soft and smooth."

Here's LORETTA YOUNG, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Three Blind Mice," ready to protect a million-dollar complexion against *choked pores*. "Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap," she tells you. "It's a safe, easy care that keeps skin smooth."

LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued from page 4)

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
RIGHT—THE FIRST TIME

Eureka—Hollywood has found him, but all America claims him. The ladies love him, but the males don't malign. I refer to none other than that dominating Adonis, amicable Don Ameche. That handsome hilarious, vocal virile, all-around good guy.

We find in PHOTOPLAY's recent coverage of Don's career that he could not brag of a theatrical heritage, but this versatile star rose through the ranks by his own initiative and personality. Already cast opposite four of the cinema's leading ladies—Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye and Loretta Young—and with eight conservative box-office successes behind him, we may expect much for his future.

JACK C. RAMER,
Raleigh, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE CIVIL WAR OF 1938!

After seeing Bette Davis in "Jezebel" I have decided there is no actress who has proved her talent more conclusively than she. The entire cast deserves enormous credit for making "Jezebel" one of the best pictures of the year. And to William Wyler, a large bunch of daisies for a swell job as a director.

E. M. HASSAN,
Hamburg, Penn.

After seeing "Jezebel" and hearing Bette Davis and others speaking in what they supposed was a Southern accent, I believe I express the thought of a greater part of my fellow Southern movie-goers when I say we definitely didn't like it. We Southerners have a definite, distinctive, even amusing accent, but among the expressions we hear *only* on the screen or on the radio are the conventional "Yo'all (addressed to one person), "honey chile" and "shut mah mouth." Such dialect poisoned "Jezebel."

JOHN EDWARD HILLS,
Columbia, South Carolina.

$1.00 PRIZE
ANOTHER ROOSEVELT FEELS THE URGE TO WRITE!

Below is my list of the five best movies and five best performances of all time. I am a steady reader of PHOTOPLAY, which I consider the only good movie magazine. I hope this choice of a thirteen-year-old boy meets with your approval.

Five Best Movies:
Mutiny on the Bounty
David Copperfield
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Chained
Cavalcade

Five Best Performances:
Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night"
Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage"
Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet"
Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"
Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"

DIRCK ROOSEVELT,
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

I've got to hand it to you! The covers on your magazines are beautiful and I warrant that each star whose picture has adorned your book is honored to have been chosen to pose. But—is it fair to have only the leading ladies of Hollywood get all the attention? What about the gentlemen? I believe they'd make equally charming covers. Why not let the women see their heroes, just as the men see their heroines?

EVELYN WILLIAMS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the first time since we enlarged PHOTOPLAY, *we present on the cover a male star. Naturally, it would be that "King of the Movies"—Clark Gable! Better write and tell us what you think of him—as a cover. We know what you think of him as a man.*

$1.00 PRIZE
A CHIP OF THE NOT-SO-OLD BLOCK

Yesterday I went to see "Gold Is Where You Find It," a grand picture in Technicolor. The part of *Lance Ferris* was superbly played by Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, himself a real he-man and a good actor. I'll say for him he must have married a beautiful and gifted woman, for the son has great personal charm, as well as his father's ability. If his character is as fine as his acting, and his disposition as sunny as his appearance, the boy has everything. I predict a great future for him and congratulate Hollywood on his acquisition.

MYRA SINSABAUGH,
Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
TEETHING?

Case against the Brothers Warner and Mr. Goldwyn. You have in your employ two of Hollywood's finest dramatic actresses: Jane Bryan and Andrea Leeds. Miss Bryan gave one of the most satisfying performances of the year as the school girl in "Confession." Miss Leeds was excellent in "Stage Door." Both performances were sensitive, powerful and highly dramatic.

So—you cast Jane Bryan in "A Slight Case of Murder" in a rôle which screamed for Mary Carlisle and an ice-cream soda. I felt and heard only adverse criticism. She isn't pretty enough to carry a gag lead. She's the best bet in the studio, the most appealing, but watch her casting. You cast Andrea Leeds as a dim-witted grinner in "Goldwyn Follies." I can only quote Mr. Menjou in the same film, "It's amazing." Summary—take a little of your mind from those prevalent insane comedies, and give us drama we can get our teeth in, and in those dramas cast Miss Bryan and Miss Leeds.

JACK EDMONDS,
Carlsbad, N. M.

$1.00 PRIZE
WE—THE PEOPLE

Just what is all this nonsense about Joan Crawford's being "through." Before smug writers put the word Finis to the career of a splendid actress, they might consult the general public.

If Joan Crawford's pictures have not been up to standard, it is not her fault. Place the blame where it should be: on poor stories, and on a lot of foolish talk that she is slipping. What actress can do good work when she is continually subjected to the barrage of unkindly criticism. Where is the spirit of fair play on which Americans pride themselves. We, the fans, who were thrilled at the way Joan Crawford always lent a helping hand to those in distress, are disgusted at the attitude of writers who seek to say that "Joan is through." Give Miss Crawford a fighting chance.

AULEEN EBERHARDT,
Dubuque, Iowa.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HOLLYWOOD?

Check the Correct Answers on Page 79

GRADE yourself five points for every question you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY.

For correct answers, see page 79.

1. He's a famous star now, but this actor used to read the funny papers to children over the radio in Chicago.
Clark Gable **Tyrone Power**
Dick Powell **Jack Benny**

2. This star makes every attempt to avoid being photographed when off the set. He tries to separate his private and professional lives.
Warner Baxter **Herbert Marshall**
Ronald Colman **Charles Boyer**

3. She has made pictures for several studios, but always insists that Travis Banton design her wardrobe.
Kay Francis **Ginger Rogers**
Irene Dunne **Carole Lombard**

4. This director is called "the answer to an extra's prayer" because all his pictures call for hordes of extras.
Cecil B. De Mille **Ernst Lubitsch**
Frank Capra **William Dieterle**

5. Tito Schipa told one of these stars that, with study, she stood a good chance of singing in grand opera.
Betty Grable **Joan Crawford**
Loretta Young **Myrna Loy**

6. As the most beautiful technicolor subject for 1937, the International Color Camera Club selected
Janet Gaynor **Andrea Leeds**
Helen Vinson **Carole Lombard**

7. Harriet Lake is married to
Randolph Scott **George Murphy**
Humphrey Bogart **Roger Pryor**

8. One of these stars was forbidden by her studio to be seen in public before the release of her first picture.
Danielle Darrieux **Ilona Massey**
Annabella **Sigrid Gurie**

9. When the son of one of these actors grows up, he will have a sizable trust fund built up from checks for recordings by his father.
Lawrence Tibbett **Allan Jones**
Jack Haley **Bing Crosby**

10. On her trip East a few months ago, this actress appeared at every way station all dressed up in an evening gown to greet her admirers. She also descended from the train in Chicago in the same ensemble, although it was during the day.
Mae West **Martha Raye**
Constance Bennett **Glenda Farrell**

11. One of these actresses has just been signed to make a screen comeback in a film entitled "Lady in the News."
Dorothy Mackaill **Leatrice Joy**
Billie Dove **Gloria Swanson**

12. Most people regard the number thirteen as bad luck. This actress not only considers it her good luck number but even has the number on her license plates.
Janet Gaynor **Claudette Colbert**
Barbara Stanwyck **Lily Pons**

13. Gary Cooper's new baby is named
Maria **Gail**
Elizabeth **Sandra**

14. George Raft followed several vocations before he came to Hollywood. Among others, he was at one time a
Traveling salesman
Sailor **Photographer**
Professional fighter

15. Gladys Swarthout's husband Frank Chapman, is
A doctor **An English actor**
A dentist in New York
Musical supervisor at one of the studios

16. Hundreds of girls were auditioned for the voice of *Snow White*. One of these actresses was turned down for the role because her voice was entirely too mature.
Judy Garland **Grace Bradley**
Deanna Durbin **Mary Carlisle**

17. One of these leading men wears a toupee in his pictures.
Jon Hall **Charles Boyer**
Warner Baxter **Spencer Tracy**

18. Nervousness and stage fright affect people in various ways. One of these girls was so excited over her first lead in the picturization of a hit stage play that the lids of her eyes swelled so that she had to go home.
Jane Wyman **Ilona Massey**
Joan Fontaine **Marie Wilson**

19. Cecil B. DeMille is a businessman as well as a producer-director. Among his business venturies is
An interest in a lemon-juice bottling plant.
Breeding race horses.
A cotton plantation in Arkansas.
A Little Theater in Hollywood.

20. One of these stars has a phobia about stairs, and her latest script is being rewritten for her so that she won't have to work on them.
Barbara Stanwyck **Grace Moore**
Alice Faye **Rosalind Russell**

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

fic findings in different countries awaken interest ing hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal s, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).

A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety."

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(*reading down*) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT . . . "Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."

Druggists—answering increasing requests for Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin"—explain it is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Hollywood fashion decrees that the hair must go up! Ginger Rogers, appearing in "Having Wonderful Time," gives you a preview of the sleek and picturesque coiffure that the current styles demand. These photos taken exclusively for Photoplay

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

Photography by John Miehle

IT seems just yesterday that I was writing to you about fashions for the New Year of 1938—and lo! summer is upon us. I wonder if you readers fully realize what a fashionable summer it's going to be!

The season's clothes—so feminine—are perfect foils for mystery and allure. They suggest coquetry, fragility and Old World charm; in fact, they offer the most glamorous fashion opportunity in many a decade. So, if you don't get right in step and "dress up" in clothes that give you a new beauty and charm, there'll be no one to blame but yourself when the other girls claim the attention of your beau (or even your husband).

At last the Bohemian casualness that existed in summer clothes and grooming is passé. We should all be grateful! For in careless grooming and dressing (even if it is the style), there's everything to lose and nothing to gain—in business—in love—in life.

THE most amazing fashion story out of Hollywood this month is that it is through "letting down its hair." No more shoulder curls that float in the breeze. No more page-boy bobs.

I mention this beauty note because I want to impress upon you the fact that this season's fashions demand that you first "fashion yourself." One just doesn't wear a 1938 Summer bonnet or gown with an age-old coiffure.

One glance at Ginger's new coiffure will convince you that the new mode of curls brushed skyward completely transforms your personality and presents a new and fashionable "you"—plus adding a new note of coolness to summer's crisp clothes.

And now your face! Yes, that must be refashioned, too.

The time has come to discard the rouge, lipstick and eye shadow that you've grown to love and which you have worn with everything. In its place you now must select several new shades to dramatize the various colorings of each of your separate costumes (not a "too expensive" fashion, when you can purchase any number of the best known brands at the tenent store). Be sure to take samples of the colors in your costumes when you go cosmetic shopping so that you can truly match your make-up to them—the subtlety of this season's color palette is a warning not to guess when it comes to matching hues.

Ginger is all for this stricter new "personality fashion," principally because feels that it makes people pull themselves up the bootstraps and really present themsel at their best all of the time—and there, gi Ginger gives you the real secret of glamour!

So heed this new "personality fash," and, when you select your frocks, hats a accessories, go one step farther, and simult ously select matching make-ups and harmizing coiffures if you aim for ultimate chic!

THIS "personality fashion" will also inva the fall fashion field, according to the opin of Robert Kalloch, designer for Columbia Stios, now creating fall clothes for Katharine Hepn to wear in "Holiday."

It may seem strange to mention fall clo at the onset of summer, but these advance ations are what makes Hollywood clothes "f most in fashion"—and your wardrobe "u the minute."

If you follow these advance trends cl there is no doubt but what you can incorp many sound style notes into your pe wardrobe a good month or more before the eral public is aware of them.

A notable trend in Miss Hepburn's cloth the return of the wrap-around skirt. I sh say the keynote of them all is great simplicity, rich fabric and charming contrast trims.

Beige silk duvetyn fashions a wrap-around coat dress. The short skirt flares slightly and the shoulders are moderately square. The neckline crosses high at the throat and reveals a black satin cravat dotted in white. A wide black kidskin belt fastened with a gold buckle matches the shoes and bag, the latter being the size of an office portfolio. John-Frederics created a beige felt tam, set on a red grosgrain ribbon band, to top this abrupt daytime costume. For additional warmth Kalloch designed a smock-line coat of mink—practically collarless with broad shoulders and a tuxedo front.

MISS HEPBURN'S afternoon frock features a black woolen wrap-around skirt and a white matelassé crepe shirt with full sleeves that are gathered into tiny cuffs. A black enamel clip, designed by Flato, in the form of a hand, closes the high turned-back collar, and a similar hand clip making another gesture fastens the belt like a tiny hand holding a sash.

A voluminous monk's robe in light orange chenille styles a bath robe that is a delight to Miss Hepburn's heart. She wears red morocco Turkish slippers with it.

Kalloch has used black silk jersey to fashion Miss Hepburn's evening gown that features fluid front skirt fullness, a dust ruffle of pink organza and semi-dolman sleeves.

A pink organza kerchief is knotted and pinned to the right shoulder with a white and yellow diamond brooch—this rare piece was also created by Flato.

Fall clothes, even in the summertime, do sound irresistible, don't they? But we must come back to "now" and realize it is time for me to close. I hope, as I do so, you're going to rush right to the mirror and pile your hair high on your head to behold the new "you"—then you'll be in fashion and ready for the first midseason hats I'm going to write about next month.

ru

ng healthy circulation—helps
y lips and whitens your teeth.
wake and responsive. The added
mile is apparent. Your friends take
. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place
ywhere. Buy several packages today.

w fashions • Through Double Mint
ress beautifully, flatteringly, in the
style. Below left, is the attractive, new
femininely lovely. Below right, is the
tle girl's party frock. To make these
able to you, Double Mint gum has had
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u say, *"I now see just how Double Mint gum can Smile and Style."* Enjoy healthful, delicious int gum. Millions do. It beautifies your lips, eth. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, as- easant, inoffensive breath. It satisfies your crav- onfection yet is not fattening. Double Mint gum ou a happier, more vital person whom people want w. *Buy several packages today.*

SCENES FROM WALT DISNEY'S
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

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WALT DISNEY
ENTERPRISES

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, look **YOUR CHARMING BEST** *in this smartly feminine, new* **DOUBLE MINT** *dress, specially designed for you in New York and made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20)*
You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties, Graduation, Confirmation—look as delightful as Walt Disney's star of **"SNOW WHITE** *and the Seven Dwarfs" in this Snow White* **DOUBLE MINT** *dress. Made available by Double Mint gum in* **McCALL** *Pattern 558. (6-14 yrs.) You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.*

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN—Now is the time of the year for all good women to make up their minds what type they'll be for summer.

Anita Louise feels that her fragile beauty is accented by a smooth, even, golden tone, but because of her blondeness she is very careful that her skin does not become parched or burned. Her tips for tanning and the care she gives her skin are excellent for you to follow, whether you are planning to acquire just a faint tan or the deeper coppery tone.

For at least a month before exposing her body to the sun, Anita rubs warm olive oil into her skin frequently to be sure that her legs and arms, as well as her back and face, are in perfect condition to tan without burning. Then she begins by exposing herself to the sun for only twenty minutes, gradually increasing the time.

Excessive exposure to the sun's rays is very bad for the hair because it becomes streaked and dry, so Anita gives herself frequent hot oil shampoos, and wears a kerchief over her hair and tied under her chin when she is out in the sun.

Before basking in the sun, she also covers her skin with an oily lotion to insure a smooth tan, and she never makes the mistake of lying on her back for hours before turning over. For an even color, you must turn frequently in the sun, and take care that the insides of your limbs match the color of the rest of your body.

Olivia de Havilland's smooth creamy skin takes an excellent tan, and she can generally be found at the beach when she has a day off from the studio. Olivia wears one of the smart knee-length beach capes when she feels that her tan is deep enough.

ANN RUTHERFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, has extremely fair skin, so she uses a very heavy lotion to protect her skin from burning. To keep her lips moist and unlined during those days on the beach she uses pomade instead of lipstick. She says that the ordinary lipstick is not sufficiently oily to give her mouth enough protection against the sun.

Perhaps you're the true blonde type like Claire Dodd or Virginia Bruce and find that the sun is extremely unkind to your skin. In that case, you have to be particularly careful to protect your skin against exposure. Claire always wears a large-brimmed hat to shade her face and a scarf around her neck to guard against one of those burned V's that look so unbecoming against white shoulders.

More beauty, more beaux for the girl who learns to sit in the sun successfully. Anita Louise's kerchief and Olivia de Havilland's cape may solve your sun-tan problems. On the other hand, Ann Rutherford (left) may save the day—and your lips—by her new theory about lipstick

There's an excellent sun-proof foundation cream on the market that keeps the skin moist and humid. Claire uses it to prevent her from getting the parched look that unprotected thin skins so easily acquire in the summer.

If you've been out in the sun during the day or riding in an open car so that your face feels dry or wind-burned, be sure to take off your make-up as soon as you reach home and apply a plentiful quantity of a rich lubricating cream to restore the natural oils to your skin and prevent it from getting those unattractive faint lines.

IF YOU'RE Joan Bennett's type—golden blonde with creamy skin that can easily acquire a lovely tan—why not follow her lead and keep your natural coloring? Joan says that this year she's going to avoid a tan because she wants to wear the pastel colors that are so fashionable. She thinks they'll be more attractive on her with her natural fair coloring. She matches her skin with liquid powder. This gives her a cool, lovely look on hot sunny days. She uses a foundation cream on her throat and hands and arms.

In spite of all this protection, though, her skin has a faint tendency to freckle, so she uses a mild bleach. If you follow this tip, be sure, however, that you use just a very mild bleach.

After a day in the sun, wash your eyes with a good eye bath to remove any dust or irritation, and to soothe and strengthen your eyes. Since the skin around the eyes is so delicate and sensitive, it is especially easy for little lines to form there and for the lids to become crepe-like. So use an eye cream at night or a rich lubricating cream. Smooth it over your lids and around your eyes and leave it on all night.

Exercise is one of the necessary steps to eye beauty, and the correct application of mascara and shadows does wonders to make the eyes alive, sparkling and clear. If you would like to have these eye exercises and also the correct method of applying mascara to the various types of eyes, I'll be very glad to send you this information upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

Portrait With a French Accent

(Continued from page 63)

grave doubts concerning the future of the world.

Greta Garbo's *Napoleon* believes that life in the Seventeenth Century in France was the richest. He never spoke English until he came to America. His gastronomic tastes are very simple.

He thinks modern inventions have added nothing to the sum total of human happiness. He plays a fairly good game of tennis and wears a felt hat for years before discarding it.

CHARLES BOYER gets along easily with directors. He loathes coloratura sopranos and refuses to go to fortune tellers.

He buys many neckties and seldom wears any. He enjoys reading Sinclair Lewis. He was born in Figeac, France, a small town. He is not athletically inclined. He speaks German quite badly and uses very little make-up for his work. He is especially addicted to biographical novels. He particularly enjoys the company of Anatole Litvak, the director (husband of Miriam Hopkins), and Charles Farrell. He never wears high shoes.

He is often moody and depressed. He likes colored shirts and it amuses him to go shopping with his wife for women's clothes.

He likes oysters, dislikes clams, and considers himself a realist. His favorite singer was the late Chaliapin. The house he was born in was a large affair with a shop on the ground floor where his father sold agricultural implements.

He likes modernistic furniture and his attitude towards life is permeated with anything that can be expressed with a shrug. "Why worry about anything and why look ahead. Anything is liable to happen in a world that is changing so rapidly it is impossible to predict the things of tomorrow."

He thinks the Champs Elysées the most beautiful street in the world.

His parentage for many generations is French.

He considers "Caravan" his worst picture.

He regrets his neglect of what he terms a mild sort of writing talent which was evidenced in some articles published in Paris. He likes his wife to wear very subtle perfumes. He does not have a chauffeur, and believes strongly that color on the screen will eventually destroy the very romance and make-believeness that are its greatest attractions.

He was always popular with girls, and has never owned a beach house. He cannot wear turtle-neck sweaters. His outstanding performance on the stage was in Bernstein's "Melo." He thinks women are bad card players.

Charles Boyer has difficulty hiding his disdain for interviewers. His pet poet is Baudelaire, the evil genius of French poetry.

He does not care much for horse racing and when he does go he rarely places a bet. He dislikes movie openings. He partakes only of fruit juices and coffee for breakfast. His faith in mankind is practically nil, and he has never had a press clipping service.

He thinks the ideal home life in Hollywood is possible but difficult. He dislikes perfume on men, and seldom drinks a cocktail before dinner. He memorizes lines almost at a glance.

He is a fatalist.

He has never worn a moustache off the screen. The only jewelry he wears is a sapphire ring given to him many years ago by Philip Heriat.

HE is a good judge of stories, hates stiff collars, and has no physiological weaknesses. He was nineteen when he first went on the professional stage. He likes wine with dinner and Scotch and soda after. He is strictly urban in his tastes, and the teachings of his first director, Gemier, still influence his work.

He goes away from Hollywood at every opportunity. He is always ready to deflate himself before anyone else has a chance to do so. He was pampered and indulged as a youngster and made himself very unpopular in the neighborhood.

He was twelve years old when he made love to his teacher who advised him to save his love-making for his stage career. He does not like to wear uniforms.

His new home in Beverly Hills is of old Mexican farmhouse style which he has remodeled. He gets a great kick out of George Bernard Shaw, and doesn't like swing music. At the Sorbonne he majored in philosophy. His eyebrows arch into a triangle.

He is not at ease on horseback. He would like to forget all the pictures he made before "Private Worlds," except the French picture "Tumult."

He was a child prodigy. He would do nothing differently if he had life to live over again.

He has a swimming pool and likes to go to the movies. He is five feet, nine inches tall.

As a boy he liked to attend funerals, concerts, weddings, races, clinics and political meetings. His initial efforts in Hollywood were flops.

His meeting with Pat Paterson changed his lifelong determination never to marry. He does not like visitors on the set while he is working.

He is instinctively gracious and is a great admirer of Charles Laughton. He is adept on skis and at the age of nine could memorize an entire play.

His face, in repose, falters between a cynical smile and an analytical questioning. He prefers traveling between pictures and seeks places where he is not likely to be recognized.

He was advised not to go into pictures because in his original tests he photographed so badly.

He thinks Hollywood should display a little more courage in the themes and subjects it films.

He thinks sparkling Burgundy is slop.

His one all-consuming passion is gambling at cards—chemin de fer, poker, baccarat. He will gamble on the slightest provocation.

Charles Boyer *never* wins at cards.

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

So long as women are women, they'll take down their hair and talk in a beauty parlor. To those sympathetic beauticians have been entrusted many a headline story that has never before reached print. One hairdresser's revelations of the stars off guard will appear in AUGUST PHOTOPLAY.

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for bath face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

Make your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get captivating CABAÑA *today!*

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR—new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—*clings* to nails.

2. EASY TO APPLY—goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

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GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

For Pete's sake—Lombard with Taylor instead of Gable? We thought someone had slipped, but then we took another look (below) and saw that even a snazzy looker like Carole has to hang on to her man when Fanny Brice's witticisms fly. They are all at M-G-M's Good News broadcast of "Test Pilot"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

house boy. When hours passed and still no Ferdinand, Humphrey asked the studio for advice about calling the police.

It was Humphrey's dog who solved the mystery, by barking and barking in the back yard. Investigating, Humphrey made a discovery.

Ferdinand had completed the doghouse, but had nailed himself *inside.*

Exclusive Photoplay Preview

PHOTOPLAY has just gone to a preview—an exclusive preview of Joan Crawford's new singing voice. We were invited by Joan to sit in on a singing lesson at her house in Brentwood and we can say only this: wait, just wait, 'til you hear Joan Crawford sing. Nothing we could possibly say would convince you of the treat in store.

While Franchot and I munched on angel cake and sipped our tea (with the three dachshunds begging at every bite), Joan played her record of "Barcarole" made with Rosa Ponselle.

We are still popeyed. Even the dachshunds must have felt that something beautiful and unbelievable was coming from the round disk, for they suddenly left off their begging to sit quietly by Joan's chair and listen.

So again, PHOTOPLAY, who seldom gives a wrong tip, says prepare for something really fine.

A "Boo" to an Audience

IT occurred at the Hollywood preview of "Test Pilot," an almost unbelievable piece of crudeness. A newsreel, showing a flash of Bob Taylor at a rodeo, brought an unmistakable hiss from a group in the audience. A deadly calm followed as the magnitude of the undeserved insult swept over the theater.

We glanced at Bob, who was sitting near by with Barbara Stanwyck. He was motionless, his face set, eyes straight ahead. He remained thus throughout the picture.

We didn't join in the loud applause at the close of "Test Pilot." Somehow we felt neither Clark nor Spencer would have appreciated that applause, coming after a gross insult to their close friend.

After the preview we saw Bob and Barbara make a dash for a side entrance. Graciously they stopped for autograph fans who blocked their paths.

"Well, you here again," Barbara said to one of them. "You certainly do get around." And she laughed lightly. But somehow it didn't sound just like Barbara's laugh to us. The naturalness was gone.

The Grass Grows Greener

FOR fourteen pictures, from "A Bill of Divorcement" in 1932 to the recent "Bringing Up Baby," Katharine Hepburn had remained true to RKO, which, for Hollywood, is something of a record. Then, this past spring, she was lured over to the Columbia lot to do "Holiday." Whereupon, Katie proceeded to let down her hair and have a wonderful time. It leaked out that she threw a grand party for the cast, romped all over the set, and that nary a sign of the usual Hepburn stand-offishness was visible.

All of which may, or may not, account for the fact that La Hepburn and RKO have come to the parting of the ways.

As always, the break was blamed on lack of suitable story material, but it looks as though Katie has had a taste of the grass growing greener on the other side of the fence, and now, as a free lance, is giving up a paltry $200,000 (income from two pictures she was to make for RKO) to prove it.

Advance reports on "Holiday" are so glowing that it would appear that the redheaded star is doing the right thing in giving herself a change of scenery.

Sonja Has Her Cake and—

WHAT a life trying to keep slim and lovely in Hollywood. There's Sonja Henie, for instance, who had four birthday parties with a cake for each party. Her mother started it by giving a surprise for Sonja at her home. The party, carried over to the Clover Club, called for another cake. The studio party next day and one following at the Cocoanut Grove meant two more cakes.

But did dimpled little Sonja eat four slices of cake, you wonder? Well, maybe four good bites, but Sonja paid for those four bites of forbidden sweets by skating two extra hours next day.

You'd Never Believe It

IT'S a three-way arrangement between Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and George Raft.

Bing promised to teach George to sing for a number in "Spawn of the North" and in turn George promised to teach Fred a few tricky steps for "Cocoanut Grove."

"Hey, wait a minute," Bing said, after it was all settled. "What am I getting out of this?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise. "Say, that's right," Raft said, "Bing's on the little end."

"Oh well, never mind," Bing said. "I'll call on you boys one day for a favor."

Next week both Fred and George received a note from Bing marked "urgent."

"All right, fellows, now's the time to come through," the note read. "Come out this afternoon when the nurse leaves and stay with the twins while I get in a little golf and we'll call it square."

Believe it or not—the boys went.

Rounders' Guide to Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

the town for tortillas and chili, enchiladas and avocado-mexicano, and a bottle of unforgettable yellow tequila.

DURING the week Hollywood sophisticates are by no means dull. There is always a continuous round of parties, given at one house or another. The picture lovers who want to be alone can motor down to exquisite La Venta, a cottage on a hillside in Palos Verde with a view of Santa Monica Bay and its series of mountain ranges that surpasses anything I know of, save the Bay of Naples, from, let us say, Capri.

They can tea at Thistle Cottage in Santa Monica, which resembles a cottage in England's New Forest, and whose scones, Devonshire cream, strawberry jam and gingerbread are like nothing on earth.

They can brunch out at Mrs. Fry's Cottage on Ventura Boulevard, where the best chicken potpie and frosted cakes in town are obtainable. Or they can loll at Pierpont Inn, on the ocean's edge at Ventura, and sip, to their heart's content, some of Ceylon's finest, imported Persian tea.

LATELY, it is becoming fashionable to have your house entirely done over. This is 1938, we are reminded. Why not live as if it were so?

And, with that in mind, certain super-sophisticates have gracefully introduced to Hollywood a few competent decorators. First and by far the foremost is Virginia Connor, once editor of "House and Garden" and lately connected with the Cheever Cowdons in their ventures into screenland. She is a clever child whose life history reads like a female Horatio Alger; and hers is a job never finished. She'll do your house over and make it look like a movie set of the kind of a house you ought to live in. Elsie de Wolfe has people in town analyzing the situation and making designs for her. And Boyle and Mason have Betty Eustice as their Hollywood representative.

Almost all the fashionable Eastern clothes shops have branches in the Beverly-Westwood area. Saks-Fifth Avenue has just finished constructing its own three-story building, covering one city block. Jaeckel and Greenleaf and Crosby have been there for a long time. And the town is full of Knox and Milgrim models.

Clothes designers, in particular, have done a land-office business in the past few years. For instance, one is forever hearing that the only place to buy riding clothes is Pesterre's; or that John Roche, who used to be in pictures in the silent days, is the town's finest tailor.

MANY Hollywoodians are early risers, and if more tourists were to prowl about the streets of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air earlier they'd be sure to see a lot more of their favorites than they do. For Hollywood takes its dieting as seriously as anything else in town.

Greta Garbo walks miles out through the Brentwood area to keep that poundage just right. Claire Dodd spends weeks losing eight pounds. Paulette Goddard, Luise Rainer, Miriam Hopkins and a lot of others never miss a treatment at Louise Long's in a bungalow court in Beverly Hills. Irene Dunne and Claudette Colbert are sure of their salads when lunching at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby; and even Lola Lane, Sonja Henie and Olivia de Havilland are careful of the salad dressing itself at the Vendome. Fred Stone, Joe E. Brown, Sy Bartlett and Mae West, though, swear by the pastry which the Vendome lunch wagon passes. The Marx Brothers, all of them, and Gene Markey, with a sprinkling of pretty Wampas Babies and Fanny Brice, keep the Bublichki alive. And Edmund Goulding, W. C. Fields, the Jimmy Fidlers, Mary Boland, Sophie Tucker and Mae West dote on Travaglini's Italian food.

A headwaiter in one of the best known establishments in town tells me, however, that most "miladys" in the neighborhood are gourmets at heart. They have a passion for eating, he declares, and once a picture is through they will consume tons of delicacies, and suffer the consequences later. Which the fashionable doctors and hospitals soon find out.

But very few of them, men included, know anything about the stuff they drink. For some fool reason or other, they believe they must consume champagne. Perhaps this is because they are not educated to Rhine wines, Sauternes, and Burgundies. The best connoisseurs of wines in Hollywood, I'm told, are Paul Lukas, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Gene Markey, Joe Schenck, Al Jolson, Hal Roach, Roland Young, Bob Montgomery, George Arliss, Frank Morgan, Donald Crisp, and Fredric March. Among the ladies they run as follows: Marion Davies, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Grace Moore, Sari Maritza, Billie Burke, Irene Dunne, Maureen O'Sullivan, ZaSu Pitts, Mary Rogers, Gloria Swanson, Lili Damita, Loretta Young and Louella Parsons.

PEOPLE often ask whether columnists are accepted in Hollywood's most exclusive set. In New York, of course, most of them aren't. But in Hollywood they are part of the life of trade. Louella Parsons ranks No. 1, with Jimmy Fidler a close runner-up. There are a dozen or two more and hardly a sophisticated party is given by anyone without inviting them.

Oddly enough, for you might think otherwise with pictures coming up on Monday, Sunday evening is Hollywood's biggest night. The sophisticated crowd, when they are in town, flocks to the Trocadero, Don the Beachcomber's and The Berries. In case they are in Palm Springs, it is The Stables and The Dunes that get the play. In Ensenada, they go to The Hut and, in Pebble Beach, The Pine Cone. Up at Arrowhead, they jam the High Hat and down at Malibu, the Glass Slipper. Everyone wears sports clothes, in the brightest shades imaginable. It looks more like an artists' gathering in the Montparnasse section of Paris than Hollywood out on a binge.

Midsummer heralds a new and stunning fashion ensemble from Hollywood worn

by BARBARA STANWYCK

Look for the full-page fashion picture of the lovely star presented in natural color

IN AUGUST PHOTOPLAY

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS . . . "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever expect to win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts a bath alone to keep her sweet. She should realize that underarms must have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

Avoid embarrassment.. *Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's safe, sure. No worries, when you use Mum this way, too!*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ZIP EPILATOR
Destroys Unwanted Hair
and BOUQUET JORDEAU
A Refreshing Fragrance
Both FOR THE PRICE OF One

UNWANTED HAIR
Banish it completely, instantly, this modern way

Superfluous hair is embarrassing to you, repulsive to others...and more so in summer, when scantier clothes and stronger light make it especially conspicuous.

Don't endure this offender any longer... *ZIP* Epilator destroys all unwanted hair on face, arms, legs and body by gently eliminating it both above *and below* the skin with surprising effectiveness... easily ...IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT! No caustics. No unpleasant odor.

Millions of women have found it a new boon to enjoyment of life...years of research have perfected its unique action. Delightfully fragrant to apply, *ZIP* prevents regrowth of any prickly stubble.

Be hair-free, care-free...Welcome summer with freedom, enthusiasm...*ZIP* will make *your* skin lovely, silken-soft, alluring!

For a limited time, with every package of *ZIP* Epilator you receive a large 4-oz. bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, an exquisite, refreshing, fragrant toilet water...both for the price of one.

At your favorite toilet goods counter, or by mail.
Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Also, for those who use the Cream--
ZIP Depilatory Cream
An improved, perfumed cream for removing every trace of unwanted hair. As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Three liberal sizes.
All drug, department and ten cent stores.

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Switch to— ZIP CREAM DEODORANT for overcoming BODY ODORS
MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD
STOPS PERSPIRATION
Gives complete assurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. *Ideal on sanitary napkins.* A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write
Madame Berthe, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

Fashions in Passions

(Continued from page 65)

in "Nothing Sacred" and with Fred MacMurray ducking you to the drowning point in "True Confession." From both those scenes you emerged looking like a leftover Christmas tree on February first. Honest, you did, Carole, for all the beauty God and Wally Westmore gave you.

But your men kept right on loving you, just the same, which is, of course, all any female cares about.

Of course, I know if Freddie and Fred hadn't responded, you could always go home after your day's work and call up Clark Gable, which is certainly my idea of the perfect end of any day. But, if following your example, I let my boy friend duck me in a lake or use me as a flying tackle, as an expression of his deep passion for me, can I go home and call up Clark Gable? Well, all right, I could call him. I've got his telephone number. But what would it get me? It would get me his butler saying, "We're so sorry, Madame, but Mr. Gable is indefinitely out of town!" That's all it would net me—and I'd still have to go to the hairdresser's and sit under the dryer for two hours.

Carole, I ask you, you with that lovely face, and your Pekineses, and your star sapphires, and Clark Gable right on tap, do you think it is fair to ask the rest of us to try to keep up with you, *to try* to keep up with you, to try to be burlesque but bewitching?

NOW you Irene Dunne. That Lombard had a wicked gleam in her eye always. But you, after all, you were called a lady. You acted like a lady. You are a lady. You showed us sincerity in "Cimarron" and "Back Street."

But now you, too, have gone wacky. In "The Awful Truth" Cary Grant thought it was a scream when you, pretending to be his sister, invaded his fiancee's house, and made a general fool of yourself. You were funny, too, but dear Miss Dunne, don't you understand that if the rest of us went around invading houses like that our boy friend would not only think it wasn't funny but have us run out of town for displaying such awful manners?

And another thing I'd like to ask you is this. Why have cold, wet toes suddenly come into the fascinating game? Rosemary Lane gave out with ten of them in "Hollywood Hotel" when she wandered around, calf deep in a fountain with Dick Powell. She looked about as enticing as a bill collector to me in that scene, but Dick Powell ate it up. Is this a trend? Must a girl risk pneumonia these days to prove her sex appeal?

WITH you, Miss Hepburn, I'll be brief. (I never shall forget that flight from Los Angeles all the way to Newark with you shouting above the noise of the motors just what you thought of the press, only you never looked at me and I never looked at you. Remember, Honey? Just like one family we all were, a family of boa constrictors.)

Your pictures ran thick and thin after your first success in "A Bill of Divorcement": your delightful Jo in "Little Women" and that perfect "Alice Adams" balanced against trash like "Spitfire" and your perfectly ghastly performance as "Mary of Scotland."

Still, and for all that, you continued to be one of the most original, most interesting figures in the whole movie industry. And then you did "Bringing Up Baby" and down you clunked. You acted so demented that Cary Grant couldn't have really had enough brains to pick up leaves, let alone be the paleontologist the plot called him, to fall for you. You fell plunk in a stream of water, and then just sat there, with your hair hanging and your knees at *the* most grotesque angle. You walked across a ballroom with the back of your dress gone and your white drawers showing and what I'd like to know is, where on earth did you get drawers like that? Who makes them that way any more? Who wears such things in this day of horseless carriages?

However, that scene relaxed us women, anyway, because we knew we'd never have to copy those. We couldn't, unless we invaded a theatrical costumer's or an antique warehouse.

NOW as for you, Claudette, it isn't as if I didn't know you pretty thoroughly and when you started going in for idiocy like sliding down that ski slide in "I Met Him In Paris" with nothing between you and the ice except your following—well, it wasn't as if I couldn't do that, too. As a matter of fact, I could do it better than you could because there is a lot more to me than there is to you in that locale. But listen, snooks, when you go into "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and get Gary Cooper (which is one of the things I wouldn't mind getting, either), how on earth do you expect me to follow your methods?

You remember that gray suit that Travis Banton designed for you at a cost to Paramount of about five hundred dollars, and which you had made at Eddie Schmidt's at another cost to Paramount of $175, and on which you yourself spent three fittings?

What slayed me was that, when they finally filmed the scene, only your hat showed and heaven alone knows what that cost. Now if I had on $675 worth of suit, I'd not only have to show all of me that was socially permitted, but I'd have to keep on showing that same costume daily for the rest of the fiscal year to break even.

Then when you and Travis were planning the negligee for you to wear when Gary spanks you, you two figured it ought to make a man a lot madder if he had to fumble around through a lot of ruffles. So ruffled from hem to toe you were, which is a mighty cute idea, I'll admit. But you are a smart girl, and a business girl, and do you think that's any example to set the rest of your public?

Has American womanhood got to figure its lure down to the hemline now, and, before planning a date, must we calculate how to be enticing though spanked?

FINALLY, to all of you girls, I do wish you wouldn't be quite so rich. That was all right, too, when you were glamorous. The boy friend and I could watch you, as we watched the Duke of Windsor or Mrs. Harrison Williams or someone way beyond us. It was a pipe dream, that lovely mood you find at the bottom of your third cocktail. We took you—we took your glamour pictures—just like that third cocktail, as an occasional little spree into another world.

But now that you girls are being socked on the jaw and dropped in mud puddles (ah, there, Loretta) it brings you down, in action anyhow, to our level. And if what you are trying to imply is that even the rich get tacky-looking, with their hair uncombed, and all that—well, what can we dream about then? To take up my initial plea, how can we copy you?

Mentors, it is up to you to help us. Otherwise we will be encouraging the heavy date to stay home with us and listen to the radio. Because those heroines in the radio stories are still in the old-fashioned lure business. They are still using the skin you love to touch, and the come-hither of perfume, and the charm of good grooming to get their men. So we feel comfortable with them. Not but what we like you better, really. You are naturally much more alluring and beautiful and charming and all the things we do want to be.

So what do we do? I ask you.

Yours, in worried devotion,

RUTH WATERBURY.

WHO'S KISSING WHOM

Here are the answers to the rato spread found on pages 34 and 35

1. Tyrone Power and Loretta Young
2. Miriam Hopkins (Mrs. Anatole Litvak) and Alan Mowbray
3. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
4. Robert Young and Leila Hyams
5. Clark Gable and Constance Bennett
6. Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian
7. Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe
8. Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power
9. Madeleine Carroll and Dick Powell (married to Joan Blondell)
10. Marlene Dietrich and Melvyn Douglas
11. Kay Francis (to marry Baron Barnekow) and Bill Powell
12. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone
13. Lili Damita (Mrs. Errol Flynn) and Don Alvarado
14. Garbo and Gilbert
15. Billie Dove and Antonio Moreno

And Then There Were Three

(Continued from page 19)

little of Ronnie's yacht and an awful lot of sea. Still, he can't get over his admiration for Ronnie, his wish to do what Ronnie does; so, one fine, gusty week end, Ronnie and Bill and Warner, with a crew of two, set off down the coast of lower California to Ensenada. It was an uncomfortable trip. Most of it was spent at an angle of forty-five degrees. Warner was glad he had good thick eyebrows because he had to cling on with them most of the way. And how the other two made him work! He was a pale green shadow of his former self when they arrived in the harbor at Ensenada.

Fortunately for him, they decided to spend the night at the hotel. Leaving the other two upstairs in their tubs, Warner sneaked downstairs and sent an SOS telegram to his studio.

A few hours later a telegram arrived for him. He frowned as he read it. He muttered a few curses. Not too many. Warner is, after all, an actor. His resignation at the decision of the studio to do immediate retakes on his latest picture, their desire to have him back on the set at once, was a masterpiece in understatement. His two pals, themselves masters in the art of miming, never even suspected they'd been framed.

THEY are adult men; they've never quarreled in the childish sense. They've disagreed, argued, battled—but never over fundamentals. Never over women. Not even when they've disagreed with each other's choice of a playmate. Their live-and-let-live philosophy takes care of that.

Occasionally Warner's exuberance, the exuberance which gives him that Latin quality on the screen, will lead him off on a tangent disapproved of by the more sober-minded Ronnie, the more practical Bill. He buys things. Sometimes he'll buy a $10,000 cabin in the mountains, sometimes he'll buy a new tennis court; now and again he has a fancy for an island. His voice-recording machine, an amusing if useless toy, cost him a pretty penny. Ronnie doesn't always approve of these extravagances.

Warner once fancied an island in Puget Sound. Knowing that Ronnie and Bill were scheduled to go sailing up the coast to Vancouver, he asked Ronnie to buy him the island.

"No," said Ronnie.

"Seriously—I mean it."

"So do I," said Ronnie. "What do you want an island for?"

"I'd like to build a summer home. You see . . ." and he went on to explain just how nice it would be to have a summer home on an island. But he couldn't sell the idea to Ronnie.

"Then I shall ask Bill to get it for me," threatened Warner huffily.

"He wouldn't do anything so silly. Now what you need is a yacht. You'd better buy that first. How do you think you're going to get to the island . . . swim there?"

So Warner bought a boat. Not a yacht. He got himself a comfortable motor cruiser. Now he plans to get a summer home on an island which even Ronnie approves. His idea is to form a yachtsman's colony, with the island owner, Mr. Wrigley's, kind permission, on Catalina in a bay inaccessible from land. He dreams of a new and even more exclusive Malibu Beach (as it was in the old days).

Bill and Ronnie and himself will each have a bungalow there and there'll be room for Clive and Dick whenever they happen along. Far into the night they'll sit around a log fire, chew on the stems of their pipes and talk, not about the past—the present and future are too bright for that—but about the respective merits of fishing and sailing.

"If you've ever fished from your yacht, Ronnie," says Warner with a little smile of superiority, "I've never heard of you catching anything. Why, only today, I landed six swordfish. Big fellows. You don't understand the thrill of bringing a big game fish to the gaff."

"You don't understand the thrill of heading a sailing boat into the wind," replies Ronnie.

"Can't see anything to it," counters Warner.

"My dear chap," and Ronnie closes the subject, "you'll come to it in the end."

And knowing Ronnie, Warner's very much afraid that he'll prove to be right.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 52)

twinkler is in the scene we watch—inside the rough totem-poled saloon.

There's George Raft, John Barrymore, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Lynne Overman, Akim Tamiroff and Louise Platt—all in one take. Looks like bargain day! Dorothy hangs over the bar dishing out drinking liquor, while Hank and George play catch with Louise, in the center of the scene. Lynne and Akim stand by the bar and kibitz bawdily. John Barrymore, in a beaver hat, sits alone at a table.

It is surprising indeed to see Dorothy Lamour with clothes on. When we whisper, "What—no sarong?", she shakes her pretty head. "Too cold," she explains, "they've changed it to a parka!" Now what's a parka? Dorothy explains it's something like an Eskimo's overcoat with a convertible top.

Director Henry Hathaway, who is aces at virile screen stuff, takes a minute off from camera squinting to tell us the drama revolves about early salmon fishing days thirty years ago when men were men and salmon pirates were all over the place. George Raft strolls over next, every black hair in place, and denies vigorously that he's anything like an Alaskan lover.

"Fonda gets the girl," says George, "I get killed." Then he adds, "As usual."

We step out of camera range when rehearsal for the next scene gets under way. George and Henry tackle each other in the middle of the saloon. Dorothy screams, Louise runs, Lynne Overman tumbles off his stool. The place is a melee of flying fists, scuffling feet and flying furniture. We can hardly keep still. Our pulse mounts, our eyes glisten, our breath quickens. Exciting stuff—this making he-man movies! . Red-blooded, death defying, pulse pounding. *Isn't* it!

Well—we look across the room—and there is John Barrymore, planked down in his chair. His feet are up in the air and his beaver hat is tipped over his eyes. From his lips comes a gentle wheeze. His shirt rises and falls rhythmically.

He's sound asleep.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

Many drivers tell us — and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor . . . and the aid they lend to better driving.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

BEECH-NUT GUM
is always refreshing

P.S. *Have you tried* RUMMIES, *the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?*

ELAINE SHEPARD in GOLDWYN FOLLIES

Have your fun in the summer sun but don't let your skin get that dried out, scaly, weather-beaten look... there's no need to!

For here is an amazing new type of creme that contains oils taken from pure dairy milk ... delicate creamy oils that seem to work miracles in *preventing* sunburn, or in bringing cool, soothing relief from the pain of a skin already sunburned.

Millions of women now use Duart Creme of Milk for complete skin-beauty care. Ask for it by name at any cosmetic counter, or use coupon for trial size jar.

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DELLA LIND, MGM

A DUART PERMANENT WAVE guards *each* curl with a separate thermostat—automatically prevents limp or frizzy hair—insures soft uniform waves. Demand a Duart.

How To Have a Star's Fun on Your Income

(Continued from page 27)

sometimes called, is still a favorite, and so is the old-fashioned Charade, from which Indications was developed in the first place.

Anne Shirley, who belongs to the younger set which really does budget its entertainment costs very carefully, spends most of her spare time thinking up new word games to play, and collecting old pencils to play them with.

Another favorite pastime when half a dozen or more stars get together is a roller-skating party—particularly among the younger set. Just like the kids on your block, they bowl along the sidewalks or quiet streets in the residential section. And they get plenty of fun out of it.

Do you begin to see what has happened to these fortunate people who can, if they like, spend amounts of money that seem like fortunes to you and me? They've discovered a truth that most of us who have to practice economy never learn: that the spending of money, simply for spending's sake, soon palls as a method of entertainment. That they can have a far better time by exercising their wits than they can by exercising their purses. That money just doesn't buy fun.

So we find people like the Warren Williams, the Andy Devines and the Joel McCreas making a hobby out of gardening, raising their own flowers and vegetables. Drop around to see any of these people on an early summer evening, and the odds are that you'll find them all where they spend most of their spare time, digging away in the gardens, cutting an armful of gladioli or beaming over the way the string beans are coming along.

THEN there is Tyrone Power, that dashing young man about town, who gets his greatest fun out of playing with toy trains (Errol Flynn is another toy-train devotee) and in bicycling. There's nothing Tyrone Power likes better than a bicycle race to Palm Springs with Hans Ort, national cycling champion, as his opponent.

For evenings, he has another pet pastime that will surprise you. With Tony Martin, Alice Faye and another girl, he loves to make up a foursome and go bowling—an occupation which costs, on the average, about twenty-five cents an hour per person.

A group which consists of Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, the Ray Millands, the Fred MacMurrays and the Franchot Tones has banded together in a way which any eight friends, anywhere in the country, would do well to copy. Each couple has bought the equipment for some kind of game—a tennis court at the MacMurrays', a badminton court at the Millands', a stable at Barbara Stanwyck's, a skeet-shooting outfit at the Tones'—but it's understood that everyone in the group is entitled to use any one of the games. Thus, all have a variety of entertainment for the cost of one.

Perhaps your budget is too small to cover the expense of a tennis court or a stable. But you can do the same thing by buying less expensive games —Ping-pong sets, backgammon sets, the cheaper variety of badminton equipment.

Or you and your friends can band together to buy the equipment for still another Hollywood hobby which, while not extravagant, does entail an initial outlay greater than the average budget can afford. The hobby? Writing, directing, acting in, and producing one's own movies. All you need, to begin with, is a movie camera and a home projecting machine. After that, it's up to your own ingenuity to make films that will be fun to show at parties in your own home. Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, the Bing Crosbys and many others are always popping up with a new super-epic they've ground out.

As far as that goes, many of the stars don't bother with anything as expensive as a moving-picture camera. Wayne Morris, Anna May Wong, Clark Gable, Bob Taylor, Fay Wray, Jimmy Stewart, Humphrey Bogart—the list of camera fiends is endless. Many of them don't have anything more impressive than a Brownie camera. They develop and print their own exposures.

And speaking of Clark Gable, his and Carole Lombard's idea of a place to spend a big evening is Ocean Park Pier, where they can ride roller coasters, try their skill at shooting galleries, and eat dozens of hot dogs. The whole enterprise never costs more than a couple of dollars.

BUT you don't suppose that the stars spend all their spare time in the pursuit of pleasure, do you? There's another important side to living like a star—the business of staying glamorous. And here again, you can do as they do without going over your budget, because keeping those slim figures and soft complexions is not a matter of high-priced masseurs and expensive reducing gadgets. It's a matter of old-fashioned self-discipline.

Every morning, Jeanette MacDonald rises at six o'clock and pedals three miles behind her car towards the studio. She also takes daily breathing exercises (probably very much like the ones you started to do and gave up on the third or fourth morning). Joan Crawford not only plays badminton for fun, but frequently runs around the badminton court ten times at a stretch. (In case you plead that you haven't a badminton court, let me point out that your back yard, or a stretch of country road, will do just as well.)

The discipline extends to food, too. Anita Louise drinks one large glass of orange juice every day, two glasses of milk, and only one cup of tea or coffee (not both). She has a cup of potassium broth for lunch, and she eats vegetables and meat, and no spices or fancy food. She likes sherbet for dessert and eats lots of fruit, but when she eats cream with it, it's sour cream!

Dorothy Lamour limits her food carefully and eats chiefly salads, skimmed milk, and coffee. Rochelle Hudson has toast and orange juice for breakfast, salad and milk or tomato juice for lunch, and an average dinner. Kay Francis has a light breakfast and skips lunch entirely. And practically all of them say they *never* eat between meals. Bette Davis is an exception. She eats more, because she wants to put on weight — but the extra calories come largely from milk, which she detests.

NEITHER very glamorous nor very expensive, this side of a star's life, is it? Those perfect figures may be gifts from heaven at eighteen, but not at twenty-eight, and certainly not at thirty-eight. By that time, they've been bought with good hard work.

Perhaps this aspect of living a star's life on your budget doesn't sound very appealing to you—but that's no sign you wouldn't be all the better for trying. One thing is certain: it will put more of a strain on your self-control than it will on your pocketbook.

To return to other matters besides calories and exercise, don't think that there isn't a good deal of plain, down-to-earth, financial budgeting going on out in Hollywood, either. For instance, in order to save the cost of a personal wardrobe for use while she is working —which is constantly—Olivia De Havilland has devised a regular uniform, consisting of a skirt and a blouse, which she wears to and from the studio every day.

Claudette Colbert, the stunningly well-dressed Claudette, never yields to the feminine weakness for buying a dress simply because it is *so* becoming. She makes sure, as well, that it is durable and that its design is such that she can wear it for several seasons. Here is one actress who makes no bones about wearing a dress over and over.

Wallace Beery personally does all the shopping for daughter Carol Ann's clothes, and he does it on a budget. He never takes her to exclusive shops, but to the big department stores, and he sees to it that only medium-priced coats and dresses are ever shown in Carol Ann's presence.

Joan Crawford allows herself a moderate amount each week to spend on food—and that includes everything, regular dinners and parties, too. If she wants to give a dinner or a buffet supper, and there isn't enough left in that week's budget to cover the cost of one, she doesn't have it, but waits until the following week.

Now, haven't I convinced you that you *can* live like a star on your budget? For the point is, of course, that while stars do give costly parties and do buy costly things upon occasion, it isn't such extravagances that give them their greatest pleasure. On the contrary. They get that from the simple things—the informal parties, the games, the gardens, the hobbies.

Even, if we only knew it, as you and I,

Isn't this nice? Charlie Farrell is back — playing Shirley's father in "Lucky Penny." It's a new version of "Sunny Side Up" in which Charles co-starred with Janet Gaynor in 1929.

The Revealing True Story of Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 66)

angle that without Myrna's salary as a dancer the family would have no income.

Nevertheless, for Myrna there was no return to dancing and, in the spring of 1925, an ambitious little redhead, scarcely steady in the knees after several weeks of sickness, stepped into the ranks of Hollywood's army of extras.

She had decided that, first of all, she must have a new last name, one shorter and easier to remember than Williams. From interested acquaintances she had had many suggestions, among them one from a gentleman she scarcely knew and never saw again.

"How about 'Loy'?" he had said.

So, on the May morning when, at a studio casting window, she made herself brave enough to ask for an application blank, found herself a corner in the room crowded with other extras, she gave hasty last minute consideration to "Moore" . . . "Carr" . . . "Field" . . . and then wrote, for the first time, and handed in at the wicket, the name "Miss Myrna Loy."

The studio was . . . M-G-M.

AND so, for Miss Myrna Loy, began interminable days of sitting on benches in casting offices waiting the high moment when the little window would open and a name would be called, somebody's hopeful eyes rewarded, some lucky dog admitted for work. Every day at every studio the little crowd waited, Myrna trying, as did the rest, first one studio then another.

But it was again M-G-M where one day the window opened, called for Miss Myrna Loy, and, a little dizzy with the sudden surprise, she heard someone asking if she would "mind" working a little while. And so the studio opened its gates for the first time to the girl who, today, is one of its best financial assets, part of its destiny, one of its really important stars.

That first job, however, was unbelievably insignificant. Miss Loy was required only as a figure upon which to try out a costume to be worn by the ragged street lepers of "Ben Hur."

But the director saw her and asked her to report next day for *another* test and this time not a test of clothes, but of Miss Loy herself . . . for the rôle of the Madonna.

Though she had learned the lesson of not believing in possibilities, suddenly her hopes were soaring again. She was dreaming dreams again! But they were dreams which collapsed like a pricked bubble next day, when she found Madonnas blond, brunette, redheaded, Madonnas winsome, solemn, short and tall, Madonnas of every type and style—all waiting hopefully. Notwithstanding which, it was our redhead who carried off the honors and was on her breathless way out of the studio gates to tell her mother when a limousine arrived bringing Betty Bronson whom they had been trying unsuccessfully to locate for the rôle.

So decision promptly reversed and "success" abruptly ended, though not entirely in disappointment, for the casting director took pity on the deposed Madonna who so gamely heard the answer.

"You look hungry," he laughed. "I think we better put you to work anyway. Go and tell them you're to be one of Ben Hur's mistresses watching the big race."

So, in black wig and a costume of Cleopatra vogue, Miss Loy became merely one of the thousand in the great amphitheater. Nevertheless, she was playing in pictures, was earning a momentary check . . . and, most of all, now there was proof that she was not climbing to ambition which was only illusion, for, though the Valentino test had counted as failure, the test for M-G-M had *not*, so her chance to make good was at least fifty-fifty.

But, with the comparatively small effort and little wait for work in "Ben Hur," she was totally unprepared for the long weeks which now went by, her answer the same at every casting office . . . "Nothing today" . . . "No work this week" . . . the family's small amount of surplus money dwindling.

But at last came hope, and from the one completely unexpected direction. For Rudolph Valentino, in spite of the disappointing test, believed her the type for a particular part in the newest picture to be produced by his wife, Natacha Rambova.

But how startling the rôle he had in mind for this quiet girl from a middle-sized Montana town! With a blonde wig, a fabulous headdress, exotic eyes, tight-fitting black velvet trousers and a train, he transformed her completely! And so well did she play the creature of wicked glamour in "What Price Beauty," that when, shortly afterward, Warners' Studio sent out a call for all the exotic women in town, they particularly requested Myrna Loy. It was she who was given the part they were casting, and, as the spirited and jealous sweetheart of "Satan in Sables," she broke china, dug her heels into the floor and generally played the wildcat with such spirit that a long-term contract as a professional enchantress was the reward, which, in the story of Myrna Loy's career in pictures, is the close of Book One.

A CONTRACT! Of course this seemed the key to everything. But indeed trouble had only begun! Here was a whole new world of difficulties, difficulties against which she found herself having to battle every foot of the way. For weeks she struggled through the

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 68 with these correct ones:

1. Tyrone Power
2. Ronald Colman
3. Carole Lombard
4. Cecil B. De Mille
5. Joan Crawford
6. Helen Vinson
7. Roger Pryor
8. Sigrid Gurie
9. Allan Jones
10. Mae West
11. Gloria Swanson
12. Lily Pons
13. Maria
14. Professional fighter
15. Musical supervisor
16. Deanna Durbin
17. Charles Boyer
18. Marie Wilson in "Boy Meets Girl"
19. A cotton plantation in Arkansas
20. Alice Faye

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The Brewster Twins appearing in the 20th Century-Fox picture "Little Miss Broadway"

(left)
GLORIA BREWSTER
20th Century-Fox Player
wearing the *"Panelle"*
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(right)
BARBARA BREWSTER
20th Century-Fox Player
wearing the *"Vee Tuck"*
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SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

distressing confusion of wrong parts, wrong lines, wrong costumes, knowing only too well that with all of it she was going backward rather than ahead.

And then something terrifying happened to Hollywood! The talkies! Actors and actresses from the stage who were used to speaking lines were suddenly elected to take over this profession created by people whose art was only pantomime. And Myrna Loy, with the others, was suddenly fighting for her life.

Warners' first musical sound picture was "The Desert Song," the entire cast engaged from the New York stage. But, in the rôle of a native dancer of temper and treachery, the girl from the stage didn't come through the test. She wasn't a camera subject. Myrna Loy asked for a chance to try the part. The thought of doing lines before the camera fairly paralyzed her and to make it worse, if possible, the lines must be done with a French accent. But now it was sink or swim for everybody. She might as well know the worst!

For her trial they gave her the most difficult scene in the play, the dancer screaming in a frenzy of broken French, throwing coins at her faithless lover. Myrna's hands were cold when the moment came, her voice shaking. The place, with its strange new bulky sound equipment, swam before her eyes.

Mr. Darryl Zanuck took a look at her. "Better not try it, Myrna," he said. "It will be worse for you to fail than not to try it at all. You're scared."

"Yes, I'm scared," she told him. "But I was scared the first time I did a silent scene, too. I'll be just as scared if I wait to try it some other time. I'd rather know now."

And so the scene was made. And Myrna Loy went over the top. And, in the finished picture (the first musical "talkie"), she all but stole the show!

Sound pictures were here to stay. And so was Myrna Loy.

AND now she had come through with a new type of work. It appeared that she was not only aces in sirens but in natives. And so began still a new "career" in Chinese, Malay, Hindu, Egyptian. Assuming a voice which wasn't her own, a personality which wasn't her own, accents which weren't her own (which in fact she made up as she went along). One rôle of this kind followed another—rôles such as *Nubi* in "The Squall."

There were wicked women rôles, too, such as Chief Poisoner in John Barrymore's "Don Juan." But the one thing no one ever thought of was to cast her just as she was, just a charming, quiet, well-bred American girl. And when her contract expired, it was not renewed. There were too few parts of her type, she was told. Too few calls for Asiatic, native, Oriental and siren.

She had been more unhappy than anyone knew, playing parts of this type. Nevertheless, the loss of her contract was distinctly a shock. She didn't know which way to turn. Her mother and young David were now entirely dependent on her salary. What would become of them if she couldn't get work!

Through sleepless nights she tried to think things out. Alone, awake, hour after hour in that silent little house, she tried to think and plan. For it was more than merely tomorrow's groceries now. She was certain that her whole future was near to going awry. Typed rôles had already closed the doors of one studio to her. She was sure that continuing to play them was a losing game. Yet, taking a stand to play "straight" would make her just one of a million, would mean starting all over again and from far and away the most difficult angle and with the family depending on her!

She tried to think what her father would have told her to do, how he would have decided this. Never again has she seen the pale stars of that mauve, quiet light peculiar to dawn but that those nights have come back to her, those interminable hours of which her mother and David never knew.

At last she made a decision. She didn't dare change her type altogether, but at least she would decline to be Asiatic or Oriental.

So, for the next year, she was "white," though little more could be said for her progress. She took any work she could get, made "quickies," completed pictures in thirteen days, learned endless bad lines in endless second-rate stories, had, in fact, plenty of experience in heartbreak of every sort. Then a contract was offered by Fox, and gratefully she signed it.

But though still demanding to be "white," her first new contract rôle was that of a spy.

And again a quiet charming girl, the complete antithesis of intrigue and design, proved so convincingly despicable on the screen, that immediately all Theda Bara's forgotten successes were renovated to be rebuilt for this stunning vampire.

Here was work. And money. But farther and farther from the future she had dreamed, a situation which would really have been the acme in unhappiness, but that she was in love! A youthful kind of romance it was, but, at the moment, a very serious one. The man in the case, a young actor, sophisticated and fascinating.

There were trysts, secrets, confidences, red roses, and almost marriage. But, like Kipling's East and West, the practical ambitions and moonlight dreams never quite met, and Myrna Loy was still really fancy-free when she was sent for by the gentleman in charge of production at United Artists, a gentleman named Mr. Arthur Hornblow who wished to see her about a part . . . a very small part, he said, but suddenly here was the most thrilling and important chance she had ever had! For here, at last, was the chance she had dreamed of through seven years of Orientals and Borgias. The chance to play an American girl with simple, straightforward motives and impulses!

LISTENING to the story, I could scarcely imagine or remember another Myrna Loy than of "The Thin Man," of "To Mary—With Love," of "Test Pilot," but it was a great day for pictures as well as for Miss Loy when Producer Arthur Hornblow took the "long chance" which first gave her a straight rôle.

Curled in an enormous armchair exactly the blue-green of her eyes, she told me, with a particular smile, of that call at United Artists.

"I'm afraid it was really a thrilling appointment," she said, and laced her fingers through those of the tall, good-looking chap in flannels who stood beside her. "Eh what, Mr. Hornblow?"

Amused affection played across his gray eyes.

"Decidedly thrilling, Mrs. Hornblow," he said . . . "Since, of course," remarked Mr. Hornblow to me, "she was so much more charming than anyone could possibly have expected!"

"And aside from business, how did *you* feel about it?" I asked Myrna Williams Loy Hornblow. "Did you like him instantly . . . or later?"

"I admit to an unqualified both," she said, with that breathless, oddly punctuated little ripple of laughter peculiarly her own.

And it was without doubt Mr. Arthur Hornblow's "unique" idea that she play a straight rôle which, at last, turned the tide and, in the end, writes the finish . . . or rather the beginning . . . of our

HAVE YOU A LITTLE *Camera* IN YOUR HOME?

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Here is the list of prize winners who took the pictures on pages 42-43.

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$1.00—Mr. John H. Kinsley, 95th Attack Squadron, March Field, California.
$1.00—Mrs. Frank Thomas, 1211 North June Street, Hollywood, California.
$1.00—Mr. Robert B. Dunbar, 49th Bombardment Squadron, Langley Field, Va.
$1.00—Miss Mina Gilbert, 3001 Southwest Drive, Los Angeles, California.
$1.00—Mr. Alvin R. Hart, 522 East Acacia, Glendale, California.
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story. For with her next contract, undisguised by Oriental eyes or a siren's treacherous smile, she began to play such rôles as in "Animal Kingdom," in "Love Me Tonight" in "When Ladies Meet."

Oddly enough, however, this was not with United Artists and Mr. Hornblow, but back again at M-G-M, the lot where, at fourteen, she had peered curiously through the gates, hoping for glimpses of great personalities; where, at the casting window, she had written, for the first time, the name "Myrna Loy"; where she had earned her first actual pay check as one of those thousand spectators cheering Ben Hur's thundering chariots.

And where finally, with "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Thin Man," she stepped into stardom.

THE last five years have found Myrna Loy a decidedly busy young lady. Although, one day a couple of years ago, she did take time enough away from the studio to elope. In Ensenada, sixty miles from the Mexican border, she and Mr. Arthur Hornblow were married, spent a two-day honeymoon on blue Ensenada Bay, and came back to Hollywood to work, he producing one picture, she starring in another.

Within the room, the window curtains are glazed chintz in tones of green and yellow, on the wide window sill a careless lot of small gay china things, a tiny house, a laughing polka-dot pig, a gold-trimmed goat. Against this window sill, the length of the window, is built a davenport of handwoven, cream-colored linen and wool, with matching pillows. And it was here . . . here in this room . . . that Myrna Loy told me the story I have told to you, the day rainy and gray, the fire crackling cozily.

She still wears her little girl crop of freckles, reminds you of an impish boy, the dignity, the *savoir faire* of the lady you see on the screen, confined, it would seem, to the world of the camera.

We had been out in the garden. Over sandy red hair brushed straight back from her forehead, she wore a peasant handkerchief, tied under her chin. A cream-colored sweater, specked with tiny embroidered flowers, hung from her shoulders, tied around her neck. She wore no make-up, was lovelier than I had ever seen her, and I could only think it a pity that so young, so completely without artifice, she should be so clever an actress that in rôles of fashion and sophistication we suffer a loss of the enchanting Peter Pan Miss Loy actually is.

"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Another heart-warming forbidden great love story of Hollywood. Don't miss it—coming next month in

PHOTOPLAY

David Williams must be proud of this daughter of his. She has kept faith with him, and how nobly; has made life successful and happy for those he loved and left to her care. Mrs. Williams lives in an attractive home of her own in Beverly Hills, busy and happy with clubs and musical interests. David, gray-eyed and broad-shouldered, is a successful commercial artist, sculptor and architect.

Myrna herself, now at the very peak of fame, is a quiet unostentatious person, not greatly interested in clothes, night life or social affairs. Her happiest times are when just she and her husband can be together in the lazy white house which they have recently completed. It is tucked away in "Hidden Valley" in the Santa Monica Mountains, the road by which you reach it climbing the inside curve of a mountain horseshoe, only blue mountain peaks beyond, no note whatever of a propinquent bustling little world, none of that world intruding but the white macadamized road. As we climb, we see below, to the left, on the other side of the horseshoe, the house, nestling in its own green valley, stone fireplace chimneys, brilliant flowers, bright garden furniture, the pool, tennis courts and stables.

Pretentious and "glamorous" it would seem, but, once you have crossed the threshold, you find its keynote only a charming simplicity. In the living room the walls are ivory stucco and wormy chestnut beams, the rug an immense oval of extraordinarily pleasant green, a green which seems somehow to be shaded with sunshine. Along one complete side of the room rambles a white-washed brick fireplace with old-fashioned ivory settles, a bright copper pot and crane. The lazy armchairs facing it are of handwoven material, one in yellow, one in green. A four-foot coffee table is near by. Flowers are everywhere, great bowls of them.

Opposite the fireplace is a landscape window framing the flowering terrace and the distant mountain peaks with their changing colors.

I asked what day, in these changing years, she recalls as the happiest one.

"The day this house was finished," she smiled. "The day we came here to stay. The first twilight when we stood out on the terrace looking at this place we had planned and waited for."

"And what do you plan and wait for now?" I wondered.

Coming to join us for tea, Mr. Hornblow appeared in the doorway, stood packing down his pipe with an expert thumb. Mrs. Hornblow reached for a case of matches, crossed the room to hold a light against his pipe bowl.

"One dream we have," she said, "is to buy the Crow Creek Valley ranch where I was born. Another is to travel a year and more in Europe. We especially want to visit Persia and the East, the *old* places and things. But we've discovered something better," she smiled, "*than* to plan and wait for things. We've discovered that the secret of being happy is learning honestly to make the most of every minute just as you have it."

* * *

And so we had finished the story, the story of the granddaughter of pretty Ann Williams who ploughed Montana's virgin wheat fields, the granddaughter of stolid Johnny Johnson who, in a one-room cabinet shop, supplied, for a brave frontier town, everything from cradles to coffins. We had finished the story of the girl who, in 1937, in the most extensive poll of the kind ever taken in America, was elected the favorite among reigning actresses of the screen.

To each of you whose opinion, admiration and affection swelled that vote to twenty million, this, the story of your favorite, is dedicated. But to one gentleman alone, to a gentleman of Forty-Second Street, New York City, may we address the closing sentence:

Mr. Eddie Stevens, you were right about the little redhead; Broadway *was* waiting for her. But she gave you one better. She didn't go to Broadway . . . she brought Broadway to her!

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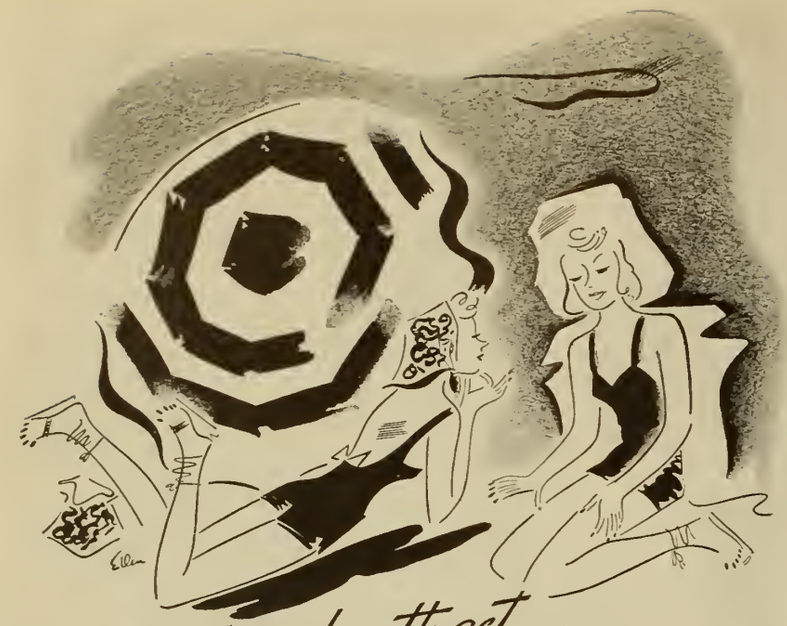

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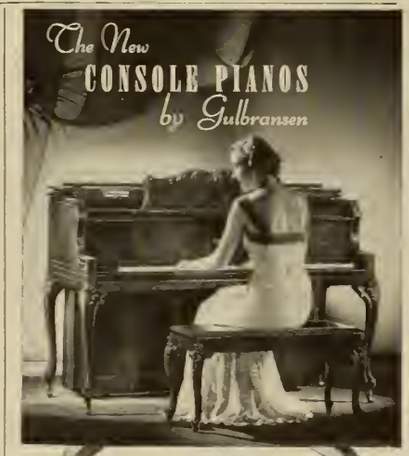

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Dear Ol' Mother-in-Law O' Mine

(Continued from page 28)

fit her in with our friends. She just naturally fits. As for the children, I don't have to tell you how I feel about them. Yet I haven't the patience to carry on long conversations with Carol Ann, at the age of five. She and Nana talk to each other for hours on end, don't ask me what about. She never interferes, yet just her way of handling the youngsters shows us where we make our mistakes. We have all sorts of theories about bringing up children. She has no theories and does a better job of it. In a way, that sums her up. She has no theories about living either, but she makes a better job of it than anyone I've ever met."

ABOUT thirty years ago the woman who draws this tribute was a bride, her husband a son of wealth. Disapproving of his marriage to a girl who had no money, his family turned its collective back on the couple. They didn't mind, they'd married for love. He found work where he could, and, if there was little money in the house, there was plenty of gaiety. When he brought her a pair of silk stockings instead of the bag of potatoes he'd gone out for, she didn't scold his impracticality but rejoiced in his tenderness and managed somehow without the potatoes. They were drawn closer by the birth of a baby, and closer still by her death at the age of six months. Then another baby was born, whom they called Betty Lou. Two years later the young husband caught cold, developed pneumonia and died.

It was a ghastly blow, but there was a child to be fed and cared for. The girl pulled herself together, got hold of some money and started a tiny delicatessen shop. Her homemade sauerkraut brought the place a reputation, and, by the time she decided to move to California, she'd built it into a flourishing business which she sold for a handsome sum.

At the Los Angeles high school she attended, Betty Lou met a boy named Bob Young. He was going through the gloomy phase of adolescence—a phase Betty never knew, thanks to her heritage. "What's she forever laughing at?" he'd grumble to himself, "Little flibbertigibbet." Yet he couldn't keep his eyes off her. She paid no attention to him till they were cast in a play together. After that they were always together.

"But I was just part of the entourage," explains Bob. "Betty always had a string of swains trailing her, with one eye on her mother. They'd drop innocently by on Sunday afternoon to see if Betty was in. If she wasn't they'd stick around anyway. They knew there'd be pot roast and dumplings for the crowd, whether Betty came home to eat it with them or not."

High school days ended, Betty and Bob saw less and less of each other. She went to college. He got a job and spent his evenings at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He'd made up his mind he was going to be an actor. They became engaged, but not to each other—Betty to a boy at college, Bob to a girl in Pasadena. Bob and his girl discovered their engagement was a mistake and broke it. Then one night Betty phoned and asked Bob to come over. He hadn't seen her in months.

"I've got to talk this out with somebody," she said. "I can't with Mom. She's too close to it. And next to her, I trust you most."

She wasn't sure she loved the man she'd promise to marry. She was afraid of making a mistake. She felt this way about him. What did Bob think?

"If you're not sure," said Bob, "then you don't love him."

He was answering honestly. He wasn't paving the way for himself. It was only a little later that he clapped his hand to his head in the realization that Betty was the one girl he'd ever really wanted as his wife.

When the matter had been settled between them, they broke the news to Mom—or thought that was what they were doing. "You're telling me," she commented. "I could have told you years ago, and saved you time."

Bob wasn't earning much money in those days. Once or twice during their brief engagement, he was sent out of town on location. Before the first of these trips, Mom took him aside. "If you want to call Betty long distance, just reverse the charges—now, never mind that. If it was Betty, there'd be no talk about it. Well, you're my boy and you've got the same rights she's got."

They were married in a neighboring town. For various reasons, Bob's family couldn't be present. "If your mother can't go," Mrs. Henderson decided, "it wouldn't be fair for me to go either." She helped her daughter dress. She kissed them both good-by. The smile she sent them off with was a straight smile, unmisted by tears.

THE sense of self-pity so many mothers develop when their children marry was absent from her make-up. She had no intention of living her life as an appendage to theirs. Her job as hostess in a tearoom, her numerous friends, kept her time pleasantly occupied. She didn't take to the habit of dropping in for meals, but waited like anyone else for an invitation.

"Just because you're the mother," she observes, with her deep chuckle, "doesn't give you any special rights to make a nuisance of yourself."

When she did see the young people, she'd entertain them with lovely accounts of her dates and her doings, not in a gallant effort to convince them that she was having a good time, but because she *was* having a good time.

For one thing, she loved to dance. Bob will never forget the first time they went to a party together. He knew that Betty's mother danced, but he'd never danced with her.

"As a dutiful son-in-law," he told himself, "I'll have to face this sooner or later. So it might as well be now."

He started off with her in a kind of half walk, with the idea of saving Mom's face as well as her feet.

After a minute of this, she looked up at him. "What's the matter, son? Tired? Well then, dance."

He started tentatively on a more intricate step. Betty followed him no more easily than his mother-in-law. He raised his brows in amazement and admiration. She raised hers in mocking acknowledgment of the tribute. He led her through his entire repertoire. "Don't you know any fancy steps?" she gibed.

When the dance was over, he was winded, she was fresh as a daisy.

"Why didn't you tell me, Mom?"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

SHE proffers no advice unless she is asked for it. Or as she herself puts it, "I try to mind my own business. I tried to bring Betty up not to be green and dumb, then I let her go on her own. I'm always glad to tell them what I think is right, if they come to me for it. If not, I keep my mouth shut. With the babies, for instance—I idolize them, but

I'm not their father and mother. When things go wrong and Carol Ann's being corrected, if it hurts me too much, I just go out where I can't see or hear it. I figure Bob and Betty are old enough to know what they're doing."

Like all young people, Betty and Bob had their tiffs. On one such occasion Betty ran home to her mother to pour out her woes. She had barely begun the recital when Mom stopped her. "I'll bet you started it."

Blank incredulity dried Betty's tears. "What kind of a mother are you, anyway? I come to you for consolation, and you stick up for Bob."

"Listen, honey," her mother said, spacing her words so as to give them their full value. "Any girl that's married to Bob doesn't need consolation. If she thinks she does, that makes her all wrong to begin with." Which piece of sanity promptly reduced Betty's mountain to the molehill it was.

Meantime, Bob was making good in the movies. Financial problems grew less pressing. "I'd like to take care of Mom," he told Betty one evening. "I think we can afford it now."

Betty looked startled. "I'm sure she doesn't expect it."

"So am I. But I'd get a kick out of it, if she'd let me."

Mom wasn't so keen about the idea at first. Yes, she thought a little rest would be nice, but what in heaven's name would she do with herself all day? She couldn't sit idle. The problem solved itself. She found it was pleasant to be able to see more of her friends, to visit the sick, to help with the babies, to turn her hand to the thousand and one things willing hands can find for themselves to do.

To Bob and Betty she was a tower of strength, when Barbara, their second daughter, arrived. Betty had had a comparatively easy time of it with Carol Ann. They had no reason to suppose that the new baby would cause more trouble. They drove blithely down to the hospital together, Betty and Bob and Mrs. Henderson. A friend in a passing car hailed them, "Have lunch with me."

"We can't," they laughed. "Our baby's coming."

Two hours later Bob emerged, chalk-faced, from his wife's room. He didn't have to tell Mom that something had gone wrong. The doctor's grave face, the nurses hurrying in and out, had told her that already.

Together they waited, with Bob disappearing into the room at intervals. Only one member of the family was allowed to go in. "You go," Bob urged her.

"No, son, you'll feel better after you've seen her."

He didn't feel better. There was nothing to feel better about. Each time he left the room, he had to steel himself to meet Mrs. Henderson's eyes, draw his face into some semblance of composure, lest he look like one who had seen a ghost. Each time it was she who masked the terror in her heart to comfort him.

"It's all right, Bob. I've been through the same kind of bad time myself, and look at me. Betty takes after her mom. She'll fight through all right."

The hours crawled on. Now he stood at the bedside where his wife lay battling for her life. Now he crept out to the warmth and strength of the woman who loved them both. Once the doctor followed him out. "I'm doing my best, Mrs. Henderson."

Her voice was steady. "I know you are."

There came the moment when, nerves stretched by intolerable suspense, Bob went to pieces in her arms. Even then she stood like a rock. "We've got to grin and bear it, Bob. It's a thing all fathers and mothers have to go through. It's started, it's got to be finished."

Something of her own indomitable spirit entered his and gave him new courage. At the end of nine hours Betty was pronounced out of danger. The baby would live.

After the first moments of wordless thanksgiving, Bob wanted to yell and turn handsprings. He wanted Mom to yell and turn handsprings with him. But Mom couldn't. She was sobbing her heart out in a corner.

Later he tried to thank her, tried to put something of his feeling for her into words. She patted his cheek. "Rubbish! You'll do the same for your own children when the time comes."

As to her feeling about Bob: "I'll tell you. I always said, when Betty grew up and married, regardless of whom she married, I'd love him the same as she did. I had that kind of mother, so I guess I come honestly by it.

"Daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, she wanted them to love her and that's all she wanted, and they did. I'd have loved anyone Betty married. Just the same, I'm glad it was Bob. They don't come any easier to love. He's—well, he can't be beat, that's all. And if he loves me back, that's fine. I'm a lucky woman."

Lucky woman. Lucky man. Lucky family.

Who says honesty isn't the best policy? Here's one California theater owner who obviously thinks it is. Perhaps this marquee announcement is also a warning that a needed hypodermic of "fewer and better pictures" would help!

ARE you discouraged about your skin? Does it seem "acid"—look old and "thick"? Has it lost its fresh tone, fine texture and developed such ugly faults as enlarged pores, blackheads, oily shine, roughness?

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That Magic Touch

My new book *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains hundreds of simple ways to develop glamour—that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a pretty woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. Glamour is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you.

You Can Develop Glamour

And, darling, make no mistake about glamour . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. But for heaven's sake don't think you can radiate personality by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frills or mannerisms. And if you are laboring under the false notion that you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't catch the admiration of others—forget it!

If you are one of those gals who in a blundering, self-conscious manner shrivel up into knots when in the company of strangers, Mama's got plenty of tips for you. Your trouble is that you never give yourself a chance to express your true personality. Yes, it's there, baby—you've got all the makings for a magnetic personality if you will only use them. If you wish to acquire self-assurance, poise and charm, get my new book—read it from cover to cover and you'll have all the secrets I've gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Madame Sylvia

The price of *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* is only $1.00 postpaid. At all booksellers or mail coupon below TODAY.

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Why We Roosevelts Are Movie Fans

(Continued from page 17)

the public demand.

I think, however, that movies themselves are doing an educational job along these lines better than most of us realize and that we are gradually going to see a change in the taste of the people, brought about by higher standards lived up to by the producers themselves.

IN the classroom the possibilities for the educational use of films are, I think, very great and have not as yet been used to the fullest extent. In fact, it is only the wealthier, better equipped schools that are able to use the movies at all. It seems a great pity not to use a form of teaching which, for both children and adults, is so easy to understand and remember afterwards. Adult education is carried on all over the country today and should be greatly aided by the use of the right kind of movie.

I remember hearing a learned gentleman who was much interested in education advance the theory that with the development of television, the small country school would be able to bring great teachers and famous foreign visitors into their classrooms as easily as if they were actually there in person.

If properly used, it seems to me that the movies may accomplish much the same thing as this gentleman had in mind. A course given by some brilliant professor might be given through the medium of the movies in every little school throughout the country. Any great foreign teacher or speaker coming to this country might, through this medium, become a familiar figure to children everywhere.

There is great opportunity also to teach our children English and voice culture through the movies, for they can have the best teachers in the country teaching diction, recitation and expression through the medium of the talking film. This can be done in the smaller rural schools as well as in the bigger schools of the cities, for, once the school is equipped with the proper apparatus, the cost is small. The individual teachers who are qualified for this work are few, and they command high salaries. Adult education classes, in which foreign men and women are learning our language and its correct pronunciation, would find this method very helpful.

The reading of good books will be increased greatly by having the masterpieces of literature dramatized and given in the movies. It is never possible to film an entire book, but if you awaken a real interest it often happens that young and old will read the book to know the whole story, whereas, in all probability, many people would never have known that the story was interesting had they not seen it on a movie screen. "Tom Sawyer," which is one of our favorites, is an excellent example of this.

Of course, if you know a book very well and are very fond of it, you may not agree with the way it has been dramatized, and it may give you an unhappy evening. I have carefully avoided seeing "Peter Ibbetson" because I happen to be very fond of it as a novel and I was told that in the movie it is essentially changed in a way that I feel sure would spoil it for me.

Perhaps it is necessary to do this to bring it up to date as a play, but I really question if this amount of latitude should be permitted to the dramatist. If you are writing an original play, you have every right to make your characters do what you wish or what you feel they must do, but, if certain characters have been created by an author I doubt if you have a right to change them into different people.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL

FINALLY, we come to the possibility of using the motion picture as a character-building instrument. We must make information about films which are being shown in every theater available to parents so that they may know what is suitable and what is unsuitable for their children. While this information is at present available to anyone interested enough to obtain it, through the Women's Clubs' services, it may require a statement on the part of the producers and the theater managers in the local newspapers as well. This is just a step towards making pictures a help in building character, but it does not mean that children will not often be taken to see pictures which are not suitable for them. It puts the burden of responsibility on the parents, however, for all that the producers can do will have been done to protect the children from seeing films not suited to their age.

Plays could be written for very little children with the object of teaching ethics and morals. I remember well the type of book which was given to my generation to improve our understanding of the proper "guiding principles," but I doubt very much if the children of today would read these books and take them seriously.

It is possible, however, without actually preaching a sermon, to glorify some of the fundamental good traits of human nature. Kindness, gentleness, honesty, generosity and love may be shown in plays about animals so that little children can understand these vir-

tues; also, in the dramatization of some of the old fairy tales and in stories of everyday life the world over.

Our children should not be allowed to believe, however, that there are not other qualities in human nature: hate, greed, fear, dishonesty, malice and cruelty, these should all walk across the stage with the consequences which they may bring in daily life. Facing the realities is good even for the very young.

Love of country may be inculcated through the movies as well as in many other ways. Children actually seeing fine episodes in their history and in contemporary happenings which illustrate the qualities of character which we wish them to acquire will get a point of view without listening to a sermon.

Children should realize what a government in any country may do that is wrong and that patriotism consists in holding to the highest standards in public questions as one would in private life. Countries, like people, deteriorate under indifference and lack of attention from their citizens, and this can be well shown in the movies.

IF THE movies undertake to be a factor along the above lines, they will become a strong educational and character-building force, but primarily they will always remain, I hope, a form of entertainment, and, as such, they fill an important place.

I hope they will not take the place of the real theater, for anyone who appreciates and understands what the dramatic art really means will always feel the greater power and force of a personality as projected by a great actor or actress across the footlights. The movies, however, will bring knowledge and pleasure daily into the lives of many hundreds of thousands who can rarely see a finished professional dramatic production.

As a purveyor of entertainment alone, the responsibility of the movie producer is heavy because his audience is vast, and so I want to say my last word on the question of creating good taste. The highly cultured people of the world are those who have good taste.

There is, of course, a certain kind of robust fun, even vulgarity, which is not contrary to good taste, but some things in literature and the arts have always presaged decadence. Those things must be kept from the drama if we are to promote good taste. Here is the great challenge to the movie producer of the future—will movies be an instrument in the development of good taste and are we growing up to be a nation with artistic knowledge and appreciation?

A Queen Comes Back

(Continued from page 22)

packed chests full of samples, styles, delicate originals and reproductions and sent them off to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Ed Willis, M-G-M's property chief, scoured France and Austria, raking together $100,000 worth of antiques of that decorative day. Aubusson carpets, Beauvais tapestries, Sèvres porcelains, ormolu clocks. Copies of the noted portraits and rococo furnishings of the Louis'—Quinze and Seize. In a tiny cabinetmaker's show he unearthed a delicate little chair with the initials "M.A." carved on the back. All these went across the sea to Hollywood and from each tiny scrap of authentic relic a comprehensive restoration grew, as cabinetmakers fashioned furnishings for a whole palace and Cedric Gibbons designed sets.

IN all this Norma Shearer had no part. She made no demands and no suggestions about her part, the script, the cast—anything. Much of the extensive work took place, of course, while she was devoting herself to a year with her children, before she even contemplated returning to pictures. But even when she had decided to go back she refrained from interfering with any production plans, even though she, more than anyone else in Hollywood, knew the intimate plans Irving Thalberg carried in his head when he died.

It was a supreme piece of tact. Because when Thalberg died he left Norma Shearer the largest single stockholder in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She was literally the queen of the lot. A great many people expected her to run the show as she wanted it. But no one heard from her; no one saw her. Except the gateman.

Long before anyone at the studio knew about it, or the newspapers guessed it, Norma Shearer started slipping in quietly in her car. Only late workers noticed the light that burned of evenings in her studio quarters. But none guessed she was there in the gown that weighed fifty-two pounds with its steel hoops, walking, turning, bowing, dancing, sitting down—to make her movements perfectly natural and graceful in the cumbersome habit.

Only those who had worked with Norma Shearer before could have suspected the enthusiasm with which she was attacking every problem of her part as Marie Antoinette. It was as if she were hungry for the hardest work. As if she wanted to make up for someone who couldn't be there.

She stood for three months, long hours every day, fitting and refitting the forty or so gowns Adrian had designed for the picture. She hurried from there to Albertina Rasch for tedious and tiring lessons in all the intricate court dances of the Bourbons. Then she practiced them by herself. A special white make-up which would give her the delicate alabaster beauty of the French aristocrats meant long hours with Jack Dawn and the testing camera. She read and reread Zweig's biography until the pages frayed. She sought out every technical advisor available in Hollywood on the manners and customs of the period. She tutored herself in a hundred diverse things.

SO all of this was behind Norma Shearer the day she entered the great stage and smiled through the tears of a hundred mixed emotions.

Yet there was a tense, strained air for a long time about the set of "Marie Antoinette." Norma was nervous. The cast walked around on tiptoes. The atmosphere was electric—charged with something about to happen.

There were several reasons. One was that Norma's confidence in herself was by now strained to the breaking point. (Luckily the first rushes were exceptionally fine and reassured her.) Another was that Tyrone Power, who was to play the main love interest with Norma, had never been loaned out from his studio before. With no other dressing rooms available, they had put Ty in "Ladies' Row" at M-G-M, in between Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford and flanked by Jeanette MacDonald—and it bothered him. Too, Tyrone and Norma had never met until now. But they had

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(*Front view*) Beneath the gay floral print of this B.V.D. maillot, there's a tailored lining cut for lasting fit and comfort. All B.V.D. maillots are fully lined—skirted suits lined through the bust. Maillot, $7.95.

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Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

to plunge immediately into the most delicate and tender love scenes of the whole picture because Tyrone had been allowed just three weeks away from his own studio. The first day they met they kissed each other all day!

BUT the main difficulty was this: just before shooting started, Norma's favorite director, Sidney Franklin, took sick. To realize the blow this was to Norma, consider that her finest, most successful pictures were made under Franklin's direction. Someone had to take over at once. And the only man in Hollywood who could do a thing like that on twenty-four hours' notice was W. S. Van Dyke.

Now the relationship between a star of Shearer's importance and her director is a delicate thing. Clashes between stars and directors have made much of Hollywood's fiery history. Van Dyke, too, is notorious for running his shows. He has walked out on people like Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. But Norma Shearer was something else—she was a power in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. What would happen?

Some Hollywood prophets gave the situation three days to last. Then, they predicted, either Van Dyke or Norma Shearer would blow up and walk out on the picture.

At once, to make matters worse, a silly story got out. It went like this: Van Dyke shot four takes of one of Shearer's scenes, then said, "That's all."

Norma Shearer objected, "No—one more."

Van Dyke replied stubbornly, "I said that was all." And Shearer strode off the set in a huff.

IT was pure fiction. It never happened at all. But it was in the newspapers and a lot of people believed it. The "Marie Antoinette" set was closed tight. That, said the wiseys, was to keep the terrific battles that were going on inside out of the press!

A tension like that can show in a finished picture. It can seriously damage it. It could ruin Shearer's comeback.

Norma Shearer may have realized that it was up to her. Or again maybe it was a series of accidents. No one will ever know but herself.

But a day or two later, she tripped on the hoop of her gown, although she had practiced wearing it for months, stumbled and took a sprawling, comedy fall right in the midst of an emotional scene.

The whole stage roared. Script girl, colored maid, juicer, Barrymore, Van Dyke and Shearer—screamed with laughter. All the pent-up nervousness vanished like air from a punctured balloon, and suddenly things were as sunny as a spring day. Woody started calling Norma "Kid" and "Baby" and she glowed with delight. Everybody eased up. The threat was gone.

From then on other happy accidents helped the good feeling along. Norma blew up on her lines with John Barrymore. She mixed her French and English up with ludicrous results. The ostrich feathers on her dress played tricks. She acted some scenes on the floor. She became so warmly human that instead of fearing her, the whole company fell in love with Norma Shearer all over again—and her welcome back was complete.

Woody Van Dyke phrased the feeling characteristically when he said, "She's the sweetest dam' woman in Hollywood!"

NORMA SHEARER will never leave her career again, unless some unforeseen event in her life forces an absence. Not only by what she has told her friends, but by the unmistakable radiance about her is it certain that she is happier back at work than she has been since Irving Thalberg passed on.

She is already deep in eager plans for "Idiot's Delight" and whether or not "Marie Antoinette" is the great success it now seems certain to be, Norma Shearer will continue to be one of the greatest possible assets to M-G-M.

She is as fresh and beautiful as she ever was, if not more so, and miraculously youthful. There is no line in her face to betray the stunning tragedy she has lived through. If there was any cleverness in M-G-M's coupling her romantically on the screen with Tyrone Power, if there was any thought of using his brimming youth to revive the illusion of hers, it was entirely wasted. Their love scenes ring as true as a new coin. If anything, Norma Shearer, widow and mother, seems the younger.

Right now as never before, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer misses Irving Thalberg and his peerless tradition. Norma Shearer still exemplifies that as does no one else in Hollywood. They were the royal couple and she is still queen. As queenly as Toinette herself.

There was only one way in which Norma Shearer used any personal influence in the filming of "Marie Antoinette." That was to plead for the hiring of several old-time screen stars that the forgetful Hollywood parade has now passed by.

To one, a big star yesterday but nobody now, Norma lent her own dressing room. She sent her private car for her in the mornings and took her home nights. She helped her on the set. Knowing the forgotten star was no great personal friend of Norma's someone asked her why she did it.

"I like her," Norma answered simply, "because she holds her head up!"

Norma Shearer might have said those same words of herself. But she doesn't have to. Hollywood is saying them for her.

Born for Romance

(Continued from page 15)

to his room; he's leaving next week—and California seasons slipping indefinably into each other, and the first year going by, and being five at long last. . . .

HE jumped out of his big car, with "Famous" printed in white on the front door, and came dashing around the corner of the house, shouting: "Gretchen! Gretchen!"

From a puddle behind the geranium hedge a small figure emerged. "Here, Uncle Ernest," it said, and stretched out mud-caked arms to be lifted.

"Damn," said Uncle. "Well. Never mind. There's no time to dress you now. Would you like to be in the movies?"

She regarded him in silence for ten seconds. Then her small voice soared in frightened screaming. Uncle Ernest picked her up. "Okay, now," he said. "Come along. We'll see."

Half an hour later Director George Melford looked up from the script he was reading, kicked his megaphone aside, and regarded the dreadful little kid who confronted him. Her tears had made the mud run, but the bright blue eyes were intelligently interested and the small smile she offered him had a wistful kind of charm. "My niece," muttered Uncle Ernest apologetically, "was sort of playing when I found her."

"So I see," Melford nodded. He grinned suddenly. "She'll do. Bring her around tomorrow. Clean."

She worked two days, at twenty-five dollars a day, and after that she was impossible, and there was no holding her. Glamour sat astride her skinny shoulders, masked her freckles, made her little companions forget the accepted beauty of Polly and Betty, made them cluster around Gretchen, saying, "D'you wanna play? D'joo like some candy?"

Her mind said, *There is a way*—

THERE was a year of glory, then. A year in which the basement suddenly grew a rough, packing-box stage and a sagging curtain made of innumerable gunny sacks, and sounded to the excited rehearsals of homemade drama, of the sugary little-girl tradition, and heard the applause of assembled boarders who had paid five cents to witness Gretchen's latest production. One year, during which Gladys Young, in desperation, sought until she found the answer to her problem.

"A convent, dear," she said happily to Gretchen that evening. "A lovely little school in San Gabriel, and the Sisters will be so nice to you. Now, you mustn't . . . please, dear, little girls have to be educated so that when they grow up . . . now listen! I will *not* have any child of mine neglecting her schooling to go into the movies. You may just as well stop that tantrum. You're going—to Ramona Convent—in the *morning*."

And it was so.

She got used to it, after a while. Never reconciled; but the quiet discipline and the soft chapel mood gradually stole into her consciousness, so that in the embittered young heart, long used to fighting the early wound of inferiority, there came a serenity that demanded no heroics to sustain her. She was no longer the smallest, the plainest; she was one of many, and there were smaller girls than she. And there were less attractive girls.

As the years went by with their measured organ tread, Gretchen learned the trick of dignity. Her exuberance, her restlessness, misdirected at first, became in essence a joyful spirit held in restraint; like a bowl filled above the edge-level with clear water which, through some physical law, would not overflow until the slightest sound—the slightest vibration—should set it loose.

There was danger, here. There were the minor escapades, of course: forbidden chocolate bars kept under pillows until they proclaimed themselves to the watchful sisters by melting; the insignificant lies, the careful whispering, the breaches in decorum—all duly punished.

There was, as a matter of fact, little scope for mischief. Caged, Gretchen's exuberant growing personality sought desperately for some kind of release and found it at last in the dreams you can conjure from books.

You must see this. It is so important to your understanding of what followed—of what must always follow in

Gretchen's life. She started her early years as a stark realist, forced to it by foolish ladies who petted two pretty sisters and ignored the unlovely baby, by a poverty of compliments and nice clothes and any food for her vanity.

She ended a romanticist—incurable, complete—forced to that by rigid physical discipline and the suggestion composite, in holy places, of unreality. A sense of religion, fostered in sheer romance (the romance of incense, of gold cloth, of legend, of embattled Crusades, of mystic Trinity) possessed her mind and abetted the transformation.

THERE were the books she read: the pages turning and, in turning, releasing a bright pageant of color. She heard and read nothing of things like infidelity or tragic loss or filthy poverty; always the tender gallant stood, looking upward to his lady on her balcony, adoring her in a kind of unembodied fashion—and their love was consummated in a fully clothed embrace, under the watchful benignant eyes of Church and state. Gretchen followed them no further. She picked up another book instead, and started all over again.

She had one short escape into the world, but even that was cloaked in the sheltered beauty that great money buys, and it did little to help. At a religious benefit the child met Mae Murray, then a top-flight star; and Mae was attracted to the winsome appeal of the narrow little face, and she invited Gretchen to stay with her for a time, and bought her dancing lessons at the Belcher school, and, after three months, offered to adopt her.

Then Gretchen went back to the Convent, a little shocked by the task of refusing what her innate loyalty to her mother had made her refuse; a fraction more worldly. . . .

She emerged, barely adolescent, from her shelter wearing a middy blouse and a convent skirt, with unnecessary glasses disguising eyes that might have been pretty, with cotton stockings covering well-shaped legs—she emerged thus, homelier than ever, into 1926. Into a social state gone berserk, into a rollicking, mad, screeching world, into the Jazz Era came Gretchen Young, walking slowly so as not to tip the balance of her acquired dignity, keeping her eyes half closed so as to see, even in daylight, her long young dreams.

It had to happen, of course.

SHE was thirteen, then. Tyrone Power had not yet achieved long trousers. Hoover had not yet supplanted Coolidge and Fox had not yet merged with Twentieth Century and Japan had not yet done more than glower at China and Joan Crawford had not slimmed her figure, yet, nor met Doug Fairbanks, Jr. The world was static, like dynamite waiting for a spark.

It was the year of "Nobody's Sweetheart Now," of California's Florida-like building boom, of De Mille bathtubs. The strongest thing you could get on your crystal set in Hollywood was Aimee Semple McPherson, who drowned out all others. At the Los Angeles Biltmore the Bush Trio crooned for crowds; at the Cocoanut Grove Harry Barris featured for Paul Whiteman, then massive; at a beach place named Balboa a youngster already known as "Bing" Crosby lent his voice to bibulous moonlight swimming parties. Polly Ann and Betty Jane, Gretchen discovered, were a part of this world. They were serenely beautiful, and they had been getting small parts in pictures (so that Betty had already changed her name to Sally Blane) and men of Hollywood called them regularly every half hour, saying, "Will you have dinner with me? Will you go dancing? May I buy you orchids?"

Here was romance, given reality. Gretchen said to her sisters, "When you go to the Grove Tea dances to do the Charleston, take me, too."

They answered: "Later, dear—when you're grown up. . . ."

A reminiscent thing in that phrase hearkened back in Gretchen's mind to an earlier day, an earlier circumstance; until at last she remembered. She thought, *I'm too old for spankings.*

Wherefore one afternoon Polly looked over her partner's jiggling shoulder, past the artificial cocoanut trees, to see an angular youngster clad in one of mother's dresses standing triumphantly at the edge of the floor, her eyes gleaming. And that was the beginning.

You know about the next year: you know, because you've read it so often, about the afternoon when Mervyn Le Roy sent out a call for Polly to appear for a screen test when Polly was out; and you remember that Gretchen answered the telephone and, after she had raided her sisters' closets, the studio call itself.

She got past the doorman by introducing herself as Miss Young. She got past Mervyn Le Roy's objections by sheer overwhelming determination.

By these things she got the second lead in "Laugh Clown Laugh," opposite Lon Chaney, a little later; but by then she had changed her first name to Loretta, and had signed a long-term contract.

She had not yet fallen in love with Grant Withers, though.

Fate was merciful, and granted her another year of happiness before that happened.

IT was a dull party. The host's bootlegger was late and so were many of the guests; Loretta sat in a fat upholstered chair near a window, watching the car lights lay their white paths up the long drive, stop at the entrance, shift to tiny red eyes as the chauffeurs drove away. *I should feel tired,* she thought, *after this day. But I'm not. I'm never tired.* She thought, *Something's going to happen tonight. I know it. I'm beautiful tonight, and something's going to happen—*

"I can't find the hostess and I can't wait to meet you," said the pleasant voice at her side. "So I thought, if I just came up and told you my name was Grant Withers, and asked yours. . . ."

She let her long lashes move up slowly, knowing that her eyes were good and that he was watching the lashes.

Phrases and enchantments from a hundred books slid through her mind as she saw him; and her mind said, *This is he. This is the one.*

She was ready, that night. She was ready for anything. And he did the right things: he said, "You're beautiful, d'you know?" He said, "My God, where did you learn to *dance* like that?" He said, "Now I know why I've been drunk all day, without a single drink." He said, "I love you."

She was sixteen, and she married him in Yuma a few weeks later, although he was not of her church and she knew nothing about him and there was not one single reason for their marriage except a passionate need and the mood of that year.

But she had said once, when she was four: *Someday. Someday—when I'm too old for spankings. . . .*

The many loves of Loretta Young have been told often—sometimes with partial truth—sometimes with malignant variations. The authorized story of her romantic life and of her rise to fame will appear in August PHOTOPLAY.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

JOHN FORD'S pictures were always wont to emphasize lighting, camera angles and long shots of people walking silently down halls. Sometimes this is Art, as in "The Informer," and sometimes it slows the pace, too, as in this film. Of course, his massacre scenes are terrific and when a crowd of revolutionists are mown down by machine guns against warehouse steps you are prompted to write a letter to the League of Nations.

New Richard Greene is introduced here, with his dimples, and registers effectively; he's one of four brothers who set out to clear the dishonored name of their father, a Colonial serviceman discharged for alleged chicanery with guns and natives. Scattering over the world, from Buenos Aires to India, the boys track down Alan Hale and his yacht, solve several murders, and generally merge with trouble. Loretta Young plays the not-to-be-deterred predatory heroine who chases Greene everywhere, getting her finger in the adventure pie. A short bit by C. Aubrey Smith, as the father, is good; George Sanders, Bill Henry and David Niven complete the brotherhood. It's heavy drama, but it takes a solid rap at munitions makers as propagators of human suffering.

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

THERE are three or four brilliantly funny scenes in this newest of the Paramount musicals, and a lot of very loud, very hummable tunes. That's not quite enough value to glean from a production employing such talent as Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue. The bit of story concerns a dimwit (but Gracie Allen, of course) who will have a university left her if she can only graduate from it. Bob Hope helps her cheat through an exam prepared by woman-hater Horton; meanwhile, Moutha Raye howls her inimitable swing and very attractive John Payne croons love songs to Florence George. Humor emerges, or tries its best to, from the screwball changes Gracie makes in curriculum and staff at the college after she gets it. "You're a Natural," the title song, and "I Fall in Love With You Every Day" will linger in your radio's loudspeaker. Musical fans will sit back and take it all in with pleasure.

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

ACCORDING to the movies, there are enough $100,000 diamond necklaces in this country to weaken the diamond market. Anyway here's another one, stolen of course, with Donald Woods as a private detective trying to get it back. Patricia Ellis tries awfully hard to throw romance at him but he seems to be too busy recovering loot to have time for girls or anything. You won't enjoy this.

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

NOW John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropic island. Throughout this film he can't quite seem to believe it, and neither does the audience. A plane full of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Milburn Stone, Madge Evans and others—and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence which, in cluttered fashion, deals with crime and munitions and what all. Heavy, unromantic, badly cast, the piece fails from any standpoint.

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED—Warners

A LAUGH, a tear and a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this neatly balanced story of race-track lore and sentimental hokum. Little Janet Chapman (a child wonder) adopts John Litel and Frank McHugh, two gamblers, as her own. When Frank discovers Janet brings them luck, the boys keep her near them, only to discover, when the test comes, that they love her for herself. Ann Sheridan is the girl.

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A SMASH-UP Western, introducing a new star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully and acts with an enchanting naturalness. As the son of a Western congressman, Roy himself goes to Washington to fight the battle for Federal Water Project in his dust-ridden country. There are barrels of fun throughout the story, and this Rogers—well, here's a lad for you.

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

IT'S Joe Penner again, sans duck, getting himself in dreadful trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. The real bandits kidnap him and there's a cross-country chase, culminating in the most outrageous bit of screen trickery ever filmed; in it the trailer gets loose on a hill and runs wild. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does a nice bit, and Fritz Feld helps out for a laugh or two.

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

LOVE, adventure and thrills in the far north, with dogs and humans sharing equally in the dramatic ventures. Richard Arlen, a rough and ready trapper, falls in love with Beverly Roberts, a novelist in search of Arctic color. Smooth Lyle Talbot almost succeeds in winning Beverly away from Arlen but brave dogs "Swift Lighting" and "Firefly" teach her the lesson of loyalty and true-blue character.

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S another Jane Withers picnic with Jane riding roughshod over the weak material to triumph with her singing, dancing and clowning. Rochelle Hudson loses her memory and is befriended by a band of gypsies led by tomboy Jane. Robert Wilcox is the young man smitten with the fair Rochelle. Borrah Minnevitch and his harmonica band furnish the music.

OVER THE WALL—Warners

CONTRAST in character-drawing sets this movie—based on a story by Warden Lawes—apart from the usual fare. Dick Foran is a bullying roughneck who lands in prison. John Litel, firm but patient prison chaplain, finally succeeds in bringing to the surface all the latent good in Foran's character. June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell stand out in supporting rôles. Solid, meaty entertainment in the don't-bother-too-much class.

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

THIS is a mildly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York police officer) Paul Kelly are rivals for the hand of Sally Eilers, a pretty nurse. It takes some figuring on Kelly's part to convince Sally that Blake is the boogeyman who framed and finally killed her young brother. Need we say that Kelly, the cop, wins the heart of Sally?

Quite definitely among the people who "matter" and are very social in Hollywood according to Miss Waterbury's editorial (see page 9) are these four—and beautiful they are too—Dolores Del Rio, her husband, Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M, and the Gary Coopers at the Tri-Guild Ball. Mrs. Cooper is a cousin of Mr. Gibbons

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

The reedy, sweet voice of small Bobby Breen dominates this saccharine travelogue to the Islands. A San Francisco wharf waif, Bobbie stows away, outwits his police pursuers and aids Warren Hull in foiling a navy spy plot. Sourpuss Ned Sparks is sometimes amusing and you will like "Down Where the Trade Winds Blow." (*May*)

HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

Alligators, apes and aviators adventure around in this latest meandering of Dorothy Lamour into the comic strip field. The aviators are Ray Milland and Lynne Overman, the ape belongs to Dorothy, whom they find in a jungle isle in the Pacific. The alligators have fun trying to eat everything in sight. Don't say we didn't warn you. (*May*)

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT — 20th Century-Fox

Shanghai, during the air raids, is the breathtaking backdrop for speedy action and sinister intrigue. George Sanders finds himself a pistol target for spies; Dolores Del Rio finally foils the villains. Dick Baldwin and June Lang furnish the secondary romance. (*April*)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancee, do the snooping with earnestness and charm. Robert Kellard is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. Amusing and well done. (*June*)

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

Bette Davis' best performance—in one of the best pictures of the year. Beating the gun on "Gone With the Wind," Director William Wyler has moulded a brilliant, shocking story of a Louisiana flirt's consuming passion for one of her Southern kinsmen. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 is absorbing background. Miss Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent and Richard Cromwell contribute glittering performances. (*May*)

★ JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio

Well dressed, well written, with Jerome Kern's pleasing score, if you like nincompoop comedies, you'll like this. Irene Dunne is a rich actress with a family of leeches who suck her bank balance. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a poet with an addiction to beer and a hut in the South Seas. Doug wins! (*June*)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

Here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the crusty judge; Mickey Rooney (still one of the finest actors in Hollywood) is the adolescent son. Family entertainment. (*June*)

JURY'S SECRET, THE—Universal

As you've probably gathered, a courtroom furnishes the background for this mild effort. When juror Kent Taylor refuses to find a prisoner guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence, Fay Wray gets busy, uncovers some monkey business. Nan Grey, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete the cast. Don't break any blood vessels getting to this. (*May*)

★ LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. Corp.

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The splendid cast headed by Harry Baur (remember him in "I Stand Condemned"?) depicts the story of a young widow in her sentimental search for the lost loves of her youth. See it if you can possibly manage. (*June*)

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners

With the exception of Priscilla Lane's enthusiastic portrait of a modern wife's attempts to make a man of her hubby and untie the usual mother-in-law knots, this picture is uninspiring. Wayne Morris is the mistaken young spouse, Mona Barrie gives a superior performance. (*May*)

★ LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

No longer forced to be an artificially wrinkled hag, a lovely Gladys George finally comes to light. Playing an actress bitten by the publicity bug, her adoption of Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler causes her best friend (Franchot Tone) to become her severest critic. The acting is superfine. (*April*)

★ MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

Don't think it is mere repetition when we say that Durbin child has done it again—because she has! Her lilting voice carries a tender story of a neglected adolescent placed in a Swiss school by a selfish actress mother. Deanna breaks the cocoon with the friendly help of Herbert Marshall, and the entire cast including Gail Patrick, Arthur Treacher, Marcia Mae Jones and Bill Frawley is splendid. Fly. (*May*)

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

Unpretentious but good. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, Joan Fontaine as the society damsel he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's dopey mother, Hedda Hopper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (*June*)

★ MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another of those mad hatter tea parties the studios have been throwing us these days—this is one of the funnier ones. It has to do with a rich giddy mother (Billie Burke) who likes to befriend tramps, daughter (Connie Bennett) who likes tramping too, Brian Aherne who plays hobo for a day, and Alan Mowbray, the buttlingest butler ever. Better go. (*May*)

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

Our genial Jap detective this time turns his myopic eyes onto a murder in the prize ring, and, after the usual hunt for expert double-crossers, succeeds in bringing the murderer to justice. Maxie Rosenbloom is the comedy; Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari the S. A. (*June*)

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Monogram

The sole reason for seeing this setup south of the Mason Dixon is the Hall Johnson Choir of colored singers. There's a to-do over the centennial of the founding of a molasses factory and a domineering matriarch's attempts to run the love life of Evelyn Venable. Molasses from start to finish. (*April*)

★ OF HUMAN HEARTS—M-G-M

Beautifully directed by Clarence Brown, this gentle, sincere picture is serious cinema at its best. Against a Civil War background, it tells the story of the heroic sacrifices of a poverty-stricken pioneer minister's family to subsidize their son who becomes a famous surgeon. Beulah Bondi, Walter Huston, Jimmy Stewart, the whole cast deserve enormous credit. Don't fail to see this. (*April*)

★ PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, Florence Rice and Robert Young are the funmakers in this hilarious tale of a wealthy old duck with a roving eye who goes vacationing incognito in the Alps. You'd better see this picture to find out what happens then. The direction is as smart as the dialogue. (*April*)

PENITENTIARY—Columbia

Here is a vivid commentary on convict psychology, though you might find it a bit on the somber side. When District Attorney Walter Connolly sends John Howard to jail and later attempts to help him out, he finds Howard prefers to live by a new found prison code. Jean Parker is the love interest. (*May*)

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Warners

Again the classic American brat returns to delight the children and amuse their elders. This time, there are two of them, the Mauch Twins who organize as young G-men, tangle with real gangsters. Preposterous and sentimental, but peanuts for small-town audiences. (*April*)

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Saturday matinee if this is around. It's the Mauch Twins again playing Junior G-men. A new twist marks the climax of their adventure. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents. (*June*)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (*June*)

★ RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

Hollywood has put out another musical and this is it. There is a lot of good music, some nice dancing and no story. Kenny Baker croons, Bob Burns bazookas, Jack Oakie romps airily about, and there's a to-do about an Ozark hillbilly who composes songs in his sleep. Jane Froman and other ether favorites do their stuff. (*May*)

RANGERS ROUNDUP, THE—Stan Laurel Production

Another singing troubador of the plains rides into the public eye in this unpretentious but clever Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cowhand, shares honors with pretty Christine McIntyre. Several good blood and thunder battles interrupt the music at times and Al St. Johns offers a few comical turns. (*May*)

★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

Just forget you ever read the original "Rebecca" and enjoy every minute of the tantalizing Temple in the songs and dances with which she enlivens this story of radio broadcasting methods. Randy Scott and Gloria Stuart are a mild romance and Helen Westley is the sardonic owner of Sunnybrook. Shirley is delightful and Bill Robinson can't be sneezed at either. (*May*)

★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

A sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side, this is Gladys Swarthout's best picture to date. Playing a maid in opera star John Boles' home, together they concoct a scheme to win the attention of maestro John Barrymore. Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together in superb style. (*May*)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

Movita (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty?") is lovely looking enough to go to see, even though this is a juvenile arrangement about brigandage in Mexico years ago. Antonio Moreno is too kindly to be effective as a villain, but Lina Basquette as a jealous dancer, makes up for it. John Carroll is excellent. (*June*)

SAILING ALONG—GB

Jessie Matthews' dancing is as graceful as ever, Roland Young's wit as sly as usual and Jack Whiting's singing of the tuneful music is a joy, but, despite these things, this English yarn about a barge girl who becomes an actress is not up to the usual Matthews' standards. Maybe it's spring in London or something. (*June*)

★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox

Another musical from the Zanuck mold. The slim story revolves around the ambitions of three chorines. You will love Alice Faye's singing, Joan Davis' awkwardness and Marjorie Weaver's charm. You will laugh at Fred Allen's wit, Gregory Ratoff's accent, Louise Hovick's vamping and Jimmy Durante's nosing. The songs are fun, too. (*May*)

★ SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER, A—Warners

Belonging to the addlepated cycle of pictures started by "Nothing Sacred," a morbid humor is here squeezed from murder. The story concerns the plight of a gangster (Edward G. Robinson) and his low-brow wife (Ruth Donnelly) who try to go straight after Repeal. They fail in a mad, shocking, but outrageously witty way. (*April*)

SPY RING, THE—Universal

William Hall is the army hero of this fast melodrama on how to catch an enemy spy with a polo mallet. Jane Wyman aids Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed an occasional scene. There is a timely entente with current headlines in the subplot. (*April*)

START CHEERING—Columbia

Bright as a new penny, this novel collegiate musical tells the story of a movie hero who gives up fame to attend a university. His manager, Walter Connolly, and Joan Perry, the dean's lovely daughter, fight to lure him back to the spotlight. Gertrude Niesen sings some swellish songs. You'll like it. (*May*)

★ STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

A very enjoyable musical crook drama. Olympe Bradna fully justifies the promise of her debut in "Souls at Sea," and Gene Raymond, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell and Douglas Dumbrille do well in a yarn of a band of thieves in Middle Europe who hide from the police in the house of a famous pianist. Go and hear your special Liszt and Mozart melodies played beautifully. (*June*)

SWING YOUR LADY—Warners

A picture with an idea, even if it disappoints as a musical. Nat Pendleton, as a moron wrestler matched with Amazonian Louise Fazenda, will keep you in stitches; there is some good hillbilly music and a dandy "Big Apple" sequence. Add it up—and you have laughs galore. (*April*)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram

You'll find this a neat package of entertainment dealing with the inside doings of a metropolitan exchange. Judith Allen and Alice White are the two "bello" girls who risk their lives when the dam breaks. Linesmen Warren Hymer and Grant Withers give Cupid something to work on. Adequate B material. (*May*)

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in *the* most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (*June*)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (*June*)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullavan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (*June*)

TRIP TO PARIS, A—20th Century-Fox

All the things that can happen to an average family in Paris including being gypped by a phoney count, happen to the Joneses, and it's all fun. Jed Prouty is *Pa*, Spring Byington is *Ma*, and both offer splendid characterizations as usual. (*June*)

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Be advised not to believe a word of this dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It pictures the careers of six chorus girls, several of whom get liquidated in the vortex! Claire Trevor survives to claim Michael Whalen, but who cares? (*May*)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this. Unbelievably gauche and tiresome, it attempts to show what gals are like in love and business. Kay is the wife of a drunken advertising man (Pat O'Brien) who uses her sex appeal to help his failing business. Maybe we'd better pretend we didn't know about it. (*June*)

★ YANK AT OXFORD, A—M-G-M

In this picture made in England, Robert Taylor emerges less the dandy, more the male. As the son of a small-town editor (Lionel Barrymore—can *he* act!) Taylor wins a scholarship, wins and loses Maureen O'Sullivan, takes a beating from his classmates, generally does a fine job. Credits to the entire cast. (*April*)

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PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 60 and 61 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

ALABAMA
Burger-Phillips ..... Birmingham
Montgomery Fair ..... Montgomery

ARKANSAS
Pfeffer Bros. ..... Little Rock
Pollack Stores ..... Fort Smith

CALIFORNIA
Hale Bros. ..... San Francisco
Hale Bros. ..... San Jose
Hale Bros. ..... Sacramento
Bullock's ..... Los Angeles
Kahn's ..... Oakland
Campbell's ..... Santa Monica
Harry Coffee ..... Bakersfield
Harry Coffee ..... Fresno
Lion Clo. Co. ..... San Diego

COLORADO
Julian's ..... Ft. Collins
Neustetter's ..... Denver

CONNECTICUT
Muriel's ..... New Haven
Style Shop ..... New London
Howland D. G. Co. ..... Bridgeport
Lorraine Shop ..... Waterbury
Davis Co. ..... New Britain
Sage-Allen ..... Hartford

DELAWARE
Franklin Kitzinger ..... Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Hecht Co. ..... Washington

FLORIDA
Sam's Style Shop ..... Pensacola
Burdine's ..... Miami

GEORGIA
Leopold Adler ..... Savannah
J. B. White Co. ..... Augusta
Rich's ..... Atlanta
The Fahy Store ..... Rome

ILLINOIS
Marcey's ..... Oak Park
Maysons ..... Chicago
Newmans ..... Champaign
Bonny Shoppe ..... Centralia
Lester's ..... Mattoon
A. Edelman ..... Chicago
Emporium ..... Jacksonville
Hecht's ..... Peoria
Hecht's ..... Ottawa
Hecht's ..... La Salle
Hecht's ..... Freeport
Hecht's ..... Decatur
Floyd's ..... Springfield
Hein Co. ..... Waukegan
Myron's ..... Harrisburg
Parisian ..... Danville
Vogue ..... Alton
I. Bezark ..... Evanston
Weil's ..... Aurora

IDAHO
Brookover's ..... Boise

INDIANA
Smith-Kloepler ..... Logansport
Meis Bros. ..... Terre Haute
Palais Royal ..... Lafayette
La Mode ..... Kokomo
David's ..... Hammond
Nobb's Fashion ..... Ft. Wayne
Rink's ..... Indianapolis
J. Lowenstine ..... Valparaiso
De Jong's ..... Evansville

IOWA
T. S. Martin ..... Sioux City
Sullivan & Auwerda ..... Keokuk

KANSAS
Frank's ..... Hutchinson
French Shop ..... Emporia
Greene's ..... Coffeyville
Dorothy's ..... Leavenworth

KENTUCKY
Mitchell, Baker & Smith Inc. ..... Lexington
Rose Anne Shop ..... Ashland

LOUISIANA
D. H. Holmes ..... New Orleans
Mueller Co. ..... Lake Charles
Dalton Co. ..... Baton Rouge
Goldring's ..... Shreveport

MAINE
S. Rogers ..... Portland
Freese's ..... Bangor

MARYLAND
The Hub ..... Baltimore
Brown's Smart Shop ..... Hagerstown
C. Thos. Kemp ..... Frederick
Rosenbaum's ..... Cumberland

MASSACHUSETTS
R. H. White Co. ..... Boston
Peerless Co. ..... Lowell
Peerless Co. ..... Worcester
S. Rogers ..... Brockton
Franklins ..... Pittsfield
H. A. Freedman ..... Fitchburg
R. A. McWhirr, Inc. ..... Fall River
New Bedford D. G. ..... New Bedford
Kennedy's ..... Springfield

MICHIGAN
Maas Bros. ..... Detroit
D. M. Sidder ..... Detroit
Maas Bros. ..... Flint
O'Donnells ..... Ironwood
Arden's ..... Port Huron
Lou's ..... Marquette
R. B. Hose Shop ..... Royal Oak
Style Shop ..... Kalamazoo
Arthur's ..... Pontiac
Elaine Shop ..... Jackson
J. W. Knapp ..... Lansing
Gown Shop ..... Saginaw

MINNESOTA
Dayton Co. ..... Minneapolis
Duluth Glass Block ..... Duluth

MISSISSIPPI
H. F. Byrne ..... Natchez
Fine Bros.-Matison ..... Hattiesburg
Fine Bros.-Matison ..... Laurel
R. E. Kennington ..... Jackson
Fashion Shop ..... Greenwood
Nelms & Blum ..... Greenville

MISSOURI
Emporium ..... Hannibal
Kassobs ..... Joplin
Wolf's App. Shop ..... St. Louis (University City)
Netter D. G. Co. ..... Springfield
Palace Clo. Co. ..... Kansas City
B. P. Singer ..... St. Louis
Plymouth Clothing ..... St. Joseph

MONTANA
Ed. Marans ..... Butte
Paris-Pligman Co. ..... Great Falls
Strain Bros. ..... Helena

NEBRASKA
Miller-Paine ..... Lincoln
Goldstein-Chapman ..... Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Rogers ..... Manchester

NEW JERSEY
The Mart ..... Paterson
L. Bamberger Co. ..... Newark
The Famous Shop. ..... Atlantic City
Shirley Shop ..... Bloomfield
Shirley Shop ..... Dover

NEW YORK
Style Shop ..... Flushing
Style Shop ..... Jamaica
Fred'k Loeser Co. ..... Brooklyn
Fred'k Loeser Co. ..... Garden City
Jaynes ..... Dunkirk
Peerless Co. ..... Troy
L. H. Alpert ..... Amsterdam
Alpert's ..... Johnstown
Darling Shop ..... Albany
Fashion Shop ..... Freeport
Arnold Constable ..... New York City
Arnold Constable ..... New Rochelle
H. Karch ..... Geneva
H. Karch ..... Ithaca
Sample Dress ..... Buffalo
H. S. Barney Co. ..... Schenectady
S. F. Iszard ..... Elmira
E. W. Edwards & Son ..... Syracuse
Hills, McLean & Haskins ..... Binghamton
Kroll's ..... Rochester
J. N. Adam Co. ..... Buffalo
Herr Fashion ..... Watertown
Bellevue Dress Shop ..... Niagara Falls
Sample Style Shop ..... Lockport

NORTH CAROLINA
Brooks ..... Charlotte

OHIO
The Fashion ..... Columbus
Johnston-Shelton ..... Dayton
J. I. Burke ..... Steubenville
Erlanger's ..... East Liverpool
Meyer Jonasson ..... Toledo
Atlas Fashion Shop ..... Portsmouth
Golden's ..... Coshocton
Golden-Russell ..... Mansfield
Harry E. Rosenberg ..... Cambridge
Springfield-Richards ..... Springfield
Rollman's ..... Cincinnati
C. H. Yeager Co. ..... Akron
Higbee Co. ..... Cleveland
R. T. Greeg & Co. ..... Lima
Robinson-Schwenn Co. ..... Hamilton

OKLAHOMA
John A. Brown ..... Oklahoma City
Bernards ..... Ponca City
Susman Stores ..... Muskogee
Vandever D. G. Co. ..... Tulsa
Greene's ..... Enid
Greene's ..... Shawnee
New Parisian ..... Lawton

OREGON
Kaufman Bros. ..... Eugene
Olds, Wortman & King ..... Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Mosteller's ..... Westchester
Silverman's ..... New Kensington
Jos. Price ..... Pittsburg
Jenny Shop ..... Meadville
Bonnie Frocks ..... Homestead
Quality Shop ..... Germantown
Max Schaefer ..... Lebanon
Speizer Shop ..... Sharon
Worth's ..... Harrisburg
Worth's ..... York
Worth's ..... Williamsport
Alan's Dress Shop ..... Easton
L. M. Cohen ..... Plymouth
The Hub ..... Hanover
Langs ..... Washington
S. N. Paradise ..... Butler
J. S. Miller ..... Charleroi
Williams Fashion ..... Allentown
Weinberg Bros. ..... Chester
Dresseteria ..... Wilkes-Barre
Worth's ..... Chambersburg
Wm. F. Gable Co. ..... Altoona
Hager Bros. ..... Lancaster
Whitner's ..... Reading
Francine's ..... Warren
Snellenburg's ..... Philadelphia
Betty Lou ..... Erie
P. Diesroth's Sons ..... Hazleton
J. C. Bright ..... Lansford
Alex Kay ..... Ridgeway

RHODE ISLAND
Peerless Co. ..... Pawtucket
Kennedy's ..... Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
Kohn & Co. ..... Columbia
Shirby's ..... Greenville
Irving Storch ..... Charleston

TENNESSEE
Nadolyn Shop ..... Memphis
Holland D. G. Co. ..... Jackson
Dave Gordon ..... Columbia
S. H. George ..... Knoxville
The Vogue ..... Chattanooga
Castner-Knott D. G. Co. ..... Nashville

SOUTH DAKOTA
Shriver-Johnson ..... Sioux Falls

TEXAS
Carl's ..... San Antonio
Marizon Co. ..... Amarillo
Popular D. G. Co. ..... El Paso
W. C. Stripling Co. ..... Fort Worth
Palais Royal ..... Houston
Goldstein-Migel Co. ..... Waco
Volk Bros. ..... Dallas

UTAH
Auerbach Co. ..... Salt Lake City

VERMONT
Abernathy-Clarkson-Wright ..... Burlington
Fashion Shop ..... Rutland

VIRGINIA
Joseph Kanen ..... Roanoke
Rice's ..... Norfolk
Berry-Burk & Co. ..... Richmond

WEST VIRGINIA
Marks Co. ..... Clarksburg
Margolies Bros. ..... Beckley
"Embees" ..... Charleston
Margolis Bros. ..... Logan
Margolis Bros. ..... Montgomery
Sidney Tucker ..... Bluefield
Horne's ..... Wheeling
Paul Kirsih ..... Huntington
The Fair Co. ..... Elkins

WISCONSIN
Boston Store ..... Milwaukee
Petries ..... Racine
Korf's, Inc. ..... Kenosha
Fashion Store ..... Eau Claire
Unique Frock Shop. ..... Neenah

WASHINGTON
The Fisher Co. ..... Tacoma

PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODES—1938

ARIZONA
Gertude Rubin Shop ..... Tucson

CALIFORNIA
The May Co. ..... Los Angeles
Hastings ..... Oakland

INDIANA
Helman's ..... New Albany

IOWA
The James Black Ory Goods Co. ..... Waterloo

LOUISIANA
Hearne Ory Goods Co. ..... Shreveport

MINNESOTA
Steele's ..... Duluth

MISSISSIPPI
Nelms & Blum ..... Greenville

MISSOURI
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co. ..... St. Louis

NEW JERSEY
J. B. Wilson Co. ..... Trenton

NORTH DAKOTA
Rose Shop ..... Fargo

OHIO
The May Company ..... Cleveland

OKLAHOMA
Ournil Ory Goods Company ..... Muskogee

PENNSYLVANIA
Brett's ..... Altoona
Patsy-Anne Shop ..... Easton

SOUTH CAROLINA
Gallant Belk Co. ..... Anderson
Cabaniss Co. ..... Columbia

TENNESSEE
Anderson Bros. & Foster ..... Columbia
Cain Sloan ..... Nashville

TEXAS
Kitty Kerrigan's Mill'y ..... Amarillo
Albert M. Fisher Co. ..... Big Spring
Lichtenstein Sons ..... Corpus Christi
Battelstein's ..... Houston
Parisian Hat Shop ..... Paris
The Vogue ..... San Antonio
The Fashion Bazaar ..... Waco

VIRGINIA
Belk Leggett Co. ..... Danville
Rice's ..... Norfolk

WASHINGTON
Bon Marche ..... Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA
Grayce Shop ..... Charleston

ROXFORD HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS—1938

ALABAMA
Odum, Bowers & White ..... Birmingham

CALIFORNIA
The White House ..... San Francisco

CONNECTICUT
Sage-Allen ..... Hartford
Dorothy's Millinery ..... Stamford

DELAWARE
Braunstein's ..... Wilmington

FLORIDA
Nordell's ..... Miami

GEORGIA
A. C. Cobb Co. ..... Cedartown
Florence's, Inc. ..... Marietta
C. C. Varnedoe & Co. ..... Valdosta

INDIANA
Wolf & Oessauer ..... Fort Wayne

ILLINOIS
S. A. Barker Co. ..... Springfield

IOWA
The Tilden Store ..... Ames
Fishgall's ..... Sioux City

KANSAS
Wiley's ..... Hutchinson
Allen W. Hinkel Co. ..... Wichita

KENTUCKY
Simond's ..... Louisville
Louise Hat Shop ..... Richmond

LOUISIANA
Rosenfield, O. G. ..... Baton Rouge

MAINE
Chernowski's ..... Augusta
Owen Moore Co. ..... Portland

MARYLAND
Fleisher's ..... Hagerstown

MINNESOTA
Stevenson's Store ..... Rochester
Stevenson's Store ..... Winona

MISSISSIPPI
Natchez Dept. Store ..... Natchez

MISSOURI
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Carney ..... St. Louis

NEBRASKA
Nebraska Clo. Co. ..... Omaha

NEW YORK
Lu Nette Shop ..... Auburn
Fowler, Dick & Walker ..... Binghamton
The Cornish Shop ..... Elmira
A. B. Murphy & Co. ..... Oneida
Hirshey Milly ..... Oneonta
Boeckel Shop ..... Poughkeepsie

NORTH CAROLINA
J. B. Ivey Co. ..... Charlotte

NORTH DAKOTA
Rose Shop ..... Bismarck
Rose Shop ..... Grand Forks

OHIO
Halle Bros. ..... Cleveland
Mabley & Carew ..... Cincinnati
Gail Gassman Shop ..... Findlay
J. W. Brown Store ..... Piqua
The Hub ..... Steubenville

OKLAHOMA
Moore's ..... Wewoka

PENNSYLVANIA
Weinberg's ..... Chester
Nathan's, Inc. ..... Chambersburg
The Hat Shop ..... Ellwood City
Bowman & Co. ..... Harrisburg
Capitol Hat Shoppe ..... Washington

SOUTH CAROLINA
G. H. Bailes Co. ..... Anderson
Holtwanger's ..... Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
Collen's Hat Shop ..... Pierre

TENNESSEE
Phil A. Halle Co. ..... Memphis

TEXAS
Sanger Bros. ..... Dallas
La Mode Shop ..... Kilgore
La Mode Dress Shop ..... Mt. Pleasant

VERMONT
Abernathy, Clarkson, Wright ..... Burlington
The Grey Shoppe ..... St. Johnsbury

VIRGINIA
Ames Brownley ..... Norfolk
Geo. T. Horne Co. ..... Roanoke

WEST VIRGINIA
The Diamond ..... Charleston

WISCONSIN
Stevenson's Store ..... Eau Claire
Schmidt's ..... Wausau

WYOMING
Grayce Allen ..... Sheridan

An everyday business girl tells, in her own words, about her six glamorous weeks on the Joan Bennett set

EXPERIENCES OF A STAND-IN

BY VIVIAN DEWING

ONE Saturday morning the telephone rang and a very charming voice informed me that Mrs. Webster of the Assistance League was speaking. She told me that I had been recommended to her for a position as stand-in to Miss Joan Bennett whose regular stand-in had been suddenly taken ill. She explained that she had made an appointment for me at the Paramount Studio at 10:30 that morning and had arranged for a pass at the main office.

I thanked her and hung up the receiver, hardly able to believe that I actually had an appointment with a star in her own dressing room in less than an hour,—I who had never set foot on a studio lot before.

At exactly 10:30, I entered the studio office to find my pass—and Miss Bennett's secretary—waiting for me. The secretary took me to Miss Bennett's dressing room and I had a chance to see a large photograph of Miss Bennett's two lovely little girls and to pat the head of a beautiful spaniel, when Miss Bennett and her hairdresser, Helen, entered the room.

I was introduced and Miss Bennett asked me if I should mind bleaching my hair to the shade of hers. I told her that I should really like having a good excuse to do just that. She laughed and we stood back to back to measure the width of our shoulders. She commented on the fact that I, too, had small features and asked me again about my hair. After explaining about the salary and the long hours sometimes necessary in that work, she inquired where I lived and asked me if I had a car. Miss Bennett then turned to her secretary and said, "I think she will do."

I could not believe that I had heard rightly. She seemed to be amused at my incredible expression and asked her hairdresser if she would take charge of me to see that my hair was taken care of, my wardrobe assembled, my make-up applied and that I was properly registered with the casting office.

HELEN first took me to a sound stage and introduced me to the assistant director, Eddie Anderson, and the second assistant director, Percy Morris, who recorded my name, address and telephone number. I was to work in "13 Hours by Air," a film co-starring Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett, with Fred Keating, ZaSu Pitts, John Howard, Brian Donlevy, Bennie Bartlett and many others in the cast. Mitchell Leisen was the director and the picture had already been in production about four weeks.

My hair is naturally blonde and it did not take the operator long to brighten it up and arrange it as Miss Bennett was wearing hers. Helen then took me to the wardrobe department where I was given a wine-colored wool dress, a shaggy brown fur jacket and an unbecoming brown felt hat, miles too large for me. The dress was a fair fit but it didn't do much for me and I was extremely glad when it was necessary for me to keep on the fur jacket over it. I hated to appear in the hat but there was nothing to be done about it. I had already visualized myself wearing scads of beautiful clothes but soon discovered that Miss Bennett was wearing only the one costume during the entire picture as the locale was a New York-Los Angeles plane.

AFTER registering in the Casting Office and obtaining my studio pass, plus a dressing room of my own, I was taken to the make-up department where I was made up to look like Miss Bennett. It was fun and the make-up man certainly did a marvelous job. I had to keep looking at myself to be sure that I was really there.

On the sound stage Percy Morris, not realizing that I was inexperienced, pushed me out on a set in front of a camera and bright lights where men were rushing around and yelling at each other. Noise and pounding came from everywhere and the lights were blinding.

I was terribly bewildered by all this activity. A young man suddenly grabbed my arm and rushed me across the set to a designated spot and back again, while a huge camera on wheels with two men sitting up high on little seats followed us everywhere that we went.

To add to this confusion I realized that I couldn't hear a word that the director or cameramen were saying. Thoroughly frightened, I explained what had happened to the young man who seemed to be dragging me around. He told me that this happened to many people when they first came on a sound stage. He advised that I tell the second assistant director and have him take me to the studio hospital and have my ears pumped out. This young man was Fred MacMurray's stand-in, Henry Wise.

After the lights, camera and sound system were adjusted to suit the cameramen and the director, I had a chance to relax and watch the actual shooting of the scene. Miss Bennett, Mr. MacMurray and Mr. Keating had to go through the actions many times before the director would call "Cut" for the final time. Each scene had to be shot from three different angles. After each scene was completed, close-ups were made of those who took part in the scene.

OVER Sunday I had time to adjust myself to the fact that I had a job as a stand-in for one of the leading stars. On Monday morning I was on the set ready for work at 8:45 A. M., which meant that I had had to leave home at 7:15 A. M. and be in the make-up department by 8 o'clock. I soon learned to apply my own make-up and wore my wardrobe clothes back and forth to the studio. Mr. Westmore, who has charge of the make-up department at Paramount Studio, gave me a complete set of make-up to take home, thus enabling me to sleep an extra hour of a morning.

Lunch time never came too early to suit me. I usually ate mine in the studio commissary. Many famous people, actors, writers, directors and others important to the picture industry came into the café for luncheon. It was fun watching them while I ate my salad and roll.

After learning my way about the studio lot I felt perfectly at home, and each day became more interesting. People were constantly coming and going, some finishing their work as others started in. The prominent members of the cast were being interviewed and photographed for publicity work to be released ahead of the picture. A jewelry salesman was always around to show his rarest stones and bracelets to those who could afford to even look at them. The bookies were there to take the bets of those who followed the horses and that included everyone on the set from the stars to the prop boys.

THE entire cast was sent on location to the Alhambra airport during the second week that I was at the studio. A real passenger air liner was set in an artificial snow scene in a huge hangar. Miss Bennett had been called to New York because of the serious illness of her father and while she was away I had very little to do, as they shot around her.

A very nice box lunch was furnished us when we were on location by the studio commissary. When we were required to work after 7 P. M., delicious sandwiches, cake, pie, coffee and chocolate were served on the set. We did work many nights until 9 and 10 o'clock, for which we were paid overtime.

Fred MacMurray seemed to be liked as well as anyone on the set. He was as pleasant with the least important person on the set as he was with those of more fame and fortune. He, like Miss Bennett, is even more attractive off the screen than on. He was always the center of a group of people but he seemed to do most of the listening instead of the talking.

I worked as Miss Bennett's stand-in until the "shooting" was completed, a period of about six weeks. Many times I have wished that her regular stand-in would take a long vacation and that I might be called again to work on another of Miss Bennett's pictures. Just think of the scads of clothes I probably could have worn if I had been her stand-in for her picture, "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938!"

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BLOCKADE"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: *Norma*, Madeleine Carroll; *Marco*, Henry Fonda; *Luis*, Leo Carrillo; *Andre Gallinet*, John Halliday; *Basil, Norma's Father*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *General Vallejo*, Robert Warwick; *Eduard Grant*, Reginald Denny; *Magician*, Peter Godfrey; *Cabaret Girl*, Katherine de Mille; *Commandant*, William Davidson; *Pietro*, Fred Kohler; *Major del Rio*, Carlos de Valdez; *Beppo*, Nick Thompson; *Singer*, George Houston; *Palm Reader*, Lupita Tovar.

"COCOANUT GROVE" — PARAMOUNT. — Original story and screen play by Sy Bartlett and Olive Cooper. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Cast: *Johnny Prentice*, Fred MacMurray; *Linda Rogers*, Harriet Hilliard; *Turk, Eli, Pete, Windy*, The Yacht Club Boys; *Joe De Lemma*, Ben Blue; *Bibb Tucker*, Rufe Davis; *Half Pint*, Billy Lee; *Sophie De Lemma*, Eve Arden; *Hula Harry*, Harry Owens; *Tony*, George Walcott; *Hazel De Vord*, Dorothy Howe; "*Dixie*," Red Stanley and Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiian Orchestra.

"COLLEGE SWING"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Based on an adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan of an idea by Ted Lesser. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The Cast: *Mabel*, Martha Raye; *George Jonas*, George Burns; *Gracie Alden*, Gracie Allen; *Bud Brady*, Bob Hope; *Prof. Vascha Kolosky*, Jerry Colonna; *Ben Volt*, Ben Blue; *Hubert Dash*, Edward Everett Horton; *Ginna Ashburn*, Florence George; *Betty*, Betty Grable; *Jackie*, Jackie Coogan; *Slate Brothers*, Themselves; *Nell*, Nell Kelly; *Skinnay*, Skinnay Ennis; *Dr. Ashburn*, Charles Trowbridge; *Professor Jasper Chin*, Jerry Bergen; *Martin Bates*, John Payne; *June*, June Ray; *Dean Steel*, Cecil Cunningham; *Choir*, St. Brendan's Choristers; *Grandpa Alden*, Tully Marshall; *Dr. Nash*, Irving Bacon

"CRIME SCHOOL" — WARNERS. — Original screen play by Crane Wilbur and Vincent Sherman. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The Cast: *Mark Braden*, Humphrey Bogart; *Sue Warren*, Gale Page; *Frankie Warren*, Billy Halop; *Squirt*, Bobby Jordan; *Goofy*, Huntz Hall; *Spike*, Leo Gorcey; *Fats*, Bernard Punsley; *Bugs*, Gabriel Dell; *Red*, Geo. Offerman, Jr.; *Cooper*, Weldon Heyburn; *Morgan*, Cy Kendall; *Judge Clinton*, Chas. Trowbridge; *Joe Delaney*, Milburn Stone; *Guard*, Harry Cording; *Old Doctor*, Spencer Charters; *New Doctor*, Donald Briggs; *Commissioner*, Frank Jaquet; *Mrs. Burke*, Helen MacKellar; *Mr. Burke*, Al Bridge; *Mrs. Hawkins*, Sibyl Harris; *Nick Papadopolo*, Paul Porcasi; *John Brower*, Jack Mower; *Junkie*, Frank Otto; *Officer Hogan*, Ed Gargan; *Schwartz*, James B. Carson.

"DOCTOR RHYTHM"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Jo Swerling and Richard Connell. Based on "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon" by O. Henry. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The Cast: *Dr. Bill Remsen*, Bing Crosby; *Judy Marlowe*, Mary Carlisle; *Mrs. Lorelei Dodge-Blodgett*, Beatrice Lillie; *Policeman Lawrence O'Roon*, Andy Devine; *Al, the Zoo Keeper*, Rufe Davis; *Mrs. Minerva Twombling*, Laura Hope Crews; *Chris LeRoy*, Fred Keating; *Inspector Bryce*, John Hamilton; *Luke, the Ice Cream Man*, Sterling Holloway; *Otis Eaton (drunk)*, Henry Wadsworth; *Mr. Stenchfield (Store Clerk)*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mr. Martingale (Floorwalker)*, William Austin; *Mr. Coldwater*, Harold Minjir; *Cazzatta*, Gino Corrado; *Sergeant Olson*, Emory Parnell; *Police Captain*, Harry Stubbs; *Lorelei's Butler*, Frank Elliott; *Chauffeur*, Charles Moore; *LeRoy's Henchman*, Allen Mathews; *Marvelous Marko*, Alfonse Martel; *Stage Manager*, Desmond Gallagher; *Nurse*, Dolores Casey; *Special Numbers*, Louis Armstrong.

"FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Richard Sherman, Sonya Levien and Walter Ferris. From a book by David Garth. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Lynn*, Loretta Young; *Geoff*, Richard Greene; *Wyatt*, George Sanders; *Chris*, David Niven; *Leigh*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Torres*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Rod*, William Henry; *General Sebastian*, John Carradine; *Furnoy*, Alan Hale; *Loveland*, Reginald Denny; *Cherrington*, Berton Churchill; *Mulcahay*, Barry Fitzgerald; *General Bryce*, Claude King; *Piper*, Cecil Cunningham; *Mullins*, Frank Dawson; *Drake*, John Sutton; *Ah-Nee*, Lina Basquette; *Defense Attorney*, Frank Baker; *Prosecuting Attorney*, William Stack; *Cherrington's Secretary*, Harry Hayden; *Cockney*, Will Stanton; *Judge*, Winter Hall; *Coroner*, Lionel Pape; *Jury Foreman*, Brandon Hurst; *Barristers*, John Spacey and C. Montague Shaw.

"GO CHASE YOURSELF"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Bert Granet. Original story by Walter O'Keefe. Directed by Edward F. Kline. The Cast: *Wilbur Meely*, Joe Penner; *Carol Meely*, Lucille Ball; *Judith Daniels*, June Travis; *Nails*, Richard Lane; *Count Pierre*, Fritz Feld; *Ice-Box*, Tom Kennedy; *Halliday*, Granville Bates; *Frank*, Bradley Page; *Daniels*, George Irving; *Warden*, Arthur Stone; *Niles*, Jack Carson; *Police Chief*, Frank M. Thomas.

"JOSETTE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Screen play by James Edward Grant. Based upon a play by Paul Frank and George Fraser from a story by Ladislaus Vadnai. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *David Brossard, Jr.*, Don Ameche; *Renee Le Blanc*, Simone Simon; *Pierre Brossard*, Robert Young; *Barney Barnaby*, Bert Lahr; *May Morris*, Joan Davis; *A. Adolphus Heyman*, Paul Hurst; *David Brossard, Sr.*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mlle. Josette*, Tala Birell; *Mrs. Dupree*, Lynn Bari; *Celeste Brossard*, Jayne Regan; *Bill*, William Demarest; *Belle*, Ruth Gillette; *Grandmere*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Thomas*, Armand Kaliz; *Le Blanc*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Toinette*, Lillian Porter; *Furrier*, Maurice Cass; *Doctor Lane*, Harry Holman; *Mose*, Raymond Turner.

"KENTUCKY MOONSHINE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman. Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Additional dialogue and comedy songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Jerry Wade*, Tony Martin; *Caroline*, Marorie Weaver; *Hank Hatfield*, Slim Summerville; *Reef Hatfield*, John Carradine; *Gus Bryce*, Wally Vernon; *J. B.*, Berton Churchill; "*Spats*" *Swanson*, Eddie Collins; *Landlady*, Cecil Cunningham; *Mortimer Hilton*, Paul Stanton; "*Sugar*" *Hatfield*, Mary Treen; *Grandpa Hatfield*, Francis Ford; *Specialty*, Brian Sisters; *Attorney*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Lord Boffingwell*, Claude Allister; *Clem Hatfield*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Nurse*, Jan Duggan; *Buckboard Driver*, Si Jenks; *Clerk*, Joe Twerp; *Hotel Clerk*, Irving Bacon.

"KIDNAPPED"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Screen play by Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum. Directed by Alfred Werker. The Cast: *Alan Breck*, Warner Baxter; *David Balfour*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Jean MacDonald*, Arleen Whelan; *Duke of Argyle*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Captain Hoseason*, Reginald Owen; *Gordon*, John Carradine; *Neil MacDonald*, Nigel Bruce; *Ebenezer Balfour*, Miles Mander; *James*, Ralph Forbes; *Rankeiller*, H. B. Warner; *Riach*, Arthur Hohl; *Minister MacDougall*, E. E. Clive; *Dominie Campbell*, Halliwell Hobbes; *English Officer*, Montagu Love; *Ransome*, Donald Haines; *Douglas*, Maroni Olsen; *Red Fox*, Leonard Mudie; *Mrs. MacDonald*, Mary Gordon; *Innkeeper*, Forrester Harvey; *Cook*, Clyde Cook; *Bailiff*, Russell Hicks; *Bobby MacDonald*, Billy Watson; *Mrs. Campbell*, Eily Malyon; *Captain Frazer*, Kenneth Hunter; *Sergeant Ellis*, Charles Irwin; *Lieutenant Stone*, John Burton; *Blacksmith*, David Clyde; *Judge*, Holmes Herbert; *Doomster*, Brandon Hurst; *Captain*, Vernon Steele; *Scotch Statesman*, C. Montague Shaw; *Warden*, R. T. Noble.

"LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Albert DeMond and George Bricker. From the story by Albert DeMond. Directed by John Farrow. The Cast: "*Nails*" *Morgan*, John Litel; *Madge Perry*, Ann Sheridan; *Todd Harrington*, Frank McHugh; *Mary Ann*, Janet Chapman; *Colonel Whitcomb*, Eric Stanley; *Officer O'Reilly*, Robert Homans; *Dutch Fultz*, Charles Wilson; *Slug*, John Ridgely; *Sister Margaret*, Jean Benedict; *Sister Patricia*, Maureen Rodin-Ryan; *Mother Superior*, Lottie Williams; *Interne*, James Nolan; *District Attorney*, Cy Kendall; *Judge Stanhope*, Paul Everton; *Mrs. O'Reilly*, Dorothy Vaughn.

"NURSE FROM BROOKLYN"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Roy Chanslor from the story by Steve Fisher. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The Cast: *Elizabeth Thomas*, Sally Eilers; *Jim Barnes*, Paul Kelly; *Larry Craine*, Larry Blake; *Danny Thomas*, Maurice Murphy; *Inspector Donohue*, Morgan Conway; *Detective Branch*, David Oliver; "*Ma*" *Hutchins*, Lucile Gleason.

"OVER THE WALL"—WARNERS.—From a screen play by Crane Wilbur and George Bricker; based on a story by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: *Jerry Davis*, Dick Foran; *Kay Norton*, June Travis; *Father Neil Connor*, John Litel; *Ace Scanlan*, Dick Purcell; *Maxine*, Veda Ann Borg; *Gyp*, George E. Stone; *Eddie Edwards*, Ward Bond; *Warden*, John Hamilton; *Governor*, Jonathan Hale; *Jimmy Davis*, Tommy Bupp; *John Davis*, Robert Homans; *Mrs. Davis*, Mabel Hart; *Convict*, Raymond Hatton; *Joe*, Alan Davis; *Keeper*, Eddie Chandler.

"RASCALS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: *Gypsy*, Jane Withers; *Margaret Adams*, Rochelle Hudson; *Tony*, Robert Wilcox; *Gino*, Borrah Minevitch; *Minevitch Gang*, Themselves; *Stella*, Steffi Duna; *Mrs. Adams*, Katharine Alexander; *Mr. Adams*, Chester Clute; *Baron Von Brun*, Jose Crespo; *Dr. Carter*, Paul Stanton; *Dr. Gartey*, Frank Reicher; *Butler*, Edward Cooper; *Nurses*, Kathleen Burke and Myra Marsh; *Florist*, Frank Puglia; *Police Lieutenant*, Robert Gleckler; *Dugan*, Edward Dunn; *Judge*, Howard Hickman.

"ROMANCE ON THE RUN"—REPUBLIC—Screen play by Jack Townley. Original story by Eric Taylor. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast. *Barry Drake*, Donald Woods; *Dale*, Patricia Ellis; *Lily Lamont*, Grace Bradley; *Whitey*, Edward Brophy; *Eckhart*, William Demarest; *Cooper*, Craig Reynolds; *Ridgeway*, Andrew Tombes; *Happy Drunk*, Bert Roach; *Pappy Hatfield*, Leon Weaver; *Mondoon*, Edwin Maxwell; *Phelps*, Granville Bates.

"SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the novel of the same name by Leslie Charteris. Screen play by Irwin Shaw and Charles Kaufman. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: *Simon Templar*, Louis Hayward; *Fay Edwards*, Fay Sutton; *William Valcross*, Frederick Burton; *Fernack*, Jonathan Hale; *Hutch Rellin*, Sig Rumann; *Papinoff*, Ben Welden; *Henley*, Thomas Morgan; *Jake Irboll*, Lester Dorr; *Red Jenks*, Jack Carson; *Hymie*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Sebastian*, Cliff Bragdon; *Phil*, Paul Fix; *Eddie Sodder*, Jay Adler; *Bonacci*, George Anderson.

"SINNERS IN PARADISE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Harold Buckley, Louis Stevens and Lester Cole. Original story by Harold Buckley. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: *Jim Taylor*, John Boles; *Anne Wesson*, Madge Evans; *Robert Malone*, Bruce Cabot; *Iris Compton*, Marion Martin; *Senator Corey*, Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Sidney*, Nana Bryant; *Thelma Chase*, Charlotte Wynters; *Ping*, Willie Fung; *Brand*, Milburn Stone; *Honeyman*, Morgan Conway; *Jessup*, Donald Barry.

"TOY WIFE, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Gilberte Brigard (Frou Frou)*, Luise Rainer; *George Sartoris*, Melvyn Douglas; *Andre Vallaire*, Robert Young; *Louise Brigard*, Barbara O'Neil; *Victor Brigard*, H. B. Warner; *Madame Vallaire*, Alma Kruger; *Suzanne*, Libby Taylor; "*Pick*," Theresa Harris; *Judge Rondell*, Walter Kingsford; *Pompey*, Clinton Rosemond; *Brutus*, Clarence Muse; *Gaston Vincent*, Leonard Penn; *Georgie*, Alan Perl.

"VIVACIOUS LADY"—RKO-RADIO.—Taken from the short story by I. A. R. Wylie which appeared in "Pictorial Review." Directed by George Stevens. The Cast: *Frances Brent*, Ginger Rogers; *Peter Morgan*, James Stewart; *Keith Morgan*, James Ellison; *Dr. Morgan*, Charles Coburn; *Mrs. Morgan*, Beulah Bondi; *Helen*, Frances Mercer; *Jenny*, Phyllis Kennedy; *Joseph*, Alec Craig; *Waiter Captain*, Jack Carson; *Hat Check Girl*, Dorothy Moore; *Head Waiter*, Maurice Black; *Porter*, Floyd Shackleford; *R. R. Conductor*, Frank M. Thomas; *Husband*, Spencer Charters; *Wife*, Maude Eburne; *Girl on Bus*, Jane Eberling; *Boy on Bus*, Marvin Jones; *Italian*, Bobby Barber; *Men on Train*, Ray Mayer and George Chandler.

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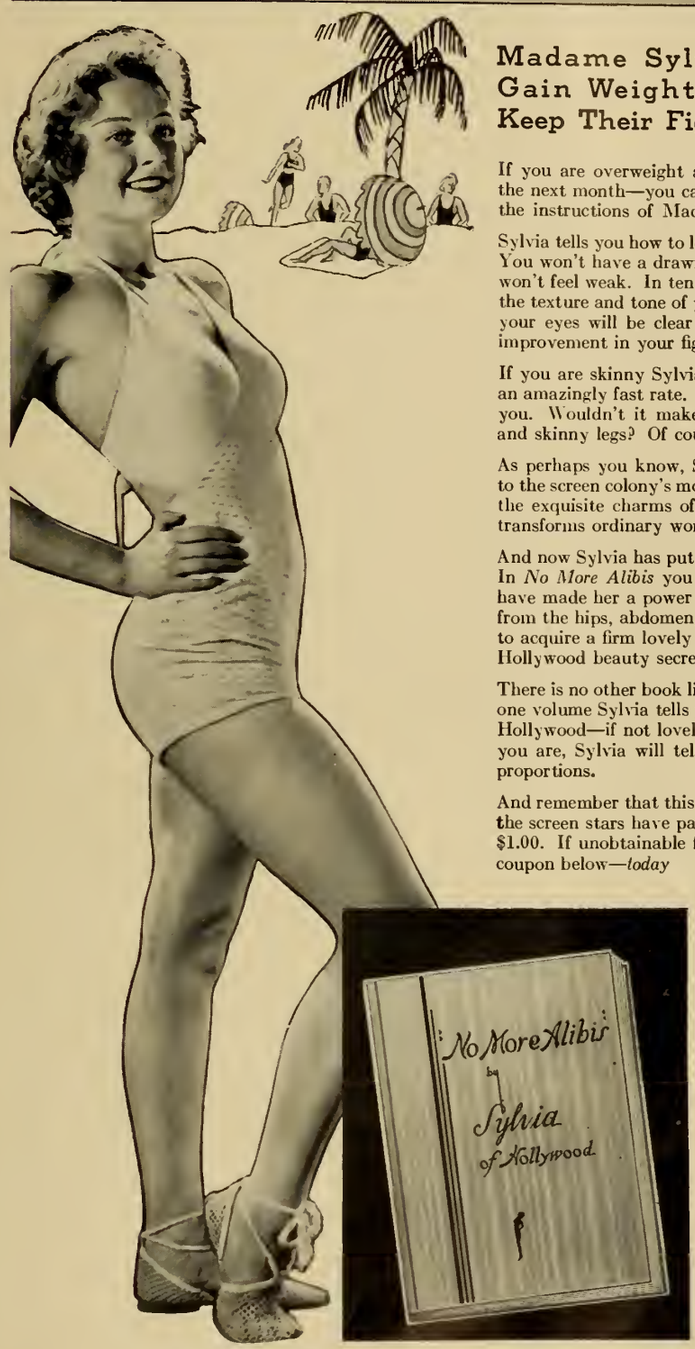

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Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, *even water*, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And *now* is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

TO LET YOU JUDGE!

1¢ SALE

PAY ONLY 1¢ FOR BIG 25¢ TUBE

of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste

WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE

For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1¢-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly. If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, *return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.*

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IT'S NEW!

At all drug counters NOW!

Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts

"PARDON US, SALLY!

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"

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SHE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really *sweet?*

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come.* That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending—Mum makes odor *impossible.*

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

MUM IS QUICK! Even when you're in a hurry there's always time for Mum. Half a minute is all you need, to be free from any danger of underarm odor.

MUM IS HARMLESS TO FABRIC! Even your most delicate dress is safe with Mum! If you ever forget Mum, apply it even *after* you're dressed. The textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, held by Mum, means that Mum is completely harmless to any kind of fabric.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum's dependable protection lasts for a full day or evening. Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of underarm odor. With Mum you're sure you're sweet—the kind of girl men like to be near!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM. Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, sure!

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

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gets a telegram from his fans...

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GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!
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...and his fans get their kind of picture!

The CROWD ROARS

Edward ARNOLD · *with* · Frank MORGAN

Maureen O'SULLIVAN · William GARGAN

LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist

PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-MEDAL

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
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RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

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CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Films like "Crime School," "Parnell" and "Robin Hood" prove the cart's still before the production horse in Hollywood

BY RUTH WATERBURY

AS I came out of the preview of "Crime School" one of the executives of Warner Brothers fell into step with me.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Like it?" I raved. "I think it's terrific. I like it much better than 'Robin Hood.'"

"You and me both," said the executive.

A little later I happened to be talking to one of the studio's office boys. "'Robin Hood' is a swell show, isn't it?" he said. "But did you see 'Crime School?' That's the killer."

"I liked it better than 'Robin Hood'," I repeated.

"Oh sure," the boy said. "'Robin Hood' is a darb but this—well, this is about us, you know, just folks."

"ROBIN HOOD" really is swell. It has excitement and color and movement and action. It is played with amusement and flourish. You will have a wonderful time at it. I promise you. But it cost two million dollars to produce. I don't know what "Crime School" cost, but I'll wager not over $200,000 and if it isn't quite "about all of us," as the office boy said, it is about today and today's problems. The acting of the six boys in the leading rôles is so electrifying in its uncompromising realism as to be almost unbearable.

These two pictures, utterly different in cost, treatment and theme, yet coming from the same studio, represent the extremes of today's pictures—and the chief factor, I believe, that is upsetting the movie business and keeping a lot of people like you and me from getting as much pleasure from movies as we used to.

For I tell you they've still got the cart before the horse in Hollywood, and "Robin Hood" and "Crime School" are two perfect examples to prove it.

I'm sure that almost all of Photoplay's readers, being interested as you are in the things that go on in the movie business, must have read about the recent advertisement in a Hollywood trade paper. It was paid for by Independent Motion Picture Theater Owners protesting against certain stars. Specifically the stars named were Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo, Mae West, Edward Arnold, Joan Crawford.

The theater men said that these stars were getting too much money, that they didn't bring us into the box office. They wanted more of Myrna Loy, Gary Cooper and Sonja Henie and less of the others.

NOW, generally, I feel stars earn every dollar of their terrific salaries and it is seldom that a studio gets stuck with a bad contract. Paramount recently bought off Dietrich on whom they had taken a terrific loss. Currently RKO and Miss Hepburn parted company. They weren't worth to their companies what they were being paid. For myself, I can get along without either of those two. Yet Dietrich is a great personality and Hepburn is—or most certainly was—a great actress. But in all the storm and strife that blew up after that ad appeared I did not once see anyone point out that each of the stars mentioned, as varied as they are in type, had yet had one thing in common about their rôles. They all play people whom the average movie-goer could never imagine himself being.

It is a known fact that poor people are almost always more generous than rich. The reason undoubtedly is because poor people know what it is to be cold and hungry and friendless and how much a little thing like a five-cent cup of coffee helps when you're down on your luck. Most of us face daily a dozen problems made up of things that may, nonetheless, mean the difference between life and death, between happiness or misery.

How can we put ourselves into the place of Dietrich, who, swathed in fur from neck to ankle, suffers over whether she shall deceive her husband or her lover? Mae West amused us at first, but we couldn't keep on indefinitely imagining ourselves back in the '90's flirting with crooked politicians. A lot of us didn't know whether those '90's meant 1890 or 1790 and we cared less. And Miss Francis is really somehow too removed from us in her eternal velvet evening gowns. Garbo took up playing long-dead, unknown queens and courtesans. Edward Arnold has played few modern rôles since his stardom, nor Hepburn either, and Miss Crawford's excursion back into American History in "The Gorgeous Hussy" was anything but exciting. What I mean when I say they

(Continued on page 85)

Clark Gable knew what to do when his "Parnell" costume rôle put him on the spot with the box office. Errol Flynn may have to follow his example after "Robin Hood," or else—

"LUX was my stand-by at college"

says Andrea Leeds—"still is, now that I'm in pictures. It's so important for daintiness"

A COLLEGE moving picture won this dainty star a long-term contract with Samuel Goldwyn!

Not very long ago, Andrea had to stretch pennies. "I Luxed all my own things at college—even sweaters," she says. "It saved a lot on upkeep. And when I used to visit my family in Mexico, I'd take Lux along with me. It saved my stockings and lingerie from ruin!"

Smart young girls have discovered how easy it is to keep personal things dainty the way famous movie stars do—with Lux. Gentle Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, yet keeps colors and fabrics new looking longer. Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

Andrea feels it's part of her job always to "look like a million dollars" any time of day. "So I stick to Lux," she says. "It's wonderful for colors! Everything of mine safe in water alone gets Luxed."

After only two small parts and a starring role, the appealing daintiness of this lovely young co-ed has won her millions of fans. Don't miss her in the new Universal picture. "LETTER OF INTRODUCTION."

"Going to school here in California, I always kept up with what the movie stars were doing. When I found they used Lux, nothing else would do for me. I was thrilled with the way Lux cut down stocking runs!"

for daintiness...

Leading Hollywood Studios **specify Lux in their wardrobe departments, to keep costumes and all washable properties fresh and sparkling. It insures daintiness—saves dollars on upkeep, their wardrobe directors tell you.**

Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

Rudy Vallee is back in film form again. Broadcaster and crooner supreme, he once more displays the third talent in his repertory—fine acting. The proof? That gay round of rhythm, romance and revelry — "Gold Diggers in Paris"

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SHADOW STAGE

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★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (*June*)

★ BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox

A confused political satire built around a domestic's attempts to get elected to Parliament in Hungary. He succeeds and the havoc it creates in his social relationships is amusingly outlined by Bill Powell, Annabella, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The actors are much better than the story material. (*May*)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

A new team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quirt* and *Flagg* of yesteryear left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending the convention in New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some snap too. (*June*)

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners

A sadly unconvincing story of a spoiled, rebellious child's transformation into a cherub through the kindness of a reform school superintendent. Bonita Granville, Dolores Costello and Natalie Moorhead are in the cast, but the picture is a yawn. (*May*)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown; Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (*May*)

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a velvety mixture of romance and high adventure, superbly produced, superbly directed by William Dieterle (of "Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (*July*)

★ BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in a reckless, highly amusing comedy of no manners, directed by Ernest Lubitsch with his usual gay skill. Cooper, believe it or not, has had seven wives before he meets the penniless daughter of a nobleman, who thereupon becomes the eighth and leads him a merry chase. David Niven and E. E. Horton are able coplayers. Celluloid sex at its best. (*May*)

★ BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

This chronicles the chase of a young heiress after a shy collector of bones for a museum, and their problem in hiding a baby panther on a Connecticut farm. Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant give their respective rôles their best; May Robson as the eccentric aunt, Charley Ruggles as a big game hunter, and above all, the leopard and Asta of "Thin Man" fame, make this a magnificently funny picture. (*May*)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and subsequently to John Howard's rushing off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to trail Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative inspector; Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The players have had the same rôles so long they're perfect. (*June*)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Waiter, pass the aspirin! (*July*)

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owen's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (*July*)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue get together in this rah rah goulash which has some snatches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn't quite jell into a top-notch picture. (*July*)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty dreary, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her. A new slant on a social problem. (*June*)

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they lift a somewhat grim social-problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (*July*)

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Bea Lillie (funnier than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis and Fred Keating give you their best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and it's all mirth and a yard wide. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heiress. A success. (*July*)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confused by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to play catch with Virginia. Very gay. (*June*)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action shuffles a cinema queen into a situation with a penniless Frenchman (Fernand Gravet), who then becomes a chef in her household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden-headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson stooge. Just charge it up to the California flood! (*June*)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an English general in India. They uncover plenty of chicanery among the munitioneers. Loretta Young is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Saunders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (*July*)

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a vague version of David Belasco's old-time favorite, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeedy). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lusty days of padres and Indians are beautifully photographed in Technicolor, and the duets of the two principals offer you a prize package. (*June*)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Penner again—sans duck, getting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does nicely. (*July*)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired, slow story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. (*June*)

HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

The reedy, sweet voice of small Bobby Breen dominates this saccharine travelogue to the Islands. A San Francisco wharf waif, Bobbie stows away, outwits his police pursuers and aids Warren Hull in foiling a navy spy plot. Sourpuss Ned Sparks is amusing and you will like "Down Where the Trade Winds Blow." (*May*)

HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

Alligators, apes and aviators adventure around in this latest meandering of Dorothy Lamour into the comic strip field. The aviators are Ray Milland and Lynne Overman, the ape belongs to Dorothy, whom they find in a jungle isle in the Pacific. The alligators have fun trying to eat everything in sight. (*May*)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancee, do the snooping with earnestness and charm. Robert Kellard is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. (*June*)

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

Bette Davis' best performance—in one of the best pictures of the year. Beating the gun on "Gone With the Wind," Director William Wyler has moulded a brilliant, shocking story of a Louisiana flirt's consuming passion for one of her Southern kinsmen. The yellow fever epidemic of 1853 is absorbing background. Miss Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent and Richard Cromwell contribute glittering performances. (*May*)

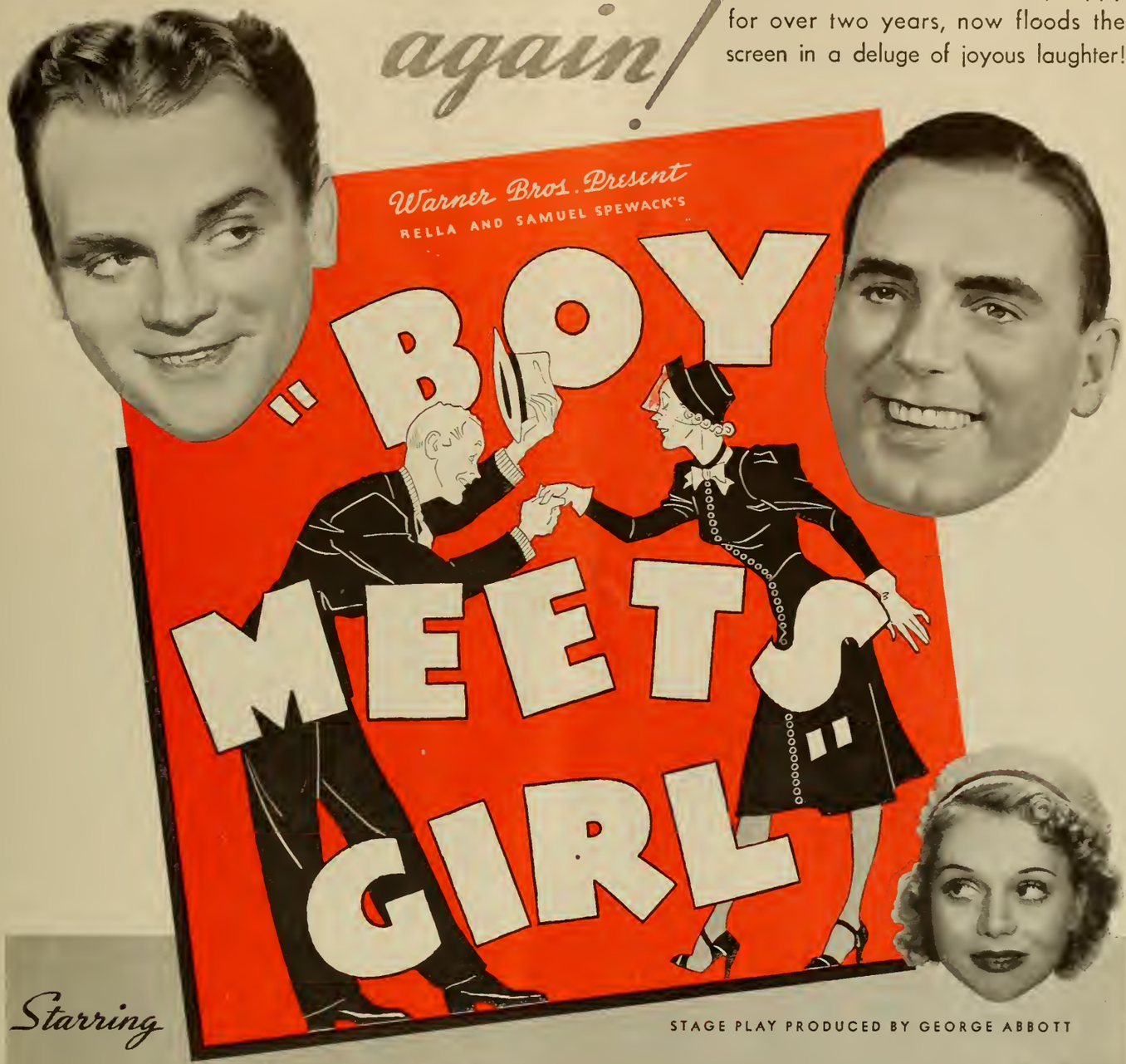
★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ameche and Robert Young attempt to free their papa from the clutches of a gold-digging night-club singer whom they think is Simone Simon. When Simone turns out to be all sweetness and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Nutty but very nice. (*July*)

(*Continued on page 86*)

TOGETHER *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero." . . . And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!



Starring

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES **CAGNEY** *and* PAT **O'BRIEN**

WITH

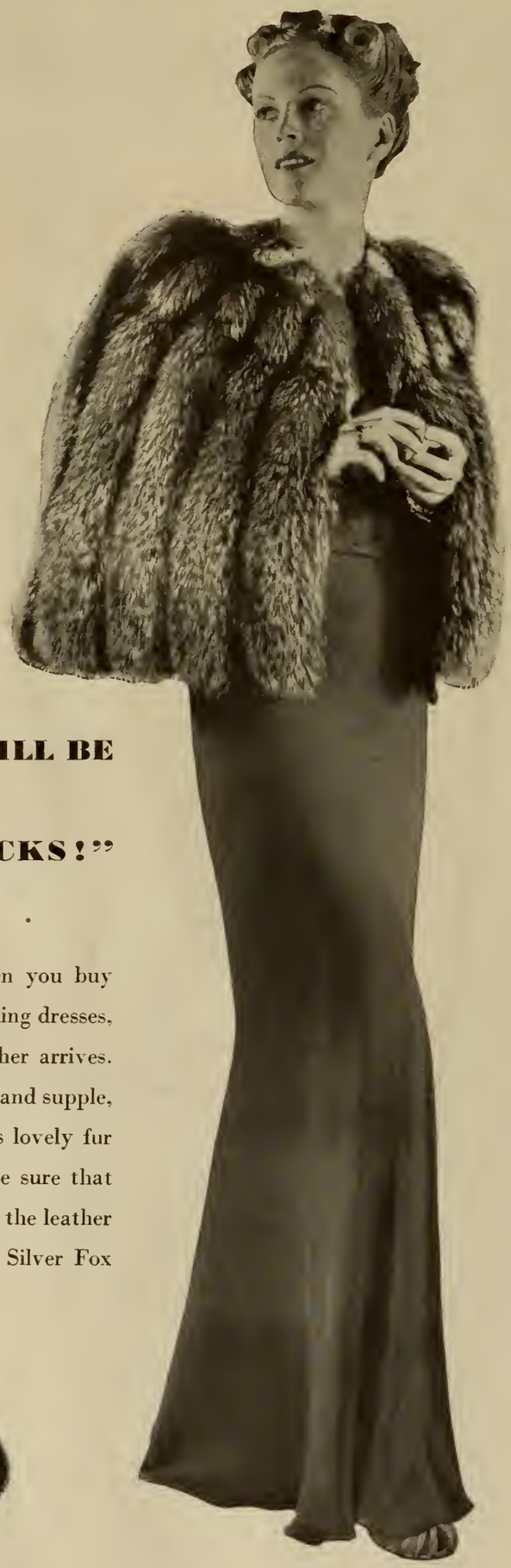
MARIE **WILSON** RALPH **BELLAMY**

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



"...AND THINK HOW SMART IT WILL BE WITH MY FALL STREET FROCKS!"

You invest in the future, as well as the present, when you buy FEDERAL Silver Fox. Charming over your summer evening dresses, it is superb over wool frocks and suits when cold weather arrives. FEDERAL Fox is beautifully silvered; the skins are large and supple, with a luxuriously thick mane. Clever women buy this lovely fur for its supreme flattery, as well as for its smartness. Be sure that the FEDERAL name is clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of each pelt—it insures *lasting* beauty. FEDERAL Silver Fox is featured at better stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

Director: "Not now! You'll have to wait! Why didn't you think of that before we started?"

THE "GOLDEN

Cast: Bette Davis, who brings home the bacon. Setting: Boudoir. Plot: How to have birthdays—and like them. Reported to you—

BY RUTH RANKIN

The new Bette Davis, who combines the best features of the former one with the magic something that only her thirties can give to any woman

YOU would think, to hear her, nobody had ever been thirty before. For that matter, very few Hollywood actresses have been. They seem to remain static at twenty-eight.

"I'll be thirty on Tuesday!" Bette Davis yelled before I was halfway through the patio.

"Well, shut up about it," said sister Bobbie. "Do you want to tell the whole world?"

"Sure. Why not? I'm proud of it!"

Bette was in bed getting over her latest sunstroke (the girl can't learn to stay in the shade when even one touch of sun turns her a deep magenta), but no bed can cancel her charm or cramp her infinite variety. . . .

Under the impression of visiting a sick friend, I went to call. As it turned out, the caller was also the audience for five thousand dollars' worth of performance by a lady who was having the time of her life dramatizing the idea of being thirty years old. If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else, with Bette having the time of her life. She always does have. Each time one sees her, it seems impossible that she will top herself again, but she manages it—in life, as well as on the screen.

Bobbie was there to see to it she stayed in bed, and to take falls out of her. Any successful actress who hasn't a Bobbie in her family should move heaven and earth to find one. Bobbie is the official Davis ego-deflater. She is younger than Bette, but treats her with the patient tolerance of an aged aunt who thinks this nonsense has gone far enough.

Such an attitude from the family of a star toward their personal luminary is so startling, so contrary to rule, that you almost can't believe it; it looks like a gag, at first. Screen stars, everyone knows, are deferred to by their kowtowing relatives to whom their every wish is law. So this Davis setup doesn't make sense in Hollywood, but it does make an extraordinarily nice family in which every member is distinctly an individual with equal rights: mama Ruthie Davis, sister Bobbie Pelgram, husband Ham Nelson.

They have assisted the Davis to keep a firm grip on herself and to dispense with any delusions of grandeur, if ever she was in danger of contracting them—which is doubtful.

In their midst, Bette is affectionately known as the "Golden Goose."

THE colossal all-star extravaganza, "I'll Be Thirty on Tuesday," was presented in a Colonial four-poster of tulipwood, spiral carved, under a patchwork quilt ("Star of Wilderness" design). The cast wore the popular wrenched-back bedroom coiffure, shell-rimmed reading glasses, and looked sixteen. The Greek chorus, consisting of Bobbie, frequently remarked, "That's what *you* think!" "Any time!" and "Keep those covers over you—my goodness, you're worse than a child."

The first act was an elaboration on the theme that nobody takes you seriously until after you are thirty. (Greek chorus: "What makes you think they will then?") Actresses do their best work from thirty on: witness Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne. Their experimental work takes place in the twenties. (Chorus: "Thank God, *that's* over.")

Since she was twenty, all Bette has had time for was her work. "You could do lots of things if you didn't read all the time," the chorus remarks, helpfully. Bette goes to bed surrounded by all the latest books (she has three or four going at once) and a Sealyham terrier named Sir Cedric Wogg, M.P. She reads with an atlas spread out beside her in order to visualize the exact locale of the story.

All of a sudden, she is developing a burning thirst for learning about things—thinks perhaps that is part of being almost thirty. "During the twenties, you develop a lot of theories, but there comes a time when you wonder if they will work." She has discovered "great gaps in her information." She has missed languages, golf, tennis and good music, and now wants to learn all about them all at once. It drives her crazy to think she can do only one thing at a time.

Age holds no terror for her, not being a glamour girl or caring how she looks. It is convenient, however, for an actress to look younger than she is, because plays are written about girls, although, occasionally, they are permitted to grow up.

A slant on Bette's success that deserves consideration is the fact that it has been built solely on ability. She has no past—no celebrated love

GOOSE" REACHES THIRTY

affairs, multiple husbands, nothing in her life to titillate that portion of the gossip-loving public with juicy speculation. She is not given to romantic attitudes or postures. She does not seek to evade the press or the photographers, neither does she court them; she takes it all in stride. She wasn't born in Algeria or on a ship in the high seas during a typhoon. Nobody has tried to kidnap her or steal her jewels. She has had no extra-curricular adventures, and the hot breath of scandal has never even fanned the back of her neck.

People suspect her of having brains.

The "Golden Goose" has a perfectly vile disposition until she gets her coffee in the morning. She wakes up looking like a peeled egg, in her own words; gradually, features begin to dawn, especially eyes, and within an hour she has a face.

Everybody leaves her strictly alone before coffee, and, if she is going to the studio, it is safer to attempt no airy persiflage whatever, before or after.

She thinks a lot about what she is going to do in various scenes—and not at all about make-up, hair or costume. She lets somebody else worry about the decorations. It is her mind she takes in hand, figuring the best way to reveal to the audience every pronoun and preposition that will go through it, and every scheme and device of the character.

Bette not only thinks all this out, but she transposes so she is thinking her character's thoughts as her character would think them. This business of "being" the rôle, "living the part," it is called, is not taken, by her, very seriously. She remarked once that the idea is comparable with saying a good painter has to be a bouquet of marigolds before he can paint it.

She can make lightning transitions on the set, from side-line joking with the crew, straight into an emotional scene.

Above all things, she detests a "fuzzy" performance. A good deal of unknown quantity called feeling, or emotion, or inspiration, goes into her scenes, but it is governed by considerable impersonal calculation to make every move of her body and every one of her crystalline clear features cut a mark on the film as sharp as an etching.

She does not hold with those who consider her *Mildred* ("Of Human Bondage") or her *Julie* ("Jezebel") to be isolated case histories. She contends they have in them a universal quality; that they are not women invented, they are women recognized.

She says every man has known some woman, at some time, who was quite a bit like *Mildred* or *Julie*, whether he wants to admit it or not. They probably gave him some pretty bad moments—even, perhaps, some pretty good ones; anyway, he isn't liable to forget them. And most women have shared traits with *Julie* and *Mildred* whether or not *they* will admit it. If they saw their own lives mirrored on a screen they might be somewhat shocked in places, particularly if their impulses were clearly pictured.

Bette has no inhibitions about revealing women to themselves; thinks they like it. An astonishing number of them write to her for advice concerning their most intimate problems, tossing discretion to the winds.

Bette's driving mania for perfection will let her off from nothing.

She says some of her work could slide and nobody would know it. But *she* would. She

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The "Golden Goose" of the Nelson family has a few odd quirks in her character, concerning cigarette butts and such; but as for her aims — well, they're typical of the girl whom people openly suspect of "having brains"

CONFESSIONS

OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

So long as women are women, into the ears of their beauty operators will go their most intimate secrets. These are the revelations of one Hollywood beautician who listened—and told

WOMEN confide in hairdressers. It is true all over the world and more so in Hollywood. Everything is more so in Hollywood. They tell you things they wouldn't tell their doctor.

By "all over the world" I mean so far as I have been able to observe during twenty-five years as hairdresser and manicurist in shops and hotels in New York, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Shanghai, Rio, London—and Hollywood; as well as on two ocean liners, and in private service to an opera tenor's wife and to several motion-picture stars.

My eighteen years in Hollywood have been as illuminating, instructive and entertaining as anybody's eighteen years. I wouldn't have missed a minute of it, not even the intermission.

Beauty is a paying business here. All women are repaid for being beautiful—by the admiration of their husbands, children and friends; but Hollywood women depend upon beauty for their salary checks. It is a necessity, not a luxury, and they conscientiously endure beautifying just as a businessman has his books audited—only a lot more often.

They are utterly impersonal about it. Not one of them I have ever known is vain. Beauty is a business asset, money in the bank, and they make untold sacrifices to develop and retain it. Eternal vigilance and no square meals are the watchwords, especially after thirty. And, excepting Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin, practically every actress with a box-office (the ones who know how to act and whom you enjoy going to see) is thirty or more: Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, Miriam Hopkins, Gale Sondergaard and Joan Crawford, to name some.

Hollywood is a woman's town. In a way, it is patterned after that South African colony where the women keep their husbands for pets. A number of impecunious men have wealthy star wives, and it has often occurred to me that a man who lives on his wife's income can be the

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

One of my customers fell in love . . . maybe I made a terrible mistake advising her the way I did

All women are repaid for being beautiful, but in Hollywood the reward is a bit different

most unreasonable creature alive, with the little woman striving earnestly to please him. His wife's success generally goes to his head. There is still another faction contending that men who marry women with money earn every cent of it —so take your choice.

There is the average percentage of girls who are desperate at losing their man, or who want to lose him, or who want some other girl's man. It is the same in London, Shanghai and Baltimore, only you hear more about it in Hollywood. The happy marriages here do not particularly engage the attention of the press.

Local and national columnists and gossip purveyors, alert to the fact that women confide in their beauty operators, regard us as one of their most reliable sources. Various advances have been made to me, attractive "propositions" which I have resisted—with a reservation. If the approacher is also a good customer, I try to keep her (or even him!) interested with harmless and well-known chatter delivered in a hush-hush tone. You can say, confidentially, "I understand Marlene Dietrich sleeps with *all* her windows open," and some of these gossips will actually think they are getting the low-down!

Mrs. J. brandished the revolver at Mr. J. and Rea—and if what happened after that had ever leaked out, there would have been another big Hollywood scandal

The glamour girls of today dig in their gardens and bake cakes; but the old divorce-marriage-romance cycle still spins, and the beauty parlor is its center

OF course, like many other operators here, I do know when a lot of divorces, marriages, scandals, romances and options are going to break, before Winchell does, and frequently I have been the only outsider who *did* know. But I have known more that never break.

Always I have felt that a woman should not be held responsible for what she says while she is having her scalp massaged and her nails manicured. She is off guard, and her revelations should be regarded as case histories. The beauty parlor compares with the doctor's office in this respect: in one, the woman has her hair down literally; in the other, figuratively. She is her true age in both places, probably the only time she ever is, after twenty-five. It defeats her purpose to lie about her age to the doctor; and in the beauty parlor she needn't say a word. She looks every minute of it. There is a saying that when a woman tells her right age, she will tell anything. It is the same when she looks it.

All women are lonely, and picture stars are the loneliest women in the world. Thousands of persons in Duluth, Pittsburgh, Simla and Peiping adore them, but there never seems to be anyone at home they can talk to.

Women cannot afford the luxury of a comradeship possible between two men in the same social stratum. Women do not trust each other, and perhaps with good reason.

The most reserved women are often the first to tell all over a manicure, and no woman, bent on confiding, is discouraged, even when she's met with silence or a mild "Well, well." Not that I am unsympathetic or do not like people—quite the contrary—but after having been cried on at least once a day for a good many years, I have to take time occasionally to wring out my shoulder.

My first two years in Hollywood were with Ianthe Lafleur (fictitious name, of course) who had seven thousand dollars a week and almost as many impulses in the same length of time. She had paused in New York, headed for a whirlwind vacation in Europe, and I met her in a smart beauty shop where she was getting the "works." An hour later, she asked me to go along. I went; it was my seventh trip. We found a world mad with wartime hysteria and tragedy. Then we came to Hollywood where it doesn't take a war to get exactly the same

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HERE IS BRADNA

"Little Dynamite" — toast of New York at the age of fourteen

BY LOUIS SOBOL

Famous for his daily newspaper column, the author is prouder of the fact that it was he who first noticed this seventeen-year-old —now the newest and most exciting star in Hollywood's heavens

IF the editor and the readers do not object, I should like to tell the story of a nice little girl in my own way. With a preface consisting of excerpts from a column until recently known as "The Voice of Broadway":

"So hard to define the charm of the tiny Olympe Bradna, the little girl in the sailor suit who stampedes the house at the French Casino every night. Pretty she is, without doubt, but there are much prettier girls in town. She has the little something in her manner with which only a few are gifted from birth. Lucienne Boyer has it, Ginger Rogers has it, Garbo has it, and so has Chevalier. It's more than a smile or a dimple properly placed, or a twinkle of the eye. For want of better words, we call it personality—but that's an inadequate descriptive term."—January 8, 1935.

"Still the hit of the show is the tiny Olympe Bradna, a tightly packed bundle of personality who, I understand, has finally been signed by Paramount for an important picture assignment."—May 6, 1935.

"You may remember the little French flash—Olympe Bradna, who drew raves from the boys when she opened in the first French Casino show. She was signed by Paramount and has been here in Hollywood for many long, weary months. She draws her salary weekly but not once has she been called to work—the chances are nobody knows she's even under contract." —March 20, 1936.

"Olympe Bradna finally gets her break. She's to go into 'Three Cheers for Love' at Paramount."—March 25, 1936.

WELL, even a columnist, like income tax returns, may be in error and it seems the precocious French import had appeared in something previous to "Three Cheers." At George Raft's personal behest, Olympe was given a rôle in "Souls at Sea" and we shall come to that at the proper point in this piece.

At any rate, from the columnar excerpts, you have some vague idea of the enthusiasm a little Gallic cutie inspired in a blasé, and not too susceptible, gentleman of Broadway. This is being written fifteen minutes after the same little cutie had taken the trouble to come down to the Broadway gentleman's office on the waterfront of Manhattan—and what he learned in direct conversation with her, without benefit of publicity guidance, he passes on to you.

Well then, on August 12th, 1921, not more than eight blocks from where the widely ballyhooed Eiffel Tower in Paris thrusts its snoot to the sky, the vaudeville couple known as Jean and Joseph Bradna clapped hands for a chubby little newcomer—and worried about their act, then running at the Olympic Theater. It was a routine with trained dogs and the young mother fretted about what the puppies might think of her desertion of them. Papa Joe went on himself that night and the act must have gone along smoothly for it wasn't cancelled.

The little girl was christened Antoinette but because she was born while the act was at the Olympic, Papa and Mama Bradna added the name of Olympia in honor of the theater and a few months later euphonized it to Olympe, pronounced O-Lamp—and it has been that ever since.

Now, because Mama and Papa Bradna still play such important rôles in the activities of the energetic young Olympe, it is only fair to say a few words about them. Joseph Bradna belonged to a distinguished family of circus folk and until he wed Jean Thesra, a comely actress, was an able equestrian. Why his marriage inspired him to give up his riding is something that Olympe was unable to tell me but it is a fact that the equestrian, Joseph Bradna, and the emotional actress, Jean Thesra, having decided to try to live as cheaply as one, collected a few trained hounds and thereafter toured the provinces with a fine dog act.

I HAVE referred to Olympe as "precocious." She must have been, for she walked at the age of six months and at the age of eighteen months, which is scarcely voting age, became a full-fledged member of the act—her first assignment being to carry the French flag at the conclusion of the routine. It brought down the house.

"Eet was so fonny," chirped Olympe. "Honest, you believe?—I remember I wanted to run out again and again and again—I like the hand-clapping so motch then. I can remember like yesterday."

By the time she was half-past seven, the child had developed into an enticing dancer with her hand-twirls and agile tumbling luring precious lines of praise from the critics, who perhaps were also impressed with her healthy young beauty of face and lithe body. Olympe was beginning to go places.

Shortly after, when two of their prize dogs died, the Bradnas decided to give up their own act and concentrate on developing the career of their young precious. They have not regretted it.

Life started to pick up for the young Olympe, especially when she began to read the press notices. At nine she was a seasoned trouper. In Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm, Petrograd, Madrid, "Little Dynamite" was continuing to have the time of her life, for now no one stopped her when she ran out for those extra bows—certainly not the audiences which kept pounding palms for more and more.

In Biarritz, the young vaudevillian met a

(Continued on page 66)

LOVE LIFE OF A VILLAIN

Basil Rathbone, by the star's own admission, has a secret—it's about a woman—a redhead named Ouida

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

For what she has done for Rodion, his son (top, second left); for what she has done for his career and for the man himself, Sir Guy of "Robin Hood" sheds his screen villainy to pay humble homage to the lady of his heart

"MY secret," said Basil Rathbone, "is a woman. She is small. She is vital. She has red hair. Her name is Ouida. She is my wife.

"Without her I would be nothing; with her I can be everything. Without her I would be miserable. With her I am the happiest man in the world.

"Of course," he added, "behind the success of every man there is some woman. But it isn't often we give them any credit. That's why my confession may be a little startling. Everything I have achieved—everything I may be today or hope for tomorrow—I owe my wife, Ouida."

For an hour I listened to the most amazing earnest tribute to a Hollywood wife I had ever heard.

It came from a man who is viewed throughout the world as the very incarnation of conceit and masculine arrogance.

The epitome of self-confidence on the screen, he revealed himself as emancipated from a blighting inferiority complex only by the patient love of his wife. Celebrated as a charming conversationalist, he confessed to a tongue-tied ineptitude until she brought him out of it. Respected as a shrewd career man, he revealed how a woman had launched that career, steered it, and secured it—at the sacrifice of her own.

He did all this eagerly, humbly, happily.

WE talked of a perfect marriage, oddly enough, in the house where a prize fighter, Jack Dempsey, had once lived in stormy domesticity with his former wife, Estelle Taylor. It was in the calm of a lovely evening. The Los Feliz Hills above Hollywood were blue and the air soft. Everything in the setting suggested a prelude to a pleasant story. Basil Rathbone, just in from a romp with his six dogs, brimmed with good nature. Somehow, Basil always reminds me of a race horse, lean, long, nervous, trim. He lit a cigarette and blew the smoke to the ceiling. He talks fast and with an electric charm.

"I haven't told this before," he said, "but right now it seems particularly timely. Because, rightly or wrongly, Ouida considers her job with me done now. She thinks I am established at last and capable of looking after myself. She feels she can relax now and return to writing, the career she abandoned to see me through. And it was she who saw me through—because, if I hadn't met my wife, I honestly don't know what would have happened to me, for until then my life had had no direction. Certainly, I could never have caught on to Hollywood without her.

"I wonder how many of us here in Hollywood would be where we are without the help of some woman who loves us. Think of the tremendous influence Dixie Lee Crosby has had on Bing. Of the vast importance of Bella Muni to her extremely talented and sensitive husband, Paul. There are dozens of cases—and you don't have to stop in Hollywood, of course.

"It's even intriguing to wonder just how great some historic figures would have been without their wives. Disraeli, Napoleon, Washington. Can you imagine Robert Browning without Elizabeth Barrett?"

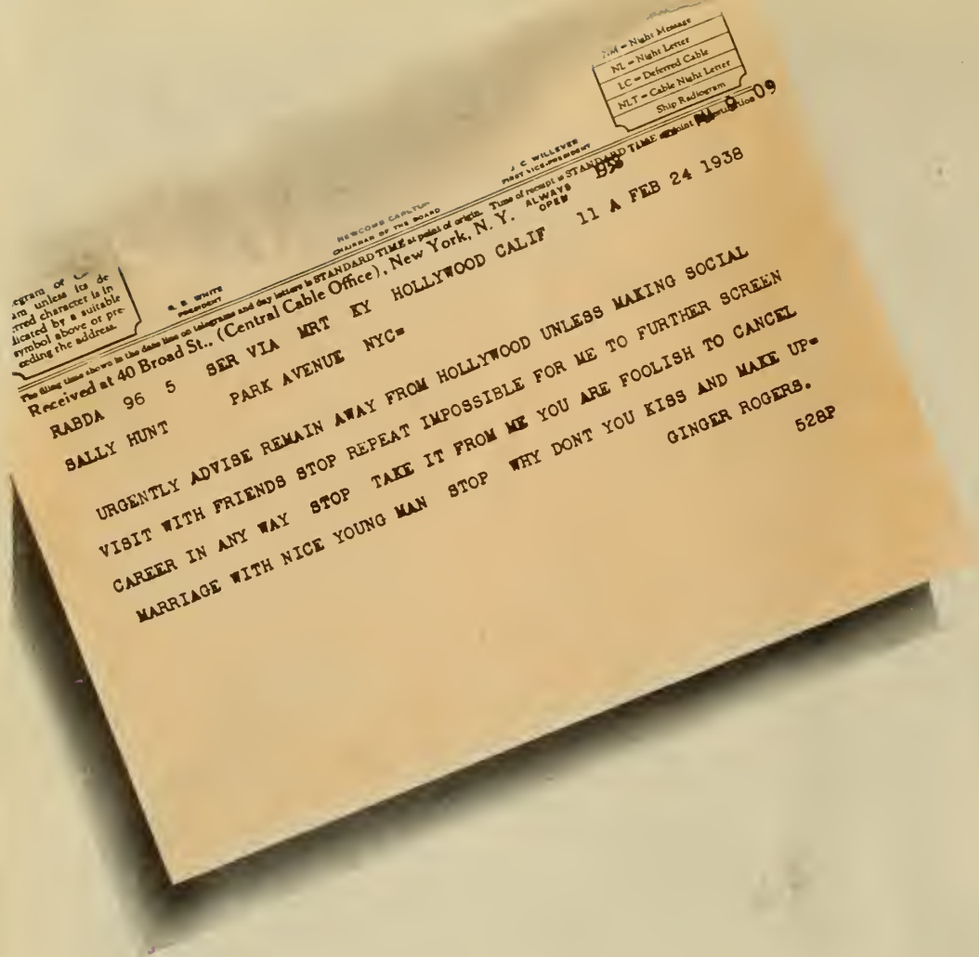
"But speaking of the Rathbones . . ." I interrupted.

Basil smiled. "Right!" he said. "I'm getting out of my district.

"Well—Ouida came into my life two years

(Continued on page 67)

LOVE


Received at 40 Broad St., (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y.

RABDA 96 5 SBR VIA MRT NY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 11 A FEB 24 1938

SALLY HUNT PARK AVENUE NYC=

URGENTLY ADVISE REMAIN AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD UNLESS MAKING SOCIAL VISIT WITH FRIENDS STOP REPEAT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO FURTHER SCREEN CAREER IN ANY WAY STOP TAKE IT FROM ME YOU ARE FOOLISH TO CANCEL MARRIAGE WITH NICE YOUNG MAN STOP WHY DONT YOU KISS AND MAKE UP=

GINGER ROGERS.

528P

Sally had the right boy but the wrong idea So Ginger took a hand—wires hummed, executives huddled, studio cops went crazy. And the outcome? Just leave it to Ginger!

The most interesting aspect of this collection of letters, wires, memos and what-have-you is not merely that, sorted and assembled, it reads like a scenario, but that it is a sample of a fan mail assortment that might have been received by any one of Hollywood's top-ranking stars. Of course, Sally Hunt and John Carey are not the real names of the girl and boy who star with Ginger in this real-life tale. Their names must forever remain sacred to the RKO files, but they are, nevertheless, real people . . .

The . . . School for Girls
Washington, D. C.
February 1, 1938

Miss Ginger Rogers,
RKO Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.
Dear Ginger:

May I call you that? Most people do, don't they? First of all, please don't get the idea I am just another stage-struck imbecile, wanting to get into pictures. The thing is, I have talent. I am a sort of combined Marlene Dietrich and Martha Raye. You know—long on glamour but also right there with comedy when comedy fits in. I wouldn't say this so sort of conceitedly and all, except I realize I have to sell myself if you are going to help me with a screen career. And yes, that is what I am asking you to do!

I am going on nineteen. I just graduated from this school with the midyear class of '38. It is a finishing school and I think I am quite finished. I can sing. I can dance, although not so well as you. I can ride. I can wear clothes like nobody's business. (Also I seem to have a special talent for cooking, but of course that doesn't figure in here. I just mentioned it.)

I am five feet, four inches; weight 115 pounds. My hair is reddish like yours; my eyes brown. I have a few freckles and my eyelashes are not so dark as I could wish, but what are eyelashes to a career when you can buy them by the yard? I have not got piano legs. I am not beautiful, but there are those who say I am a pretty nifty number.

Now, I know a girl can't even get inside a studio, cold. But I feel sure if Ginger Rogers would say the word, I would have a chance. So —will you do this? Will you call up your casting office and tell them: "Here is a little girl that has something. Will you give her a screen test?"

I'll do the rest.

From everything I can hear about you, you are the regularest girl in Hollywood. I have been one of your special fans ever since "The Gay Divorcee." I haven't mentioned my private affairs, but I have a personal, important reason for wanting to get into the movies. I have to show someone I can. I simply have to! I am enclosing a stamped envelope addressed to my aunt's in New York, where I shall be soon. Although very impatient to get started, I won't leave for Hollywood until I hear from you. Here's hoping that will be soon!

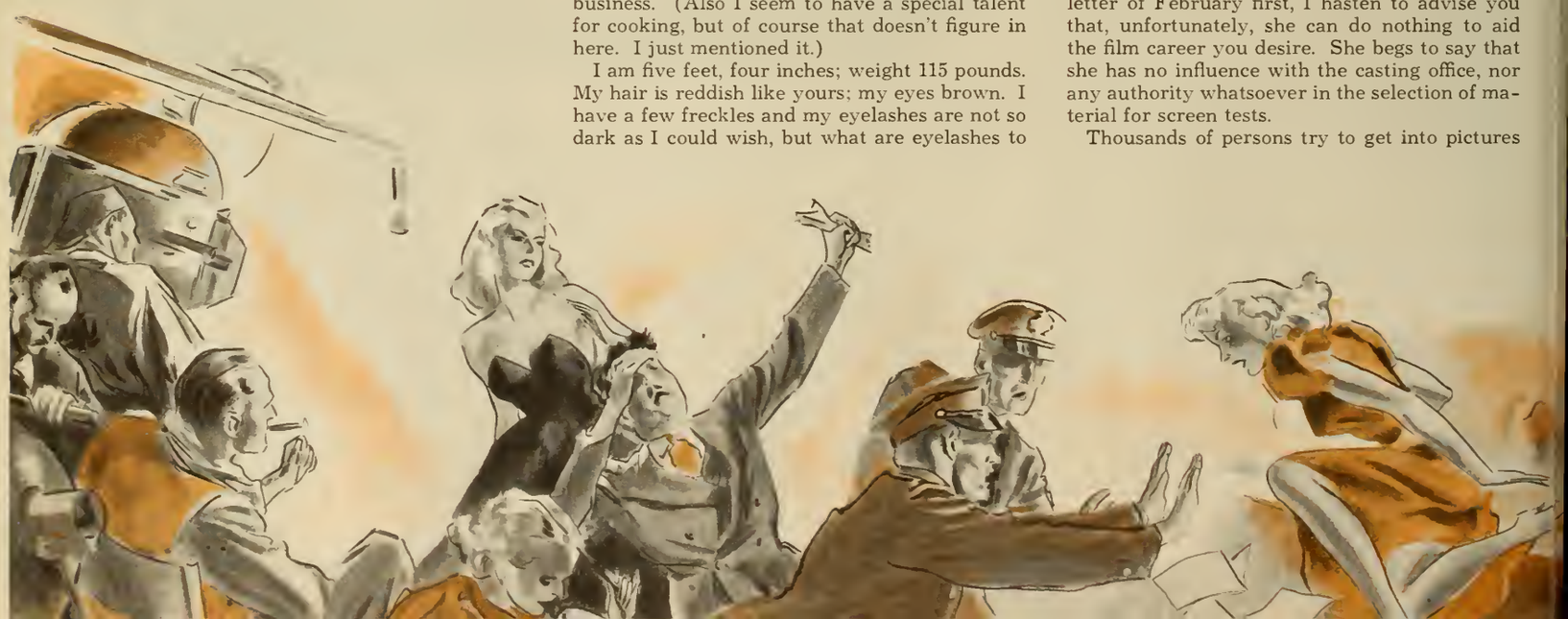
Yours confidentially,
Sally Hunt.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.
February 5, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt,
— Park Avenue,
New York City.
My dear Miss Hunt:

Speaking for Miss Rogers in answer to your letter of February first, I hasten to advise you that, unfortunately, she can do nothing to aid the film career you desire. She begs to say that she has no influence with the casting office, nor any authority whatsoever in the selection of material for screen tests.

Thousands of persons try to get into pictures



STOR

every year, and fail. The small percentage who do get in seldom get beyond the small salary allotted to a stock player. Often a foolish young girl causes her parents great worry and suffering by running away to Hollywood in search of a screen career. Almost without exception these girls ultimately must go home and eat humble pie, as failures.

In lieu of the help you ask, but which Miss Rogers is unable to give you, I am enclosing an autographed photograph of her, accompanied by her thanks for your appreciation of her work in pictures.

Very sincerely yours,
William Brown,
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

P. S. Are you dazzled by the "glamour of Hollywood"? Don't be. There isn't any. W. B.

New York City,
February 10, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

I thought I wouldn't bother you with my personal affairs, but I guess it will take a little explaining of them to puncture your secretary's arguments against my coming to Hollywood. So here goes:

In the first place, there is no need to worry about my parents not wanting me to try for a screen career. My mother died when I was born and Dad married again about five years ago and he and my stepmother spend most of their time in Europe. When I'm not in school, I live with my aunt here in New York and she'll be glad to have me off her hands.

As for the small salaries mentioned, I don't need to worry about money. I have a trust fund allowance and then, there is the $1,000 my father gave me to buy a trousseau with and which I won't need on account of I am not going to get married. Not ever!

And as for the thousands that try and make the grade in pictures . . . well, all I've got to say is that the stars Hollywood has now won't last forever. So, why can't I be waiting to jump into the breach?

Honestly, I'm so fed up with my life as it is! Parties and dancing and buying new clothes and going around in a social circle *bore me stiff!*

I think I will come to Hollywood in spite of what your secretary says.

Yours,
Sally Hunt.

P. S. Thanks for your picture!

Date: February 14, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt letter (attached).
To: Gingers Rogers.
From: Bill Brown.

Think maybe this needs personal answer. Do you agree?

DIRECTED BY

GINGER ROGERS

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.
February 16, 1938.

Dear Sally:

I want to thank you for being, as you say, one of my "special fans." I am well aware it is fans like you who are responsible for whatever success a girl like me may have in pictures.

But, Sally, I cannot help you get a screen test, much less actually get you into pictures. I simply cannot. Such a thing is not within my province and to ask it of the casting office would be to enter into affairs which are not at all my business. Moreover, can't you see that if I should try to arrange such a thing for you, I should be in duty bound to do the same thing for hundreds of others who also are asking it of me? Believe me, the only fair thing to do is to advise all that write me how difficult it is for me to comply with such requests.

One screen test, alone, sometimes costs thousands of dollars. A candidate must be trained and groomed for it for months, sometimes, before he or she is even considered by the

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DRAWING BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

THE 3

CAREERS OF ADOLPHE MENJOU

He's living proof, this Hollywood sophisticate, that it's a wise man who knows when to take his own advice

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

"BREAK the rules!" Adolphe Menjou said with emphasis. He waved those rules aside with a sweep of his perfectly tailored gray sleeve. "That's the way to get ahead, in the movies or anywhere."

Quickly he added with a Menjou lift of the brows, "Not the laws of the land, for heaven's sake, but the rules people are always laying down for other people's success."

Now, Menjou has had three careers since he entered the picture (literally, and figuratively!) in 1914; first, as an important bit player in the silents—a career that war interrupted; second, as a suave sophisticate in the late silents and early talkies (this was followed by near-oblivion); and today, as a deft comedian and character actor (for example, the film producer in "The Goldwyn Follies"), earning an unbelievable salary. Each of the careers has been highly prosperous, the third promising to become the biggest success of the lot, and each he dragged up from failure through methods useful to any job, theatrical or otherwise.

Their poise, their worldliness, their appreciation for the nicer things of life make Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale a perfect couple

Today, past his youth, Menjou lives in one of the handsomest of English brick houses on one of the handsomest of the Hollywood hills; at his right elbow, a view to the Pacific some twenty-eight miles away; at his left, a telephone on which producers call up and ask him please, please to accept a rôle in their newest films. Shattered rules built the house, as well as the house next door, which he also owns; and shattered rules maintain it. Menjou's the living proof of the wisdom of taking his own advice.

FOR instance, down Hollywood Boulevard, in the days when orange groves lined that thoroughfare, there would wobble a funny car which rattled in every joint, with a man all dressed up at the wheel. Many people recall that familiar and eye-arresting sight. Striped trousers, frock coat, correct tie, exactly the right "topper" at exactly the right slant—this was Menjou hunting for work!

He lived in a succession of boardinghouses on side streets; wasn't, he says, exactly hungry "or exactly not"; and battered his way into engagements.

Now the rules would have kept him dressed in mediocre clothes to go with his mediocre surroundings.

But he had learned by observation. For weeks he had stood in a long line of extras round the casting office, a slim, energetic man, suffering from stomach trouble (it has but lately been cured)—not outwardly different from the rest except for the speculative look in his eyes. He studied his fellow extras, and himself. And he perceived the vital fact that he was not distinguishable from the crowd.

Listening hard to the director, he heard him say more than once, "Pick that bird over there, his clothes look better." Menjou determined to have better clothes, too; in other words, to have the right equipment for his work. He went to the shop of the best tailor in town.

"Stake me to some Grade A clothes," Menjou argued, "and I'm positive that I can pay you back and become a regular customer as well. I haven't any money, but I know my business. What I need is a chance, and clothes will give it to me."

Caught at first by the fellow's nerve, and later by his logic, the tailor agreed to be a sport; a decision, by the way, which has since brought him a fortune from the patronage of those who want to look as well dressed as Menjou.

A few days after his sales talk, Menjou, the extra, appeared in a hundred and fifty dollar suit. A hundred and fifty dollars! He didn't make that much in three months.

But in a throng of extras Menjou then became the only one elegantly dressed. Directors invariably picked him out, and his acting ability did the rest. He progressed to bit parts. After three and a half meagre years he rose to the rôle of polished hero, at $7,000 a week.

"Of course, when I talk about disregarding rules I take it for granted that the individual who disregards them knows his job," Menjou warned. "You need self-confidence to get along, but first you need a firm grasp on your profession or trade or whatever your livelihood may be. You have to know your business well enough to chuck all the moss-grown advice or tradition connected with it and branch forth on your own."

SO, today, he's the alternate hope and despair of producers. Like an architect who farsightedly refuses to enter any project which won't redound to his credit, Menjou declines to play in a picture unless he's sure it will be a hit.

Before he put pen to paper, he had to know everything about the three films for which he is at present signed up with the Goldwyn studios.

"Rather than make a fat salary in a thin rôle, I'll wait ten weeks for a part I prefer in a production I like," he says.

Recently he stayed out of work for two months and a half, in preference to acting in second-class stuff. That's breaking the rules with a vengeance. But his motives spring not alone from art; they're rooted in business sense. He no more intends to offer an inferior brand of entertainment, such as a poor rôle might entail, than a reputable merchant intends to offer inferior merchandise. And for the same shrewd reasons. Reputation has a money value.

"Success," Menjou said, his enthusiasm concentrated in a glance as direct as an arrow, "is just around the corner for practically all of us, practically all the time. It's not so much that we don't have luck as that we don't have the training or the gumption to grab success when it comes."

FOR instance, Menjou didn't beat his brow when, as happened several times, his hopes went boom. Instead, he broke another rule; he tried another line. Before he achieved any true success he had tried many lines, for he didn't set out to be an actor.

To begin with, he toiled as a farm hand. Actually. He'd gone from his home in Pittsburgh to Cornell University for a course in agriculture, and was headed for a future among the kale and kine.

One summer vacation he got work on a violet farm at Rhinebeck, N. Y. You needn't laugh; they did raise violets. But they raised cows also, and wanted Menjou to milk them. Menjou, milking a cow. . . .

Well, he was teachable but inexpert, so very soon thereafter he moved along to the next farm, that of Vincent Astor, for the August haying season. Hot! He stuck to it doggedly till the hay was all in, and so was he. It shows that his lot wasn't exclusively cream and violets. Agriculture, so far as Menjou was concerned, proved a flop.

Broke, discouraged, he tried the hotel business, which also flopped, and the steamship business, which flopped even faster, before he landed as an extra with the old Vitagraph Pictures in New York City. Just as he edged into prominence, America entered the War and thus was ended his first career. Three days later he enlisted with the Cornell unit of the Red Cross, and served till the Armistice. "I know what it

(Continued on page 83)

FORBIDDEN GREAT

"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The haunting romance of two famous stars who made a business of the art of loving—a girl who didn't believe in marriage, a man who played her game too well. Fourth in a noted series

DRAWING BY CARL MUELLER

I WAS there at the beginning and saw it all happen right up to what I thought was its gay and glittering finale. That "always leave them laughing when you say good-by" which was her well-known creed.

I came upon the real end of the story only long afterwards, and then by accident. And it is that unsuspected ending which makes the story important. I do not think anyone in Hollywood knows it, except the two who played at their delightful romance, and it is an amazing thing that neither of them realizes even to this day that the end was the same for both of them.

I cannot help but wonder what might happen if they ever found out.

The beginning, I suppose, was midnight sailing time on a velvet spring night some years ago. The great luxury liner lay at its New York dock ablaze with lights. A sailing is always exciting, it has always some aroma of adventure, but I remember that particular one as the gayest I ever saw. So many pretty ladies in evening gowns, orchids against soft fur, music floating upon the surface of spangled waters, champagne and laughter, and ever-mounting gaiety and excitement.

Small boys in bright uniforms running along the gleaming corridors and through the packed salons. Elegant luggage being carried hither and yon. Long white cardboard boxes filled with flowers. Last minute wires being delivered. Decks and staircases jammed with those going away and those who had come to say good-by and the dock a mass of people and cameramen.

Perhaps it was the spring night which promised delicious days at sea in that floating palace. Perhaps it was because everybody knew that *they* were sailing. Curious, eager eyes were alert to catch a glimpse of her sleek and shining head, her tall exquisite figure, her enchanting smile. Glamour girl hadn't become so common a term then, and she was No. 1 Glamour Girl, all right. Or they peered to see his famous, slightly graying head and distinguished profile and what the screen's best dressed man might be wearing for a midnight sailing.

At midnight the "All Ashore" call sounded and I said my own farewells and went down to my cabin to sort out the books kind friends had sent me. (I remember I was a little annoyed to find seven copies of a popular "high-brow" best seller.) Then I went peacefully to bed and awoke the next morning to a new world, without land, but with great expanses of shining sapphire water and clear blue sky and radiant sunshine. I never remember so beautiful a day at sea.

I didn't know then that they had never met. It seemed strange, in a way. But such things can very well happen in Hollywood.

SHE spent very little time in the film capital when she wasn't actually working. It was her theory that you needed to get away between pictures, to see what the rest of the world was doing and saying and thinking. So, as you know, you always heard of her on the Riviera, at Palm Beach in the season, or in New York to see the latest plays. Sometimes she took a house in Honolulu for a month or two or went cruising on some friend's yacht. She was enormously popular with the Society crowd and her name appeared as often in Cholly Knickerbocker as it did in Louella Parsons or Winchell. And, of course, when she was in Hollywood working she went out very little—on the set early, home to bed at nine, following a Spartan routine of diet and exercise and rest to keep fit for the camera.

As for him—well, sports were always his hobby. He was a man's man in spite of his great popularity with women. Shot golf in the low seventies, owned a couple of race horses, and sailed his own boat up and down the California coast. His wife—that gentle and lovely lady—understood him perfectly. She made a business of being a screen star's wife. She did it with a gentle humor, her sweet mouth curved, her eyebrows lifted as though he were a small, bad boy she had to take care of. Even when rumor and gossip connected his name with that of some other woman, she always seemed to be amused and a little worried for his sake, never angry or jealous on her own.

So they had never met until I introduced them that day on the upper deck.

I had come up just before lunch, rested and relaxed, glorying in the fact that there wasn't a telephone aboard, taking this little span of uninterrupted days as a heaven-sent gift between the hard work I had just finished in New York and the job I had to do in England. I could let down with a clear conscience and enjoy the bright days and the deck chairs.

I met her on deck as I was doing my first mile.

Even in that first moment I realized why she wanted to get away from Hollywood. I don't think anyone, seeing her then, would have taken her for a movie star. She had on a short blue skirt, flat shoes, a woolly white sweater and her hair was blowing in a lot of rippling, natural curls. No make-up. It changed the shape of her eyes so that they were no longer slanted and cozening, no longer shadowed with unbelievable lashes, but delicately round and gay and friendly. It made her look younger and prettier, even if she wasn't so glamorous.

WE fell into step together and went around two or three times in silence. There was a splendid breeze that whipped the wind into your cheeks and the sun was hot and the sea like glass. Finally, we went up on the top deck and there he was, playing deck tennis with a young Hollywood writer and a couple of college boys, around twenty, who almost fell overboard at sight of her.

When they stood looking at each other—he was hot and sweating and very pleased with the day and himself and the game—I introduced them and said, "But it isn't possible you don't know each other."

But so it was. They laughed about it a good deal. He went back to his game and we sat down and watched them. She said, "He's not at all like I expected. One usually expects men with his reputation to be—well, rather dreadful. He's—*nice*."

As for that, I thought, you've a reputation of your own, my girl. You've had three or four headline romances, what with one thing and another. If you come right down to it, you're a pair.

THAT night they danced together. We had dined, four or five of us, in the smart upper deck restaurant. The music was enticing. She wore something made of wine-red velvet, very simple, and a ruby bracelet around her left wrist and a ruby clip between her breasts. When they danced, I wondered why they had never been cast opposite each other in a picture. They were so perfectly matched in tempo, in character, in poise. Like two fencers, equally matched, laughing a little at each other, well aware of each other, her head sleek and shining against his shoulder.

Oh, I thought, these are grown-up intelligent people, who are too well-bred to be openly cynical, but who understand the art of living, of enjoying, of having a good time. Love is a game to them, and they know all the moves, all the gambits, and they are champions at it. It must be great fun to play at love like that, for it is a game that has so many angles.

We were six days crossing. Two days out we unexpectedly ran into a storm that delayed our elegant and serene passage. I remember running into them during that storm. I like storms myself and had gone outside to see it. I came around a wind-swept corner and saw them—her lovely face lifted to his, lost in his glance. I knew that he was going to kiss her. I knew that they had forgotten the storm, the wind, everything but each other.

Of course, everyone on the boat knew. You couldn't help but know, seeing those two

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I came around a wind-swept corner and saw them — her lovely face lifted to his, lost in his glance. They had forgotten the storm, the wind — everything but each other

MARRIAGE IS A LAUGHING

The Gene Raymonds have successfully hurdled that first year of matrimony—that supposedly awful, awful first year. This is how they did it!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

One happy benedict—Gene Raymond

IT was suddenly quiet in the Raymond-MacDonald living room as we all stopped to catch our breaths from laughing. That was what gave me the hunch.

"You two have been married almost a year now, haven't you?" I asked.

"Lacking exactly twenty-seven days, four hours and nine minutes," said Gene.

"And you are still laughing all the time?"

They obliged by laughing again and nodded their heads in assent.

"What about laughter as a basis for a perfect marriage?" I persisted.

"Would you be making a noise like an interviewer?" Gene demanded.

"Well, why not? I might as well admit that I was pretty suspicious of all that sweetness and light published about you two a little over a year ago, just before you were married. You sounded simply too happy to be true; but, after all, no people in your position stay married unless they really have a good time of it.

"So far you have solved the problem that has broken up almost every Hollywood romance—two stars, two careers, all that handicap stuff, and getting through the first year, that supposedly awful first year of marriage, and you both still looking so beamingly content and . . . ."

Miss MacDonald spoke from behind those lovely teeth of hers in the sinister voice of the villainess in the old melodramas.

"And me laughing all the time," she muttered darkly. "And at what things?" She swung an enormous orb in the direction of her lord and master.

Mr. Raymond set his teeth. "You laughing?" he hissed, sounding just like Basil Rathbone on a clear day.

"What about me, my fair beauty? Would you like me to tell about the time we went searching for sunshine, searching it in Arizona, the state which you selected to find it in? Shall I tell that to let our friend here know how we laughed and laughed that time?"

The loveliest voice on the screen suddenly honied over like the voices of all the obedient wives in the world.

"Yes, dear," purred Mrs. Raymond.

"And you won't interrupt?"

"Yes, dear," she purred again.

"You mean you will interrupt?"

"Oh, yes, dear."

Gene turned his back on her with what was intended to represent sternness. "Ignore her," he said to me. "That search for Arizona sunshine happened this way . . . and it will give you a fair idea of what I have suffered for this marriage.

"My wife, that redheaded woman over there, desired sunshine. We have it in Los Angeles, you know. In fact, the place is famous for it. But that brand wasn't good enough for her. She had to go away and get sun. I suggested a place called Palm Springs. Thousands from all parts of the country migrate there seasonally just for the sun. But no. That sunshine wouldn't do for her, either. We had, by chance, been in Palm Springs once before when it rained down there. It does rain there, very, very occasionally. But she had to act as though it always poured in Palm Springs. And she had heard somewhere that the sun absolutely positively always shone in Arizona."

Gene turned back toward Mrs. Gene.

"You had heard that, hadn't you, darling?"

"Yes, dear," answered Miss MacDonald.

"And you really planned the whole trip?"

"Yes, dear."

"And I consented to go because . . . ."

"Yes, dear."

"Hey, what is this?" demanded Gene.

"A sound track," announced Jeanette's voice in deep tones.

She was stretched out on the couch by now and her eyes were closed so that you couldn't be positive but what she might be talking in her sleep.

'IGNORE her," said Gene, turning back to me. "This is the way it happened. We packed up and left Los Angeles on a beautiful balmy afternoon but as we were coming into Flagstaff I heard a low gasp from my bride. It seems it was morning. Of course I wouldn't know that for you know where I was, don't you? Yes—in the upper. My bride, being down in the lower where the windows are, had pulled up the shade and was looking out. 'Oh, Gene,' she was asking. 'What do you think I see?'

" 'Well, what do you see?' I asked. 'From my vantage point I can't see a thing. I'll bet you're seeing beautiful sunshine.'

" 'No,' she said, 'I'm seeing snow.'

"Now that made everything dandy because, since Los Angeles is in the semi-tropics and Palm Springs the desert and we were supposed to be coming into even brighter and warmer sun than either of them offered (at least according to what my bride said), I had packed neither overcoat nor woolens.

"But there we were, and since my wife had planned for us to go to some near-by ranch, and since that was as far as our train went anyhow, we got out.

"And it was indeed snowing and the temperature was somewhere within friendly distance of about nine below zero. There was the man to drive us to the ranch, too, but, after a little chat with him, my wife found out that the real place for sunshine wasn't Flagstaff, anyhow, but Prescott, a mere drop of 3,500 feet in altitude from where we were.

"DID you ever drop 3,500 feet in altitude in a matter of just a few hours? And did you ever make the drop in a rickety old car, with the driver taking his hands off the wheel every little while to point out the scenery? No? Well, I assure you it is a thrill, but a honey you could get along without very nicely.

"I must say for my bride, though, that she never said a word. Of course, perhaps she was merely trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

"We just rode along mile after mile and both of us tried to appear absolutely fascinated by the scenery. All I could think of was that I hoped we could get to Prescott alive and find a nice, hot meal somewhere.

"Finally, however, we did get to Prescott and I trust I never hit a place that is damper and chillier than it was there that noon. But by this time Mrs. Raymond had learned, somehow or other, that the place for sunshine wasn't Prescott, after all. The place was Phoenix. So we kept our teeth clenched and said we must laugh, we must laugh, over and over to ourselves and discovered that we could get a bus to Phoenix. It was leaving almost immediately but we had time for a bite, they said, at the restaurant across the square.

"We rushed over there, with visions in mind of sizzling chicken, great piles of vegetables, steaming coffee and discovered that today's dish was cold roast beef. They did have the coffee, though. So we climbed up on twin stools and ate that roast beef washed down with weak coffee. Then we made a run for the bus.

"Another joy I'll bet you've never had, you lucky girl, is to go down a mountain road in a bus. Do they rock you! We sat back in our seats with that cold roast beef sliding from side to side and made up our minds we wouldn't be sick and pretended that we were going to sleep. But the man in back of us had asthma, so that was that.

MATTER

His marital accomplice—Jeanette MacDonald

The camera charts the history of the MacDonald-Raymond grin: it started when the bride and groom stepped down the aisle; was still going strong, a year later, on a New York holiday

"Eventually, after what seemed a month, we did get to Phoenix. I had only one idea. To get into the hotel and go to bed.

"Upon arrival in our rooms, however, my bride decided that the bed wasn't wide enough for her. I never looked at my bed, but no, she had to have a double bed. So finally we got that put up in the other room and I crawled into my single cot and off to slumber I went.

"But not for long. I had been asleep for what seemed two weeks to me when I became conscious of a flashlight being flashed right over my eyes. I sat up, expecting to see at least a burglar, but you know who it was, don't you?"

"Me, the heavy," supplied Jeanette.

"Ignore her," ordered Gene. "But that *is* who it was.

" 'What on earth?' I demanded of her.

" 'I can't sleep,' she said.

" 'Well, what am I supposed to do about it?' I asked.

" 'You are supposed to wake up and tell me a story that will put me to sleep,' she said.

"I just gazed at her for a moment and then I remembered that we were the wonderful Raymonds. We always laughed. So I said then I would tell her about the history of Arizona.

"You see, knowing we were coming to Arizona to seek sunshine, I had looked up a book on the place.

" 'Well, the history of Arizona ought to put me to sleep,' said Jeanette. So I launched forth . . . ."

Gene got up and began strutting around the room in a magnificent burlesque of himself telling the story.

"Well, I began talking that history big," he said. "I told her about the winning of the old West. I told her about the Indian wars and our brave boys fighting to make it free for us." He waved his arms around in mock bravado. "Was I terrific? I'll say I was. I put Mrs. Raymond to sleep almost at once She slumbered like a babe, lying on the bed that had been too narrow for her.

"But me! Ah, there you have something. I'd got myself so excited over those Indians that I couldn't go to sleep for hours."

"He did, though," murmured Jeanette from the couch. "He got to sleep around six but I woke up around eight, not knowing that, and I wanted to go horseback riding and I woke him up to tell him, didn't I, dear?"

Gene gave her a look. "You did, indeed, dear," he said.

He sat down, shaking his head in mock sor-

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MUSSOLINI—MOVIE STAR

Star Il Duce in the rôles of dictator and father—two scenes from "The Private Life of Mussolini"

When dictator turns leading man—pity the poor producer! Presenting the headaches and high lights in filming the private life of Italy's Public Hero No. 1

BY EDWIN WARE HULLINGER

EDITORIAL note: the author of this amazing article modestly omits what we believe to be an important fact in connection with the filming of episodes in the life of one of the world's great men—namely, that Mr. Hullinger's trip to Italy to make "The Private Life of Mussolini" was conducted entirely on an unofficial basis. Yet, with no formal entree into government inner circles, he was successful in obtaining the right to film the first complete screen biography ever made of Il Duce. A remarkable motion picture resulted, highlights of which are presented here.

BENITO MUSSOLINI is a movie star.

He has just completed his first picture, taking the part of himself in a feature pictorializing his private life.

To his already widely diversified rôles of dictator of Italy, holder of many cabinet portfolios, journalist, playwright and aviator, he has now added that of leading man on the screen.

Along with Clark Gable and William Powell, he is an "attraction" among the flickering marquee lights above the box office.

I have just returned from Italy and from producing this picture, the first screen biography, I believe, ever made of a living world statesman.

For years he has been an ardent picture fan (Mussolini's enthusiasm for movies is common talk in Europe; he personally censors all the newsreels produced in Italy) but not until now has Il Duce consented to step before the kleig lights and submit himself to one of the most exacting of all tests, the test of the screen.

HOW, I have been asked, did he handle himself during the "shootings"? In comparison with his professional screen colleagues, how did he "do his stuff"?

I never have produced a film of William Powell, but, as a writer in Hollywood, I often watched America's leading screen stars at work on the sets.

In some ways, making a picture of a dictator is just like making any other picture. You use cameras and microphones and artificial lights. You have your leading man. That's where the difference begins.

Dictators—or at least this dictator—do not care to be dictated to. That meant, for one thing, that direction from behind the cameras was taboo. You could not shout "Cut!" and bully Mussolini into "doing his lines over." Once the shooting of a scene began, it plunged forward to its finale without control. All the control you had was your arrangements in advance and, of course, your scissors when you saw the "rushes." You had to gamble on what took place between times. You got the scene set in

(Continued on page 87)

. . . Through Photoplay, these pages of noteworthy unpublished portraits, direct from his personal private files

The ideal Saturday night date of all gallant Romeos in America—Olivia de Havilland. A demure young miss with ingenuous brown eyes and an air faintly reminiscent of hearts and flowers, she is a descendant of English aristocracy, though, paradoxically, she was born in Tokio, Japan. Possessor of a curious penchant for writing poetry in bed, "Livvie" is, otherwise, a normal young person of twenty-two, who likes to sleep fourteen hours a day and dance all night—when she gets the chance. Amateur high-school plays intimated her value to motion-picture scouts; her Technicolor beauty in "Robin Hood" proved it to producers

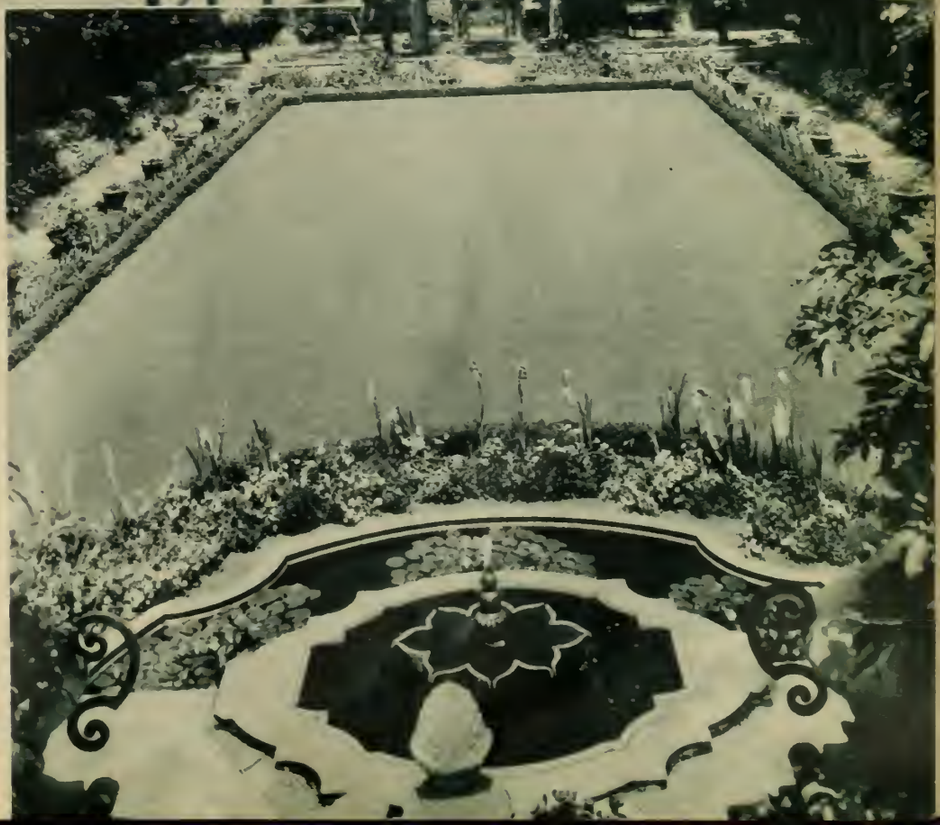
Reserved bystander at the Hollywood social merry-go-round is this urbane English colonist of Filmtown. An intelligent gentleman, he clings to his pipe and his tweeds by reason of his Surrey background; to his box-office by right of his competent screen love-making. Viking at heart, he sails the high seas often; divides his "land time" between the set of "If I Were King" and the library. An excellent Hurrell portrayal of an excellent actor: Ronald Colman, master of the pleasant white house in Beverly Hills

A small person with a mind of her own—Janet Gaynor, pretty "George-Ann" of "The Young in Heart." Born Laura Gainer in staid Philadelphia, she entered the business world unobtrusively as a shoe-store clerk, sprung dynamically into the film industry by her work in "Seventh Heaven." A freckled little redhead, who, in her thirteen years in films, has run the gamut of fame, failure and return to glory, she is presented here in her true mien: the wistfulness that she has embodied in the American film tradition

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ESTATE

WHEN a lucky guest enters the Harold Lloyd estate for the first time, he probably pinches himself to see if he'll wake up from the beautiful dream. Before him stretches a fairyland of eighteen acres—grounds which require the services of six gardeners. First, there is the nine-hole golf course—all part of the landscaping. Through it meanders an eight-hundred-foot stream, with three canoes ready for anyone wishing to explore its length. Feeding the stream is a waterfall with a hundred-foot drop, which on special occasion is lit up at night. There are miles of trails, and the main walk before the house is lined by imported Italian cypress trees. Also, there is a huge water lily pond, a barbecue pit where large parties can be held, hothouses, an apiary and several gardens. For sport lovers there is a walled-in tennis court, the blue-tiled swimming pool, an indoor handball and squash court with a gallery which accommodates one hundred and thirty people. The children delight in a miniature Normandy playhouse complete with living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom and even boasting an electric stove, running water and a telephone. Harold Lloyd will soon again be seen in "Professor Beware," released by Paramount.

Views of "Greenacres," in Beverly Hills, the house that Harold built. Opposite page: the court and mill; this page: above, the breakfast room; left, pool; below, the library and "Poplar Garden," with its fountain



An irresistible smile—the common property of two charming blondes. French Annabella first flashed hers in a Paris school, later won with it actor Jean Murat . . .

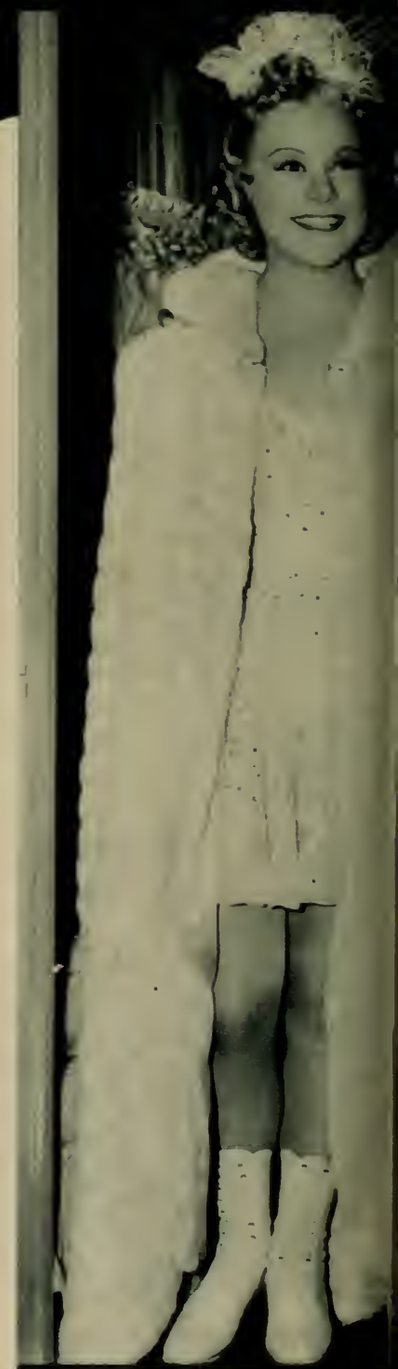
. . . whereas Claire Trevor's smile broke the heart of many a college man, gave her the title of all-American coed. At present, it's a career instead of a husband for the single "double" here

English to the core is juven
Richard Greene, late of the
atah," now of Hollywood, with
—and tie—resembling those of

"LOOK-ALIKES"

A fifteen-year-old girl with the voice of a mature woman—phenomenal Deanna Durbin, whose twinkling eyes and oval face are almost counterparts of the features . . .

. . . and expression of the First Lady of Hollywood, Norma Shearer. Two fitting "look-alikes" by reason of their Canadian birth, their poised charm, their buoyant spirit



Sisters under the Fox fl
Sonja Henie, brilliant blonde f
Norway, whose dimples, smile
sturdy little figure remind one

Robert Taylor, straight from a
ska town, all-around American
profile has made millions of
ts (and dollars) flutter

Of Andrea Leeds and Janet Gaynor: "Saw both girls at a party comparing the almost identical color of their hair and eyes and the way they wrinkle their noses when they laugh" . . .

. . . so commented columnist Louella Parsons on the similarity which links these two: Andrea, a Hollywood newcomer, and Janet, who has thirteen years in films to her credit

We heard these stars resembled each other but, like the Man from Missouri, we had to have positive proof. These amazing unposed informals from Photoplay's files convince us beyond a doubt

of another tiny blonde, noted
for sparkling footwork. And
Zanuck says, ". . . Sonja Henie
grown-up Shirley Temple

—whose verve and vi-
radition of the Deep
lass's nimble feet were
fame and fortune . . .

. . . another Southern gal was using her head to conquer Broadway. Hollywood brought them together; Photoplay finds them twins: Ginger Rogers and her "spittin' image," Miriam Hopkins

Hair Raisers

1914—Beverly Bayne
Psyche on her mind

1919—Mary Pickford
Sweet, simple and curlish

1920—Lois Lee
The wrap-around

1921—Blanche Sweet
A bad case of shingles

1922—Lila Lee
Oh rats!

1926—Lois Wilson
Marcel—that washboard look

1927—Billie Dove
. . . and she had a little curl

1928—Alice White
Gone with the wind

1929—Norma Shear
The better to hear you, m

1934—Joan Bennett
Going up!

1935—Constance Bennett
The lunatic fringe

1937—Sylvia Sidn
Roll your own!

1915—Marjorie Rambeau
avy, heavy hangs on thy head

1916—Blanche Sweet
Wild and woolly wistfulness

1917—Irene Castle
First bob—revolution!

1918—Doris Lee
Wartime bigwig

1923—Barbara La Marr
Strike up the band

1924—Gloria Swanson
Patent leather finish

1925—Norma Talmadge
Hothouse flower—made by hand

1926—Clara Bow
The flapper's bounding mane

1930—Greta Garbo
Slick, sleek and slinky

1931—Dolores Del Rio
. . . the pug came tumbling after

1931—Kay Francis
Male order for charm

1932—Laura La Plante
"Dipped"—in more ways than one

1938—Loretta Young and Barbara Read
A salute to the present!

Herewith Photoplay's hysterical history of three decades of "crowning glory" brainstorms on the distaff side

Latest International Alliance—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Danielle Darrieux in Universal's Comedy, "The Rage of Paris"

LANKY BOY

Scotch-Irish product of Indiana and Princeton—James Stewart, first of his kind on the screen and "tickled pink" about it. Long, lean and likeable, he ambled his ingenuous way from stock, to Broadway, to Hollywood, where his drawl, his cowlick and his brilliance made him box-office. Veteran of a few "very light" loves, he now concentrates his affections on "Son," his police dog, his talents on "Shopworn Angel." His impression of himself on the screen? "All arms and legs!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING LIPPMAN

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WHOSE?

Each object on these pages is associated with some famous star. If you know your movies and movie gossip, filling in the owners' names in the blanks below should be child's play. If the going's hard, see page 79

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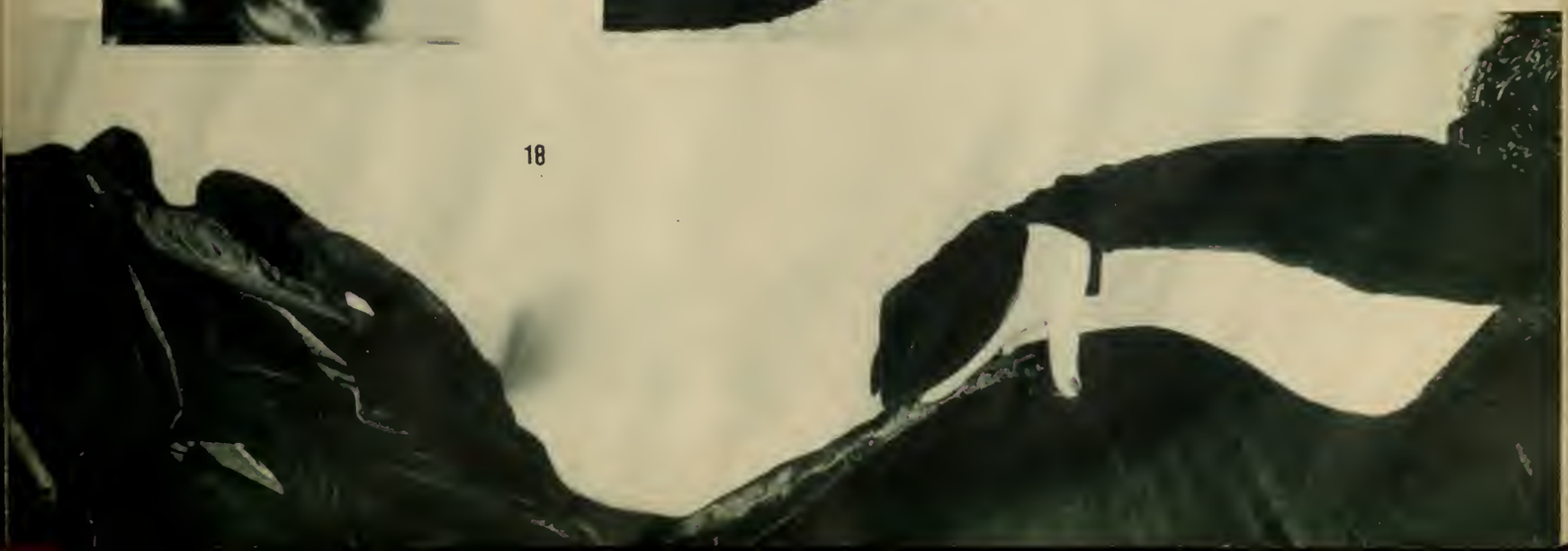


As the bearer of a future pot of gold, Zanuck has chosen photogenic Arleen Whelan, ex-Hollywood manicurist. Leading lady in her first rôle: the "Jeannie" in 20th Century-Fox's "Kidnapped"

Veteran of films is sixteen-year-old Helen Parrish, who appeared in movies at the age of two. A comeback staged in "Mad About Music" won her a contract—and high praise at Universal

Night-club protégée of Benny Rubin, Ann Miller has proved the value of her nimble feet to RKO by four successful rôles, has now been loaned to an eager Columbia for "You Can't Take It With You"

Four years ago, a fourteen-year-old blonde came to Hollywood on a two weeks' vacation—and remained to become a movie star: Universal's child of genius—Nan Grey of "Danger on the Air"

WHITE HOPES

On the dark eyes, bright smile and intrinsic talent of Southern Marjorie Weaver, 20th Century-Fox pins its faith. Coed winner of a beauty contest, she was spotted by a scout, coaxed to Hollywood, where, today, she wins uncontested laurels in "Three Blind Mice"

Movita—slender, olive-skinned Mexican, the studios' "perfect Polynesian type." Product of a vaudeville act, she clicked in "Mutiny on the Bounty," was appointed Monogram's future box-office prop

Graduate of Broadway's white lights is Louise Campbell, prime starlet at Paramount. Emigrating West, she passed her preliminary film quiz in six pictures, graduates now to "Men With Wings"

Baby of the Lane sisters—peppery Priscilla. A twenty-one-year-old blonde with theatrical training, she has an eye to the future and (in "Cowboy from Brooklyn") her feet solidly on the Warners' ground

Sprinkled with stardust are these meteoric youngsters on whom Hollywood producers have pinned their hopes for creating stars with box-office magic

In a schoolgirl outfit she flashed across the screen as the young victim in "They Won't Forget"—and people came away talking. Personal find of Mervyn Le Roy is "The Sweater Girl"—Lana Turner, now the choice of M-G-M for "Love Finds Andy Hardy"

Imported delicacy who made Mickey Rooney's heart flutter (with box-office results) in "Judge Hardy's Children" is Jacqueline Laurent, late of French films, now of M-G-M's promising roster

Box office's King and Queen hold court again on the M-G-M lot, and here is the first picture on the first day, with a newcomer admitted to the charmed circle. This time it's Walter Pidgeon in "Too Hot to Handle" who completes the trio instead of Spencer Tracy of "Test Pilot" fame

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Janet Gaynor, minus Tyrone Power, plus a wisp of a hat, an orchid corsage and handsome Richard Carlson (latest Broadway import) makes a new equation—answer yet unsolved. Right: George Raft plus Virginia Pine totals one long-standing romance

Presenting the low-down on the high jinks of filmtown—as jotted down by our wily Coast G-Man York

They Do Say:—

TYRONE POWER is casting longing eyes in Sonja Henie's direction once again—and little Sonja admits she's never lost her fondness for "Ty" . . .

Katharine Hepburn is slated for *Scarlett—if* the public will accept her. How do you feel about it, by the way? . . .

It's love and probably marriage between Mary Maguire and Joseph Schenck, 20th Century-Fox producer . . .

Despite all studio attempts to make Richard Greene another young man-about-town with the ladies he remains loyal to his very first American sweetheart—Arleen Whelan. . . .

Guilty, Wayne?

PERSISTENT rumors are making the rounds that Wayne Morris is taking his screen luck just a mite too importantly for any good.

A very prominent actor who was recently co-starred in a picture in which young Morris played, tells of meeting the blond actor at a recent gathering. Rushing up to the star, Wayne is said to have shouted, "Boy, I've just seen the preview of my new picture. Wait 'til you see it."

The silence that followed was deep as a sea.

Let's hope Wayne, who is really a most likeable kid, gets hep to himself, in time.

Is It Love—Or Is It?

WHO would ever think PHOTOPLAY, at its age, would turn out to be a Danny Cupid de luxe?

Yet it happened. At our Hollywood party in honor of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, one Michael Whalen came over breathing questions in our ear.

"Who is she? She's marvelous. She's wonderful. I must meet her."

We looked over and discovered Michael's object of adoration was none other than the lovely Ilona Massey.

So, leading over an excited Michael to a calm Ilona, we spoke their names.

That was as far as we got. They just sat there absorbed in each other.

And now Hollywood's greatest romance is Michael and Ilona. The two are seen constantly together.

Recently, in the corset section of a local department store, we ran head on into Michael waiting patiently for his mother.

"I can't thank you enough," he enthused. "It's the romance of my life."

So PHOTOPLAY takes a bow for furnishing its own "Who's going with whom" material.

French Accent on a Practical Joke

THE French wife of Fernand Gravet is wading through the intricate and weighty business of learning English.

A wag, meeting her at the studio, offered to help. "If you want to please and surprise Fernand with your progress, say to him when he arrives home this evening, "You are a ham."

Delighted Mrs. Gravet memorized the line and waited for her handsome husband's return.

"Fernand," she cried "you are a—" and then stopped. "I have mislaid the word," she cried. "Oh, I am sorry."

"What does it sound like?" Fernand urged.

"Oh, it was lovely, I am sure. Something so nice. Oh I am so sorry."

The Gravets are still wondering about the lost and so-beautiful word.

Rudy, How Could You?

HOLLYWOOD is still in a well-maybe-we're-wrong daze.

It seems the first day Rudy Vallee reported on the "Gold Diggers in Paris" set, he carried a book under his arm. Between each scene Rudy would hurry back to his book, feverishly turning the pages.

"What's he reading?" Allen Jenkins kept asking everyone.

"I think it's a mystery story," Rosemary Lane replied. "No other kind of book could be so absorbing."

However, no member of the cast could ever

The Ice Follies of 1938 brought out the town. Myrna Loy and husband Arthur Hornblow made an informal evening of it . . .

. . . while J. Walter Ruben kept a formal date with a lovely blonde—Virginia Bruce Ruben

In the spotlight were Jimmy Stewart, Doug, Jr. and those two inseparables, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon, who agree on the glamour of white for after-dark

get close enough to the book to find out, until one day Rudy carried the book from his set dressing room and carelessly laid it down on a chair.

With one fell swoop the cast was on the book. It was called "How to Act." Rudy was then on the chapter dealing with repression and its value.

Hollywood on Trial

A THIN wisp of a woman, still girlish in spite of more than thirty years before the footlights, tells an amazed reporter: "I am definitely through with films," in commenting on an offer of $85,000 for one picture.

Helen Hayes, who reached cinematic heights in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "A Farewell to Arms," ignores Hollywood to do one-night stands on the road in her sensational stage success, "Victoria Regina." In her devotion to the theater as opposed to the more lucrative field of motion-picture acting she is like such other stage favorites as Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, Gertrude Lawrence and Ruth Gordon, all deserving of the term: "Great."

Some years ago, Miss Fontanne made one picture for M-G-M, "The Guardsman," which was a great artistic success but made no money. In the early talkie days, Gertrude Lawrence made several pictures, but the results were so unfortunate that the very sight of a motion-picture studio makes her ill.

Neither Katharine Cornell nor Ruth Gordon has ever faced the camera. True, neither is beautiful in a conventional sense, yet each is far from unattractive. There is no reason why, with the aid of expert make-up and skilled photography, they should not emerge as extremely personable on the screen.

What is there about motion pictures which makes them refuse to make so much as a motion-picture test?

Is it because they have seen other fine actresses, such as Julie Haydon, Helen Chandler and Zita Johann, all of whom have youth as well as great acting talent, ignored and mishandled simply because Hollywood producers seemed unable to bring out to the fullest their rare and unique talents?

Is it because of the impersonal methods necessary in the studios geared to turn out a great many pictures each year?

Whatever the reason, fans are being deprived of an opportunity to enjoy the greatest acting talent of our age.

Hollywood owes this debt to the legions of motion-picture devotees who have helped to make it the rich, powerful industry it now is. The question now is what are we, the film-going public, going to do about it?

Preview Peep of a Newcomer—

HIS name is John Litel. Already fans are beginning to write in about the smoothness of his work and to ask questions about Warner Brothers' newest contribution to films. So, just so you can be ahead of the parade, we tell you:

He's direct from the New York stage. His father, a Wisconsin banker, insisted his son follow the family profession. He became an actor instead—only to play the banker friend of Kay Francis in "My Bill." He's so tickled to exchange the uncertainty of the stage for the security of movies and his orange ranch, he can't see straight. Thinks actors who keep yelling for the stage are blockheads.

Joined up with the French during the early stage of the World War and can tell stories 'til the cows come home. Pours coffee over his vanilla ice cream, has gone wild over petunia planting in his garden, knows how to meet all kids on a man-to-man basis and has stirred the fancy of all theater-goers in "Little Miss Thoroughbred," "Alcatraz Island" and others.

What's more, he's a honey. Take our word!

Farewell to Fans and Fame

"I'LL occasionally make a picture if they want me—providing I'm in California and providing it fits in with my husband's plans," Kay Francis told us recently over the telephone, "but otherwise the day I marry I'm finished with pictures as a career. I always said marriage and movies wouldn't mix, remember?

"Well, I meant that."

And so, with the pealing of wedding bells, a beautiful actress says farewell to fans and fame. "A good sport," Hollywood agrees. "Kay took the hard luck with chin up, no alibis and no tears of regret."

They refer to the recent series of "B" pictures handed Kay by her studio. Without a word, Kay accepted her lot and gave them her best.

Seen at the Phil Selznick Café: Hank Fonda, minus his spouse, and Josephine Hutchinson, minus her bonnet. Also sans chapeau, Simone Simon (below) squired by Joan Bennett's "ex," Gene Markey

"A good 'A' picture would have meant new life and a new beginning to Kay," Hollywood says. "Instead she took what they gave her and made a graceful exit."

Cheerio and good luck to Kay Francis, then, a beautiful lady who played the game.

The "Four Men" Go Wrong

REUNION in Vienna, the glamorous plot of yesterday's theater, has its rival in a recent Reunion in Hollywood. Only the latter is no playwright's pipe dream but is actually a real-life happening.

It seems Loretta Young decided to invite her four leading men of "Four Men And A Prayer" to a reunion luncheon. The boys, David Niven, George Sanders, Richard Greene and Bill Henry all accepted gladly, but, in a little pre-luncheon huddle, decided that a movie star's idea of luncheon couldn't possibly appease Four Hungry Men and an Appetite.

"You know how they eat," Niven said, "like a butterfly. I think it a jolly idea for each of us to stoke up on a round or two of hamburgers first. What say?"

So they stoked.

"Sorry, boys," Loretta greeted them, "but we've gone to no extra fuss. You'll eat just what I eat every day for lunch."

Niven passed out a see-what-did-I-tell-you look to the other boys and proceeded to the table.

They had soup first. Then a vegetable salad, large portion. Then baked sausages and sauerkraut with vegetables. Hot biscuits with jam followed with rich custard and a generous slice of chocolate cake.

Along about the sausage stopover, young Greene began wilting. At the hot biscuit stage, Niven and Henry turned a fascinating old ivory. Sanders held out to the custard round.

All four boys politely but unsteadily lurched from the table and excused themselves while Loretta looked on in astonishment.

"What's got into them?" she asked herself politely, finishing up all the extra pieces of cake.

The boys were later found on the studio gym floor—moaning softly.

"Four Men and a Stomach Ache" the gym instructor explained to the janitor. "Just let them alone."

Brian Aherne gives a party at the Victor Hugo before sailing for England. Above: Maureen O'Sullivan, the host, Andrea Leeds. Below: Herbert Marshall, Countess di Frasso, Edmund Goulding

It's Rare in Hollywood!

GEORGE BRENT, who has a delectable sense of humor, tells this story on himself.

During the making of "Mountain Justice," Director Michael Curtiz wandered onto the set one day for a visit and, approaching the assistant director, said, "Who plays the girl in this picture?" He was told Josephine Hutchinson.

"Oh, yes, and who plays the father?" The answer was Robert Barrat.

"Oh," said Curtiz, "and who plays the hero?"

"George Brent," came the answer, whereupon, Curtiz threw one hand up in the air, crying, "Stop, I have enough," and went goose-stepping off the set.

(Continued on page 70)

CANDID PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

★ **WHITE BANNERS—Warners**

STERN and stuffed with preachments, this sad story has a few things in its favor. One is manly Jackie Cooper's nice acting as a sixteen-year-old who needs regeneration. Out of the storm to a poor inventor's family comes Fay Bainter, whose saintly qualities get sticky at times; she takes over the household, eggs the professor-inventor, Claude Rains, on to devising the first electric refrigerator, nurses Bonita Granville through pneumonia and gets a glint in her eye periodically when she sees Jackie. This is because, in reality, he's her illegitimate son. Out of all this comes a series of lectures on the "turn the other cheek" philosophy; Jackie's conversion into a young scientist; and a fine renunciation scene when the boy's father returns.

★ **TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount**

PRODUCER ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR., deserves a hand-embroidered sombrero for this comedy musical. It is swell summer fare. It is also timely, with the headlines screaming Mexico. And Mexico it is—not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight, but a sleepy coastal town, where Ray Milland, a screwy Hollywood writer, goes to get an idea for a screen romance. He finds love with Dorothy Lamour, a native in a skirt this time—with ruffles! Fireworks pop when Ray's screen star lady friend learns she's been jilted.

The tropical settings, the Ensenada Singers, the Dominguez Brothers' Marimba Band, Tito Guizar's songs—all are elegant. Bob Burns and Martha Raye, both toned down, are consequently really funny.

★ **HOLIDAY—Columbia**

WITH all the fuss about Katharine Hepburn and exhibitors complaining that she is not box-office, this has a special interest in that it presents her in a more appealing fashion than ever before. The hurried, accented speech, so susceptible to parody, has almost disappeared; she is warm and sincere and distinctly interesting. "Holiday" itself has always been a distinguished story, although in 1938 it will seem a little dated. You can't ask a recession-ridden audience to weep over the unhappiness of people who are so filthy rich they live in a house like an apartment hotel, and don't know what to do with their money.

Cary Grant, inimitably reassuring in this somewhat solemn shriek against the evil of piling up riches, plays the philosophical young businessman who falls in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions. He wants to get enough money together to take a holiday and find himself; she wants him to go into her father's bank and slave. There follows nearly an hour and a half of discussion about this, with Miss Hepburn, Doris' rebellious elder sister, pulling for Cary—whom she, unhappily, loves also. This version is much longer than the one Ann Harding made, and much more talkative. George Cukor has directed it at a leisured pace and each portrayal is a masterpiece in itself, especially that of Lew Ayres as the disillusioned and drunken younger brother. Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon both do a sympathetic job as amiable, if poor, friends of Grant's.

★ **ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox**

MR. ZANUCK calls this an American Cavalcade told in music and there can be no better way to describe it. After a series of mediocre productions this gorgeous picture is a reminder that Hollywood can still give out with the best entertainment in the world. Filled with nostalgic melody, lavishly created, splendidly directed and with a cast of beautiful and talented people, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is directly appealing to every type of theater-goer.

The story begins on the Barbary Coast thirty years ago when a Nob Hill renegade to ragtime, Tyrone Power, discovers the music of Irving Berlin's "Ragtime Band" in a honky tonk and introduces it. Don Ameche plays the piano in Tyrone's little group and Alice Faye, a cheap-looking café singer, does the warbling. As Power adjusts her to his standards of taste, love comes to them; the band rises to success, Alice becomes a musical-comedy star and Ameche turns song writer. Then War—Tyrone and Alice quarrel, he goes to the front, and she marries Don. After the Armistice Tyrone returns to build Alexander's band once more to phenomenal heights and the picture culminates romantically and melodically at Carnegie Hall.

The thread of story is not too exceptional, although it has one magnificent climax in the renunciation scene. More important is that one man's music, played in 1938, can recapture so completely three decades of American social history. Ethel Merman, Jack Haley, Jean Hersholt, Helen Westley and others deliver exceptional performances.

★ **LORD JEFF—M-G-M**

SINCE Freddie Bartholomew has grown out of the Eton collar stage, his studio has been hard put to find perfect stories for him. This one seems to be a kind of answer, although in it he must again share all honors (as in "The Devil Is a Sissy" and "Captains Courageous") with that fine young actor, Mickey Rooney.

Freddie plays a rich orphan boy who's the dupe of jewel thieves. When he's caught, he's sent to a British merchant marine training school where he meets Mickey, boy petty officer. Antagonism grows between the two kids, and Freddie's adjusted adolescent mind leads him into trouble from which Mickey, unwilling, but spurred by a sense of duty, must rescue him. It's a story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship.

Charles Coburn and Herbert Mundin both have excellent opportunities and use them, but Gale Sondergaard (still remembered for her knockout performance in "Anthony Adverse") is not at her best. The most consistent scene stealer is a tiny lad named Terry Kilburn, who, despite Rooney's salty performance, and the brave little appeal of Bartholomew, succeeds wholly in capturing the audience's heart.

Director Sam Wood's direction of the marine scenes in the English Navy is as fine as in those he created for "Navy Blue and Gold" and will hold interest for any one in these days of "big navy" talk. The entire picture is so pure, you may bring the entire family. They will enjoy it immensely.

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

THE Frères Warner have made another musical. Our impulse is to repeat that sentence until all the space is used up, but this one deserves special comment because it has an amusing story twist, Rudy Vallee and the Schnickelfritz Band in it. Mistaken identity is used to the hilt, with Hugh Herbert, as a French representative (ugh), thinking Vallee's Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet group and inviting them to the Paris Exposition. They go, get into trouble, save everything by presenting their own show.

Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. The best numbers are "I Wanna Go Back to Bali" and "A Stranger in Paree." Production is lavish, of course, with plenty of Berkeley girls.

★ THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal

IT was probably inevitable that Universal would introduce new star Danielle Darrieux in a comedy. The surprising thing is that Darrieux took the tired script and made it successful entertainment. As a French girl out of work, she sets out to get a rich husband—and, by golly, gets one. Louis Hayward, who apparently drips with the necessary, is snapping at her bait when Doug Fairbanks, Jr., comes along, kidnaps the gal, takes her to his mountain lodge. At this point there is much cute business which Darrieux carries off hilariously.

Both Hayward and Doug, Jr., live up to Miss Darrieux's pace. Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer are very chipper—but watch the stars shine for the newcomer. Enfin—Heigh Ho the Darrieux!

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

THREE sisters, living on a chicken farm, get a legacy, decide to spend the money to secure a rich husband for one sister. Lots are drawn. Loretta Young wins. In Santa Barbara, chosen as the base of the trio's man hunt, there are two men. One, Joel McCrea, looks rich but isn't; the other, David Niven, both looks it and is. Loretta chooses Joel; finds he's broke; takes David. Then Joel comes back, says "But we love each other"—and she goes back to him. The other sisters, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore, are then constrained to find a solution that will reconcile wealth and love.

This is the prize package of all recent stories about predatory girls, but you will find it amusing. Wise-cracking Binnie Barnes takes top honors.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Alexander's Ragtime Band — **Tropic Holiday**
Holiday — **White Banners**
Lord Jeff — **The Rage of Paris**
Hold That Kiss — **Yellow Jack**
Three Blind Mice

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Tyrone Power in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
Don Ameche in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris"

Fay Bainter in "White Banners"
Jackie Cooper in "White Banners"

Mickey Rooney in "Lord Jeff"
Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff"

Binnie Barnes in "Three Blind Mice"

Dick Powell in "Cowboy from Brooklyn"

Robert Montgomery in "Yellow Jack"

Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday"
Cary Grant in "Holiday"

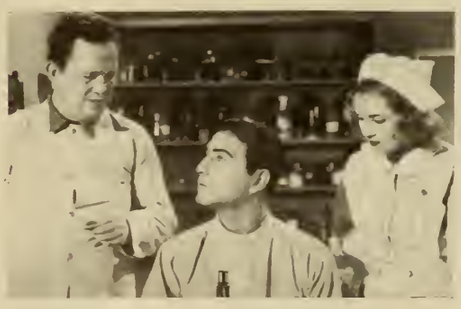
Mickey Rooney in "Hold That Kiss"
Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hold That Kiss"

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

INTO this emaciated yarn, transparently thin in spots, Richard Dix manages to inject a neat and wholesome bit of entertainment. Dix poses as a blind sculptor in order to retrieve stolen letters from a museum piece of statuary. *Ace*, the Wonder Dog, comes in for plenty of honors when the thieves gang up on Dix. Whitney Bourne, Frances Mercer and Eduardo Ciannelli feature in the cast.

THE LADY IN THE MORGUE—Universal

REGARDLESS of the rather gruesome title, this turns out as a breezy high-stepping little mystery tale with Preston Foster once again proving himself a modern Sherlock Holmes. When a woman's body is found in a hotel room with no clues to her identity or her murderer, Foster steps in, and presto-chango—the mystery is solved. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers.



PRISON NURSE—Republic

ANOTHER Big House story dealing with a convict doctor, Henry Wilcoxon, who wins a pardon for his aid in stemming a typhoid fever epidemic in prison. However, just as Wilcoxon is about to be freed, he becomes innocently involved in a prison break and loses his freedom. Marian Marsh and Johnny Arledge complete the cast principals. Dull and pointless throughout, so just skip it.

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

LAUREL AND HARDY return to the screen in a picture far below their usual high brand of comedy. The boys, mousetrap salesmen, journey to Switzerland, where they meet Della Lind, who is in love with her composer, Walter Woolf King. Each routine seems stale and reminiscent of Mack Sennett. King and Miss Lind sing pleasingly.

(Continued on page 89)

Picture-making is fun when the script is "You Can't Take It With You"; the director, Frank Capra; the actors, Lionel Barrymore and Jean Arthur

WE COVER

Our studio sleuth looks in on summer sets to check up for you on a long list of surprise packages for the fall

BY JACK WADE

IF Hollywood is on the spot these days—one thing is certain. It's as busy as a bird dog working its way off.

We heard that the stars weren't clicking and a lot of pictures weren't sticking out in the wide, wide world. So we decided to run right out and see what the studios are doing about it.

And that, take it from us, is plenty!

If this summer's line-up of big pictures doesn't ring the welkin in the fall, then you better get out your old stereoptican slide and view again the wonders of Niagara Falls and Paris After Dark.

But we don't think that will be at all necessary.

For one thing, Frank Capra is back at work, making "You Can't Take It With You" at Columbia. That's our first stop, because Frank Capra is Hollywood's Medicine Man. He has a genius for giving the movies a "shot in the arm" when they most need it. Remember "It Happened One Night," and "Mister Deeds Goes to Town"?

Well, after watching one big scene of "You Can't Take It With You," we'll risk our roll on another Capra hit. This hilarious but homey Broadway play, by Kaufman and Hart, looks like what the doctor ordered for sagging box-office lines.

IT'S delightful and delirious—all about a family of relaxed people who believe in having their fun out of life while they're on earth to enjoy it.

We look in on one of the swellest of scenes—the night Jimmy Stewart, a rich boy in love with Jean Arthur, arrives to meet Jean's family. Everything goes wrong for Jean, and the bewildered Jimmy thinks he's in a madhouse. Lionel Barrymore as *Grandpa,* Spring Byington as the fluttery *Penny,* Jimmy, Jean, Sam Hinds, Halliwell Hobbes, Mischa Auer—practically the whole cast joins in the full house of family boners that makes Capra grin from ear to ear, and keeps the assistant director screaming "Quiet!" to down the lusty chuckles of all present—including us.

When a scene is long, fast and furious, with lines overlapping and all the uptakes quick, you'd be surprised how a studio set onlooker loses himself in the action. Three times Capra has to "cut" because of squealing bystanders; only once because an actor muffs a line!

SUCH a set we've never seen. It's strewn with household gimcracks and gewgaws that seem to have been assembled from all the swap-shops in the land. It's a prop man's nightmare, too, we learn, because Capra's been shooting the same scene on two stages; one on location ten miles away. Every day they've been hauling the doodads back and forth and putting them in place, like a jigsaw puzzle.

After the "cut" Jean Arthur sweeps by, snooty and unsmiling. Jean does not win our popularity contest in Hollywood, but maybe she doesn't want to be the life of the party. She looks very much the same after her year's hold-out. Columbia used this grand part to lure her back again after her sulk about bad assignments. Still, she doesn't look a bit happy about it.

Jimmy Stewart is more congenial. While he takes an experimental workout on the xylophone, he tells us he's the luckiest guy in the world to get a part in this picture—but someone else tells us that Capra considers himself the lucky one to get Jim. He held up the picture a week, until Jimmy finished "Shopworn Angel"—just couldn't see anyone but that Stewart boy in the part.

We get in a word with Capra, while the Miracle Man leans back in his canvas chair under the camera. We're after his directing secret and we tell him so. "If I had a secret," he smiles genially, "I certainly wouldn't tell it—but I haven't! I just get the right actors and the right script. Then there's nothing to it!"

Well, maybe not. But that "nothing" is quoted at a cool million dollars on the open market in

Anne Shirley, Ralph Morgan, Ruby Keeler and Fay Bainter are involved when the feathers start to fly in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

Hollywood. That "nothing" is the little item that makes every Capra picture the "white hope" of Hollywood. That "nothing," ladies and gentlemen, is one of the greatest assets in the movie business—and "You Can't Take It With You." But oh, how many studios wish they could!

Prospect number two for a greater fall movie menu is steaming up at Selznick International. No—not "Gone with the Wind." In fact, a little sparrow chirped to us that "Jezebel" put a serious crimp in production plans for that too-long delayed picture. As we stalk up the walk to the white colonial Selznick piazza, however, a sign tells us it's "Scarlett Way"—so they're still thinking about it over there, anyway.

"THE YOUNG IN HEART" brings S-I to life again. It also brings Janet Gaynor back to the screen after too, too many months. And how it brings her back! The first thing we notice when we step on the set is Gaynor, or rather Gaynor's graceful gams—or just plain legs, if you prefer. Didn't know she had 'em, did you? Well—you'll see.

For this is the first time in history Janet has ventured the movie world a peep at her pretty supports. She's strolling around in a pirate outfit, as we come up. Big, floppy, skull-and-crossbones hat, shirtwaist and such short panties! It's a shame they're not making this one in Technicolor like Janet's last, "A Star Is Born," because there is no red hair in Hollywood with just that heavenly sheen that Janet's has. And no brown eyes, either.

THE STUDIOS

"The Young In Heart" stems from I. A. R. Wylie's saga of a delightfully irresponsible clan, "The Gay Banditti." It promises to start a new cycle of insane pictures—but this time intelligently insane ones, if that makes sense. Slapstick vulgarity is out—witty dialogue and adultly amusing situations are on the way in. Sophisticated screwballs, as it were. The cast of this ties in with that idea—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke—and a new, smooth lover, Richard Carlson, who'll fling woo with Janet while Doug gets Paulette to pet.

Only Janet and Richard are on hand to thrill us with *amour* today, but Billie Burke, Roland Young and a crowd of brilliantly costumed guests cluster around a gaming table in a Riviera villa set, clinking silver recklessly. (In the movies you don't have to go broke at that pastime.) The camera shoots through this group and out on the balcony where Richard Carlson, in a gorgeous Scotch tartan get-up, is to stroll arm in arm with Janet. When they tested him for this part they made sure Richard had a shapely brace of calves, so Janet's streamliners wouldn't put him out on a limb, so to speak. Now, in kilties, he looks beautiful but a little unhappy.

"What's the matter?" we ask him.

"No pockets in this darn' thing," he grumbles.

"And what," inquires Miss Gaynor, "would a Scotchman want with pockets?"

Just when Director Richard Wallace is ready to roll, Janet, to our amazement, slips into a

Paulette Goddard, on the side lines since "Modern Times," at last experiences that first day on the set of Selznick-International's "The Young in Heart"

polo coat and trips nonchalantly over to her dressing room. A second later the camera whirrs and there goes Janet strolling across the scene! It isn't black magic at all—just Eleanor, her new stand-in, who's so much like Gaynor in every department that they can use her in the long shots!

"My Lucky Star," the Sonja Henie film at 20th Century-Fox, offers one of the most spectacular sets of the month—a complete college campus, white with gypsum snow. Sonja's a little coed in this one, sent to school by a big department store, to get the college cuties clothes-minded. She changes sensational habits every few feet of film, and loves it.

We find her done up in white dress and hat with candy-stripe trimmings, sitting in a college sweet shop set, tearing into a strawberry sundae. In this scene, Richard Greene, TCF's new Boy Beautiful, keeps her company because Richard's the love interest.

The minute the Director cries, "Print it!" Sonja hops across the set where a soda fountain is set up. It's a real one, too, with honest-to-goodness ice cream, phosphates and fizz. "Strawberry sundae," she orders!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S having a little trouble on the "Lucky Penny" set, so we have to pass it by for a peek at Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver in the circus film, "I'll Give a Million," with Peter Lorre and Jean Hersholt.

We're amazed that everything Director Walter Lang shoots today is in one take. After two or three scenes, even Warner gets suspicious. "Say," he asks Lang, "have you got a date, or something?"

"Don't kid me," interrupts Marjorie. "You two are going fishing and you want to get through!"

We have to drive over the hills to fashionable Bel-Air where the richer movie moguls live, to watch Barbara Stanwyck earn her salary in "Always Goodbye." The company has taken over a magnificent private mansion with a big garden.

In back of the house mammoth gold-leafed reflectors burn the sunshine in. Barbara cries for help after a few minutes.

While she cools off, Director Sidney Lanfield explains the plot of "Always Goodbye" to us. As we suspected, it's another self-sacrifice part for Barbara, in spite of the wardrobe finery. Once you show a talent for something in Hollywood, you'll get more of it—you can bet on that. Barbara plays a fallen woman whose love for her baby makes her give up real romance, and choose the man who'll give her boy the best future. That, in this case, is Ian Hunter. Herbert Marshall's the beloved loser.

Seeing Ian getting the girl is almost too much for us, and him, too. "I can't understand it," he grins. "I always suffer and suffer, in a welter of unrequited love!"

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer we find that the only two new films actually before the camera are "Woman Against Woman," with the ubiquitous Herbert Marshall, Mary Astor and Virginia Bruce, and Battling Bob Taylor's second he-man drama, "The Crowd Roars."

"Woman Against Woman" for us, is a closed issue, because only technical shots are on the card, so, skipping this adult divorce triangle, we size up Terrible Taylor, the leather pusher.

"The Crowd Roars" looks very much like a cross between "Golden Boy" and "Kid Galahad," with a little bit of every past prize-fight picture thrown in. Bob's an East Side kid whose pop, Frank Morgan, wants him to be an opera singer. But he gets mixed up with the fight world and the racketeers, and then it's too late. Maureen O'Sullivan is the good influence again, and Edward Arnold, Nat Pendleton and Isabel Jewell handle the character parts.

A large prize ring looms in the center of the stage, where Bob will square off with professional punchers in a few days. Bob has another ring at his Northridge estate. He's taking this fighting stuff seriously. Maybe he has a few reporters in mind!

WE find Warner Brothers, our next studio hop, pretty firmly in the grip of the Lane-Morris combine. The Lanes, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, have made Fannie Hurst's "Sister Act" a strictly family matter.

"Sister Act" is small-town, human-heart stuff—about a family of girls who all long for one man, but pretend to one another they don't care a bean for him. The young man so delicately desired is a new Warner hope, one Jeffrey Lynn, who stepped right from nowhere into this grand part because Errol Flynn decided to cruise around Cat Cay in the Caribbean, rather than come back to work. The part was meant for Errol.

Jeffrey's on the side lines today, though. This scene's all feminine and seventy-five percent Lane. The fourth sister is Gale Page.

We watch a nice "Sister Fight" scene, after which the Lanes' small niece, "Missy," comes toddling up and asks us, "Where's Weenie?"

We look blank. "'Weenie'," Lola explains, "is Wayne—Wayne Morris."

"Oh," we say and promise "Missy" we'll go find "Weenie" right now.

SO we do. He's out on the back lot where that old favorite, "Valley of the Giants," is under way at last.

It suits Wayne perfectly. He's a big, rugged guy with a natural outdoor look, anyway. And in "Valley of the Giants" there'll be plenty of magnificent scenery and virile action to match his husky personality. The scene is laid in the mountain country of California, in the early days of the lumber industry, when men were men and women a good excuse for a fight. Wayne plays the manly, good influence of the camp, versus that perpetual movie troublemaker, Charles Bickford. The girl, Claire Trevor, Alan Hale, Jack LaRue and El Brendel kick the rugged plot along with Western character.

Warners are busy on "Garden of the Moon," their night-club musical, which we covered last month, and "Racket Busters" with George Brent, Walter Abel, Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Dickson and Penny Singleton. "Racket Busters" is the sort of thing Warners can do better than any other studio, in our opinion. As you can guess, it's an exposé of a racket—this time the trucking racket—and we don't mean the dance.

They'll be rehearsing on the "Racket Busters" set for an hour or two. We watch Lloyd Bacon direct a fast-talking rehearsal with Penny Singleton, Allen Jenkins, George and the roughest looking bunch of truckin' mugs ever collected in Hollywood. One line gives us a chuckle. Penny Singleton, hands on hips, is giving George a piece of her mind. "Women!" she cries. "What do *you* know about women?" Offhand, Penny, we'd say the answer is "Quite a lot," but this is no place to bring in personalities. So we tiptoe away from temptation and head for Paramount where the ultra-violent Martha Raye is wrecking the Navy in "Give Me A Sailor."

In "Give Me A Sailor," inspired by Charlotte Greenwood's old hit, "Linger Longer Letty," Martha's an ugly duckling who blunders into a national leg contest, wins it and then goes glamour girl in a big way, winning Ensign Bob Hope right away from luscious Betty Grable. Along the way there's plenty of opportunity for a parade of funny gags, some cute and hot Robin and Rainger songs and a chance for musical-comedy star, Jack Whiting, to join in.

UP the street at RKO, we find something we've been waiting a long time to see, namely: our favorite twosome—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, back together again in "Carefree."

Fred is a psychiatrist in "Carefree," one of those trick doctors who can tell you all about your complexes, inhibitions and suppressed desires. He goes to work on Ginger to make her break down and fall for his pal, Ralph Bellamy. But she fools him by breaking down and falling for Fred instead! The dances and the songs—all by Irving Berlin—fit into a fast and funny hypnotic routine.

RKO is shooting to capacity with "Northern Flights," a commercial aviation picture with Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Joan Fontaine, and "Cheating the Stars," a film exposé of the astrology racket with two newcomers, Frances Mercer and Allan Lane. But we've been waiting a long time to see Ruby Keeler in the turning point of her career, so we make quick tracks in the direction of "Mother Carey's Chickens."

"Mother Carey's Chickens" was originally booked for Ginger Rogers, but Ginger was too busy. Ruby was under contract at RKO and agreed to do it. She's staking a lot on how it turns out, but nobody ever called a Keeler a scared-cat, although Ruby confessed to us she was pretty nervous the first day of shooting after an absence of a year and a half. Director Rowland Lee cured her by calling off a dramatic scene and moving the script up to a pillow fight!

"After that," Ruby smiles, "I was relaxed all right—and so were the pillows."

It's odd after watching a particularly tear-jerking scene, somehow, to see Ruby Keeler light a cigarette, Anne Shirley rouge. Those things seem out of place. We shrug our shoulders—actors are just actors after all.

Then we notice a little rim of flesh tape around one of Ruby Keeler's fingers. Did she hurt her hand?

"No," she tells us, "that's my wedding ring under there. I've never had it off since I married Al. I wouldn't take it off for the best part in Hollywood!"

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Royer created this perfect two-piece summer frock of Bianchini's Toile Croisiere white linen for Barbara Stanwyck, RKO star, to wear in 20th Century-Fox's "Always Goodbye." Royer embroiders the blouse with orange and green yarn, and stresses the green contrast by a Knox sailor of rough straw. The white cashmere vest is finished smartly at the neckline with a choker of pearls

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

On this page, Gail Patrick wears the grey wool jersey travel suit that will be a highlight of Universal's "Wives Under Suspicion." The fabric of the jacket and cape banding is striped in white; the cape is hip-length with graceful flare, and the trim skirt is pencil slim. Gail's grey felt beret is tied on with black veiling

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES

Norma Shearer, whose return to the screen is heralded in the M-G-M film, "Marie Antoinette," poses in her first fashion photograph. It is exclusive to Photoplay. Her white silk jersey gown, designed for formal evening wear, has a softly draped skirt held by a wrapped belt, and a fitted bodice trimmed and closed with self-covered buttons

Hip-length jackets are Hollywood favorites for topping prints. Ann Miller, RKO player to appear in Columbia's Frank Capra production, "You Can't Take It with You," selects hers in black Shantung linen, contrasting her beige background Berliner print flowered in orange, yellow, green and black. The collarless jacket has waistline buttons and inverted pockets. Ann's hat has a high flatiron crown, her toeless white suède pumps have vamp motifs, lacing and heels of black

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN

Renie, designer for RKO, features the marine influence in this grand tropic suit of white tricotine that she created for Lucille Ball. The jacket outline band, pockets, buttons, bound buttonholes and high-neck blouse are of navy, and this contrast color is repeated most effectively in the trim of the white felt hat Lucille wears. The gloves are hand-stitched in navy and the white kid bag matches the slip-on, heel-less, toeless shoes. Lucille's last film was RKO's "Go Chase Yourself"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIEHLE

CAMPUS OUTLOOK

PHOTOGRAPHS (ABOVE AND OPPOSITE PAGE) BY CARPENTER

The wise girl, planning her campus clothes, thinks first of a casual coat and hat ensemble. Phyllis Brooks (below), of 20th Century-Fox's "Straight," Place and Show," selects this Voris ensemble: hat and coat of brown suède with silk lining striped in red, green, blue and brown. Her bag is of rawhide

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE KORNMAN

Our prospective coed then considers another important point: the woolen suit that will go to school, to week ends, to football games and "to town." Anita Louise, Warner star borrowed for M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette," suggests a contrast suit of black and white (above). A white slub yarn stripes the black woolen of the single-breasted, fitted, collarless jacket that is outlined with black silk braid and belted with kidskin. The stripes on the banding of the slit pockets run contrariwise to effect a novel detail. The skirt is a four-gored black woolen; the hat, black felt with tiny crown veil and chin ties

Maureen O'Sullivan, who is to be seen next in M-G-M's "The Crowd Roars," also suggests a contrast suit for this all-purpose "must" campus costume. The skirt of cocoa brown tweed is topped by a box jacket of periwinkle blue and brown check. Maureen wisely intensifies the lighter hue by wearing a cashmere sweater of the same delicate shade. The deeply notched, collarless neckline of the jacket is a trick and compelling style note. The narrow felt band that gathers the crown of Maureen's brown felt hat slips through the brim to form a chin strap that ties in an amusing large bow

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Photoplay's Fashion Club Styles

To dramatize delightful summer evenings, Doris Nolan, currently appearing in Columbia's "Holiday," suggests three of the season's loveliest gowns. The black silky lace model (it also comes in white) at the right is frankly borrowed from the ball gown of a 19th Century Southern belle. Grosgrain ribbon bands and bows accent the décolletage and waistline. Her second gown (below), created in the same period mood, has a bodice fitted over stays to assure support to the low décolletage which is softly trimmed with footing to match the edging of the hemline. It comes in this luscious white with contrast flowers or in pastels. Pouf sleeves that broaden the shoulders and exaggerate the tiny waistline and a softly gathered heart-shape bodice outlined with pleating and caught with bouquets lend picturesque charm to this youthful pink satin formal in Empire style. Comes in white and other pastels

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN

MIDSEASON MIRACLE

Are you seeking that "Midseason Miracle" costume that combines the summer gaiety of color and the autumn chic of black? Adrienne Ames, who returns to the screen via Progressive's "Slander House," shows you just such a find—the trick lies in the dusty-pink crepe knife-pleated panel, the matching pearls and gloves! Adrienne's halo hat is of black stitched taffeta. Her shoes and bag are of patent to match the leather in the belt of her frock

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIGI DE ANGELIS

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Marie Wilson presents variations of a new cool, summer coiffure. A double row of pin curls, completely encircling her head, may be combed loosely (above) and caught by an ingenue ribbon . . .

. . . or transformed by subtle arrangement into a smartly sculptured headdress for important evenings. Marie has discovered a way to give her locks that lovely luster, too

The upward trend in hair-do's sponsored by Hollywood offers anyone a new personality—even a dual one!

HAIR MUST RISE TO THE OCCASION—Hollywood, rather bored with the regulation page-boy hair style and its long bob with the curled-up ends, is very heartily supporting the new trend toward a high coiffure. And when Hollywood goes in for a new style, the rest of the country dashes pell-mell to be in on it, too.

There are so many lovely variations of this upward hair trend that I'm sure you can adapt it to your own advantage. You can look more exciting, more charming—you can even change your whole type by merely giving yourself a new hair-do. Besides, a new coiffure does wonders for your morale as well as your appearance. It gives you a bright new outlook on life. A nice thing about a higher coiffure, too, is that it's so grand and cool for the summer.

Summer hair styles should be simple because you're wearing light simple dresses. However, every now and then we're faced with a very festive occasion and we want a coiffure that's a little more elaborate. And experimenting with a new style just before a great occasion is often a boomerang, because if you don't like it, you don't have the time to change it. So the trick is to have your hair done in a way that's perfect for daytime and yet can be adapted to a more formal style.

I saw Marie Wilson on the set of "Boy Meets Girl," and she helped me solve the problem of a double-duty hairdress. She posed for the pictures on this page, illustrating how you can have your hair set so that it can be combed out in a daytime style and then also be arranged for evening.

You can have your hairdresser set your hair in these little pin curls around your head. Here's how it's done: the hair on the crown of the head is parted in the center from the top of the crown to a point about two inches from the forehead. Then the hair is swept up from the temples to meet the band of pin curls which completely circles the head. The body of the hair is brushed to follow the lines of the head, and rather loose pin curls follow over the ears and meet at the center back.

For general daytime wear, the hair is combed out loosely. From the center part, the hair at either side of the face is swept up and back, meeting the rest of the hair over the ears. The top of the head and the back are brushed smoothly down, and the ends curled softly up so that you have a crown of curls circling your head. A narrow ribbon holds the hair up off the face and ties in a neat bow at the top. It's a very charming, youthful style, and one of the smartest to be seen around town. Don't forget, though, that the ends must be combed out very loosely and allowed to curl up as they please.

Now, for that dance at the country club that you've been looking forward to all summer (and you have firmly made up your mind that you're going to look sensational that night!), you simply concoct yourself a brand new hairdress by combing out your hair in a different way.

Marie shows you how you can achieve this formal hairdress by brushing out the pin curls and sweeping all of the front hair upward across the front to either temple. Comb out the ends into large loose curls across the front of the head. Notice the soft wave at the temple that softens the face and avoids the harsh look that strained-back hair tends to give. Get yourself one of the rat-tail combs that taper to a point. You wind the curly hair over your finger with the tapered end of the comb to make these soft curls. Your hairdresser always uses it and you can rearrange the curls at home much more easily with it.

For the back of this formal hairdress, the hair is brushed down flat to the head from the center part and the ends combed out loosely in soft curls. Marie wears a band of small gardenias pinned in place to hold the hair close to the head. It gives a clean-cut modeling to the back of the head as well as being extremely smart and attractive. This hair-do is becoming to almost any type of face and you can see how it heightens the youthful charm and dignity of Marie's pretty face.

If you're a blonde like Marie, and want to accent the loveliness of gleaming blonde hair, you may find Marie's method of caring for her hair helpful. She shampoos her hair twice a week, alternating between soap and dry sham-

(Continued on page 85)

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

The most sought-after girl in Hollywood has married only once. That marriage was a failure. Yet her one year as Grant Withers' wife affected Loretta more than anyone has ever known

THERE was a gentle, warm night gathering outside and Loretta Young Withers knew it, sensed it while she stood and passionately kissed the dark young man with the glossy hair. She said aloud, "I adore you. There's no need to tell you that. But this must not be," and she said it well. But she was thinking: *I've got to get out of here, I'm tired and I can't be tired tonight, he will be there, he won't like it if I'm tired.*

"Okay," a voice said, and a whistle blew, and lights went up. "Print that. No more now."

She walked slowly over to her dressing room without even glancing again at the man who had held her so closely a moment before. She opened the door and went in and saw Grant lounging against the piled cushions of the little built-in sofa. As it always did, a clear shock started suddenly under Loretta's chin and ran downward in the instant before he kissed her. She thought: *It stopped at my knees tonight, though. I must really be tired.*

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Born FOR Romance

BY HOWARD SHARPE

The cream of the Hollywood male crop has vied, year after year, for dates with Loretta. Here are some of the chosen few:

1 In 1931, it was Mervyn Le Roy, now married to Doris Warner, who was seen here, there and everywhere with her

2 For a while after the film, "Man's Castle," coworkers Spencer Tracy and Loretta saw the town together

3 Then Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor's "ex," went to the top of the list. But this twosome was but a brief prelude to . . .

4 . . . her two-year romance with Director Eddie Sutherland. Filmtown, speculating on wedding bells, was disappointed . . .

5 . . . for David Niven, whose name had often been coupled with Merle Oberon's, began to buy Loretta's gardenias

6 On these nights, however, it's writer Joe Mankiewicz who rings the Young doorbell with the best results

Outside, in the motor court, she said, "Take the big car home, Smith. We'll use the roadster." As they drove down Sunset Boulevard, a little later, she let the wind blow the careful curls of her hair into frantic clutter and inched herself to the left until her shoulder touched his comfortably.

"I didn't know such happiness could exist," she murmured. "Or such love as ours. There was nothing like this in the books I read . . ." Her mind remembered suddenly that the words she had just spoken were out of a romantic novel, and she recognized the circumstances: a roadster, a tropical night, two lovers.

I needn't have said that. It would have been just as well if I hadn't. He didn't answer—

"Let's go back to the apartment and have dinner together alone," she said out loud. "I'm sick of dining out."

Grant turned the car around at the next intersection. "That'll be fun," he agreed listlessly.

AT home—at the storybook apartment they had furnished as soon as they had come back from Yuma—Loretta rang for the cook and then went over to the huge radio, touched a button, watched the top open into a bar. "I'll fix you a martini," she told Grant with a deliberate gay note in her voice. "Ring for Anna again, will you?"

Four seconds later she remembered. "Oh how silly! Never mind—I told her this morning she could go to the beach this evening. I thought . . ." She saw the quick annoyance in his eyes. "Well," she cried, "I'll just run you up a little something with my own lily white hands. Come on. We'll see what's in the refrigerator."

A little later, after she had tied a baby's cambric handkerchief that was an apron around her waist, she stood uncertainly holding the refrigerator door open, eyeing the mysteries within. "Are you *terribly* hungry, darling? I could do an egg—I think. And some tea. And apparently that's ice cream in that tray, there."

"Anything," Grant said. He took her shoulders suddenly and kissed the back of her neck. "It'll be ambrosia, if you fix it. I'll set the table." He was making an effort, too.

"YOU'RE not eating," she accused him, as they sat at supper.

His fork made little, unearnest dabs at his plate. "I can't figure out how you did this egg, is all."

A note of irritation colored her voice. "It was going to be boiled, but the shell broke so now it's poached."

The fork clattered against china. Grant smiled weakly. "We—maybe we should just go on down to the Derby and eat. It's not late—"

Loretta pushed her chair back with a scraping noise and stood up. "There's something wrong," she said.

"I don't mean the dinner—that just went haywire—but beyond that there's something wrong. With us. I've felt it all evening. Tell me."

"Don't be silly, sweet." He lit a cigarette. "There's nothing at all."

"I know there is. Tell me."

"Well—" He considered each word carefully —"you're not very practical, darling. You live in a dream world. You expect this place to run itself and life to flow smoothly and everything to be perfect, all the time. Marriage isn't like that.

"Just as an example, Anna should have been here tonight. She's never here. You let her off so often I forget what she looks like."

"Oh please, don't complain!" Loretta's eyes were wide with tears despite herself.

He shrugged.

She stared at him in silence. After a moment he turned, picked up his hat, and went out.

As the door closed behind him she grabbed a heavy crystal ash-tray and threw it with all her strength at the nearest window. There was suddenly a ragged hole in the glass and then, seconds later, came a faint tinkling far below. She stood still, quivering, for one full, tense moment, and then ran into her room and made a running dive for the bed.

AT about one o'clock she heard the bedroom door open softly. Grant came in and a moment later she felt his hand touch her shoulder. She sat up.

"I thought—you might like this," he said, holding out a package.

It was a bottle of perfume, a hundred dollar bottle, and he could not have paid cash for it. She thought: *But I don't care. He's so dear. I love him so much—*

She opened her arms and held him fiercely to her. "It'll never happen again," she said; "I promise you it will never happen again. Everything will be all right from now on."

But she lied, and she knew she lied.

She divorced Grant Withers eleven months after their marriage, but she had been living at

home with her mother and sisters for weeks before that. It was 1931, and she was eighteen, and in retrospect she could see that from the beginning the thing couldn't have been a success. She had fallen in love with a Prince composite of many Princes from many glamorous tales: seventeen, untutored in the ways of passion or of passing affairs, she had thought that when any two people needed each other so desperately as all that, the only thing to do was to get married. She weighed no consequences at the time, considered no futures. So far as she was concerned marriage was a state unassailed by common problems, set apart from the dusty world.

She had dreamed of a handsome lover, a perfect husband; of having a baby. Remembering her age, you can translate the entire matter into glandular equations if you like.

There was, underneath the casual manner Loretta had prepared for her family, a vague, indefinable hurt which she herself could not understand or interpret. It would be best, for the time, not to try analysis, not to lie awake at night examining her reactions, not to let the flood of realization loose her mind. It was 1931, with the Depression starting, but that didn't affect Loretta; Warners had put her under contract with a schedule for the year, which she had complained about at the time, but for which she was glad now.

LORETTA made ten pictures during 1931, working all day and every day except Sunday, when she studied scripts, and she bought a huge new Colonial house in Brentwood, filling it full of beautiful antiques and the members of her family, and she read one hundred and three serious books with only two romantic novels as balance, and she said to her mind and her heart: be still. Then, in the late winter she met a man whom we shall for any and all purposes call Bill Anstruthers, and gradually she was content again.

Bill was the antithesis of Grant: older than Loretta by twelve or thirteen years, a New Yorker, sophisticated and smooth and suave. He was, she felt, one of the best actors she had ever watched perform; his flattery, then, was of the subtlest kind when—knowing her opinion of him—he praised her professional ability.

She had dinner with him a few times and after that she was infatuated with him, an infatuation coloured by her experience with Grant, not quite so frantic, not quite so immeasurable; but it was enormously important.

For a month she saw him nightly, heard his low, controlled voice speak without affectation of things and places unknown to her, saw through his worldly eyes the glamour of a world less California, less physical and more mental in occupation, less linen-slacks and more dinner-jacket in mood.

He called for her one late afternoon when the sky, washing darker into night, was too clear for February, and the moon too large, and the air too warm, fragrant. As they drove slowly up toward Hollywood Loretta stretched suddenly back in the seat and said, teasingly, "There's only one thing to make this perfect, now, and that's for you to tell me you're married."

She was already laughing a little at her own gag when he said, very quietly, "I am."

"You're kidding." But the gaiety of her voice was belied by the pleading note in it.

. "No. I thought you knew. She's in New York. But—it doesn't make any difference, Loretta."

"Yes, it does. Bill, take me back now. I want to think about this."

He didn't protest. Back in her own room again, Loretta paced angrily from windows to chaise longue to wardrobe to windows, trying desperately to readjust her mind to this new circumstance. At last she thought, *It hasn't gone too far. I've not given him my whole heart. And I'm not going to be a fool. If I'd never known it would have been different—but if I let myself go into this now, opened myself to hurt, it would be my own fault. I'll go to San Francisco for a week or so, let it cool. It'll be all right.*

She rang for her maid.

THAT was Tuesday. On Thursday, as she came into her hotel suite after tea, the phone was ringing. It was her mother, calling from Brentwood. "There's a Doctor Edwards who's been calling you steadily since early last night," her mother said. "He won't leave any message or any number. He just wants to speak to you. I thought you'd better know."

"Edwards?" Loretta said. "A doctor? Hm. Well, if he calls again ask him to ring me here at the Mark Hopkins. Darling, you know that white piqué sports suit of mine with the red trim. . . ."

That night, while she was brushing her teeth, the phone rang again. "Los Angeles is calling," the operator said, and in another moment a male voice said, "Miss Young? This is Dr. Edwards—"

Bill Anstruthers, three hours after he had left her Tuesday afternoon, had been brought to a hospital for an emergency operation. "And he wants you," Dr. Edwards added. "His condition is critical, I'm afraid, and if you could come here to the hospital it might help a little."

"I'll catch the first plane down," she shouted, and hung up. After an hour of agitation she settled in the leather air cushion of the plane chair and waited impatiently for the take-off, thinking, *Only an hour or so. Poor Bill. Poor Bill—*

She half dozed and her mind worked involuntarily for a time. Suddenly she sat up, realizing that for half an hour she had been thinking of how unpleasant it would have been if this thing had happened while she had been with him. *I mustn't*, she thought, fiercely angry with herself *Poor Bill. Poor Bill. . . .*

When she got out of the plane, early in the morning, at Burbank, her car was waiting for her. She'd wired ahead For a moment she debated with herself, and then she said, "Home, Smith." She was tired and dirty and mussed. A bath, a clean dress, a cup of coffee, and she'd be more help at the hospital.

Her mother was up, waiting in the drawing room. "Darling," said Mrs. Young, coming forward. "I'm so sorry."

Loretta smiled carefully. It was better than crying. "It's all right, Mom," she said. "I'll feel better after a bath. That long trip—"

"You don't understand," said her mother. "He's dead."

SHE stood alone in the garden, watching the mouth of a copper satyr spout clear water into the pool, seeing the moon again, only slightly altered from the shape it had been the night Bill had said he had a wife in New York. She had decided to face it. Looking upward, she waited: now the multiple hurt, the dramatic sorrow of her personal liebestod could flow unchecked through her mind, washed in tears, if it would

After a long time she realized that nothing was happening, that nothing would happen. She felt pity for Bill and a sense that she had been cheated of something—or perhaps had mislaid it—as a result of his death. But there was nothing else.

She felt suddenly frightened, wondering if ever in her life an emotion had been genuine, real. She tried to recapture sensations, the reason for tears, the cause for joy in the years past in order to analyze them—but they were misty and mercurial. She had lived too long in a world of printed pages in which everything was prescribed for her, coated with glamorous polish; in which emotions were calculated to respond to a certain formula of writing.

Once she had cried, she remembered now, because the combination of a certain scent and a certain bar of music and a certain time of evening had made her sad; and this sorrow had been more real to her than a more genuine grief in the stark light of day, without the assistance of perfume or melody. And that time she held onto tears, hating to let the mood pass because it was luxurious and satisfying.

Perhaps she could feel nothing because as long as she could remember she had used her emotions at will—during the convent years to make the quiet drab life more exciting, and now for further years so the camera could record them. I've come to the studio hurt and angry she thought, and I have had to be brilliantly gay for eight hours. I've felt happy and had to submerge that in crying scenes because a script called for it. . . .

She walked slowly along a garden path, thinking of the first time she had been in love. She had been fourteen, and the boy had given her a ring. Then, one afternoon as they sat together, a perverse thing in her had said, "Give him the ring and tell him you want to call it quits, just to see what he'll do. He'll plead with you, and then you'll relent, and then the afternoon will have been a little more exciting."

So she did. He took the ring, looked at it, said: "Do you really mean this, Gretch?"

"Yes," she nodded positively.

He didn't protest. He just reached for his coat, stood up, said, "Well, good-by then. It's been fun," and walked quietly down to his car.

She had sat wordless for minutes, staring at the curb after he had driven away, refusing to believe it. She has never seen him again.

Later she had said, "I'll never take a chance like that again. Next time—"

NEXT time had been Grant.

Could she really have been in love with Grant if the collapse of her mariage to him had hurt her so little? Could she really have been in love with Bill if, now that he was gone, she could not even weep for him?

Then suddenly she was crying in earnest for the first time, not for Bill, not even for Grant, but for the fear in her heart that she might have lost her heritage of romance—that she might have given up the capacity for love, for emotion. Finally she found a marble bench and sat on it, and in the ensuing minutes made to herself a solemn vow.

"When I love again I will forget caution, I will forget consequences. I will take everything, and if there will be great happiness I will have that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too. I will have these things, next time."

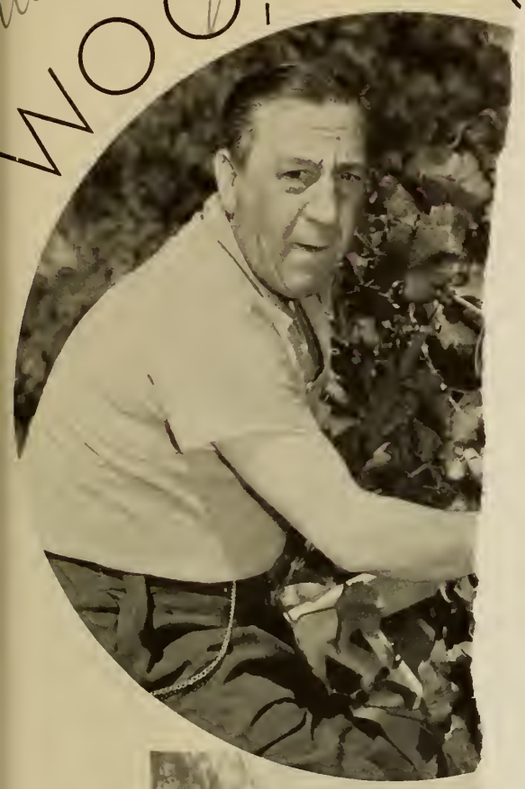
But it was three years before she loved that much, or kept her promise.

Climax in romance, stark tragedy and eventual happiness in her own personal life marked the astonishing career rise of Loretta Young during the years that followed. Her life story will be concluded in September PHOTOPLAY.

Coming:

The Hollywood influence on modern youth has been told from many angles, but never so hilariously as in this autobiography of an autograph fan which begins in Photoplay next month. If you're a Problem Parent, you'll learn plenty; if you're a Problem Child, you'll grin and bear it; but you're all in for a marvelous time.

WOO! WO(



BY SARA HAMILTON

I KNOW now, heaven help me, how it feels to be a lollipop-snatcher-away-er from helpless babies. Or even a penny-grabber from beggars on cold wintry corners. Fagan should have known me—Hamilton, the artful dodger—who reaches out, without a word of warning, and snatches away from his devoted public—Hugh Herbert.

Awful, isn't it? And don't think I haven't spent hours on my knees (dimpled, and at my age) in solid meditation over the problem of whether to leave Hughie as he seems to be or reveal him as he really is. Always, in my deliberation, comes this thought—if I can replace in the hearts of Herbert fans a man twice as lovable and just as amusing as the woo-wooing catastrophe of the screen, then maybe I may be forgiven. And, thank heavens, there's enough of the cyclonic screen Herbert carried over to the off-screen Hughie to make the whole upsetting business very upsidaisy.

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-perhaps. In any event, here is

n amazing disclosure of Hepburn's

:ret fight for this coveted rôle

ADELHEID KAUFMANN

ı spite of Katie's boyish, brusque attitude, has proved more than once that she is a nantly feminine creature. She proved it as beloved Jo in Louisa M. Alcott's "Little ıen"; again, in her exquisite portrayal of *be Throssel* in "Quality Street."

is the spirit, the soul of a character, which be portrayed, and Hepburn has the rare of thinking, breathing, living the part she s.

/hen Katie first read "Gone with the Wind"

Scarlett O'Hara, as artist Vincentini portrayed her in a recent issue of this magazine

she was wildly enthusiastic. She tore into Pan Berman's office at RKO and begged him to buy the book for her. But, before producer Berman could say "Jack Robinson," David Selznick had beaten him to the finish by reading this successful best-seller in galley-proof form at the publisher's; thus triumphantly scooping Hollywood on the distinguished novel of the year.

Naturally, this was a bitter disappointment to Katie but, characteristically, she didn't give up hope. From that day to this she has never relinquished her dream to play the part of *Scarlett.*

IT has been said many times that the indomitable Hepburn invariably gets the thing she wants. As I checked back into her colorful young life, I realized this was no fallacy.

Hepburn always manages to hang on to the right side of the wishbone. It isn't luck or fate; it's a power greater than these two things. It is Hepburn's determination plus faith in her own

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SCARLETT O'HARA?

capabilities as a superior dramatic actress. She studies and works day and night to achieve her ultimate goal. Innumerable obstacles, which seem undefeatable to Hollywood, disappear like thistledown before her tumultuous attack.

If she does play *Scarlett O'Hara,* which at this writing seems inevitable, it will be a triumphant *tour de force.* For it is amazing to watch the Hepburn strategy. With the dexterity of a polished diplomatist, Hepburn has achieved an abrupt right-about-face in the Hollywood acting world.

Katie can whip up an unholy scare in a new leading man if the impulse comes over her to do so. She's proud and haughty and gets a kick out of putting people in an uncomfortable spot. As far as she's concerned, everybody is a sissy if he doesn't pay back her way. In other words, the gal may be a "debil" but she is dynamite enough to get away with it all.

In view of all this, her capricious about-face caused people to grow suspicious, for Hepburn is not the sort of person to turn into a temporary angel for nothing.

Your guess is as good as mine as to why all this is happening. I can only report on her behavior and draw my own conclusions. Ever since the rumor started that Hepburn had signed a new contract with David Selznick, she has been constantly with her favorite director, George Cukor, who directed her in "Holiday" and who will direct "Gone with the Wind" in the autumn.

The two have had one conference after another in the seclusion of Cukor's famously beautiful house, hidden behind ivy-covered walls. If she isn't in a verbal huddle with him she is in his marble swimming pool.

It was Cukor, if you remember, who was responsible for bringing Hepburn to Hollywood in the first place. She was his discovery and when she made a hit in "A Bill of Divorcement," he behaved like a man who had just won the Kentucky Derby.

She followed this first triumph with "Morning Glory" and with a later triumph directed by Cukor, "Little Women."

So, it would seem like a born natural for Cukor again to direct Hepburn's destiny, should she get the lead rôle, *Scarlett,* in "Gone with the Wind."

MEANWHILE, Constance Collier goes right on coaching Paulette Goddard for the *Scarlett* rôle.

There are rumors whispered around that Paulette's tests were not so hot. That's one rumor. There are many others, such as the report that Charlie Chaplin doesn't want Paulette to make the picture.

Paulette told me with tears in her eyes, "My real story is a crazy one. I want to work more than anything else in the world but I'm never allowed to—"

She twisted a new two-inch cabochon diamond and ruby bracelet around her slim brown wrist, while she looked wistful about no job.

Those who think Hepburn too boyish for the rôle of *Scarlett* must remember "Little Women" and "Quality Street." If they think she is too thin, perhaps not voluptuous enough for the off-the-shoulder dresses, they must remember that the world's greatest designers can create almost any illusion of perfection. But don't forget that Hepburn is a great actress! She can throw herself so completely into a characterization, she *is* the person she portrays.

Hepburn is *Scarlett O'Hara* at heart. George Cukor said in a recent interview: "*Scarlett* is typically Southern. That kind of woman couldn't have happened anywhere else. She is very female and like the average woman has no abstract sense of proportion. She hasn't much of a mind and she has no nobility. Yet she has a lot of character.

"I know at least five women in Hollywood and on the stage not as stupid as *Scarlett,* but who have her kind of temperament. They all came from the South and they have cut a wide swath," Cukor laughed.

Much later, we talked about the dress problem in "Gone with the Wind." An amusing person on the left of George Cukor at the luncheon table said, "*Scarlett's* clothes reflected the bad taste she displayed in picking her friends—she chose them because she thought they were fun."

Hepburn used to work on commission and get a percentage of box-office receipts when she insisted on doing arty costume productions. She made a great many unnecessary financial sacrifices for her art. Now that there is a possibility that she is to do the biggest rôle of her entire career, this becomes a vindication of Cukor's faith, and, in a way, it becomes a vindication of all those years in which Hepburn sacrificed her salary for her art.

Doesn't a modern quote like this from Hepburn's own lips sound a little as though *Scarlett O'Hara* might have spoken had she been a young star in Hollywood?

"I have moods," said Miss Hepburn. "Well, they're mine. Why should I change? If I don't feel like having my picture taken at a tennis match, why should I? If I feel like putting my hands over my face, why shouldn't I? Posing for pictures takes time. You know that I will not be anything but myself for anybody. Why don't you leave me alone?"

George Cukor, below, who is set to direct "Gone with the Wind," first brought Hepburn to Hollywood. It was he who directed her most successful films. Now, today, Cukor and Hepburn are constantly in conference. One more proof?

Don't forget Hepburn is a great actress. The difficult rôle of the Southern vixen needs one

Here Is Bradna

(Continued from page 14)

nice-looking, sad-eyed young gentleman who solemnly shook hands with her, inquired politely would she mind being his girl when she grew up and just as politely said good-by. The young gentleman was Charlie Chaplin and the nine-year-old starling never forgot him—but hasn't seen him face-to since, although now they live within hiking distance of each other.

She was nine, too, when she met King Gustaf of Sweden, who leaned over from his towering height to pat her on the head, and later there was a handsome, young, jittery sort of fellow, who also shook hands with her and even proposed that perhaps the next time they met they might have a little whirl around the ballroom if they were in a ballroom at the time. He was Prince of Wales then, and later he became King of all England and Olympe met him again—but they did not dance.

SO Olympe went trouping over the Continent, gaining in beauty, and poise, and charm and whatnot and meeting people of vast importance in the international scheme of things but none impressed her more—and I have her word for it—than a baldish, suave young fellow with a not-too-important act which was meeting with fair success in Stockholm. He had a wooden dummy and the dummy said the most preposterous things in Swedish. Edgar Bergen was his name—but Olympe doesn't recall the name of the dummy except that she is positive it was not Charlie McCarthy.

Bergen was great fun—and Bergen it was who kept insisting that some day Olympe would be a great, great star. Would she please honor him with her autograph now—before she became so famous he would have no opportunity to even approach her?

"So, I meet him several times later," says Olympe. "And always he say, 'Hello, star. How about an autograph?' Well, now he is such a beeg star and I am in Hollywood and frightened maybe he will not remember me. So there is a party and we all go to Santa Anita and Edgar Bergen is in the party and he say: 'Hello, star, how about an autograph?' It is such fun."

Little Olympe, to get back to Sweden or Madrid or London (you take your choice), was coming on—or have I said that before? There was her long term in the original Folies Bergère in Paris. There were three cinematic experiences in rapid succession—"Flo-floche," "Roger-la-Hont" and "Une Petite Fille."

And then Clifford Fischer, with his dream of bringing a new type of cabaret entertainment to America, brought her over along with other members of the Parisian Folies Bergère. That was in 1935 and Chicago was the first American city to hail her.

It wasn't until some months later, when she opened at the French Casino in Manhattan, that I first saw her—and if you'll go back to the beginning of the article, you will know precisely how she impressed me.

I shall never forget the rumble of enthusiasm that swept through the mixed audience of society fashionables and Broadway sophisticates that opening night. Tall, handsome young ladies had strutted out in furs and in silks, in clinging gowns—and in nothing at all except a necklace. And then, "Little Dynamite" came tumbling out—in trim sailorboy suit—tumbled and twirled and tossed and at the end of a succession of flips, shouted *"Voilà."* The smart audience thundered for her return and when she came tumbling back again, one distinguished gentleman arose from his table down front, held up his glass of champagne, gulped down the contents, smashed the glass on the table and yelled, "Okay, Kid, okay." And Olympe, round, pinkish, baby face beaming, yelled back, *"Voilà*—okay, Keed, okay."

They tell me this was the first English ever spoken by the young lady. The management hinted she was seventeen and, because of the management's "hint," various young, handsome men of town of ages of discretion and indiscretion, young men of wealth and social distinction, beseeched introductions. Only then was the awful truth let out and as Mama and Papa Bradna guarded their young hopeful, word gradually seeped through. The little "toast of the town" was fourteen, spoke no English, still played with dolls and was certain that there were such things as fairy godmothers—also Santa Claus. It was a bitter disappointment.

AND so Paramount beckoned and, as I have already said, she was permitted to wander around the lot with no one paying any attention to her until one day George Raft spotted her on a set, having seen her previously in New York, and suggested to Director Henry Hathaway that she be given the rôle opposite him in "Souls at Sea."

Back "home" with her famous folks on the Brooklyn circus grounds. Olympe's mother is far left, second row; her uncle beside her

I learned from Olympe, as she sat in the office here looking out of the window at a passing freighter, that the time of idleness had not been wasted. She was mastering the difficult English syntax—and what that young lady has done with it in the brief period between the time she left New York and now, is something that makes a writer want to go and hide his head in a bushel of diphthongs and dictions. To Laura Barringer, her instructor, goes the credit, and, if in citing Olympe's conversation I play a few tricks in the spelling to convey the accent, you mustn't think for a second that it is a thick accent or that her speech is not beautiful—it's far more so than that of our average young finishing school ingenue.

There wasn't too much to sink your teeth in—that first rôle they gave to Olympe—but she made a great deal of it—and the Paramount muck-a-mucks and the critics were highly impressed. So much so that each succeeding rôle was just a little warmer and fuller as she went from "Three Cheers for Love" to "College Holiday," thence to "The Last Train from Madrid"—and then—the Big Day. Stardom. Stardom at seventeen—in "Stolen Heaven," opposite the blond Gene Raymond.

WHEN the little French girl tumbled out on that French Casino stage she was five feet, one inch in height and weighed 109 pounds. Also she was earning $250 a week. Today she has grown to five feet, three inches in height, weighs 115 pounds and earns close to three times her French Casino salary.

Lovely, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, roundish-faced queen is she today, soft of voice and sparkle-eyed. The shyness is gone and there is much of warm humor in her speech. She has read well and wisely although Dickens and Thackeray and much of Edgar Allan Poe have been neglected.

Papa and Mama Bradna have persuaded her she is too young for beaux and whether to believe her or not, I don't know, although, as I say, she is much too young and wide-eyed to fib successfully and so I can only quote her.

"I am so, so busy I don't find time for boys. But some day—maybe five, maybe six years from now—then I will find a nice man and I will marry and have children and a nice home. Is that all right to say, you think?"

"Why that's perfect, Olympe—but until then—no boys, no romance—no nothing?"

"O, no, no. Soon as I am eighteen then everything changes if I like. But nothing serious—I hope nothing serious—because it is too important I do something with myself first. But my papa and mama say it will be all right to go out with boys and have parties when I am eighteen—and I think so, too."

Olympe averred solemnly that when love entered her life and she wed, she would not stay on in pictures or in show business in any form. For that matter, she insisted that, at the most, she did not think she would remain in pictures for more than five years.

"After that—you are finish, I think, don't you?" she said. And when I pointed to Joan Crawford and Garbo and a few others, Olympe shook her head and pleaded: "Well, maybe one exception—maybe two. But five years—and that's enough."

And I am almost inclined to believe she means what she says—now. Five years from now, it may—probably will be—a different story.

OLYMPE lives in Van Nuys with her papa and mama in an unpretentious little home with no swimming pool, but a nice garden and not too far from the ocean where, when she isn't riding a horse, she likes to go swimming, and when she isn't swimming, she takes long hikes. Her day is a full one—even when the studio isn't making its demands—for she has her schooling from nine to twelve, her singing lessons, her hour of limbering up and acrobatics and her dancing lessons.

Speaking about singing, she has a nice voice and is sensible enough not to want to be an operatic star—but ambitious enough to want to use it in her next picture.

Her complexion is olive and she rarely uses make-up off screen—save lipstick. "Maybe," she giggled, "I change that, too—when August comes and I am eighteen—and go out with boys to please the writers. Wonder what he will look like—the first boy, I mean."

I am no stickler for statistics when sitting *tête-à-tête* with a beautiful young girl but somehow it did leak out that Olympe wears size 6 B shoes, preferably with high heels to give her height, that her fingers are the tapering artistic type—but what I can't remember, and I am genuinely ashamed of myself, is whether or not she has dimples. Somehow, I seem to have a hunch she has.

HER greatest thrill, while on her recent trip East, was the visit with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Blue Room of the White House. The First Lady chatted amiably with her for many minutes, told her she was just the type of daughter she herself wouldn't mind having and urged her to pay another visit the next time she was in Washington.

"I think," glowed Olympe, "she is the most charming lady I have ever seen. She just—how shall I say—floats into a room—and when she smiles, you know—this is a real lady. Ever since, I am trying to learn to float into a room. Eet is wonderful."

Twinkle-eyed, soft-voiced, shapely little Olympe has left the office now—and across the way the boy who fusses with the proofs and who has been finding a dozen excuses for coming into this office, now looks very abstracted and my secretary tells me she is certain that queer noise was a big sigh coming from him. They tell me, and I believe it, that throughout the land there are young men who sigh just like that during a picture in which Olympe Bradna is featured—and if that is so, I am ready to agree with the enthusiastic gentlemen in power at Paramount—and with Mr. Edgar Bergen—that the young wide-eyed French princess will be a star for a long time.

I hope so—because just before she left—I made her give me her autograph.

Love Life of a Villain

(Continued from page 15)

before I met her . . ." And thus began this inspirational love story in which the screen's prime villain plays a major rôle.

It was in the winter of 1921. Basil Rathbone was playing in "The Czarina" on Broadway. In one matinee audience sat two women. As the tall, dark, attractive English actor strode on the stage, one of the women turned to the other and said, "There is the man I'd like to be my husband." Two years later they met at a party. They fell in love at once and were married.

"What Ouida saw in me then, I don't know," confessed Basil. "But looking back, I can tell you what I see in myself. I was a man living from day to day and perfectly content in doing it. I had no plans, few ambitions. I had come back from the war, where life had been like a long, terrible dream. At the front I had never thought about what would happen or why. There was no past and no future. Nights were either wet nights or dry nights. The important things to me then were whether my billet was warm or cold, the food good or rotten.

"I suppose when you meet death daily for a long time you give up trying to order things. I came out of the war comparatively untouched. That is, I wasn't shell-shocked or scarred up. But I had lost all sense of life's realities.

"I found I was still a good enough actor. I got some good parts in London. Whatever they offered me, I took. Money meant nothing to me. I never thought of getting ahead. I never cared about it.

"Somehow I expected to be taken care of—as I had been in the army. I shrank from decisions. I never went after things I wanted. I hated any sort of battle or argument. I just wanted to be let alone—to vegetate. I was completely negative."

It was hard to believe the words I heard. Basil Rathbone, one of the most positive personalities in Hollywood, branding himself as a negative, shrinking soul!

"I remember how shocked I was," he continued, "at something that happened in London. Perhaps it prepared me a little for Ouida's influence, later to bear fruit. I had had a bit of London success in a series of plays that John Barrymore did in New York, notably 'Peter Ibbetson.' When Barrymore's latest Broadway hit, 'The Jest,' came to London, I naturally expected to play it. In fact, I counted on it heavily. But I made no effort to get the part. It never occurred to me they wouldn't offer it to me. Such a thing seemed out of the question. Well—it wasn't. Someone else did it, and I was stunned. But still the lesson didn't sink in.

"I was still in this semi-helpless, negative state when I married Ouida. She made me positive.

"I'll never forget her as I first saw her. Everything about her was definite. The way she looked, the way she talked. She was completely opposite to me. I was indefinite. I fell in love with her on the spot. I have never fallen out of love.

"Ouida taught me some very important things at once: that you are as important as you make yourself; that you must have respect for yourself or no one will respect you; that an actor, particularly, must be aggressive; that it's all very well to expect and accept breaks and good fortune, but it's not enough. You must back yourself up.

Last year the Rathbones gave a memorable "Bride and Groom" party. This year the real thing took place in the garden of the Rathbone home when Rodion, son of Basil, married attractive Caroline Blake Fisher, dramatic student. The wedding party, left to right: Mrs. Rathbone, Mrs. Cedric Frances, Constance Collier, the bride and bridegroom, Walter Wurdeman, Cedric Frances and Basil Rathbone

"My wife was Ouida Bergere before we were married. She was a successful screen writer. Paramount was paying her a thousand dollars a week, so I think you might say she was well along on her career. The day she married me she quit writing, abandoned her career. Or rather changed it. For twelve years, Ouida's career has been—me.

"She was a practical woman then, as she is now. She knew first that there should be only one pay check in a family. Two pay checks mean two separate lives. If she continued her work she would have to be in Hollywood, while my interests were still on the stage in New York. She said, 'If you are very much in love with something, you must be with it. I can't write in Hollywood when you are in New York. So I won't write!'

"But I think she knew, too, that the job of making me over would take all of her time and energy. I was a pretty hopeless case."

Basil Rathbone laughed. "Frankly, I suffered from the worst inferiority complex Dr. Freud ever imagined. I had no assurance whatsoever. Conversations with people terrified me. I was a social flop *par excellence*—you know, the kind of chap who sits by himself at parties and says 'Yes' and 'No' or perhaps 'Really?' when he's spoken to. I didn't let myself express my thoughts. I was too afraid. In spite of my years and all I had gone through, I was actually timid with people.

"It must have been bad, because it was so obvious. Every fortuneteller I ever went to spotted it at once. They invariably told me I was dangerously lacking in the 'civic side,' as they sometimes called it, or the 'social side.' They always said my social outlets were dammed up by fear. That was before 'complexes' were popular.

"Developing that 'social side' of me has been one of the hardest jobs my wife or anyone ever faced, I'm sure. I am naturally a shy person, but she knew how important such a side is to everyone—not only an actor, but a doctor, lawyer, writer, businessman. So she set about it.

"She did it very cleverly. She did not demand much of me in the way of social activity. But Ouida made me enjoy the times we did go out or entertain. She brought me in contact with interesting people. She drew me out and turned the conversation to me. I can hear her now saying, 'What do *you* think about it, Basil?' I'd have to speak up then, and, with a little encouragement, I soon found myself talking and liking it."

I had to smile. In Hollywood today the Rathbones are celebrated as hosts. They move mostly in the circle of picture people interested in the arts. The Max Reinhardts, the Edward G. Robinsons, the Henry Blankes, the Charles Boyers are among their intimate friends. When Basil and his wife entertain, it's very much of an event, too. Hollywood has seldom seen a party to match the costume affair they gave celebrating their eleventh wedding anniversary last year. It was a brilliant event, and I said so.

"I'm glad you mentioned that," said Basil. "I think it was a grand party, too, and I can say so because I come to my own parties as a guest. Ouida does it all and when Ouida does anything she does it right.

"But she never overdoes it. It is only because what she attempts is done so well that it's remembered. She still demands little of me in the way of social activity. We are at home three hundred nights in the year, easily. That is because the home that Ouida has woven about me is so attractive to us both that neither of us wishes to be anywhere else.

"I do not like to play the often quite despicable characters I do. To be convincing, I have to summon up such unpleasant thoughts and feelings. I am frequently worn out and discouraged after a day with them at the studio.

"But when I come home in the evening it is to a home that has been created about me and in which I feel at once happy. My wife has a quality of relaxation and assurance about her which immediately restores me. She is small but colorful, dainty but strong. She always reminds me of a Goya painting. I draw new life from her."

It was getting dark. Basil Rathbone reached up and snapped on the light.

"No," he protested, "don't go yet. Let me tell you of Ouida's latest gift to me. I think it is the finest thing I have ever known. She has brought me back my son, Rodion. He is the son of my first wife. We have been separated since 1919. He is here now, living with us, working in the technical department at Warner Brothers, and loving it. Ouida did it alone. Unknown to me, she made friends with Marian, my former wife. She wrote my boy in England and made friends with him, too. She brought us together again, and now my happiness is complete. And I owe this, as I owe everything, to her."

We were shaking hands. The glow of the lamp revealed the strong, good features in Basil Rathbone's sensitive face.

"You can see," he said, "that for a thousand reasons I owe my wife a debt of gratitude I can never repay. The least I can do is give her the credit. Because of Ouida, life to me is intensely enjoyable. She has helped me live in an age of super-realities and at the same time to hold onto my dreams—which she loves as dearly as I do—and as I love her."

He looked away into the dusk. "I think," he said, "a great many Hollywood husbands might say the same thing—if they would."

"Or if they could," I suggested. Then I left, thinking what a really bitter travesty on Hollywood it is that a man of Basil Rathbone's warm and sentimental soul should be known all over as a cruel, black-hearted villain.

Among the wedding guests were Ruth Waterbury, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon

BOOS AND Bouquets

Even in midsummer, Sonja Henie, of "My Lucky Star," keeps cool—that is, except where her heart's concerned. For more about her love life, see page 41

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: $25 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and $1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIRST PRIZE $25.00

THE WINNER!

INASMUCH as theater owners have made accusations against certain stars and stars are accusing producers and producers are accusing practically everybody, I take it this is a free fight, so count me in. The bone I have to pick is with no other than the very indignant theater owners.

Going to the movies has been a family institution in this household, and probably in several million other households, for a good many years. In the old days Dad used to crank up the Model T while Mom rounded up the family and off we would go for a couple of hours' entertainment. There was always a cartoon for the children, a newsreel for the adults and a good feature picture for the whole family. Well-balanced entertainment and back home in good time to get our sleep before the alarm went off.

But what is the situation now? The theater just down the block runs *triple* features five days a week. Three bad pictures for the price of one good one and a piece of pottery thrown in. On Sunday they give you a break. Just two pictures, possibly only one bad, and the same on Monday with a can of soup. The newsreel is a rarity, comedy shorts are extinct and you can't have a cartoon for Junior because it takes all evening for the three "quickies." Whenever a good picture is playing we have to sit through two or three hours of sheer tripe to see it and by that time how could anything seem good? No wonder people aren't going to the movies. Nowadays, it's too much of a strain for everyone concerned.

IT is hardly logical that the stars are responsible for the box-office slump. The cry for new faces is just a way of passing the buck. In the only pictures worth seeing you will find the same stars that have been satisfying the public since long before theater managers started holding endurance contests.

Of course, it isn't the fault of the independent owners that Edward Arnold, Dietrich, Hepburn and the others labeled (or should I say libeled?) not "box-office" have been recently cast in consistently poor pictures, but that very fact makes their charges baseless.

And it is the theater owners' fault that in order to see Joan Crawford in that refreshing picture, "Mannequin" I'll have to sit through at least one mediocre melodrama, probably one I had struggled through before, and try balancing a surrealistic sugar bowl at the same time.

H. BENGTA NIELSEN,
Chicago, Illinois.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

LONG MAY HE WAVE!

In that supposedly "artificial" town called Hollywood, the one big star who is really one of us common folk is Bing Crosby.

Bing doesn't pretend to be a great actor; his business is singing. He sings swell, and as long as his films are full of his songs, we, the public, will continue to pay and pay to see them. We like his naturalness, his simplicity, his friendliness, as seen in these simple but very entertaining movies. Then, there's also Bing in real life—he's so much one of us in his desire to dress in comfortable clothes regardless of their age, their wrinkles, and their clashing colors; in his heart-warming pride in his four baby boys (God bless 'em!); in his hobbies, horses, horse racing, and more horses; in his love of his pipe, his fireside and his family.

Too, there's Bing's graciousness with us, his fans. He'll pose for pictures anytime, for any one of us whenever we ask him and he doesn't care whether these candid snaps flatter him or not. When one of us writes to him, either praising or criticizing his radio or picture work, he goes to all the bother of answering to thank us for our interest. Very few of the Hollywood stars show this kind of courtesy to their admirers. Again I say, Bing Crosby is one of us, and I think we ought to give him a special award for being just Bing—typical American and a grand guy!

MARY JANE O'BRIEN,
Akron, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00

COUNTERPANE

Time: Early evening
Place: A tubercular sanatorium
Players: Fifty patients

Scene 1. A young girl leans from the window of a cottage. Her eyes are dancing—"It's 'Romeo and Juliet' tonight!" she calls excitedly, "Pass the word along!" In no time at all the glad tidings have been duly passed and the privileged patients are happily donning robes and trooping down the walk to the "show."

In two hours they will return, tired, sleepy but happy. For in those two short hours they have lived an exciting episode of the world "outside"—a world away from the sanatorium, a world they seldom, if ever, see. They will go back to their beds to sleep, to dream about the time when they too will live and laugh like the people in the picture, far away from this land of counterpanes.

The motion-picture companies donate the pictures to our sanatorium. I wonder if they really know how much we appreciate their generosity and how much a weekly glimpse into that coveted "outside" world means to us.

NORENE FIRTH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

ALL CRITICS AGREE ON "TEST PILOT"

One of the finest pictures I have ever had the pleasure of seeing is the thrilling saga of the life of a test pilot, and believe me in "Test Pilot" M-G-M has produced one of the most thrilling and realistic air pictures to reach the screen since the immortal "Wings."

It seemed to me that I actually rode the heavens with Gable and Tracy when they attempted to climb to 30,000 feet to attain an altitude record while testing a new plane and as they climbed up, up, piercing the very peak of heaven, my breath came in gasps as did those of the people around me. Tracy's splendid portrayal of the ever-faithful friend will rank with the best the screen has ever brought forth. Gable in the title rôle gives a matchless performance and Myrna Loy as Gable's wife pulls your heartstrings. Bundles of praise to the expert pilots, superb photographers and splendid direction, and to all who had any part in making "Test Pilot"—it sure is a humdinger.

BENJAMIN PAUL SHEPARD,
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 81)

"Here's the way to be sure of DAINTINESS"

says Barbara Stanwyck

NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS **DAINTINESS.** IT'S THE CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS!

YOU CAN PROTECT IT THE DELIGHTFUL WAY SCREEN STARS DO— USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** AS A BATH SOAP, TOO

THE **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN **SWEET** DELICATELY FRAGRANT. YOU'LL LOVE A **LUX TOILET SOAP** BEAUTY BATH

Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

THE LOVELY BARBARA STANWYCK gives you a tip that clever girls everywhere are following. Hollywood's favorite complexion soap makes a wonderful bath soap, too, because it *insures* daintiness. Its ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Try this luxurious beauty bath. You'll love the fresh smoothness it gives your skin—the delicate perfume that clings about you.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued from page 43)

Bright Saying—Crawford Style

THAT keen sense of the ridiculous that makes Joan Crawford good fun, was again displayed at a recent preview. One after another the feminine audience filed in wearing silver fox capes of various shapes and sizes. Joan stood for a moment and surveyed the furred group.

"My word," she said, "this audience looks as if it had been trapped."

Pass This One On to Rooney

THE car crept slowly along the palm-lined boulevard, stopped suddenly, began again with a violent jerk, and repeated the performance all over again.

A motor cop, lurking around a corner to trap speeding motorists, stared at the galloping caterpillar in dazed wonder. Finally, his curiosity got the better of him and, with sirens screaming, he caught up to the car.

"Hey," he began, when the driver interrupted.

"Officer, really I was not exceeding the speed limit. Really, Officer, I—"

"Wait a minute," the officer grinned. "What I want to know is why only ten miles an hour? I suppose you have your license, young man?"

"Oh, yes, sir. See, I just got it," and a grubby finger pointed to the name Freddie Bartholomew.

"Well, Freddie, you're doing all right for a beginner," the cop grinned, "but take it just a little faster, eh? Liable to block traffic you know. And take it easier, too."

"Oh, thank you, I shall. And sir," said Freddie, "when I tell Mickey Rooney I've already been stopped by a traffic cop, he'll think I'm some pumpkins."

And the Leaping Lena went on its jerky way while the cop stood and roared.

A Day in the Life of a Sullavan

WE trotted vaguely out to Maggie Sullavan's new house the other day. Down the unfinished driveway, past a baby girl sleeping in a net-covered arrangement—on her chest, with little fanny pointed skyward—and into a house loud with the clatter of carpenters we went, peering diligently. Margaret had bought this house with husband Leland Hayward, and was reconstructing it to live in always. Dressing rooms had already given way to bathrooms, closets to sun porches, dreary small windows to great sunny bays. Servants whisked about, tripping over hammers and sawhorses. Very busy. There was no sign of Sullavan.

She appeared in a few minutes, dragging after her a huge and very beautiful collie she had just brought from a training school. On her birthday, two days before, Leland had given her a great Dane—which was all right except it wouldn't believe it wasn't a lap dog and it frightened poor little Brooke, the baby, out of her diapers.

The collie was named Firefly and knew tricks; Margaret had it lie down, retrieve, stand up, take things from one spot to another. Brooke awakened, looking like an advertisement for baby food, screeched in cacophony with Firefly's excited barking. The carpenters banged, a dredge dredged at the new swimming pool, John Swope drove in blowing his horn, Maggie began shouting for Brooke's nurse. We held our ears.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check the Correct Answers on Page 80

FOLLOWING are listed ten questions which have ONE correct answer. Score ten points for each one answered correctly.

1. What one of the following people has Universal Studio paid more than $40,000 for learning how to speak English?

Froncisko Gool	Sam Goldwyn
Chorles Boyer	Donielle Dorrieux
Ilono Mossey	Tola Birell
Annobello	Rose Strodner

2. This may surprise you, but one of these actors gets more fan mail than anyone else in Hollywood:

Jomes Cogney	Tyrone Power
Clork Goble	Williom Powell
Gene Autry	Cary Gront
Robert Toylor	Pot O'Brien

3. Lucille LeSueur is the right name of:

Deonno Durbin	Phyllis Brooks
Bette Dovis	Koy Froncis
Jonet Goynor	Lolo Lone
Loretto Young	Joon Crawford

4. The musical director of Warner Brothers' Studio is:

Alfred Neumon	Mox Steiner
Leo Forbstein	Williom Axt
Boros Morros	Louis Silvers

5. When Claude Binyon writes a screen play the chances are that one of the following men will direct it:

Archie Moyo	Wesley Ruggles
Clorence Brown	Henry Koster
Henry King	Tay Gornett

6. In the picture "Dead End," the part of Humphrey Bogart's mother was played by:

Lucile Gleoson	Morjorie Moin
Coro Witherspoon	Cloire Trevor
Foy Bointer	Alice Brody
Mojorie Goteson	Moy Robson

7. A friend of yours has a sore throat and wants to see a specialist. You, of course, suggest the husband of:

Dolores Del Rio	Jeon Arthur
Modeleine Corroll	Irene Dunne
Cloudette Colbert	Myrno Loy

8. Most pictures end with the hero kissing the heroine, but not so when the hero is:

Don Ameche	Michael Whalen
Fred Astoire	Richard Dix
Ronold Colmon	Gary Cooper

9. Ralph Rainger, the composer, is to Leo Robin, the lyricist, what Lew Pollack is to:

Mock Gordon	Gus Kohn
Sidney Mitchell	Iro Gershwin
Irving Berlin	Jimmy McHugh

10. This actress came into prominence because of her outstanding performance in "Stage Door":

Ginger Rogers	Non Grey
Ruby Keeler	Lono Turner
Andreo Leeds	Goil Potrick

It is that kind of a household, and always will be. It is the kind of home Margaret eventually would settle into. Her contract for seven years at Metro secure, her love for Leland deep-rooted, her child growing healthily, the Sullavan finds a haven at last, after two bad marriages. But not peace.

Fortunately for her, she doesn't want it.

It's a Boy

DID you know that that jolly outlaw, *Robin Hood*, is now a godfather? And that the lucky infant is none other than the very young son of his stalwart henchman, *Will Scarlett*? In real life, of course, the baby's father is the ex-Britisher, Patric Knowles, and the sponsor Pat's close friend, Errol Flynn. The child, Michael Patrick, who was born on May 11, is the Knowles' first. He has everything in his favor, too: a happy home, a lovely mother and a swell dad. If he grows up to be a star, he will come honestly by it because Mrs. Knowles, too, loves acting. She was Enid Percival of the London stage before she married Pat.

Brief Note from Cupid

WHEN Hedy Lamarr wins that divorce from her wealthy munitions husband, Reginald Gardiner will be the lucky man.

Jimmy Stewart has fallen hard for the exotic loveliness of Merle Oberon.

Virginia Field and Owen Davis, Junior, former boy friend of Ann Shirley, are knee-deep in romance.

Life's Minor Tragedies—

THE famous inch-long carmine fingernails of Paulette Goddard are no more. After having petted them along these many years she had to offer them as a sacrifice to Art—David Selznick ordered them chopped off when he cast her as a stenographer in "The Young in Heart." "Any stenographer wearing nails as long as that would be fired!" was his edict.

While on the subject of Paulette: friends inform me that she's traded in her yacht on a plane, and, although she can't pilot it as yet, she's hired herself a sky chauffeur and spends most of her time zooming about over Hollywood.

Donlevy And The Indian

BRIAN DONLEVY and Chick McGill, his cameraman, are now joint owners in what may be a very rich gold mine. The only difficulty is that the vein is 8,000 feet above Death Valley, and, even though the ore assays very high, it would be a tremendous undertaking to build the necessary equipment to take it out.

Not long ago, Brian secured the services of an old Indian to guide him up to his stake. "You white men funny people," that worthy told him. "You climb high mountains to look for gold, dig deep holes to get it out—then give it to the government in Washington to keep and they take it over and dig deep hole and bury it. Very funny people." Seems that one of the government gold storage vaults is located near there and the old Indian didn't see the point in the transfer.

Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin!

Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Love Story Directed by Ginger Rogers

(Continued from page 17)

authorities. No, Sally, attempting to break into pictures is a poor way to spend one's trousseau money. Did you, by any chance, break your engagement because you preferred a screen career to marriage? Better reconsider, Sally.

Most cordially yours,
Ginger Rogers.

New York City,
February 21, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

This is what happened to my engagement: my boy friend—his name is John Carey—and I were all set to be married this month, right after I graduated.

And then John came down to Washington one night and took another girl out instead of me and spoiled everything. Of course, I was rehearsing for our class play and kind of forgot our date for a while, but he could have made allowances for a thing like that.

Anyway, it was about 9:30 when I remembered our date. I rushed to the phone and called his hotel but he was out. And then, the next day, I heard he had dated another girl.

I can tell you I was furious. I called him up and reminded him that he knew I had to rehearse. He said he had come all the way to Washington to see me and that was more important than a silly school play. I asked him what did he mean silly and he said all acting was silly. Well, one thing led to another and I told him I'd show him!

Then I hung up and sent his fraternity pin back and we're not speaking.

Thank you for your nice letter—but I'm coming to Hollywood, anyway!

Yours,
Sally.

February 24, 1938.

Sally Hunt,
— Park Avenue,
New York City.

Urgently advise remain away from hollywood unless making social visit with friends stop repeat impossible for me to further screen career in any way stop take it from me you are foolish to cancel marriage with nice young man stop why don't you kiss and make up

Ginger Rogers.

Date: February 25, 1938.
Subject: Rogers telegram.
To: Bill Brown.
From: Phone operator 5.

Western Union says message from Ginger Rogers to Sally Hunt, NYC, dated Feb. 24 cannot be delivered. Party has left city.

Date: February 25, 1938.
Subject:
To: Bill Brown.
From: Phone operator 8.

Please call Sally Hunt, Roosevelt Hotel, HO 2442. She says Ginger R. knows her.

Date: February 26, 1938.
Subject:
To: Bill Brown.
From: Phone operator 9.

Sally Hunt, Roosevelt Hotel, called you or Ginger R. at 9:55 a.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 4:50 p.m.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.
February 27, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt,
Roosevelt Hotel,
Hollywood, Calif.
My dear Miss Hunt:

This is to advise you Miss Rogers is away on location for her new picture, "Having Wonderful Time."

I trust you have a pleasant vacation in Hollywood.

Sincerely,
William Brown,
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, Calif.
March 7, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I read in a gossip column you are back from location so I hasten to take pen in hand and tell you your RKO gatemen are heartless. It was like trying to see the Queen of England, or something, to attempt to see you! Couldn't be done. So I'll have to think up another way of getting in. I bet I can!

Sally.

Date: March 9, 1938.
Subject: Studio wall.
To: Studio manager.
From: Patrolman No. 3.

Think wall adjoining cemetery near Santa Monica Blvd. should be higher. Caught girl climbing over, using tombstone for ladder. Not a prowler; just a fan. Name: Sally Hunt.

Date: March 11, 1938.
Subject: Efficiency.
To: Publicity dept.
From: Superintendent's office.

For the luvvapete, man your gates a little better! Realize bona fide press should be able to get in and out of studio at will but not the G. P. Officer 3 reports twice caught girl sneaking down publicity back stairs into grounds. Only way she could have gotten in was through your front doors. Girl's name: Sally Hunt. Says Rogers knows her.

University Club
Boston, Mass.
March 12, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers,
RKO-Radio Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.
My dear Miss Rogers:

I am sorry to ask such a favor of you, but I have reason to believe Miss Sally Hunt, a friend of mine, is in Hollywood and in touch with you. If so, will you please forward her the enclosed note?

I might say in closing that I admire you on the screen, Miss Rogers, but I wish to heaven Miss Hunt did not! Then perhaps she would come to her senses and forget this screen career she is so set on. I think a lot of her, Miss Rogers, but I have seen her in amateur theatricals and she's no great shakes. Also, she does not photograph well.

Sincerely yours,
John Carey.

Date: March 14, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt.
To: Ginger Rogers.
From: Casting office.

How in thunder did you happen to think this gal would be good screen bet? She's okay to the eye, maybe, but murder to the camera. If she's a protégée of yours—and she says she is—better put her wise right now to the truth, i.e., she's lousy.

Date: March 16, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt.
To: Casting office.
From: Ginger Rogers.

For goodness' sake, *I* didn't send her to you! You should know me better than that. Whatever she told you was strictly her own idea. Me—I know what a headache being in the movies can be. I should help another girl into the same kettle of fish! How did she get into the studio?

Date: March 16, 1938.
Subject: Casting office memo on Sally Hunt (attached).
To: Bill Brown.
From: Ginger Rogers.

Bill, please tone this down so it won't hurt her feelings and send a copied version to Sally Hunt.

Date: March 17, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt.
To: Ginger Rogers.
From: Casting office.

We don't know how she got in but we suspect the wall by the cemetery. It is being raised.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.
March 17, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt,
Roosevelt Hotel,
Hollywood, Calif.
My dear Miss Hunt:

Herewith a copy of a memo to Miss Rogers from our casting office, which speaks for itself concerning your chances for a screen career:

"Re Sally Hunt: Sorry. While Miss Hunt is an attractive girl, she is not good camera material and could never succeed on the screen. This is final."

Hoping you may nevertheless have an enjoyable vacation in Hollywood, I am

Cordially yours,
William Brown,
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

March 18, 1938.

John Carey,
University Club,
Washington, D. C.

Sally hunt at roosevelt hotel here stop why don't you join her stop she has had bad jolt our casting office turned her down flat saying she has terrible camera face despite apparent prettiness stop suggest you don't reveal you know truth but come on out here and take over stop have feeling you will be welcome stop good luck

Ginger Rogers.

Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, Calif.
March 20, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I was wrong, wasn't I, and I am sorry if I caused you any trouble. I guess I was pretty much of a fool, but I can't say you didn't warn me.

But one thing kind of nice has happened. John Carey—my ex-fiance—just phoned me, and I guess I have you to thank for telling him how to find me. He is coming right out to the hotel and —well, if he wants to make up, maybe I'll be willing.

Anyway, thank you for everything, including your efforts to keep me from making a fool of myself. I guess, though, when you are bound to do that, heaven itself can't stop you.

Yours, sadder, but wiser,
Sally.

P. S. I am not going to tell John I flopped. If I decide to marry him, I'll kind of let him think I gave up a career for him.

March 21, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers,
RKO Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Sally and i married fifteen minutes ago and blissfully happy stop she thinks i think she gave up career for love which is jake with me stop all i care is she mrs carey now stop leaving night plane for boston where expect to live happily ever after thanks to you

John Carey.

Date: March 23.
Subject: Present.
To: Bill Brown.
From: Ginger Rogers.

Will you please ask Brock and Company to send out some silver sandwich plates and other things suitable for wedding gift for the little Hunt girl? Would like to make selection myself.

Brock and Company, Jewelers
Los Angeles
California
March 30, 1938.

In account with
Ginger Rogers,
RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.,
Hollywood, Calif.

1 sandwich platter	$39.50
	1.20 tx
Total	$40.70

PAID Apr. 8, 1938.

A bon voyage party for the Darryl Zanucks at the Troc brings together Margaret Sullavan, John Swope and Ginger Rogers. Maggie can't quite make up her mind about Ginger's new curl cluster — which we think is tops!

"I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked"—

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"I CAN'T see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all . . .

"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears, and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others...

"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom and good old Dick, you may find that one of them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Woo, Woo—and I Do Mean Woo

(Continued from page 63)

straightened out for you." (Why isn't this man in Congress, tell me that?)

The column then concludes with the vehement denial that Wayne Morris is going to buy the Herbert acres and a startling revelation that a Mr. Hull has a swell spray gun for rent.

So, you can plainly see, Hugh Herbert's off-screen days and evenings are given over to the fulfillment of his Civic Duties. Crossroad shops within the Studio City limits are visited and boosted in his column. Committees on why the Acacia tree on Lanewood Street should not be cut down meet with Chamber of Commerce President Herbert in the local meeting room. No one puts anything over on the President. Or the Mayor. Or the columnist, who is out bag and baggage for the little fellow.

There is a seriousness of purpose in the Rotarian Babbittry of Hugh Herbert that reveals something touching and even tender about the man. He is not just another actor riding high in a community. He is a man, small-town at heart, big-time in soul, doing his best for his home town.

AND there it is. And is, if I may say so, the secret that lies behind the tremendous and even confounding appeal of the man Herbert. Behind his everlasting woo, wooing and pitching around the hysteria, there lives, not an eccentric or a clown or a fool, but a kindly man attuned to every other ordinary man's way of thinking and living.

And what's more, he's cute. And pretty, in a depressing sort of way.

He takes a secret (and even gloating) pride in the fact that something is unbeautifully wrong with his face and tells of an incident that happened recently near Warners' Studio. A woman, passing by, glanced at Hugh as he stood waiting for his car. Walking on, she finally hesitated and came back.

"Are you Hugh Herbert?" she asked.

Hughie replied he was.

The woman took one more good look, "Oh, my God," she gasped—and hurried away.

And there's the time he discovered an old script over at Universal Studio on which was written, "Need actor with a face like a hot water bottle. Suggest Hugh Herbert."

THE whimsy pooh quality that radiates from Herbert's screen personality is carried over into his private life in a generous measure. It is noticed, in his conversation particularly, when he is deep in relating an amusing incident. A trip to Catalina, in company with his dearest friend, William Demarest (Shirley Temple's step-papa in "Rebecca"), coming from Mr. Herbert, goes something like this.

"Bill and I were on the boat going over. She had another girl with her, we saw them by the rail, wasn't you who said it Bill, no I said, ever hear of Robert Taylor—they must have come down from the hills—and she said no she hadn't, have another highball—what was it you said Bill about did you hear of Hugh Herbert and then her friend came up and she hadn't heard of Hugh Herbert either—we were just out for a good time, and were they dumb, and then the fans started crowding around and did she look surprised? So I said I'm Hugh Herbert. She got seasick."

Everything is there in that story as told by Mr. Herbert—idea, substance and climax, but what sets it apart from ordinary storytelling is the fact that, over the whole, Mr. Herbert has poured a tantalizing mixture of confusion, meekness and nervous hysteria.

Again it takes another turn, this whimsy of his, when carried over to his everyday life. For example, it was during last spring's flood. As a community loving citizen, Mr. Herbert got himself a lantern, from heaven's knows what cow shed, and set out amidst the destruction to be of service. Through the drenching rain of night, Mr. Herbert and his lantern bobbed along, missing puddles by inches.

Suddenly the figure of a man approached out of the dark. "I'm looking for the Mayor," the man said. "My chickens have been washed away."

"Well, come along," Mr. Herbert said. "I have a lantern here. Lights are out everywhere. Terrible disaster, isn't it? Watch that puddle there. We'll find the Mayor over near the town. He should be there." And on and on through the night they trudged.

Suddenly Herbert stopped as though seized with an idea.

A guest at the Zanuck party—happy homecomer Claudette Colbert, looking more chic than ever after her European holiday

"Who did you say you were looking for?" he said.

"The Mayor."

"Why, that's funny," Herbert said. "We must be mixed up. I'm the Mayor." And Mr. Herbert was just as surprised at the turn of events as the man himself.

He's been in Hollywood for years and years and years and has done everything there is to be done in pictures except sew lace on Kay Francis' screen nightie.

It was way back in silent days that he directed the late Lowell Sherman in "He Knew Women." But it wasn't until Joan Blondell opened the door for a scene in "Goodbye Again" and a funny little mudpie-faced individual walked in and right into the hearts of the audience that Hughie (for it was none other than he) came into his own.

New York born, Hugh Herbert began his theatrical career writing vaudeville skits for others. They sought him out, these two-a-day troupers, begging him to create for them a funny fifteen minutes for big-time circuits. He made money hand over fist in those days, for vaudeville was at its delightful heights. When he tried the stage on his own it was to portray serious long-bearded Jewish characters which he played sensitively and to perfection.

ACTORS like Herbert but (I must be honest, Hughie) they don't like working with him for several simple reasons. For one thing, he always loses his script the first day of shooting and no one, from Jack Warner down, can find it. He loses every script they subsequently dig up during the shooting. With his script gone (and on purpose, if you ask me), he merely manufactures his own lines, much funnier than the prepared ones but lines that leave members of the cast ten feet up in the air, hot as blazes, and no way to get down. What to answer to Hughie's impromptu dialogue has thrown more actors into acute neurosis than any other vexation.

And, finally, he always steals the scenes anyway. Weep, storm, complain, go to pieces in corners as actors may and do, Hughie steals the scene just the same. Hughie is a bad boy. He's an Elk, too. And goes to lodge meetings like mad.

He has a hog named Minnie and a swell yogi in a turban. The yogi is put into service when Hugh entertains. His duties being to throw everyone including Hughie into a trance. Or something.

There was the day that Mr. Herbert, in a moment of weakness, reluctantly sold Minnie with his other livestock. Mr. Herbert did so love that livestock, but, being a bit on the sentimental side (which is an outrageous understatement), he couldn't bear to eat or in any way profit by his darling cows, hens, turkeys, goats and hogs. Each had a name of its own given it by Mr. Herbert and, even though several hundred chickens roamed the Herbert hatcheries, Hugh never, never mistook Bessie for Alice. How he knew them apart no one knows, but know them he did.

Of course there was nothing to do but finally sell most of his pets and take the balance out to his hidden ranch far back in the hills. Big Boy Williams, who lives near Hugh, bought Minnie the hog. But one evening as Hugh and Demarest sat talking they got to thinking about Minnie. It seems life had become a desolate waste without Minnie. So the two cronies trotted over to Big Boy's place and bought back good old Minnie, sow that she was.

That was two nights before the floods came, a flood that washed Minnie from her moorings far down the highway where she finally came to rest, squealing and drenched, on a native's front porch. At the sound of the squealing outside, the householder turned to his wife in surprise. "My Gawd," he said, "that sounds like Mr. Herbert's Minnie."

The picture of Mr. Herbert with a Mack truck and two assistants in a cloudburst of rain recovering Minnie from a watery grave will live in the memory of several Studio City inhabitants as long as they live.

He loves a good joke on himself. Recently Bill Demarest took all the old gold fillings that the dentist had removed from his teeth and, grating them finely, planted them in the rocks back of Hughie's ranch.

Well, if ever you've seen a chicken with its head off it was Hughie when he struck gold. He sent off the rocks for analysis and even went so far as to talk of organizing a mining company.

He laughed when Bill told him the truth but somewhere in the back of his mind is the fixed idea that the rocks had really framed Demarest, and gold, tons of it, is lying about on his ranch. He'll do something about it one day, you'll see.

Cooking is his passion. His spaghetti is the talk of the town. Caruso, back in New York, taught Hughie how to make the sauce. Actor friends beg, literally beg, to be invited to a Herbert spaghetti throw.

Not a dinner is served in the Herbert home that the master doesn't superintend. Every evening finds him in the kitchen, probing into this dish and that dish.

He's forever changing cooks. Chinese, Italians, Swedes form a constant parade of nations through his kitchen, so that from each one he may learn some new thing.

HUGH HERBERT, or Herbert Hugh as Director Michael Curtiz calls him in all seriousness, is a man who speaks a universal language—one understood by the entire world. When the Jahore of Arabia visited Warners' Studio he asked first to see the Woo, woo man.

"You are big for laughs in my country," the Jahore of Arabia told him. "You a Woo, woo man."

Hugh claims that trademark originated from a scene he did with Wheeler and Woolsey in "Diplomaniacs." The three boys were sitting on a tree limb while below sat limp and pensive Indians who refused to respond to the director's plea for animation.

Suddenly Hugh felt the limb give a little and cried "Here we go, Woo! Woo!"

Immediately the Indians leaped into action. "Woo, woo," they cried back at Hugh, "Woo, woo!"

He's used it ever since.

In his valley home, the one he once considered calling The Huberto Rancho (may the heavens forgive him), he lives with his wife, a fish pond in the living room, a guest book in the bar and his beloved dog and cat, Gertie and Peachee. "I stay home a lot," he says, "because Mrs. Herbert likes to go out and play bridge and I don't. In fact, the first thing every morning when she wakes up she looks over at me and says, 'I bid four spades'."

When Hugh wanted to enlarge his house, he thought and thought about the fish pond directly in his way. "Aw nuts," he finally said, and built the room around the pond.

He loves, too, this mild maniac of the screen, to sit alone at home for hours at a time—with Gertie his dog and Peachee his cat and their bowl of raisins by his side. And many a day he'll sit there alone throughout the entire afternoon until, outside, shadows through the pepper trees tell him that the sun has gone about its business and twilight has come.

And sometimes on the porch eaves the pigeons will begin their plaintive cry of, "Woo, woo! Woo, woo! Woo, woo!"

And Mr. Herbert will turn a bit in his comfortable chair by the fire and with a smile at his own whimsy, softly call back, "Woo, woo!"

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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

As a midseason pickup for Arleen Whelan in 20th Century-Fox's "Ellis Island," Gwen Wakeling styles this suit of white linen, novelizes it with Royal blue stitching and glamorizes it with blouse and kerchief plaided in blue, burgundy and white

RIGHT in the middle of summer play (and I do hope you had a grand and glorious Fourth) it seems rather dreadful of me to intrude with chatter and worry of clothes, but as your fashion advisor I'm right on the spot to warn you that this is the time to think of them, and what's more do something about them—that is, if you plan to take a fashionable bow as the curtain swings down on the finale of summer!

You see, it's time to remind you that clothes get tired, even as you and I, after weeks of rushing about.

And to add that there's nothing so disastrous to glamour and charm as "weary white" —shoes and bags that refuse even one more dose of polish—limpid frocks—tired hats!

To remedy these weary wardrobes Royer, designer for Twentieth Century-Fox, suggests a grand revival plan that they may finish summer's fashion race in first place!

The keynote of it is to make several well planned purchases at the end-of-the-season sales—for this is sale month, one in which you can double your dollars in a real clothes investment (and who among womankind can resist something for nothing!).

At these sales Royer suggests that you search for smart, too-expensive shoes that are now marked to half their price; a couple of bags at a figure you can't resist; frocks that have been sacrificed to your pocketbook; play togs, swim suits, hats and any number of odds and ends that are frankly a steal—in other words, a few buys that will completely renew your summer wardrobe.

Royer, however, gives a word of warning that it would be well to heed before you start on your tour of sales.

Be sure to make a list of your "must haves," and then promise yourself to complete the purchases on it before you succumb to other bargains. This procedure will assure wise buying and will prevent a sad argument with your budget.

Of course, you'll not come home from shopping without at least one brand new midseason hat which, if you follow Royer's advice, will be one of the wonderful new models in velvet, for he fancies this fabric for sport, street or cocktail models. Its possession will add the final fillip to your wardrobe, as well as stir your interest to plan for fall clothes which will soon be in the shops.

By the way, I've gathered some grand advance fashion hints for these coming fall clothes; but, before I write of them, I want to give you a few general style notes on midseason hats that may help you with your selections.

HOLLYWOOD sponsors no one particular trend —the beret, the halo, the toque, the turban and off-the-face creations all share equal honors—therefore, the style that most becomes *you* is truly the season's smartest hat. Crowns are reaching skyward again (likewise the brims of the halo hats and the irregular drapings and shapings of the other models); and the fanciful trims of the past two seasons have surrendered momentarily to allow exquisite fabrics and styling details just recognition (although veilings still persist).

Felt vies with velvet for fabric distinction, and you'll find delightful combinations of both. The perennial favorite—taffeta (in dark colors)—gets top scoring in the hat that transforms your summer print into a charming midseason costume.

Now for those notes on fall clothes so you'll be in the know as you begin to plan for them.

Ginger Rogers wears a "Sweetheart" dress created by Howard Greer, in "Carefree," that your heart will yearn to own. The dress is of sheer black woolen and features a short-sleeved, and untrimmed, high circle neckline blouse, and a full circle skirt held in slim line with all 'round inverted pleats. One silver arrow on the right sleeve points to several that dart the blouse across the front until they reach a four-inch, blood-red heart of solid beading on the left. It is a gloriously simple dress, full of glamour and appeal!

As brides are always in fashion and as their gowns are of first importance, I must tell you of the wedding gown Greer has created for Ginger to wear in the same picture. It is styled with a full circle skirt, a fitted bodice and pouf sleeves. The fabric is white net almost solidly covered with rows and rows of narrow ivory Val lace. The tulle wedding veil, also in ivory hue, releases from a coronet of tiny wheat stalks that have been brushed with gilt. There are two commanding fashion notes to be gleaned from this costume—the first is that there will be a young, romantic feeling in fall wedding gowns with net and lace replacing sophisticated satins and velvets; the second is that there will be a picturesque gayety of coloring with muted pastel hues winning out over traditional white. (The ivory tone of Ginger's gown is so deep that it gives the illusion of soft yellow.)

The circle skirts mentioned in the descriptions of the two dresses above deserve a few added notes. Greer has used these circle skirts exclusively in the clothes Ginger will wear in "Carefree," and they are sure to influence fashion. In all daytime frocks he slims them with inverted pleat treatments so that their fullness is not observed except in motion. This circle skirt trend is definitely youthful—and it strikes me as a grand new campus fashion.

Greer has selected the same style of hat (executed in varying fabrics) for Ginger to wear with all of her frocks. The reason—well, Greer has a grand one. Specifically—because the style particularly becomes Ginger.

This explodes the theory that one should wear crazy hats that are *not becoming* because they are the style, so if you are one who has refused to wear hats that ill-become you, preferring a particular style in various colorings and fabrics that does become you, Greer's *one style* hat selection for Ginger should cheer you.

Among the clothes Howard Shoup has designed for Margaret Lindsay to wear in "Garden of the Moon," the gayest is a street or spectator sports ensemble of plaid and plain. The frock of green sheer woolen is simply tailored with short sleeves, slim skirt and corseted waistline. The collarless, circle neckline is accented by a multiple-strand choker necklace of lightweight wooden beads painted barbaric colors. Atop this frock Shoup places a dashing woolen short box jacket plaided in green, blue, coral and brown to match the necklace hues. Margaret's hat is of green felt.

A midnight blue velvet and gold lamé evening gown is designed by Vera West for Danielle Darrieux to wear in "The Rage of Paris." The velvet fashions a princess skirt—the lamé a backless, peplum bodice that has a widely squared front décolletage.

As we're chatting about fall clothes let me ask you a question. Do you plan to purchase a sleek, new foundation garment before you select your clothes—to wear it when you have them fitted—and to wear it religiously?

If you don't, you should, in the opinion of Orry-Kelly, Warners' famous designer currently creating costumes for Bette Davis to wear in her newest starring production "The Sisters," as *foundation for fashion* is his first command.

Next month I'll write you highlights from Orry-Kelly's fall forecast, which is truly one of Hollywood's most cherished fashion offerings!

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"My hands have *got* to be lovely . . . perfectly groomed at all times . . . ready at a moment's notice to be photographed with jewelry, silverware, cosmetics," says Helen Ressler, noted hand model.

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• Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

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• Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 75c. Refills . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner). Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!

Confessions of a Hollywood Hairdresser

(Continued from page 13)

effect. Ianthe must have been the original girl in Irvin Cobb's story—they had to burn down the schoolhouse to get her out of the second grade, and she knew but one word of two syllables: fillum. Ianthe started things in the middle and finished them before the end. She was supporting twenty-three relatives, friends and servants, and the bills hadn't been paid for three months, when I finally left and went to work for a while in the old Sadye Nathan Shop. The twenty-three disappeared like smoke when Ianthe hit the skids.

These days, Ianthe often comes to my house evenings to have her hair and nails done. Sometimes she gets a rare day of extra work. I send her board money straight to the landlady; Ianthe wouldn't have a cent of it by the time she got home. A few old friends slip her a five-spot now and then, and she buys a dress or a hat.

HOLLYWOOD people are kind and generous, more quickly touched by a sob story dramatically presented than by patient fortitude. They are increasingly interested in social problems. Many of their charities and generosities never reach the public ear.

One of the most beautiful gestures of altruism I have ever seen occurred here a few years ago. A girl we will call Mary played small "bits" in several pictures and fell madly in love with rather a casual actor, who was soon bored with the affair.

Mary grieved and starved herself into T.B. There is no blame attached to the actor—he knew nothing of it, hadn't seen her for a year. An extra girl happened to tell one of our popular leading men about Mary.

Polman and a friend of his, Colwell, went to see her that same night, although both men were busy on pictures and had innumerable demands upon their evenings. The next morning an ambulance arrived at Mary's cheap little hotel and she was taken to a first-rate sanitarium near Los Angeles. She stayed there for two years; and every week, unfailingly, during that time, one or the other of these men drove out there with magazines, books and flowers, and cheerful chatter. I know, because several times I went along and did Mary's hair and nails. Mary was not particularly beautiful or intelligent. She was just another human being who needed help. She recovered fully, and is now happily married to a technician.

A lot of things like that happen in Hollywood. Every person in this episode was sworn to secrecy, so you never heard of it. And you do not hear of many other instances because a ripe juicy scandal, an insipid romance, finds a more ready market.

In Hollywood beauty parlors, the old routine of ex-wife and other woman in adjoining booths has been played so often it no longer arouses much comment. The air out here is charged with electricity and something really novel must happen to make it snap.

HERE are episodes out of a fairly typical day, selected at random:

Two actresses, one of whom has just been signed to play the part the other wanted, enter the salon at the same time, and stare frigidly at each other. One cancels her appointment and departs in fury, leaving her sister actress in such spacious mood she takes every treatment in the place and buys three hundred dollars worth of cosmetics.

The promising young dancer who didn't think "Mother knows best" and eloped with an unpromising young man, is reunited with Mother in the permanent wave room. Annulment proceedings begin next day.

A blonde comedienne clutches a telephone (each modern beauty parlor as well as restaurant in this town has a telephone plug every ten feet) and shrieks at her bookie. This goes on most of the time she is in the shop and an operator has to be a contortionist to work on her. She hangs up and wails, "I just lost a thousand dollars! I had a hunch on Hardtack in the fifth and didn't play it!"

She pores feverishly over racing charts, doping them out for tomorrow, asking advice of everyone in the place. She works very hard at it, keeps her edgy nerves whipped to a frenzy, and says she almost breaks even . . . I understand the studio is a trifle fed up with separating her from a telephone long enough to play a scene, and it is too bad because she is really almost as funny on the screen as off. Perhaps she hasn't noticed how easily anyone can be replaced in her business.

THE fine character actor and his wife, steady patrons for my special scalp treatment (many of my customers are men), have separated. She, a pretentious artificial woman with a bitter tongue, is trying to serve him with papers accusing him of everything in the Decalogue. Actually, he is a studious, solitary sort of man, sweet and charming. He makes a game of eluding the process server, until she is foaming.

One day he comes in for his treatment and I happen to look outside, catching sight of the missis leaving her limousine. I rush him into a lavatory where he remains for three hours, while madame has a leisurely massage, shampoo, wave and manicure. I manage to slip him a few magazines, and he emerges serene and unruffled.

On another day, a colorful young swashbuckling actor comes in for a permanent wave. He is about to play a character who must have curly hair, and he has gone without a haircut for weeks so it will be long enough to wave. His marriage with an actress has been one prolonged sparring match, which both thoroughly enjoy. He is just having his hair wound on the spindles, when she whirls in the shop.

For some reason, reticence overcomes him, and he refuses to talk to her. So she flashes up to the front of the shop and industriously writes him insulting notes, sent back to him by the maid—and he industriously answers them. They have quite a literary morning, with the lady prowling up and down between correspondence like a tigress on a diet. Finally Beulah, our colored maid, who has a swell sense of humor, gets tired of shuttling back and forth. She pauses in the massage room, on a return trip, unfolds and edits the note, writing in some "dears" and "darlings." The actor is not too surprised, accustomed to his wife's mercurial temperament, and sends back "Let's skip it and be pals again." The reconciliation took place a moment after we had removed the pads and clamps from the actor's head, which, as Beulah remarked, was a nice piece of timing.

A little drama which required several years to play concerned a New York actor, his wife and their chauffeur, whom the actor brought to Hollywood with him. The actor went down the ladder almost as fast as the chauffeur went up. When the ambitious young man wanted a studio job, the actor helped him, and, within seven years, the ex-chauffeur became a full-fledged producer. The wife, who formerly detested him, divorced her actor-husband and married the ex-chauffeur.

A confidence from one of my customers, inspired by her desperation, resulted in the most enduring happiness I have had from life. I am afraid it did not do as much for her, but it was her best alternative. We may as well call her Emily. She was a plain undistinguished woman with great possibilities—the kind you itch to advise. I persuaded her to let me arrange her coiffure along classic lines which brought out the lovely shape of her head, the purity of her features and the texture of her hair. Encouraged by this success, I volunteered advice about her clothes, and she was a woman you would look at twice, in Hollywood or in Paris.

Her husband was a busy "realtor," who did not have much time for her, and, before the transformation was completed, he went to San Francisco and stayed there six months on a business deal. He did not know what an attractive wife he had at home and never bothered to travel that short distance and see her during that time. They had reached rather an impasse in their marriage, anyway.

When Emily met a suave English actor who gave her a lot of attention, she fell pretty hard for him, even though she knew he had a wife and two children in England. To this man she sacrificed the rest of her life. I do not defend her. It was wrong. But the best a hairdresser, like a doctor, can do in this world is try to help people out of their difficulties and not be too critical of how they got into them.

EMILY came to my home one night and told me she was going to have a baby. She wanted it, desperately. She and her husband had no children. What should she do? Her husband would be home soon. Well, it seemed best, as I saw it then, to tell her husband and hope for his humanity and forgiveness. It did not seem impossible that he might eventually forget its paternity and grow fond of the child, since I have seen time and understanding perform even greater miracles than that. But I didn't know this man. He had not pined away in solitude during his absence, definitely—but this was different. He would forgive his wife and "take her back," but he never wanted to see the child, or have her see it. . . .

Maybe I made a terrible mistake advising her as I did. Maybe she should never have told him, should have placed the child in a home and persuaded him to adopt it later—as another of my clients did with success. Maybe I should have advised her to leave her husband; but she had no idea how to make a living, and the Englishman could not be depended upon. . . .

I had no remote idea, as I talked with her that night, that her baby would be the boy I have loved as my own for nine years, and who loves me as dearly as he would a mother, who believes me to be his mother. Whatever weakness there was in Emily's character which allowed her to give up her child, over any protest, has been more than compensated by her later strength. Occasionally she sees the boy. I know she would

defy husband and world to have him now. But she never reveals to him by so much as a look that she is his mother. I would give him back to her if she asked me to, and possibly go on living. But she knows he is happier this way, his mind and emotions unconfused. She is a very great woman, Emily.

Most of the very busy women in Hollywood have work done in their homes when it is more convenient and the work does not require elaborate equipment. Home is where the fun begins.

One hot night in August I went to the home of Mrs. Jasper, wife of a highly temperamental director. When the work was finished, she suggested we drive down to the corner for some ice cream. A man, not in livery, was seated at the wheel of her car. She introduced him as "Mr. Burns," which did not seem too extraordinary, this being Hollywood. Half an hour later when we stopped in front of an ornate apartment house and Mrs. J. and Mr. Burns led me gently but firmly inside things began to feel decidedly extraordinary.

We surprised Mr. Jasper in the midst of a conference with Rea Matthews, leading lady for his current picture. We even, let us say, annoyed Mr. Jasper. Especially when Mrs. Jasper, who could never forget she was once an emotional actress, brandished a revolver carelessly —and my, how I wished I wasn't so fond of ice cream! Rea and Mr. Burns also stared apprehensively at the weapon, and you could see they did not highly regard guns as an ideological corrective. Mr. Burns apparently thought it was all going to be in the usual line of duty—evidence, with me as witness.

THE Jaspers launched into a vigorous resumé of their married life, most illuminating, Mrs. Jasper having the edge as she still waved the gun. Rea and Mr. Burns suffered a temporary paralysis, and I floated, by easy stages, into the kitchen. For one thing, I was hungry; but mainly, I was interested in locating a rear exit. Entered Rea, burst into wild sobs and flung herself on my shoulder—good old reliable shoulder. I didn't see any back doors, and it wouldn't have been nice if Mrs. Jasper had caught me consoling the enemy, so I went on back to the party.

Mr. J. was signing a paper in an unsteady but legible hand. I signed as one witness, Mr. Burns as the other, although we had no idea what we were signing and haven't to this day.

Then, calm in her moment of triumph (exactly as if the script called for it), Mrs. Jasper thrust the paper in her bosom, and tossed the gun on a chair. Mr. Jasper picked it up—and discovered it wasn't loaded.

Well, then the show *really* began. No performance you or I have ever witnessed on any stage or screen can compare with Mr. Jasper's roaring melodrama of a deceived and outraged husband! He turned on everything he had, and his reputation as the best off-stage actor in the directing business was more than upheld; it was immortalized.

His grievance, stripped of invective, hyperbole and odious comparison, was that Mrs. J. had made a sap of him before witnesses by scaring him half to death with an unloaded gun. He would never be able to live it down in Hollywood. That was what worried him.

Whereupon Mrs. Jasper turned like lightning and sternly informed the three of us if we ever breathed a word against her husband, we would answer to *her* for it! Then she rushed into Mr. J.'s arms.

From then on, the evening went completely Noel Coward.

Mr. Burns poured a round of highballs, sadly shook hands with all of us as if we had failed him but he would be brave, and called a taxi. It would have been sacrilege to disturb the Jaspers, entwined on the davenport like a loving pretzel. Rea tiptoed into her bedroom and laid out a nightgown, which I have always regarded as one of the most exquisite of all possible gestures.

Then we took the car key and drove Mrs. Jasper's car back to the Jasper palace. Rea's grief subsided at the discovery of the cold squab in the ice box, some Bar-le-Duc and roquefort and a bottle of excellent Liebfraumilch. After I telephoned my husband, we played some Sibelius records and then went to bed about dawn.

This singularly diverting evening reconstructs itself in memory like a surrealist drawing expressed in action, a sort of montage such as Mr. Jasper is so fond of using in his pictures. Perhaps a psychiatrist could tell me why I invariably recall it along with the first bite into a green olive, a ride on a carrousel, the Quatres Arts Ball in Paris, Ben Turpin, the champion polo player who fell off his camel in Egypt and the rubber "doughnut" air cushion a distinguished French beauty always placed in a chair before she sat down.

This might well have been a scandal, but it never was. Hollywood is just about out of scandals. It is a much more sane and healthy place in recent years than it used to be. Homes are to live in and not for exhibition purposes, people have children or adopt them, friendships last longer.

Pity the poor press agent! The world still insists that Hollywood be a glamorous decadent place—and what are you going to do about glamour girls who bake cakes, dig in their gardens and have babies? Items hit headlines now that wouldn't have been given space on page ten in the riotous Clara Bow-Gloria Swanson days.

But so long as human beings are human, plots that never reach the screen will continue to evolve in Hollywood; and the hairdressers in filmtown's beauty parlors will hear most of them.

WHOSE?

Here are the correct answers to the picture spread found on pages 36-37:

1. Tyrone Power's eyelashes
2. Deanna Durbin's hairbow
3. Sonja Henie's skating shoe
4. Robert Taylor's widow's peak
5. Fred Astaire's top hat
6. Charlie McCarthy's monocle
7. Bob Burns' bazooka
8. Bing Crosby's pipe
9. Carole Lombard's star sapphire
10. W. C. Fields' cigar
11. Clark Gable's chain ring
12. Dorothy Lamour's sarong
13. Marlene Dietrich's eyebrows
14. Joan Crawford's gardenia
15. Shirley Temple's curl
16. Barbara Stanwyck's gold cross
17. Martha Raye's mouth
18. Mae West's curves

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

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TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

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Incredible!..Yet this scene of rest and play was sketched on part of the Ambassador's Twenty-two Acre playground . . . at the hub from which radiates the greatest social and quality merchandising area on the Pacific Coast.

Two minutes from one of the world's busiest traffic corners. . . . Wilshire and Western . . . Eight easy minutes from Los Angeles' financial center . . . and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific.

The Los Angeles

AMBASSADOR

With its great, new flower-lined forecourt and auto patio and highly modernized hotel and bungalows . . . with grounds that provide Tennis...Golf... Crystal Pool . . . and Cabana-studded Sun-tan Beach.

And the WORLD-FAMOUS

"COCOANUT GROVE"

Presenting more famous orchestras and entertainers . . . and catering to more celebrities . . . than any other center for dining and dancing on earth.

This year Hollywood pays tribute to this rendezvous for leaders of stage, screen and society with the great productions "Cocoanut Grove" and "Garden of the Moon" . . . but two of a sequence of motion pictures in which "The Grove" and its atmosphere are emphasized.

Come This Summer for an Ideal Vacation

★

3400 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Write for rates and Chef's book of Calif. Recipes

Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

together. They were caught up into a gay and glittering world of their own.

Sometimes you'd pass them as you went walking. They would be curled up in two deck chairs, side by side, fingers interlaced, and he would be reading to her.

The young writer from Hollywood, who was a nice lad, spoke to me about it.

"It's marvellous to be like that," he said, rather wistfully. "I don't suppose it means any more to them than just a scene in a movie. Of course they belong together. Do you notice the way they dance? As though no one else were present. As though they were enjoying themselves so much they had forgotten everything else. And I saw them this morning in the swimming pool. He's a champion when it comes to diving. He did a half gainor that was a pip, and it takes something to do that. And of course the way she looks in a bathing suit—"

I said I had seen her in a bathing suit. It was a plain black one, by the way, severely and simply cut. Swimming was, I had heard her tell him, the only sport she cared for. She mocked him, gently, saying, "I am not a muscle moll. I do everything badly in the athletic line—except swim. Perhaps I was a mermaid in some other life." And he said, "A Lorelei, no doubt," and she smiled, saying, "Oh dear—I hope not. I should hate to make anyone unhappy. I like to see people laugh."

The young writer said, "He's married, isn't he?"

"Very much so," I said coldly. "He has a beautiful wife whom he adores. It's one of Hollywood's really successful marriages. This—if you're a writer, you ought to understand. They're playing at love, I suppose, to pass the time."

"And she?" he wanted to know. "Hasn't she ever been married at all?"

"No," I said, "she doesn't believe in marriage, so I've been told. Not while she's still a screen star. The wise ones have always believed that when she retires—in a few years—she'll marry someone with a lot of money and social position. She's — she rather makes a business of the art of living. She's a very intelligent young woman."

"But she's had — lovers?" he said.

"As to that," I said sharply, "I'm sure I don't know. Certainly a lot of men have been in love with her. But she's—discreet."

"She's not being very discreet now," he said. "Everybody on board knows they're—having an affair."

"You mean everybody thinks they are," I said. "I doubt very much if anyone knows it. It will all be forgotten as soon as we land. These shipboard romances."

That was the way we all saw it, I think. They were clever, worldly, sophisticated people. They had both been credited with innumerable romances and they knew how to take care of themselves. It was the nth degree of charming flirtation, conducted with charm, with finesse, with all the little delightful adjuncts. Flowers—music—beauty. We felt rather as though we were watching a play. Certainly no one had ever seen two people so gay. They were always laughing—always together—but always laughing or smiling at each other as they dined and danced.

THEY were laughing, too, when they said good-by.

From London, she was going on South, to visit friends in a villa at Cannes. He was making a picture—or scenes for a picture—in Scotland. They were both staying at the Savoy. I happened to be in the lobby that morning when she came down. Very smart, in light blue tweeds and a soft fur slung over her shoulders, and little pale green-yellow orchids pinned at her throat.

He came down just after she did and put her in a taxi, bound for the airport.

"I'd like to come and see you off," he said.

But she laughed. "No," she said, "I loathe being seen off. Let's say good-by here. It's been fun, hasn't it? Thank you for the orchids and—"

She looked down at her hand and I saw that she was wearing only one ring—she never wore rings, I had noticed that, just the bracelets and the clips, but now she wore a big, smiling blue ring on her right hand.

He said, "Good-by, sweet. It's all been too beautiful. Have a good time and be careful about breaking hearts, won't you? Mine feels at least slightly cracked."

They went out and he put her in the taxi and just as he shut the door she said something, her delightful face framed in the window, and then they both laughed and he came back in, still laughing, and went on upstairs without even seeing me.

"Always leave them laughing when you say good-by.

That, I thought, is that. Why can't other people be like that? Such a delightful romance. Parting with gaiety. Not making a tragedy of it all. Wearing orchids and a new ring. He's off to Scotland and she's off to Cannes, and they've had a charming interlude and nobody hurt by it.

That, I thought, was the end.

BUT the real end I found out later, by accident. Or at least partly by accident and partly by putting things together.

She had a house in Honolulu and I happened to be there and she asked me to dine one evening. We were in her bedroom before dinner and she was wearing blue velvet—she loved velvet and wore it often—and there was a new maid. The great jewel case lay open, and the maid pressed a small spring and one compartment came open and there upon a white velvet bed was the smiling blue ring. The maid took it up and held it out and then she—it was the only time I'd ever seen her angry—snatched it, and held it against her cheek and said, "Don't you ever touch that! I never wear it—you understand?"

Her eyes met mine and I suppose perhaps because she remembered that I had been on the ship, she began to weep. I never saw a woman weep like that before or since. I took her in my arms and she seemed to be in such despair that she was like a little girl, helpless and torn.

"I can't bear it," she said, "sometimes I can't bear it. Life is nothing—nothing—" and she went on weeping, low and deep, and it was the very voice of despair. "There is, I suppose, always one man—only one man who means everything and if you can't have him—"

"But he doesn't know—" I said.

"No," she said. "No. Why should he? Always leave them laughing—" And then she stopped weeping, and dried her eyes, and smiled at me—somehow. The smile was worse than her tears. And we went down to dinner.

IT was when they wanted to lend him to her studio to play opposite her that I found out how he felt.

"Never," he said, and was very rude and quite vicious about it. He looked haggard and drawn and furious. "I won't—I hate being co-starred with women to begin with. No—definitely no."

We walked out of the office side by side—I was going to do the story and so had been in on the conference—and I said, "Why do you feel that way, my friend?"

I think he had completely forgotten that I had been on the boat. I am sure he had. He didn't say anything for a long moment, and he was very far from laughter. Pain was in his eyes. Way down.

He said, slowly, "A man can be expected to stand just so much—pain. You wouldn't know what I'm talking about but—there is always just one woman, I suppose — I'm not taking any chances." He tried to smile, but it wasn't very successful and my own heart ached as I watched him.

Always leave them laughing.

They had laughed when they said good-by. It had been—oh, so gay. They had thought they could get away with it. That charming, sophisticated interlude on shipboard. These charming people.

But now I wondered if they had ever really laughed since.

Tears and pain. They had followed that laughing good-by. Always. I put together then the things I had been hearing.

That she was no longer so sure of her pattern and design for living. That his temper was uncertain. That neither of them seemed to enjoy life as once he and she had enjoyed it.

Always leave them laughing when you say good-by.

A magnificent creed—if you could live up to it. They hadn't. I still wonder what might happen if they discovered each other's tears and pain. But I daresay they won't. These charming people must attempt to live up to their creed, and pride makes them go on laughing, at least in public.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 70 with these correct ones:

1. Danielle Darrieux
2. Gene Autry
3. Joan Crawford
4. Leo Forbstein
5. Wesley Ruggles
6. Marjorie Main
7. Claudette Colbert
8. Fred Astaire
9. Sidney Mitchell
10. Andrea Leeds

Boos And Bouquets

(Continued from page 68)

$1.00 PRIZE

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH—ANOTHER R. TAYLOR

I noticed in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY on a Walter Winchell page, a clipping of the Robert Taylors out of the city phone directory. There are ten of them, but how many of them are working in pictures? Only two of us, I think, *the* Robert Taylor and myself. In passing, I wish to thank you for covering my phone number; it got into the Los Angeles directory by accident, and I have not changed it.

My home town of Memphis, Tennessee, has Los Angeles outnumbered with Robert Taylors, by several.

I have had the opportunity of meeting *the* star, and working on a picture with him, and I go on record to say that M-G-M does not have to build him into a he-man as far as I am concerned, because that is all he is, and has been—just one swell fellow.

ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
Culver City, Calif.

P.S.: I would like to change my name, for working purposes only, but can't find a suitable one that is not in use.

$1.00 PRIZE

POWER—THE TEACHER'S PET

Just for my private knowledge, I told my wife that we would stop in the small backwoodsy towns of our Northwest when I took my vacation from teaching and find out (1) What do Indians think of movies, and who are their favorite stars? (2) Do loggers, the real swearing, fighting, spitting kind, like the logging pictures? (3) Do the women of these outpost towns (communities that range from a hundred to four hundred miles from such cities as Portland) like the sophisticated drama or comedy or Westerns or what?

Don't get too startled when you find out that Nelson Eddy rates tops for singing as well as acting for the Indian maidens on the reservations. Clark Gable is the hero of the dark-skinned lads, but so are Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou and Leo Carrillo.

The tough loggers definitely go in for the deft, rather sophisticated dramas and stay sober on Saturday night when down from the tall fir camps, providing Sonja Henie is in town.

As for the women in those small communities, they like such shows as "Theodora Goes Wild." And rate Irene Dunne high. As one woman said, she "likes shows that could happen to me." And that is the secret of our far western movie-goers: they like to see things they can't do, but if a miracle should happen, they might do.

Did you know teachers read your magazine? A lot of them think Tyrone Power outshines the whole galaxy of Hollywood stars because he has a sincerity that might make him a pretty swell teacher.

RALPH P. STULLER,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

DEAR MR. SELZNICK:

What about Scarlett, Melanie and Rhett?
A faithful public awaits them yet.
But a public is fickle, and interest ceases
Waiting too long for picture releases.
Oh, Mr. Selznick, if it's your goal
To find a star for that feature rôle,
Then listen to me. What can you lose?
Here is a list from which to choose:
First I offer K. Hepburn's name,
Then Andrea Leeds of "Stage Door" fame;
Ginger Rogers, a versatile gal,
Or Myrna Loy, the Thin Man's pal;
What about Davis, Crawford, or Dunne,
Hopkins, de Havilland, most anyone;
Or perhaps, Mr. Selznick, you'd better wait
'Til nineteen hundred and forty-eight,
When you can say to the press in a statement simple,
"Scarlett was given to Shirley Temple."
'Til then, Mr. Selznick, do the best you can.
I remain sincerely, a movie fan.

NORMAN KRONSTADT,
Savannah, Georgia.

$1.00 PRIZE

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

After this picture I am sure there will be more than four men sending up a prayer that Hollywood refrain from distorting good books on the screen. When I read David Garth's fine novel I thought it had the best movie material of any story I had read in years—fine character studies, mystery, thrilling adventure and under all a satisfying romance.

The shock comes right at the start, and, believe me, "it is only the beginning." *General Leigh,* who, in the book, is under the sod with a veil of mystery surrounding his death, walks in very much alive. The director forgets entirely *Geoffrey's* English sweetheart, and concentrates on casting lovely Loretta Young in the rôle of a flip man-chasing American girl, failing entirely to portray the heroine Mr. Garth created. *Captain Loveland* skips through the picture in the person of Reginald Denny without making you even dislike him. One wonders how anybody could so completely muff a good story, particularly with such an outstanding cast. I think everyone who attends the picture should, in all fairness to David Garth, be presented with a copy of the book so he may go home and read what "Four Men And A Prayer" is really all about.

MRS. E. EUGENE JACOBS, JR.,
Guilford, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE

THUMBS UP FOR KATIE

My hat's off to you, Katharine Hepburn—even in the rain. Today I saw you for the very first time in my forty-odd years of existence and you are *one* finished product of the silver screen. In this picture, "Bringing Up Baby," you caused me to fling aside all the ideas, wrong ones I'll confess, I had about your acting. Pardon me, Lady! Why, you are a gay, lovable, charming personality. One who "can take it." Here's hopin' I'll be seein' you soon in another side-splitting comedy.

F. M. PIPES,
Texarkana, Texas.

Not comedy, but tragedy may be Katie's next picture rôle. Would you like to see her as Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind?" Don't miss the story about it on Page 64.

Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. An understudy on the stage, she graduated to stock company leads, in which a casting director "discovered" her. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run."*)

Freshness wins Fans

for young star...and Old Gold

STARS have risen . . . gleamed brilliantly for a time . . . and faded out of popular sight. *Why?* Their talent was no less. Their looks were not lost. Yet something was lacking . . . something that makes the difference between greatness and mediocrity. *Freshness.*

Freshness, in a star or a cigarette, gives you an *extra* thrill . . . a thrill no other quality can provide!

No expense is too great to protect that priceless quality. Old Gold spends a fortune to bring you the flavor thrill of prize crop tobaccos, *at the peak* of appealing freshness. Each pack is protected against dampness, dryness and dust by a *second* jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane . . . double assurance of the utmost pleasure and satisfaction a cigarette can give.

TRY a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds! Discover what the charm of *freshness* means—in richer flavor and smoother throat-ease!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

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Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

Starring

YOUR FINGER-TIPS

To work a magic transformation in the appearance of your hands — go to your beauty salon and ask for the new La Cross Glycerated * Manicure. A wonder pick-up to soften the summer dryness of nails and cuticles — make your finger-tips as exquisite as petals.

Then, as a bewitching accent, ask for *Twilight*, the new La Cross romance shade in nail polish, delicately pink and a-sparkle. The fine polishes of La Cross come in 18 exclusive costume shades, for all occasions and frocks. 50c a bottle. La Cross, Newark, N. J.

La Cross

CREME NAIL POLISH

★ Reg. U. S. Patent Office—No acetone

BE SMART TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS

Darling:

I have already written a book called *No More Alibis*. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of oversensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll but read what Mama has to tell you.

That Magic Touch

My new book *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* contains hundreds of simple ways to develop glamour—that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a pretty woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. Glamour is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you.

You Can Develop Glamour

And, darling, make no mistake about glamour . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. But for heaven's sake don't think you can radiate personality by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frills or mannerisms. And if you are laboring under the false notion that you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't catch the admiration of others—forget it!

If you are one of those gals who in a blundering, self-conscious manner shrivel up into knots when in the company of strangers, Mama's got plenty of tips for you. Your trouble is that you never give yourself a chance to express your true personality. Yes, it's there, baby—you've got all the makings for a magnetic personality if you will only use them. If you wish to acquire self-assurance, poise and charm, get my new book—read it from cover to cover and you'll have all the secrets I've gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Madame Sylvia

The price of *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* is only $1.00 postpaid. At all booksellers or mail coupon below TODAY.

P. S. If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains *all* the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00 postpaid.

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City.....State.....

☐ Check here if you are also enclosing $1.00 for a copy of *No More Alibis* by Sylvia of Hollywood.

Marriage Is A Laughing Matter

(Continued from page 23)

row, his expression woebegone. "You see what my life is," he murmured.

"You can't tell me your days go on like that," I said. "You can't have had many more experiences like that."

They both sat forward with a jerk. "Not have more?" they said in unison. "Have you got all evening free to listen?"

GENE consulted Jeanette. "I could tell about the time you wanted to take the ride around New York's Central Park in one of those open hacks and we did and had fans follow us for miles, yelling at us, because they could walk faster than the poor old horse could. . . ."

"And I could tell about the same time in New York when you had to have chicken croquettes with white sauce and green peas at Childs'," said Jeanette.

She turned to me. "Ignore him," she said, "but up until the time we had to go to Childs' it had been a lovely evening. We were vacationing in New York at the same time that Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin were there and we had made up a foursome for the evening.

"We had consumed a divine dinner and seen a fine play and had gone afterward to the Plaza and seen that wonderful Paul Draper dance. It was about one o'clock in the morning and all the rest of us wanted to do then was go home and to bed. But my husband had been brought up in New York, as you know, and he remembered with greatest joy the chicken croquettes with white sauce and green peas that they served at Childs'.

"It seemed he just had to have some and we had to have some with him. Well, we couldn't get into the first few Childs' restaurants we tried to make because of the autograph fans following us, but we eventually outdistanced them and found a Childs' which was open and where we were safe. Only it seemed that it was too late in the evening for white sauce.

"I don't know why white sauce should have a bedtime but that's how it worked out. And the waiter said they never had peas at that season of the year so Gene ended up with the plain croquettes and green beans. Dr. Griffin and I had scrambled eggs and I don't remember what Irene had but it gave her indigestion, too."

"And I could tell about the time we were going to the wedding of General Pershing's son in New York, at a church just two blocks away from our hotel," said Gene, "but you had to hire a limousine so we wouldn't get caught in any crowds but you forgot that our hotel was on a one-way street, the wrong way, so the car had to park on Fifth Avenue and by the time we got to it we were caught in the crowd anyhow so that the chauffeur never did find us. . . ."

"And I could tell," started Jeanette, but at that moment she began really to laugh and she rushed across the room and sat on Gene's lap and he started to laugh, too, and turned to kiss her. So I thought it was high time that I went away from there.

BUT *I* could tell these things: about the very rare moments when I have talked to both of them and they have been serious and have told me about the little town house they hope to have some day in New York. Not that they ever have any intention of deserting Hollywood and their home there, but just so that they can get the feel of living in both cities. And I could tell, also, of how they hope some day to make their careers a combination of music-radio-pictures because they see no reason why those three arts should be antagonistic and because they love all three of them. I could tell you, too, and quite truly how they have never had, since the day of their marriage, the slightest thing resembling a quarrel and how, under all their bright mockery and merry teasing, their eyes constantly seek out each other's and how their fingers entwine always about each other's hands.

From all of which things, if you add them together, I hope *you* can tell that they are terrifically, sincerely, and permanently in love. Because, you see, no couple could kid itself and each other so constantly, could laugh so genuinely, unless they deeply adored and understood one another's foibles. If you haven't received that impression from all of this, then I've failed, because, I assure you, they are two of the most truly-in-love people I have ever seen. If any marriage underneath Hollywood's blazing sun has a chance to last till death-do-them-part, this MacDonald-Raymond marriage, now one year old, is that one.

And despite all the odds against it, I'll give you any odds that you wish that it will last forever and ever, amen.

At the Zanuck Party, the Buddy Rogers and Hal Roach indulge in some autograph signing for sweet charity's sake

The Three Careers of Adolphe Menjou

(Continued from page 19)

is to sail the Mediterranean with submarines lying in wait," he commented recently, when he read the war reports from that region.

The courage and initiative which showed themselves later when he was haunting the casting offices of Hollywood stood him in good stead in the war zone, and perhaps ripened there amid the horror and mud, the endless rains and suffering.

HIS moment of greatest danger came at a little town in the Meuse-Argonne when his unit, with a group of wounded to evacuate by ambulance, set up quarters in a shed; a miserable shack, twenty-two horses in the other end of it, but the only shelter available. Frantically the Red Cross workers were making their patients as comfortable as possible when, with a hideous screech and crash, a shell hit the corner of the building. It killed all the horses, but when the splinters and stones ceased flying the wounded were found to be untouched. Partly because of his record in this crisis, Menjou won the rank of Captain.

Self-possession under bitter circumstances was therefore no new acquirement when, the war over, Menjou reached Hollywood to find that films had forgotten the promising Vitagraph bit player whose climb to fame the war had stopped. He began over again. And self-possession helped later when, at the peak of his painfully achieved second career (in which elegant clothes had their share), the public abruptly tired of well-dressed men-of-the-world, and the prince of them, instead of drawing down $7,000 a week, found it hard to get any work at all.

The old Vitagraph career, his initial one, had brought no outstanding rôles. His first really big chance, and his first big man-of-the-world rôle—that of the sophisticate in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris"—had come indirectly as the result of being turned down for another part.

"Thank heaven!" he says gratefully every time he recalls that incident.

But after the sophisticates fell from favor, his second big chance (it turned out to be the start of his third career) came through his own insistence.

True to his design for living, he broke the rules again. Instead of retiring to the shelf reserved for unwanted sophisticates, he lived up to his theory of dropping the outworn and trying something new.

Vigorously he insisted that he was a comedian; a hard-boiled one, at that. Hollywood snickered, but a producer gambled on this fellow who wouldn't stay licked and Menjou played, in "The Front Page," the managing editor rôle that put him for the third time at the top.

Just the same, he had no intention of being pigeonholed as a comedian. While four producers lately offered him four comedy rôles in a row, he calmly announced that after his next film he wouldn't do another comedy character for—oh, maybe a year or more; he wanted to concentrate on straight dramatic parts. "In films, they call it being typed, in business they call it getting into a rut, but whatever you call it," Menjou said, a spark in his brown eyes, "it's fatal."

A NATURE filled with lesser enthusiasms couldn't have survived. Menjou is electric with enthusiasm; you get it from his voice, his swift motions, still more from the wide-awake quality of his dark eyes.

He appreciates life enough to do everything well. Even the dinner parties given in this English house are perfect in montage, so to speak, no less than in food. Naturally, Mrs. Menjou is largely responsible for this perfection, but her care for the nicer things of life is a reason why she is Mrs. Menjou.

She came through the room now, blonde and sweet and poised, not at all the shrewish "wife of the Judge" in "First Lady."

"Look what's waiting for Daddy," she laughed, pointing toward the hall.

Menjou jumped from behind the desk and hurried to the stairway. There on the lowest step sat the nurse with Peter Adolphe in her lap, the plump, fair-haired infant adopted by the Menjous some months ago and recently made their legal son.

With glee Daddy took the baby in his arms, proudly pointing out how the little fellow's round gaze discovered the visitor and would not be diverted from its fascinated stare. "He knows there's a stranger here," Menjou explained, reluctantly giving him back when the nurse murmured that an afternoon nap was due.

"Pat-a-cake," Menjou said to Peter Adolphe, "pat-a-cake, baker's man!" He clapped his hands, bending toward the baby, giving the performance of his life, a different Menjou, indeed, from the man who plays the pompous stage idol in Universal's "Letter of Introduction."

The miracle happened. Peter Adolphe's rosy face parted in a wide grin of pure enjoyment, to which he added a chuckle for full measure. He was cooing again as Nurse carried him up the stairs.

Warmth lingered in Menjou's smile as he scooped Ladybug to his shoulder. Ladybug is the fluffiest of toy Pomeranians, the size and cuddly disposition of a beige kitten.

You happened to mention stars, the picture kind.

"The star system is entirely wrong," Menjou said firmly. "Neither a picture nor a business ought to be built around one personality—it throws everything out of balance." Ladybug licked his ear approvingly.

But, Mr. Menjou . . . hadn't there been talk lately about making Menjou a star pretty soon?

"Who," answered Menjou indignantly, "me? Tied down where I'd have to give the same performance all the time? Where I couldn't break rules!"

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In September PHOTOPLAY

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The "Golden Goose" Reaches Thirty

(Continued from page 11)

worked harder than you imagine to get that Louisiana accent for "Jezebel." Not just any old Southern accent would do: there are about nine different ways of pronouncing "girl" below the Mason and Dixon Line.

She is studying German now. In the third or fourth picture she will make in the future, she expects to play the girl in James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone." The girl is a German dancer, stranded in England, who speaks with a slight accent. The way Bette does it, you learn the language first, and you will have a more convincing accent! This is known as "the hard way," the way taken by actresses like Davis, and actors like Muni, who, by the way, has been suggested for the character of the *Doctor* in that picture.

The same perfection mania compels Bette to be the New England housewife of the world.

When Bette is not making a picture, the family swears that, before her eyes are open, she is saying, "See if the flowers are fresh in the living room—has Brown swept the patio—tell him to put clean towels in the bathhouse by the pool—did the piano tuner come yesterday?"

She has what Bobbie calls the "housewife's roving eye." Returning from the studio, she walks straight through the door to a lamp shade and adjusts it, moves a chair two inches to the left, turns a vase, picks up a flower petal—and, if they were carrying her in on a stretcher, Bobbie insists she would do the same routine.

Bobbie had hysterics watching that scene in "Jezebel," after *Pres* returns and asks the butler what *Miss Julie* has been doing with her time. The butler answers that all she does is slick up the house. Bobbie declares it was pure biography because, every time Bette has anything worrying her mind, all she does is slick up the house until everyone is fit to be tied. Says she seems to solve quite a few problems that way.

She can become quite articulate over bits and ends of soap in the bathrooms, or cigarette butts in the fireplaces. Her chief extravagance is clean linens.

One time when she was but a girl (!) a young man brought Bette home from a fraternity dance. Everyone had been too busy that day to do the living room. It was too much for Bette. She tied up the curtains, got out the dust-mop and vacuum, and, after fifteen minutes of dodging, the young man said, "Well, I don't think I'm wanted around here," and she never saw him again.

Her new house is a dream come true, and offers elegant opportunity to flourish as a housewife on a grand scale. She moved recently to this handsome estate in Coldwater Canyon, rented from Robert Armstrong. She does not want to own property or things that begin to own you. Her home before this was a small picturesque old frame affair on Franklin Avenue, where conversation had to pause every time a streetcar went by, and the rent was seventy-five dollars a month. If it had afforded enough privacy and more room for her expanding household, she would not have moved.

Her husband is by way of becoming a leading agent for actors, and has made a recent discovery in thirteen-year-old Pam Bascom, who may be another Deanna Durbin. She is living at the house and Bette likes to say she is now a mother. If babies could be born at the age of thirteen, she says she wouldn't mind having one.

A trait of Bette's, unique in Hollywood, is her refusal to stand in awe of titles or money. She respects wisdom, fortitude, talent, industry, accomplishment and age—if the last does not expect admiration merely because it is old. She thinks it is no credit to be old any more than it is to be born, if you haven't done anything with your life. Her nearest friends are quite a bit older than she is. They were her friends last year and the years before, and will continue to be her friends.

As for her plans—"Well," says Bette, "you can classify all persons in two general divisions—the kind who make plans, and the impulsive kind to whom things happen. I belong in the latter classification. Things have always happened to me: unpremeditated, unpredictable things. For me to make plans far in advance would be disastrous, and would lead to an ultimate letdown. I would be eternally faced with that line: 'But I thought you said you were going to . . .', for which there is no answer, and which breeds a sense of futility.

"Then I am just superstitious enough to think discussing plans, if you have any, automatically puts a jinx on them—like the type of writer who insists upon telling everyone the story he is going to write. He never writes it. It is better to talk about things *after* they are accomplished.

"There are, however, things I *want* to do, during my thirties—which is different than making plans to do them. One is to build Mother a house. Another is to do a play in London. And then I want to take a company on tour through small towns in the United States, for one year. Not to do new plays—but well-known tragedies and comedies and serio-comedies, done really well. Not with the idea of making a fortune, but to present good theater to those who seldom get a chance at it."

Back in 1908 Maude Adams was the "Peter Pan" of the American stage and the greatest actress of them all. Now, thirty years later, she embarks on a new career, having signed a picture contract with Selznick International

She returns borrowed books promptly. She does not like cats and has no feline characteristics, no matter what you think.

A man told me the first time he heard Bette laugh, off screen, he thought a mouse had run up her leg. She laughs from the sacroiliac — an explosion of vitality, enough to send the skinny little thing to bed for a week. Where the vitality comes from nobody knows. She hurls herself into everything, from "Jezebel" to a game of Consequences, with a quivering intensity that makes one wonder if she can possibly live through it. Actually, she has more resistance and elasticity than most of the huskier girls, and says she built it up during the time she was a fat little youngster in an unsparing Massachusetts climate.

It is only fair to amplify that statement about nobody's knowing where her vitality comes from. Anyone who has ever dined at the same table must suspect where she gets some of it. To say "Bette eats like a horse" seems an unfair reflection on the horse.

The plump girls look on with expressions ranging from envy to rage to despair while Bette polishes off two portions of everything and hot buttered biscuits till you lose count. Between meals, she has a large glass of milk to keep her strength up. She takes a lot of refuelling.

A doctor once said you could probably heat electric irons on her basic metabolism.

She is strung like a Stradivarius all the time, yet nobody ever hears her say she is tired. She makes the other women in a room look like carbon-copies.

Yes—the "Golden Goose" will be thirty on Tuesday.

"And at thirty," says Bette, "a woman's personal life is full if she has other people to do for, and heaven pity her if she has not; she is the most tragic creature alive.

"Your family comes first, of course, but family alone is not enough to round out your interests. I have always been interested in any person in any of the arts who is working toward recognition, and I will help him with any ideas I have, if he asks for them. But I will not help materially, to the detriment of his will to create.

"To have had a hand in the development of Pam Bascom, my husband's protégée, has been a thrilling experience. The child is talented beyond belief—already, after one test, they are calling her 'one-take Pam.' Her success, of which I feel confident, will always inspire me with a sense of pride and accomplishment—for the very little I have had to do with it. There is nothing in life so satisfying, particularly when the person in whom you are interested more than justifies your faith."

* * *

So, from now on, begins a new life for Bette Davis—combining the best features of the former one with that magic something that only her thirties can ever give to any woman.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 59)

poos, to keep it healthy and remove all oil and dust. While her hair is still damp from a shampoo, she sprays it with brilliantine. Marie has discovered that this accents the luster of her hair more than if oil is applied after the hair is dry.

HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR—For true loveliness, your hair must be bright and glistening with shiny highlights. Margaret Lindsay was in the photo gallery at Warner Brothers' studio when I popped in to see what was going on, and the very first thing I noticed about her was the glowing highlights in her hair. Her head was vivid and shining, and she has a very original method of bringing out the highlights that is splendid for you darker haired girls to follow—but be very careful how you do it. Margaret takes twenty-proof peroxide and brushes it lightly over the top of her hair and on the ends. She dries it for about twenty minutes under the sun before shampooing it. This gives the merest suggestion of a sprinkling of gold over her hair. When you see "Garden of the Moon," you'll find how effective this method of highlighting the hair really is.

Of course, your hair must be really clean to be attractive. When you give yourself a shampoo, be sure to use a good stiff brush to get it thoroughly clean. The brush stimulates your scalp, and you'll find that it really makes your hair grow faster as well as removing all dust and oil from your hair and scalp. Brush hard and firmly in a rotary motion on your scalp.

Be sure, too, to give your hair a very thorough brushing with your regular brush just before your shampoo, and remember to brush it again a few hours after it has thoroughly dried. You needn't be afraid of disturbing your wave because by brushing the way the hair grows you won't harm it at all—it will really increase the permanence of your wave as well as keep your hair in good condition and restore the gloss that may disappear under hot dryers.

To keep your hair in place, wear a net cap over your head at night, but never sleep with a towel or bandana over your head because your hair needs to breathe, too; and do remember that frequent combing increases circulation and stimulates your scalp to give you bright and shining hair.

If your hair becomes dry and unruly during the summer months, I have some excellent tips on how to restore it to good condition. I'll be very glad to send these hints to you upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

have got the cart before the production horse in Hollywood is that whenever a producer does decide to do a picture that delves into the past (which mostly we either don't understand or are bored with anyhow if we do) he sinks a million dollars into it, trying to sell us something we never wanted in the first place. And, equally, his tendency, when he makes pictures about today and problems in which we really are interested, is to make them quick and cheap.

WELL, I follow his reasoning in the latter instance. He says we will go to the theater to see the latter, anyhow, so there's his chance to save his money, reap a reward on a bargain, that is. But it's way over my head on how he dopes out the expenditure of millions when he begins shooting a picture of the past, on which, at best, our interest is doubtful.

Metro sank a fortune in "Romeo and Juliet." It is supposed to have cost them about $50,000 alone to have sent a man around the country telling people how artistic the "Romeo and Juliet" sets were. And that was only one item. "Romeo and Juliet" was very beautiful and very fine. But, despite all the high-brow ballyhoo, it didn't earn its cost.

Miss Ginger Rogers, on the other hand, is twinkling her way currently through as modern and delightful a love story as every girl has dreamed of on a lonely Saturday night when she got stood up on a date. Ginger goes through all girls' situations in this, writing the home-town girl who's got the inside track, having to rush to the ladies' room to stop a run in her stocking—such things.

As a result, we love Ginger and pay money to see her. She's us. We understand her. We want to be like her; our men wish they could date her.

"Vivacious Lady" was, I know, a fairly expensive picture. But that is the way I think it should be. Put the money in pictures we understand. Let the producers get over being impressed with stories in highbrow books. I know the story of the forthcoming "Marie Antoinette" is one of the most poignant in all history. I know "Robin Hood" has been one of the great adventure yarns of all time. I do believe this current version of "Robin Hood" is going to earn a great deal of money for it is glorious adventure. But I doubt that it is going to earn any two million dollars. But if it doesn't, the next thing you know the whispers will start, "Flynn isn't box office."

But Gable is box-office and why? Because Gable is tough enough that when he saw himself in one moment of history, "Parnell," he held out for more than twenty weeks, with the whole studio pounding at him, until he got a live, modern story about a real, modern man he could understand and we could understand.

That was the guy in "Test Pilot" and you know what a riot that opus is turning out to be.

SO, dear producers, please give your money to pictures such as these charmers star in. No star can survive a dead script. When you go in for art, do it as you did with "The Informer," make it inexpensively, to the eternal glory of the motion-picture industry. Don't spend two million dollars trying to show off your learning. Don't think that means you are making "caviar to the general." Just study those red ink box-office figures and you'll know what we know without even going down to the theater.

Epics usually turn out to be ham on something very wry.

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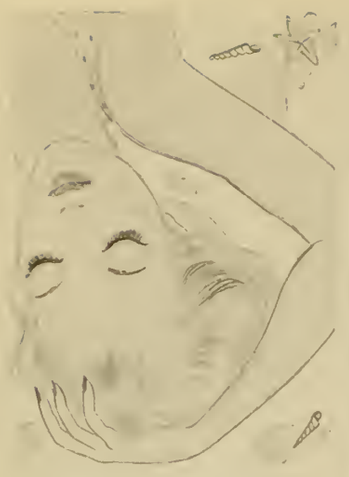

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio

Well dressed, well written, with Jerome Kern's pleasing score, if you like nincompoop comedies, you'll like this. Irene Dunne is a rich actress with a family of leeches who suck her bank balance. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a poet with an addiction to beer and a hut in the South Seas. Doug wins! (*June*)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

Here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the crusty judge; Mickey Rooney (still one of the finest actors in Hollywood) is the adolescent son. Family entertainment. (*June*)

JURY'S SECRET, THE—Universal

As you've probably gathered, a courtroom furnishes the background for this mild effort. When juror Kent Taylor refuses to find a prisoner guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence, Fay Wray gets busy, uncovers some monkey business. Nan Grey, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete the cast. Don't break any blood vessels getting to this. (*May*)

★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

Those crack-pot Ritz Brothers riding the crest of their newest laugh wave pretending to be shootin', feudin' hill-billies, to win a radio contract. Tony Martin is in fine voice and Marjorie Weaver looks her prettiest. Three thumping cheers. (*July*)

★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story with Freddie Bartholomew matchlessly playing the Scotch laddie whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith. Arleen Whelan justifies her stardom ballyhoo by turning out to be accomplished as well as beautiful. Honorable mention. (*July*)

★ LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. Corp.

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The splendid cast headed by Harry Baur (remember him in "I Stand Condemned"?) depicts the story of a young widow in her sentimental search for the lost loves of her youth. See it if you can possibly manage. (*June*)

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED—Warners

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this trim story of race-track lore. Little Janet Chapman (Warners' wonder chile) adopts gamblers John Litel and Frank McHugh, later brings them love and lucre. Ann Sheridan is the femininity. (*July*)

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners

With the exception of Priscilla Lane's enthusiastic portrait of a modern wife's attempts to make a man of her hubby and untie the usual mother-in-law knots, this picture is uninspiring. Wayne Morris is the mistaken young spouse, Mona Barrie gives a superior performance. (*May*)

★ MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

Don't think it is mere repetition when we say that Durbin child has done it again—because she has! Her lilting voice carries a tender story of a neglected adolescent placed in a Swiss school by a selfish actress mother. Deanna breaks the cocoon with the friendly help of Herbert Marshall, and the entire cast including Gail Patrick, Arthur Treacher, Marcia Mae Jones and Bill Frawley is splendid. Fly. (*May*)

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

Unpretentious but good. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, Joan Fontaine as the society damsel he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's dopey mother, Hedda Hopper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (*June*)

★ MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another of those mad hatter tea parties the studios have been throwing us these days—this is one of the funnier ones. It has to do with a rich giddy mother (Billie Burke) who likes to befriend tramps, daughter (Connie Bennett) who likes tramping too, Brian Aherne who plays hobo for a day, and Alan Mowbray, the buttlingest butler ever. Better go. (*May*)

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

Our genial Jap detective this time turns his myopic eyes onto a murder in the prize ring, and, after the usual hunt for expert double-crossers, succeeds in bringing the murderer to justice. Maxie Rosenbloom is the comedy; Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari the S. A. (*June*)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

A meekly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York policeman) Paul Kelly vie for the hand of pretty nursie Sally Eilers. Kelly convinces Sally that Larry is a murderer and the fade-out is what you expected all the time. (*July*)

OVER THE WALL—Warners

Based on a story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, this is solid entertainment if you like social themes with your after-dinner coffee. Dick Foran is the bully who lands in the hoosegow; John Litel the patient chaplain; June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell help in supporting rôles. (*July*)

PENITENTIARY—Columbia

Here is a vivid commentary on convict psychology, though you might find it a bit on the somber side. When District Attorney Walter Connolly sends John Howard to jail and later attempts to help him out, he finds Howard prefers to live by a new found prison code. Jean Parker is the love interest. (*May*)

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Saturday matinee if this is around. It's the Mauch Twins again playing Junior G-men. A new twist marks the climax of their adventure. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents. (*June*)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (*June*)

★ RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

Hollywood has put out another musical and this is it. There is a lot of good music, some nice dancing and no story. Kenny Baker croons, Bob Burns bazookas, Jack Oakie romps airily about, and there's a to-do about an Ozark hillbilly who composes songs in his sleep. Jane Froman and other ether favorites do their stuff. (*May*)

RANGERS ROUNDUP, THE—Stan Laurel Production

Another singing troubador of the plains rides into the public eye in this unpretentious but clever Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cowhand, shares honors with pretty Christine McIntyre. Several good blood and thunder battles interrupt the music at times and Al St. Johns offers a few comical turns. (*May*)

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

This is Jane Withers' picnic, and Jane comes through dancing, singing and clowning with flying colors. The plot has to do with Rochelle Hudson's amnesia and her kidnapping by gypsies. Robert Wilcox is her beau. Borrah Minnevitch furnishes the music with his harmonica band. (*July*)

★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

Just forget you ever read the original "Rebecca" and enjoy every minute of the tantalizing Temple in the songs and dances with which she enlivens this story of radio broadcasting methods. Randy Scott and Gloria Stuart are a mild romance and Helen Westley is the sardonic owner of Sunnybrook. Shirley is delightful and Bill Robinson can't be sneezed at either. (*May*)

★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

A sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side, this is Gladys Swarthout's best picture to date. Playing a maid in opera star John Boles' home, together they concoct a scheme to win the attention of maestro John Barrymore. Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together in superb style. (*May*)

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those $100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Pat Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Turn your head the other way. (*July*)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

Movita (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty?") is lovely looking enough to go to see, even though this is a juvenile arrangement about brigandage in Mexico years ago. Antonio Moreno is too kindly to be effective as a villain, but Lina Basquette as a jealous dancer, makes up for it. John Carroll is excellent. (*June*)

SAILING ALONG—GB

Jessie Matthews' dancing is as graceful as ever, Roland Young's wit as sly as usual and Jack Whiting's singing of the tuneful music is a joy, but, despite these things, this English yarn about a barge girl who becomes an actress is not up to the usual Matthews' standards. Maybe it's spring in London or something. (*June*)

★ SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

The hero of Leslie Charteris' popular mystery thriller comes to life in the person of Louis Hayward, and a fine job he does too—wiping out a major crime wave with the help of Kay Sutton. Calculated to set your spine tingling. (*July*)

★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox

Another musical from the Zanuck mold. The slim story revolves around the ambitions of three chorines. You will love Alice Faye's singing, Joan Davis' awkwardness and Marjorie Weaver's charm. You will laugh at Fred Allen's wit, Gregory Ratoff's accent, Louise Hovick's vamping and Jimmy Durante's nosing. The songs are fun, too. (*May*)

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropical isle. A planeful of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans and others, and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with racketeers. Dopey and dull.

START CHEERING—Columbia

Bright as a new penny, this novel collegiate musical tells the story of a movie hero who gives up fame to attend a university. His manager, Walter Connolly, and Joan Perry, the dean's lovely daughter, fight to lure him back to the spotlight. Gertrude Niesen sings some swellish songs. You'll like it. (*May*)

★ STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

A very enjoyable musical crook drama. Olympe Bradna fully justifies the promise of her debut in "Souls at Sea," and Gene Raymond, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell and Douglas Dumbrille do well in a yarn of a band of thieves in Middle Europe who hide from the police in the house of a famous pianist. Go and hear your special Liszt and Mozart melodies played beautifully. (*June*)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram

You'll find this a neat package of entertainment dealing with the inside doings of a metropolitan exchange. Judith Allen and Alice White are the two "hello" girls who risk their lives when the dam breaks. Linesmen Warren Hymer and Grant Withers give Cupid something to work on. Adequate B material. (*May*)

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in *the* most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (*June*)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (*June*)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullavan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (*June*)

★ TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

Another picture in the "Gone With the Wind" trend, having Academy Winner Luise Rainer playing beautifully one of those frivolous pre-Civil War maidens who brings out the dueling instinct among Southern swains. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, Bob Young, her lover, Barbara O'Neil her sister. Well done, as M-G-M's things usually are. (*July*)

TRIP TO PARIS, A—20th Century-Fox

All the things that can happen to an average family in Paris including being gypped by a phoney count, happen to the Joneses, and it's all fun. Jed Prouty is *Pa*, Spring Byington is *Ma*, and both offer splendid characterizations as usual. (*June*)

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-bang Western introducing a new cowboy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the son of a Congressman, he goes to Washington, wangles a Federal Water project for ranches in the Dust Bowl. Barrels of fun. (*July*)

★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

Splendidly written, well directed, romantic and humorous without being sentimental or slapstick, this is a picture worth seeing twice! Ginger Rogers, lovelier than ever, is a Broadway singer who marries a small-town botany professor (Jimmie Stewart) from an ultra Puritanical family. The cast is perfection and so is the picture! (*July*)

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Be advised not to believe a word of this dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It pictures the careers of six chorus girls, several of whom get liquidated in the vortex! Claire Trevor survives to claim Michael Whalen, but who cares? (*May*)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this. Unbelievably gauche and tiresome, it attempts to show what gals are like in love and business. Kay is the wife of a drunken advertising man (Pat O'Brien) who uses her sex appeal to help his failing business. Maybe we'd better pretend we didn't know about it. (*June*)

Mussolini—Movie Star

(Continued from page 24)

your script in a way that should work out naturally, sent your script in beforehand for Mussolini to read and approve (he approved of most of the scenes), lectured your cameramen on camera angles and held your breath when the cranking commenced.

From the viewpoint of the leading man, it was a grand arrangement. From the viewpoint of the producer, it sometimes had its drawbacks.

There was, for instance, the time one of my cameramen "shot" a thousand feet of a door that never opened. The moment he became discouraged and stopped turning was, of course, the moment Mussolini chose to march through the portal. By the time the frantic operator could get his machine to clicking again, the leading man had passed on down the corridor and it was too late. If it had been Bill Powell, he could have been called back. Being Mussolini, all we had as a souvenir of this particular scene was a thousand feet of a door that never opened.

Then there was the time Mussolini got a twinge of mike fright and the camera operators in their turn got scared. But I'm ahead of my story. . . .

MY crew of five cameras and sound equipment was at the Villa Torlonia, Il Duce's residence, shortly after daybreak the morning the first sequence was shot. Mussolini, who gets up at six, goes riding on his horse every day, often before breakfast.

When, at 8:10, he was ready to go to his office, he came out of the front door, clad in an overcoat, a gray business suit and slouch felt hat, and went through a scene with little Romano, ten, and Anna Maria, eight, (who, incidentally, stole every scene in which they appeared), with ease and confidence. He caught the atmosphere of the situation and went through the routine in complete disregard of the battery of operators clicking away in the offing. He nearly missed getting hold of one of the children when he undertook to kiss the youngsters good-by, but that provided an additional human interest touch!

With one operator feverishly cranking on the roof of the camera car, in front of Il Duce's limousine, the cavalcade got underway, enroute for the Duce's office in the Palazzo Venezia.

The normal street traffic was astir. Mussolini's chauffeur made the usual boulevard stops. Only our camera operator, balancing on his insecure perch, aroused any attention. Mussolini's car —a custom-made Lancia—is equipped with "one-way glass," which permits the occupant to see out but prevents people on the outside from seeing into the car. So no one could have seen him anyway.

There was an instant of tenseness when Il Duce arrived at the Palazzo Venezia and found himself faced by a formidable battery of interior lighting apparatus, microphones and cameras. (Our crew had labored until two that morning perfecting the set-up.)

An expression of stage fright crept into his eyes, but he set his jaw and strode forward, a bit defiantly. I am told Mussolini never has liked a microphone. Il Duce's nervousness quickly communicated itself to the cameramen —whose nerves were already on edge— one of whom nearly upset some of the apparatus.

The porter at the door missed his aim in handing a document to his chief, and Mussolini had to make a second grab for the paper. Things got under control, however, once he was inside his office, where he found Dino Alfieri, Minister of Popular Culture, already waiting for a conference.

He had to hammer at the desk telephone to get his connection (called for by the script) but that, too, should add a touch of naturalness to the completed picture—at least to all who know the Roman telephone system.

One of the picture's three reels was devoted to a round-the-clock of an average day in Mussolini's life, from early morning to a scene at home with his family after dinner.

Mussolini was rather tired by evening, but he carried on. Other than his movie rôle, he had had a trying day. His daughter Edda, a great favorite of Il Duce, had been taken to the hospital in the morning. Her baby arrived that night. The River Tiber also had picked that day to overflow its banks, for the first time in twenty years, rendering many homeless. Mussolini had been greatly affected by the disaster. His daughter-in-law, the wife of his son, Vittorio, was expecting to be confined soon; her baby actually came several days afterward.

MUSSOLINI screens well. His face shows to advantage at a variety of camera angles and his physiognomy is sufficiently marked not to require make up —even if he could have been induced to daub it on.

He showed up better in the visual part of the film than on the sound track. His voice does not record badly but is a trifle too highly pitched to be resonant.

The shooting of Mussolini's present-day life was a simple matter, however, both as regards production and time consumed, in comparison with the pictorialization of his past. Naturally, Il Duce of today could not play the part of Il Duce of yesterday. It was not practicable to get other actors. In Italy, impersonation of Il Duce, either on or off the screen, verges on the sacrilegious. The alternative was to make the past live again by searching out bits of newsreel scenes which had been stored away for years in dusty archives.

To complicate affairs further, the High Command of the Italian company, the studio facilities of which I was using, apparently decided, after viewing the first reel, that they might be letting something slip through their fingers. From that point on, it was a continual battle to prevent control of the production from being wrested away.

Exasperating, at times, but never dull was the four months' task of making Mussolini a movie star!

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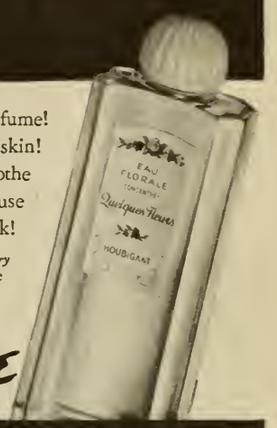

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Style Shop ..... Mobile
Isidore Kayser Co. ..... Selma
John Danziger, Inc. ..... Montgomery

ARIZONA
Switzer's ..... Phoenix

ARKANSAS
Pfiefer Bros. ..... Little Rock

CALIFORNIA
Bullocks ..... Los Angeles

COLORADO
Daniels-Fisher ..... Denver

CONNECTICUT
Strickler's ..... New Haven
Blair's ..... New London
G. Fox Co. ..... Hartford

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Woodward-Lathrop ..... Washington

FLORIDA
Burdines ..... Miami
Yowell Drew Co. ..... Orlando
Bon Marche ..... Pensacola
Steyerman's ..... Tallahassee
Maas Bros. ..... Tampa

GEORGIA
Davison-Paxon Co. ..... Atlanta

ILLINOIS
Marshall Field Co. ..... Chicago
Block-Kuhl Co. ..... Decatur
Clarke Co. ..... Peoria
Roderick P. Miller ..... Quincy
..... Rockford
..... Springfield
..... Waukegan

IDAHO
C. C. Anderson Co. ..... Boise

INDIANA
L. S. Ayres Co. ..... Indianapolis
La Mode ..... Kokomo
Ball Stores ..... Muncie
Gimbel-Bond Co. ..... Vincennes
Stephenson's ..... Warsaw
Ellsworth's ..... South Bend

IOWA
Abraham Bros. ..... Davenport
Younker Bros. ..... Des Moines
F. S. Martin Co. ..... Sioux City
..... Waterloo

KANSAS
Palace Clo. Co. ..... Topeka

KENTUCKY
Meyer-Hinkle ..... Lexington
Stewart, D. G. Co. ..... Louisville

LOUISIANA
Muller Co. ..... Lake Charles
Masur Bros. ..... Monroe
Mayer Israel Co. ..... New Orleans
Rayes Ready to Wear ..... Shreveport

MARYLAND
Hutzler Bros. ..... Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS
Wm. Filenes Sons ..... Boston
..... Worcester

MICHIGAN
J. L. Hudson Co. ..... Detroit
Paul Steketee Sons ..... Grand Rapids
Sprowl Bros. ..... Lansing
Winkelman Bros. ..... Port Huron

MINNESOTA
Dayton Co. ..... Minneapolis
Field, Schlick Co. ..... St. Paul

MISSISSIPPI
P. L. Deloach Co. ..... Greenwood
The Vogue ..... Jackson
Marks Rothenberg Co. ..... Meridian
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Ellisberg's ..... Raleigh
Dave Oestricker Co. ..... Salisbury
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OHIO
O'Neill Co. ..... Akron
Stern-Mann Co. ..... Canton
John Shillito Co. ..... Cincinnati
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Pomeroy's ..... Wilkes-Barre
Watt Shand ..... Lancaster
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L. L. Stearns' Sons ..... Williamsport

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Nadolyn Shop ..... Memphis
Cain-Sloan Co. ..... Nashville

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Popular D. G. Co. ..... El Paso
The Fair ..... Fort Worth
Nathans Inc. ..... Galveston
Fashion ..... Houston
La Mode ..... Kilgare
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Frost Bros. ..... San Antonio
Bauer-McCann Co. ..... Waco

VIRGINIA
L. Herman ..... Danville
J. R. Milner Co. ..... Lynchburg
Smith-Welton Co. ..... Norfolk
Miller-Rhoads ..... Richmond
David Kohen ..... Roanoke

WEST VIRGINIA
Broidas ..... Clarksburg

WISCONSIN
H. E. Prange Co. ..... Green Bay
Wm. Doerflinger ..... La Crosse
Cinderella Frocks ..... Madison
Boston Store ..... Milwaukee
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Rhodes Dept. Store ..... Seattle
McBride's ..... Spokane
..... Yakima

WYOMING
Kassis Dry Goods Co. ..... Cheyenne

PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODES—1938

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Gertrude Rubin Shop ..... Tucson

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Hastings ..... Oakland

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Helman's ..... New Albany
Loeb & Hene Co. ..... Lafayette

IOWA
The James Black Dry Goods Co. ..... Waterloo

LOUISIANA
Hearne Dry Goods Co. ..... Shreveport

MINNESOTA
Steele's ..... Duluth

MISSOURI
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co. ..... St. Louis

NEW JERSEY
J. B. Wilson Co. ..... Trenton

NORTH DAKOTA
Rose Shop ..... Fargo

OKLAHOMA
Durnil Dry Goods Company ..... Muskogee

PENNSYLVANIA
Brett's ..... Altoona
Patsy-Anne Shop ..... Easton

SOUTH CAROLINA
Gallant Belk Co. ..... Anderson
Cabaniss Co. ..... Columbia

TENNESSEE
Anderson Bros. & Foster ..... Columbia

TEXAS
Battelstein's ..... Houston
Parisian Hat Shop ..... Paris
The Vogue ..... San Antonio
The Fashion Bazaar ..... Waco

VIRGINIA
Belk Leggett Co. ..... Danville
Rice's ..... Norfolk

WASHINGTON
Bon Marche ..... Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA
Grayce Shop ..... Charleston

ROXFORD HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS—1938

ALABAMA
Odum, Bowers & White ..... Birmingham

CALIFORNIA
The White House ..... San Francisco

CONNECTICUT
Sage-Allen ..... Hartford
Dorothy's Millinery ..... Stamford

FLORIDA
Nordell's ..... Miami

GEORGIA
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Ames Brownley ..... Norfolk
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WEST VIRGINIA
The Diamond ..... Charleston

WISCONSIN
Stevenson's Store ..... Eau Claire
Schmidt's ..... Wausau

WYOMING
Grayce Allen ..... Sheridan

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 45)

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

MOST of this month's pictures represent a reaction to the cycle of gay, nonsensical comedies. There seems to be no compromise, however. This, along with the others, is determinedly Important In Theme, carrying a great social message and reeking with hearty heroics. It's good, heaven knows, and it's exciting; but it's hardly dessert for a troubled, tired audience.

Robert Montgomery, apparently having had fun with his characterization in "Night Must Fall," plays here an Irish soldier in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Yellow fever is decimating the army and the native population, slowing work on the Panama Canal. A group of medical men, headed by Lewis Stone, is sent down to find an answer to the epidemic and as a last resort considers a certain medico's theory that mosquitoes are the troublemakers. Montgomery, egged on by his love for nurse Virginia Bruce—who is an idealist—volunteers with his buddies to test the theory. Andy Devine, Buddy Ebsen, Alan Curtis, Bill Henry and Sam Levene are the friends who go with him. Infected mosquitoes bite Curtis and Montgomery, they catch "Yellow Jack" and the point is proved. Miss Bruce watches adoringly through a window.

Certainly intelligent direction and good production—besides Montgomery's excellent performance—make this some sort of a document. There's a certain resemblance throughout, however, to the kind of movie that illustrates a university lecture on biology; this is a compliment to the piece's great realism and restraint of Hollywood melodramatics. If you catch this and "Jezebel" on the same bill, though, take some quinine with you.

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

THIS story of a racketeer who finds regeneration through the influence of a kindly family contains much heart-warming interest. Lloyd Nolan is the killer who is befriended by Lynne Overman, his wife Dorothy Peterson, daughter Mary Carlisle and son Delmar Watson. When the time comes for Nolan to prove his friendship for the family, he comes through nobly.

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

ANOTHER mild little mystery pops up to bewilder and bore us with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is a society reporter who helps solve the mystery of three leading citizens who suddenly disappear from town. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is the villain.

MSYTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

PETER LORRE, posing as a houseboy, once more proves his merit as detective supreme in solving this mystery. There is much excitement, beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with the attempted murder of steel king Henry Wilcoxon by a gang of assassins. Mary Maguire as Wilcoxon's secretary supplies the love interest. If you have enjoyed the *Moto* films you'll like this one.

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

IT'S really good. Even in spite of the hackneyed story and trite situations, it's good—mainly because it sparkles with gay dialogue and glistens with bright bits of acting. However, under the entertaining frosting we find the same old poundcake full of the boy-and-girl-who - pretend - they're - something-they're-not ideas. At a wedding of considerable social swank, where their duties have taken them, Maureen O'Sullivan, a dress model, meets Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel bureau. Each pretends to be "teddibly" rich and social until one awful day—but that's telling. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in.

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

IF you can take this one seriously, detectives will soon be among the unemployed. *Inspector* Charles Wilson is completely baffled by the murder of James Stephenson until Anna May Wong steps in, and, with the aid of the stars and the signs of the Zodiac, solves the crime. A novel idea—but while astrologer Wong analyzes the horoscopes of suspects Margaret Lindsay, Anthony Averill, Leonard Mudie and Eric Stanley to determine the murderer, the action lies down and dies. Go see it if you want to check up on your own astrological character, and, since most people do, you'll be amused.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI—Hullinger Productions

ALTHOUGH no bias either for or against Fascism is demonstrated in this pictorial summary of Benito Mussolini's life, the final effect is to impress the onlooker with the "glory that is Rome's." Edwin Ware Hullinger takes the audience into the farmhouse where Mussolini was born, and by a series of cutbacks shows the early life of the dictator. He has succeeded in taking some unusual shots of Mussolini today: with his family, calling for his children at school, in the privacy of his study and, in one most unusual scene, where he is shown dancing with a peasant girl.

Of great interest to everyone, especially students of current history.

The musical accompaniment has been excellently prepared by Vergilio Chiti.

YOU AND ME—Paramount

THE psychological reactions of two ex-convicts on parole do not in this case make for knockout cinema, though the idea itself should hold interesting implications to any social mind. You have seen Sylvia Sidney and George Raft too many times before in these same situations, so, though Raft in particular does a swell job, the picture lacks lustre. Fritz ("Fury") Lang's direction is disappointing, but the photography is highly effective. Sylvia, still on parole, marries George who has worked his sentence out. When he discovers she has been a naughty girl, he angrily flounces out to rob the department store where they both worked. There Sylvia meets him, literally gives a blackboard lecture on crime and everything works out fine—except that the audience doesn't believe one word of it!

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A RIB-TICKLING take-off on movie cowboys from Brooklyn, the lads who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell, hobo musician hitch-hiking to Hollywood, stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch where he is signed up for a New York show by theatrical producer Pat O'Brien. A sensation in New York, Dick is then signed for pictures when Dick Foran exposes him as a fake. From then on the laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. The climax is crammed full of high spots, with Dick and Pat corralling most of the laughs. Priscilla Lane, as the girl, is mighty cute and aids Dick in putting over several swell songs.

What looks like a musical marriage made in heaven is that of Lily Pons and Conductor Andre Kostelanetz which took place in Norwalk, Conn., on June 2nd. The bridegroom remarked that he had made thirteen trips to Hollywood before Lily was persuaded to say "Yes"

Due to an inadvertence, credit for the color photograph of Madeleine Carroll appearing in July PHOTOPLAY was given to James Doolittle instead of George Hurrell.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti. Adaptation by Richard Sherman. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. Directed by Henry King. The Cast: *Alexander (Roger Grant)*, Tyrone Power; *Stella Kirby*, Alice Faye; *Charlie Dwyer*, Don Ameche; *Jerry Allen*, Ethel Merman; *Daisy Lane*, Jack Haley; *Professor Heinrich*, Jean Hersholt; *Aunt Sophie*, Helen Westley; *Taxi Driver* John Carradine; *Bill*, Paul Hurst; *Wally Vernon*, Himself; *Ruby*, Ruth Terry; *Snapper*, Douglas Fowley; *Louie*, Chick Chandler; *Corporal Collins*, Eddie Collins; *Stage Manager*, Joseph Crehan; *Eddie*, Robert Gleckler; *Specialty*, Dixie Dunbar; *Charles Dillingham*, Joe King; *Head Waiter*, Charles Coleman; *Colonel*, Stanley Andrews; *Agent*, Charles Williams; *Trio*, Jane Jones, Otto Fries and Mel Kalish; *Babe*, Grady Sutton; *Manager Radio Station*, Selmar Jackson; *Assistant Stage Manager*, Tyler Brooke; *Singer*, Donald Douglas.

"BLIND ALIBI"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lionel Houser, Harry Segall and Ron Ferguson. Original story by William Joyce Cowan. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Paul Dover*, Richard Dix; *Julia Fraser*, Whitney Bourne; *Mitch*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Taggart*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Ellen Dover*, Frances Mercer; *Bowers*, Richard Lane; *Dirk*, Jack Arnold; *Larson*, Frank M. Thomas; *Mailland*, Walter Miller; *Freddie*, Tommy Bupp; *Al*, Solly Ward; *Curator*, George Irving; *Ace (the dog)*, Lightning.

"COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin. From the play by Louis Pelletier, Jr., and Robert Sloane. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: *Elly*, Dick Powell; *Jane*, Priscilla Lane; *Roy*, Pat O'Brien; *Sam*, Dick Foran; *Maxine*, Ann Sheridan; *Jeff*, Johnnie Davis; *Pat*, Ronald Reagan; *Mrs. Jordan*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Mr. Jordan*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Ma*, Emma Dunn; *Pop*, Granville Bates; *Professor Landis*, James Stephenson; *Abby*, Dennie Moore; *Panthea*, Rosella Towne; *Mrs. Krinkenheim*, May Boley; *Louie*, Harry Barris; *Spec*, Candy Candido; *Mr. Alvey*, Wm. Davidson; *Myrtle Semple*, Mary Field; *"Star" Reporter*, Donald Briggs; *"Chronicle" Reporter*, Jeffrey Lynn; *"Beacon" Reporter*, John Ridgeley; *Col. Ross*, John T. Murray.

"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff. Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo. From an idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: *Terry Moore*, Rudy Vallee; *Kay Morrow*, Rosemary Lane; *Maurice Giraud*, Hugh Herbert; *Duke Dennis*, Allen Jenkins; *Mona*, Gloria Dickson; *Pierre LeBrec*, Melville Cooper; *Leticia*, Mabel Todd; *Luis Leoni*, Fritz Feld; *Mike Coogan*, Ed Brophy; *Padrinsky*, Curt Bois; *Gendarme*, Victor Kilian; *Gendarme*, Geo. Renevant; *Stage Manager*, Armand Kaliz; *Vail*, Maurice Cass; *Doorman*, Eddie Anderson; *Gold Digger*, Rosella Towne; *Gold Digger*, Janet Shaw; *Gold Digger*, Carole Landis; *Gold Digger*, Peggy Moran; *Gold Digger*, Diana Lewis; *Gold Digger*, Lois Lindsay; *Gold Digger*, Poppy Wilde; the Schnickelfritz Band.

"HOLD THAT KISS"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Stanley Rauh. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *June Evans*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Tommy Bradford*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Chick Evans*, Mickey Rooney; *Mr. Piermont*, George Barbier; *Aunt Lucy*, Jessie Ralph; *Mrs. Evans*, Fay Holden; *Steve Evans*, Frank Albertson; *Ted Evans*, Phillip Terry; *Al*, Edward S. Brophy; *Nadine Piermont*, Ruth Hussey; *Otto Schmidt*, Charles Judels; *Maurice*, Barnett Parker.

"HOLIDAY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Sidney Buchman from the play by Philip Barry. Directed by George Cukor. The Cast: *Linda Seton*, Katharine Hepburn; *Johnny Case*, Cary Grant; *Julia Seton*, Doris Nolan; *Ned Seton*, Lew Ayres; *Nick Potter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Edward Seton*, Henry Kolker; *Laura Cram*, Binnie Barnes; *Susan Potter*, Jean Dixon; *Seton Cram*, Henry Daniell.

"HUNTED MEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Horace McCoy and William R. Lipman; based on a play by Albert Duffy and Marian Grant. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Jane Harris*, Mary Carlisle; *Joe Albany*, Lloyd Nolan; *Peter Harris*, Lynne Overman; *Morton Rice*, J. Carrol Naish; *Mac*, Anthony Quinn, *James Flowers*, Larry Crabbe; *Frank Martin*, Johnny Downs; *Mrs. Mary Harris*, Dorothy Peterson; *Robert Harris*, Delmar Watson; *Donovan*, Regis Toomey; *Virgie*, Louis Miller.

"LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Eric Taylor and Robertson White. Story by Jonathan Latimer. Directed by Otis Garrett. The Cast: *Bill Crane*, Preston Foster; *Mrs. Sam Taylor*, Patricia Ellis; *Doc Williams*, Frank Jenks; *Strom*, Thomas Jackson; *Chauncey Courtland*, Gordon Elliott; *Sam Taylor*, Roland Drew; *Kay Renshaw*, Barbara Pepper; *Steve Collins*, Joseph Downing; *Frankie French*, James Robbins; *Spitzy*, Al Hill; *Leyman*, Morgan Wallace; *Johnson*, Brian Burke; *Greening*, Donald Kerr; *Taxi Driver*, Don Brodie; *Coroner*, Rollo Lloyd.

"LORD JEFF"—M-G-M.—Screen play by James Kevin McGuinness. Based on a story by Bradford Ropes, Val Burton and Endre Bohem. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Geoffrey Braemer*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Terry O'Mulvaney*, Mickey Rooney; *Captain Briggs*, Charles Coburn; *Mr. Jelks*, Herbert Mundin; *Doris Clandon*, Gale Sondergaard; *Albert Baker*, Terry Kilburn; *Benny Potter*, Peter Lawford; *Tommy Thrums*, Walter Tetley; *Ned Saunders*, Peter Ellis; *Jim Hampstead*, George Zucco; *Inspector Scott*, Matthew Boulton; *John Cartwright*, John Burtin; *Mrs. Briggs*, Emma Dunn; *Jeweler*, Monty Woolley; *Superintendent*, Walter Kingsford.

"MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Philip MacDonald and Norman Foster. Based on the character "Mr. Moto" created by John P. Marquand. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: *Mr. Moto*, Peter Lorre; *Ann Richman*, Mary Maguire; *Anton Darvak*, Henry Wilcoxon; *David Scott-Frensham*, Erik Rhodes; *Ernst Litmar*, Harold Huber; *Paul Brissac*, Leon Ames; *George Higgins*, Forrester Harvey; *Gottfried Brujo*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Sir Charles Murchison*, Lester Matthews; *Sniffy*, John Rogers; *Lotus Liu*, Karen Sorrell; *Nola*, Mitchell Lewis.

"ONE WILD NIGHT"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Charles Belden and Jerry Cady. From an original idea by Edwin Dial Torgerson. Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: *Jennifer Jewel*, June Lang; *Jimmy Nolan*, Dick Baldwin; *Singer Martin*, Lyle Talbot; *Norman*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Lawton*, Sidney Toler; *Chief Nolan*, Andrew Tombes; *Editor Collins*, William Damarest; *Hepple*, Romaine Callender; *Mrs. Halliday*, Jan Duggan; *Lem Halliday*, Spencer Charters; *Mayor*, Harlan Briggs.

"PRISON NURSE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Earl Felton and Sidney Salkow. Original story by Adele Buffington, from an original novel by Louis Berg, M.D. Directed by James Cruze. The Cast: *Dale*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Judy*, Marian Marsh, *Pepper Clancy*, Bernadene Hayes; *Gaffney*, Ben Welden; *Jackpot*, Ray Mayer; *Mousie*, John Arledge; *Warden Benson*, Addison Richards; *Dr. Hartman*, Frank Reicher; *Sutherland*, Minerva Urecal; *Parker*, Selmer Jackson; *Miller*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Deputy*, Norman Willis.

"RAGE OF PARIS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Directed by Henry Koster. The Cast: *Nicole De Cortillon*, Danielle Darrieux; *James Trevor*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Mike*, Mischa Auer; *Gloria Patterson*, Helen Broderick; *Bill Duncan*, Louis Hayward; *Rigley*, Charles Coleman; *Pops*, Harry Davenport.

"SWISS MISS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by James Parrott, Charles Melson and Felix Adler. Original story by Jean Negulesco and Charles Rogers. Directed by John G. Blystone. The Cast: *Stan Laurel*, Himself; *Oliver Hardy*, Himself; *Anna Albert*, Della Lind; *Victor Albert*, Walter Woolf King; *Edward*, Eric Blore; *Chef*, Adia Kuznetzoff; *Cheese Factory Proprietor*, Charles Judels; *Luigi*, Ludovico Tomarchio; *Enrico*, Jean DeBriac; *Peasant*, Eddie Kane; *His Wife*, Anita Garvin; *Joseph*, George Sorel; *Gorilla*, Charles Gamore; *Tourists (Man)*, Forbes Murray; *(Wife)*, Jean Cleveland; *(Child)*, Marilyn Peterson.

"THREE BLIND MICE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Brown Holmes and Lynn Starling. Based on a play by Stephen Powys. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Pamela Charters*, Loretta Young; *Van Smith*, Joel McCrea; *Steve Harrington*, David Niven; *Mike Brophy*, Stuart Erwin; *Moira Charters*, Marjorie Weaver; *Elizabeth Charters*, Pauline Moore; *Miriam*, Binnie Barnes; *Mrs. Kilian*, Jane Darwell; *Young Man*, Leonid Kinskey; *Hendricks*, Spencer Charters; *Clerk*, Franklin Pangborn; *Workman*, Herb Heywood.

"TROPIC HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler, John C. Moffitt and Duke Atteberry. Directed by Theodore Reed. The Cast: *Manuela*, Dorothy Lamour; *Breckinridge Jones*, Bob Burns; *Midga Miller*, Martha Raye; *Ken Warren*, Ray Milland; *Marilyn Joyce*, Binnie Barnes; *Ramon*, Tito Guizar; *Chico*, Pepito; *Pancho*, Chris Pin Martin; *Rosa*, Elvira Rios; *Felipe*, Michael Visaroff; *Pepito*, Bobbie Moya; *Roberto*, Roberto Soto; *Pedro*, Jesus Topete; *Barrera*, Fortunio Bona Nova; *Girl*, Paula DeCardo; *Girl*, Dolores Casey; *Girl*, Sheila Darcy; *Girl*, Marie Burton; *Young Man*, Paul Lopez; *Trio Ascencio Del Rio*, Ofelia Ascencio, Sara Ascencio, Emmy Del Rio; *Dominguez Brothers San Cristobal Marimba Band and the Ensenada Singers.*

"WHEN WERE YOU BORN?"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Anthony Goldeway. Original story by Manley Hall. Directed by William McGann. The Cast: *Doris Kane*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mary Lee Ling*, Anna May Wong; *Nita Kenton*, Lola Lane; *Larry Camp*, Anthony Averill; *Inspector Gregg*, Charles Wilson; *Sergeant Kelly*, Frank Jaquet; *Shields*, Eric Stanley; *Phillip Corey*, James Stephenson; *Davis*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Fred Gow*, Leonard Mudie; *Dr. Merton*, Maurice Cass; *Ass't Dist. Attorney*, Jack Moore.

"WHITE BANNERS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Lenore Coffee, Milton Krims, Cameron Rogers and Abem Finkel. From the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The Cast: *Hannah*, Fay Bainter; *Paul Ward*, Claude Rains; *Peter Trimble*, Jackie Cooper; *Sally Ward*, Bonita Granville; *Trimble*, Donald Crisp; *Marcia*, Kay Johnson; *Bradford*, James Stephenson; *Sloan*, Edward McWade; *Dr. Thompson*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Joe Ellis*, William Pawley; *Bill Ellis*, Edward Pawley; *Charles Ellis*, John Ridgeley; *Baby Joan*, Sally Anne; *Sally's Friend*, Peggy Stewart; *Hester*, Mary Field.

"YELLOW JACK"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Edward Chodorov. From the play by Sidney Howard in collaboration with Paul de Kruif. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: *John O'Hara*, Robert Montgomery; *Frances Blake*, Virginia Bruce; *Major Reed*, Lewis Stone; *Charlie Spill*, Andy Devine; *Dr. Jesse Lazear*, Henry Hull; *Dr. Finlay*, Charles Coburn; *"Jellybeans,"* Buddy Ebsen; *Gorgas*, Henry O'Neill; *Miss MacDade*, Janet Beecher; *Breen*, William Henry; *Brinkerhof*, Alan Curtis; *Busch*, Sam Levene; *Dr. James Carroll*, Stanley Ridges; *Ferguson*, Phillip Terry; *Major General Leonard Wood*, Jonathan Hale.

"YOU AND ME"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on a story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Fritz Lang. The Cast: *Helen*, Sylvia Sidney; *Joe*, George Raft; *Jim*, Robert Cummings; *Mickey*, Barton MacLane; *Mr. Morris*, Harry Carey; *Cuffy*, Roscoe Karns; *Gimpy*, Warren Hymer; *Taxi*, Guinn Williams; *Patsy*, Geo. E. Stone; *Torch Singer*, Carol Paige; *Mr. Levine*, Egon Brecher; *Mrs. Levine*, Vera Gordon; *Bouncer*, Paul Newlan.

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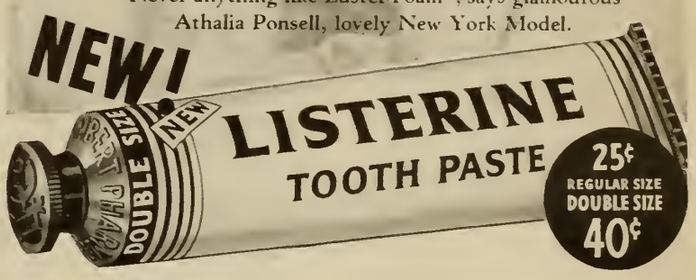

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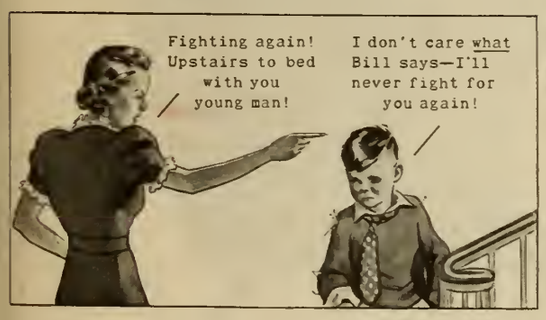

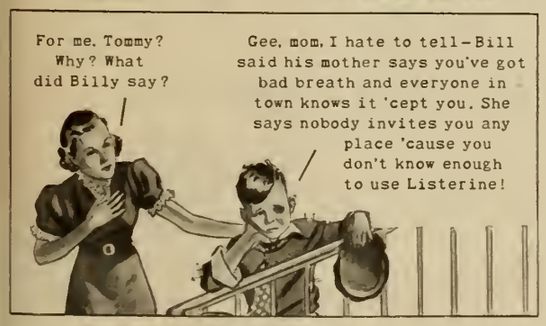

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On the Cover—Jeanette MacDonald, Natural Color Photograph by George Larkin of the Macfadden Studio

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Shirley, as Recession's poor little rich girl, resorts to practical methods to fill the family pocketbook—and proves, for 20th Century-Fox, that good times are "Just around the Corner"

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

IF you'd walk down a certain street in Seattle you'd see a legless man seated on a corner selling his pencils and needles. He's always there, no matter how fierce the sun blazes down, no matter how cold the wind blows. People don't always buy the pencils, but they stop to chat and to leave a coin in the cup, with the comment: "It's a pleasure to talk with you. I don't see how you keep so cheerful, just sitting there hour after hour. . . ."

And I laugh: "It's the movies!" and then tell them about the neighbor who sees that I go to the movies twice a week.

Which is the truth. You see, I go to the movies for something real, not just make-believe. And I get it. I'm admitted into a land of youth and romantic adventure, a land where the memory of happier days is jogged. Days when I was young and whole and dashing like Fredric March, when I had a wife like Norma Shearer and a son like Freddie Bartholomew. And there, in the darkness of the theater, I feel a human warmth and sympathy, the world is brimming over with kindness and sparkle and interest. Perhaps today wasn't a good day; tomorrow will be better. Perhaps I want to grouch about my troubles. Well, there's Donald Duck and Charlie McCarthy who come right out and air their grievances to the world for me—with no comeback! Perhaps I'm tired of "just sitting"; I want to move, to feel free. But there in a Western I see myself making a mad scramble for my broad-brimmed hat and my favorite mustang, and I'm off to the far green hills and wide plains.

The movies have given me not only consolation, laughter, romance and knowledge, but they have taught me to be brave, to have faith and courage, that with courage all things are possible. "Seventh Heaven" brought me my favorite philosophy: "Never look down, always look up. . . ."

And so, when I leave the theater, it's with a stirring of ambition, a yearning to do something yet, and a feeling that I *can* if I *will*. The movies —God bless 'em!

M. MATTHEWS,
Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

WHAT? MONEY DOESN'T TALK?

I ran, not walked, to see "Holiday" as soon as ever it came out, just to see what Hollywood had done to my favorite play, and, my friends, I'm glad to report it's a wow!

I'm again convinced that it uncovers one of the evils of American living, the insane desire for more and more money. *Johnny Case* is more than a part an actor can get his teeth into. Feet firmly planted on the ground (except when he's doing somersaults to dispel his woe) he views jobs and the pulling in of shekels as a means to an end, not the essence of living. Then, there is *Mr. Seton,* the other side of the picture, a middle-aged businessman who started to make money and never knew when to stop and enjoy it. The *Mr. Setons* of this world seem to be legion. I'm afraid it's only the *Lindas* and *Johnnys* who are scarce, for intelligence, honesty and a yen to live every moment, instead of doing a life term behind a desk, are not given in excess to many.

Hepburn was never more magnificent, and that overworked adjective has suited her talents before. And Cary Grant brought *Johnny Case* to life again, making blood tingle with his gayety and his final dash to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. It's great to see that a highly gifted cast, given fine story material and direction, can do to make a hauntingly beautiful motion picture.

MISS PAT SLOAN,
Chicago, Illinois.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00

DEANNA—YOU DARLING!

Maybe Deanna Durbin is growing up. We're told that she wore her very first pair of long silk stockings the other day and felt quite the young lady. Well, we can take it. Growing up is something that simply can't be avoided. But the sympathetic and understanding way in which Deanna's sponsors have handled her to date is a matter for which we are all infinitely grateful, because it would have been only too easy to allow her to be exposed to the current epidemic of "torch" tonsils and to make of her a sophisticated little brat who rolled her eyes, wiggled her hips and moaned blues songs.

Keeping Deanna demure is worth money in anybody's language. Blues singers come a dime a dozen, but a Deanna Durbin occurs only once

in a lifetime, and it is well that Hollywood realizes this fact. If and when the sad day ever comes that Deanna is allowed to go Hollywood and turn into a hard-eyed, wisecracking blonde doll with a sexy voice, her charm for the great mass of the public dies. We feel sure that she won't have to suffer this perversion of her talents because time has brought wisdom to Hollywood's hierarchy. So go right on growing up, Deanna! We're not afraid!

E. A. Loucks,
Vancouver, Canada.

$1.00 PRIZE

BOB CAN TAKE A "WIGGING"

Who in the heck is responsible for the chest wig that was stuck on MY BIG MOMENT in "Three Comrades"? It certainly is causing lots of noise! I suppose it was stuck there at Mr. Borzage's direction? And I would like to stick it on the aforesaid person's pan (if he's the guilty party).

Every time I turn on the radio someone who thinks he's cute must mention Robert Taylor's hairless chest! It's disgusting, that's what it is! I'll bet a Nant against a gum-chewing director that all those smarties don't have nary a hair on their sissy chests.

(But don't you care a hang, Robert Taylor, because you know these atom-brained people must have their topic of conversation changed about every six months and maybe it will be something about the originator of the chest wig next time. Goody, Goody!)

Some folks are debating whether it will harm R. T.'s career, but personally I say it will not. Hair or no hair, we're stickin' to you, Robert Taylor, as tight as the wig did to your manly chest. So!

Justine Case,
Sciotoville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

SIMONE SIMON SINGS SINGS

I have been on the verge of writing a "Boo" letter for a long time, but when I recently endured another Hollywood attempt to make a "prima donna" out of an otherwise good actress, I took up my pen. I refer to the current musical, "Josette." Who ever told Simone Simon she could sing? And as for Eleanor Powell's vocal catastrophe in "Broadway Melody of 1938," she has about as much charm in that semimasculine voice of hers as a bullfrog.

How long has the law stated that every actress must be able to sing, anyway? I am a music lover myself, but too much is too much. I fail to see the sense of killing an expert actress with her own singing. (Or is it her own?) I refer here to those two tantalizing ear "tortureuses," Barbara Stanwyck (in "This Is My Affair") and Kay Francis (in "Confession"). There are plenty of good singers in movieland, including Alice Faye, Dorothy Lamour, Frances Langford, Martha Raye and countless others—so why not let an actress act, and a dancer dance, and a singer sing, instead of trying to make a canary out of a crow?

H. Rupp, Jr.,
North Collins, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

SERVICE—THAT'S OUR MOTTO

Hurrah for Joseph Henry Steele! At last we have an author who gives us fans the kind of an article we really want. His "Portrait With a French Accent" on Charles Boyer in the July issue is one of the most interesting I've ever read. He's written it very simply, but, what is more important, he has told us everything about the man.

I feel as if I had met Boyer personally because I now know his likes and dislikes, though I knew nothing about this distinguished French star until I read Mr. Steele's article.

I would like to make a suggestion to you, Photoplay. Why not have a different star in each issue and make this a monthly feature such as "Close Ups and Long Shots," "We Cover the Studios," etc. Personally I think it's a great idea.

Marjorie Beard,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

We don't guarantee to make this a monthly affair, but Author Steele's first article made such a hit, we are pleased to present another opus from the same pen, "Portrait in Bordeaux Red" —introducing that lovely new French star, Danielle Darrieux, to Photoplay's *readers. Catch it on page 32.*

$1.00 PRIZE

THE VERITABLE CAT'S MEOW

A little fellow with a turned-up nose, a head of unruly hair, the face of an elf, a boisterous gait—and there you have Mickey Rooney.

This Rooney lad, with his growing pains and his keen eye for the younger belles, is fast throwing America into hysterics. Did you see him in "You're Only Young Once"? Did you see him in "Judge Hardy's Children"? Wasn't he the veritable cats's meow with his arrogance and his way with the lassies?

It seems Mickey is destined to cut himself a niche in the Hall of Movie Fame a yard wide. He's been entertaining us for years with his funny face and vivid expressions and the older he grows the more he endears himself to his public. Many another child star has flared and then disappeared on the movie horizon, but the longer Mickey shines, the brighter he becomes.

Thelma Louise Smith,
Memphis, Tenn.

He's arrived; she's getting there fast—Don Ameche and Arleen Whelan, who make a promising new combine in "Gateway"

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian* Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (*June*)

★ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade told in music. That's what it is—and perfectly swell, too! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich renegade to ragtime, Alice Faye, a honky-tonk singer, and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (*Aug.*)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

A new team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quirt* and *Flagg* of yesteryear left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending the convention in New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some snap, too. (*June*)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown, Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (*May*)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he outwits a gang of museum thieves with the help of *Ace*, the Wonder Dog, and blonde Whitney Bourne. Eduardo Ciannelli grimmer than grim. (*Aug.*)

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a velvety mixture of romance and high adventure. superbly produced, superbly directed by William Dieterle (of "Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (*July*)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and subsequently to John Howard's rushing off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to trail Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative inspector; Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The players have had the same rôles so long they're perfect. (*June*)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Waiter, pass the aspirin! (*July*)

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owen's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (*July*)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue get together in this rah rah goulash which has some snatches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn't quite jell into a top-notch picture. (*July*)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty dreary, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her A new slant on a social problem (*June*)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A rib-tickling take-off on the lads from Brooklyn who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell is the hobo musician who stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Powell's heart's delight. (*Aug.*)

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they lift a somewhat grim social-problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (*July*)

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Bea Lillie (funnier than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis and Fred Keating give you their best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and it's all mirth and a yard wide. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heiress. A success. (*July*)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confused by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to play catch with Virginia. Very gay. (*June*)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action shuffles a cinema queen into a situation with a penniless Frenchman (Fernand Gravet), who then becomes a chef in her household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson stooge. Just charge it up to the California flood! (*June*)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an English general in India. They uncover plenty of chicanery among the munitioneers. Loretta Young is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Saunders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment (*July*)

★ GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a vague version of David Belasco's old-time favorite, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeedy). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lusty days of padres and Indians are beautifully photographed and the duets of the two principals offer you a prize package. (*June*)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Penner again—sans duck, getting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does nicely. (*July*)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

The latest of the "Gold Digger" musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Snickelfritz Band in it. The slim story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in gay Paree. Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. (*Aug.*)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired, slow story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. (*June*)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Maureen O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, meet at a swank wedding. Both pretend to be something they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for yourself. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in. (*Aug.*)

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions; Katie is the rebellious older sister who helps him to escape too much money. (Imagine!) Lew Ayres is miraculous as the drunken young brother. (*Aug.*)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Lynne Overman (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter), and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (*Aug.*)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancee, do the snooping with earnestness and charm. Robert Kellard is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. (*June*)

(*Continued on page 11*)

IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON · RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH · DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

Presented by
WARNER BROS.

Do the movie youngsters of today need stock? Miss Waterbury has her own theory on this subject, as well as one on why we have remained loyal to Warner Baxter (left) for so many years

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to find its way out of its picture slump and, like many people who have been in low, it seems to have learned a lesson thereby . . . the great and glittering "Marie Antoinette" is the exception to the rule for small, good pictures . . . never before have I seen in such succession so many "little" pictures that have been so entertaining . . . "Woman Against Woman" in my opinion contains some of the truest, most accurate dialogue I have ever heard, with Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor giving superb performances as the two women battling over one man . . . "Josette" is a lightsome frolic with Robert Young being enchantingly funny in it . . . "Three Blind Mice" is a very cute affair . . . "Shopworn Angel" is as tender and compelling a film as you'll find in a month of movie shopping. . . .

What interests me most is that no one of these films boasts high-powered stars . . . nor big expenditures . . . but their stories have authentic structure to them . . . they are neither too goofy nor too serious . . . in other words, they are dedicated purely to amusement and there's hope for us ticket-buyers. . . .

SPEAKING of which, the accuracy with which the cash customers at the box-office continue to understand stars better than any critic or producer was further proven to me one day this month . . . it all came about through my talking to Warner Baxter . . . for some reason, despite all my wandering around Hollywood, I have never met Mr. Baxter except most casually . . . never talked to him more than a social "hello" until a week or so ago when I wandered on the set of "I'll Give A Million" where they were doing retakes. . . .

It was by no means the ideal day in which to visit the star of this picture for only that morning he had read the worst notices he had ever sustained in some nineteen years of an acting career . . . those adverse, unflattering notices on "Kidnapped" . . . Baxter it was, though, who told me about them. . . .

He never felt that "Kidnapped" was right for him . . . in his own phrase, ". . . every time Arleen Whelan came into the scene it seemed only sensible, in view of her age, for her to make love to Freddie Bartholomew rather than to me" . . . he also knew that the man he was playing was at once too young and too brash for an actor of his character . . . on the other hand, he had turned down the last few scripts that his studio had sent him . . . he was getting into the position of seeming quarrelsome and difficult and he didn't feel that way at all . . . so he let himself be talked into playing *Alan Breck* even though he was sure that it was all wrong for him to do so . . . the subsequent violently bad notices merely confirmed his original opinion. . . .

BUT there, that day he talked with me he had taken a lambasting in the press, but he was still being courteous to me, a member of it . . . I had merely wandered in and he might very well have refused to talk to me at all . . . it certainly would have been forgivable enough if he had . . . instead, he went out of his way to make me comfortable . . . he wandered over between takes to light my cigarettes . . . he talked, absolutely without grievance, about "Kidnapped" . . . expressed his hope that "I'll Give a Million" would be a success . . . only grinned when a bit player caused the scene they were shooting to be reshot several times, though he as the star had to go through it again and again because of the other player's failure . . . chatted casually about why he loved Hollywood and hadn't the faintest wish to get away from it ever . . . he was, in sum, a charming and contented gentleman, at peace with himself and the world . . . and because such gentlemen are so rare I realized, for the first time, why we have stayed loyal to Warner Baxter for so many years . . . he represents in his own person an ideal toward which many of us aspire . . . or, to be more exact, instinctively we have all recognized him as a superior, admirable man. . . .

LATER, that same day, walking about the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, it occurred to me how rare a phenomenon professional jealousy, such as used to exist in the theater and which still exists in the opera, is in movies . . . the stellar gang at Twentieth Century is, quite literally,

(Continued on page 10)

The Genuine Alaska Sealskin is always identified by this mark

Artistry in ALASKA SEALSKIN

Alaska Sealskin—honored fur among the great designers of Paris, New York and Hollywood for its supple "flow"—favored fur among their smartest clientele for its serviceability and intrinsic value—appears this year in styles inexpressibly flattering, young, chic. In raven *Black* or deep-toned *Safari Brown*...*Wherever better furs are sold.*

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HOLLYWOOD DRESSES
by MARGO DE MAR

The glamour and glory of Hollywood interpreted in exquisite washable Crown-tested spun rayon.

Left, Style 84 — autumn leaf monotone print — designed to take off pounds and years. Zipper plaquet. Navy, black, wine. Sizes 14 to 44.

Right, Style 80 — worn by Loretta Young — full-skirted dirndl in daisy chain stripe. With zipper plaquet. Wine, navy, black. Sizes 14 to 20.

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Ask your dealer for Loretta Young Hollywood dresses — if he doesn't have them, mail the order blank below.

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Style			Additional post office charge of 12 cents on COD shipments.
Color			
Size			

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CITY _____ STATE _____

(Continued from page 8)

like one big family . . . Tyrone Power is the closest pal of Don Ameche . . . Sonja Henie, lunching with Cesar Romero, waves gaily at Ty, who admires them both. . . .

Recently I stood talking to Clark Gable before the building in which all the male M-G-M stars have their dressing rooms . . . it was late afternoon and most of the companies had quit working . . . as we stood there chatting, Spencer Tracy came out. . . .

"Good-night, sweetheart," he said to Mr. Gable.

Mr. Gable looked at him. "Oh, good-night, honey," he murmured.

"See you soon, dear?" asked Mr. Tracy, twisting about like all the coy young maidens in the world.

"Sugar, you know I couldn't let the day pass without seeing your lovely face," replied the great god Gable.

And with that burlesque, two of the finest actors in all Hollywood separated and let the world know that the kidding feud of theirs is still on . . . but it is just another evidence on another lot of the lack of jealousy . . . only people who like each other enormously can kid one another like that. . . .

I think it is just as wise that stars are standing together, particularly the older crowd, since for the first time in movie history there is a definite, organized younger generation . . . not girls of fourteen playing . . . as Loretta Young once did . . . at being leading women . . . but just talented, attractive kids acting their own age . . . but also learning the art of acting thereby. . . .

The more mature stars, like Bill Powell, say, often legitimately bemoan the lack of stock companies in the country today or of road companies in which youngsters can learn the art of acting . . . because that was the school in which Bill and Gable and Edward Arnold and Walter Connolly and others too numerous to list learned their lessons they want it to be available to the newcomers, too. . . .

What I believe they have overlooked is that movies, purely by accident, may have solved their own problem . . . with the rise of the adolescent generation in pictures . . . the Deanna Durbins, the Freddie Bartholomews, the Mickey Rooneys, the Judy Garlands, the Marcia Mae Jones, the Ann Rutherfords, the Lana Turners, and all the other talented young crowd, acting and being between the ages of twelve and eighteen . . . a natural school of acting has arisen . . . through smart production these kids are being carried past the awkward age without losing employment . . . but when they reach the twenties they will know the tricks of their profession . . . as witness, the orchidaceous Miss Young today and the return of that very fine actor, Jackie Cooper, aged fifteen. . . .

From all of which you may gather that I think almost everything in Hollywood is all right this month and that no matter what happens the most beautiful sight the movie village has to offer is Norma Shearer's profile. . . .

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Mary Astor

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty or over, you're doing quite well—in fact, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 84.

1. When he went to school in Milwaukee, this actor was known as "Dimples," and is still trying to live it down:

Fred MacMurray **Spencer Tracy**
Pat O'Brien **Tyrane Pawer**

2. The highest salaried film star during the 1937 tax year was:

Mae West **Gary Caaper**
Jaan Crawfard **Ronald Calman**

3. One of the biggest hoaxes ever played on Hollywood was pulled by this star who was born in the Middle West, came to Hollywood and landed one of the best parts in a big picture that called for English players on the basis of her phony English accent:

Margaret Lindsay **Daris Nalan**
Claire Trevor **Gail Patrick**

4. This actor used to be a life guard and has the record of saving twenty-eight lives before he turned to motion pictures:

Rabert Yaung **Jack Oakie**
Ronald Reagan **Randalph Scatt**

5. He's famous now, but this actor once solicited ads for a hair restorer:

Fredric March **Rudy Vallee**
H. B. Warner **Jahn Barrymore**

6. Fanny Zilverstitch is the real name of this glamorous actress:

Franciska Gaal **Annabella**
Andrea Leeds **Ilana Massey**

7. According to Sardi, the famous restaurateur, there are only two people in Hollywood who know how to order a perfect dinner. One of them is:

James Gleasan **Arthur Treacher**
Don Ameche **Leo Carrilla**

8. You'd better go to see his pictures now, because this actor is going to leave the screen this fall to devote all his time to the stage:

Walter Hustan **Warren William**
Franchat Tane **Herbert Marshall**

9. One of the following stars does not come from a theatrical family:

Tyrane Pawer **Bing Crasby**
Ida Lupina **Dalares Costello**

10. This famous comedian was co-author of the first 100% talking picture to be filmed. The title of it was "Lights of New York":

Hugh Herbert **Bert Lahr**
Edgar Kennedy **Graucha Marx**

11. When she went to high school, her claim to fame was that she won seven medals as a track sprinter:

Kay Francis **Norma Shearer**
Betty Grable **Carale Lombard**

12. The Speech Arts Association of California gave this actor their annual medal for perfect diction and enunciation:

Spencer Tracy **C. Aubrey Smith**
Lionel Barrymore **Cary Grant**

13. Dorothy Gish and Maude Adams were sought for this part in "The Young in Heart," but this actress finally got it:

May Rabson **Helen Westley**
Alice Brady **Minnie Dupree**

14. He was on the stage for twelve years, but now he says he'll never again return to the theater:

Clark Gable **William Pawell**
Warner Baxter **Edward Arnold**

15. She once waited on tables in a girls' boarding school in order to get her education:

Loretta Yaung **Maureen O'Sullivan**
Mary Astar **Bette Davis**

16. As well as being a well-known comedian, this actor is a playwright and had one of his plays, "Dinner is Served," produced on the New York stage:

Eric Blore **Ed. Everett Hortan**
Alan Mawbray **Stuart Erwin**

17. The rôle of Jesse James in the forthcoming production of the life of this famous bandit will be played by:

Humphrey Bogart **Errol Flynn**
Dauglas Fairbanks, Jr. **Tyrane Power**

18. He's one of the greatest living authorities on Hans Christian Andersen and has just unearthed eight unpublished fairy tales of this author:

Paul Muni **Melvyn Dauglas**
Jean Hershalt **Henry Fanda**

19. One of these stars has the unique distinction of not being the Mayor of a Hollywood suburb:

Jael McCrea **Al Jalsan**
Andy Devine **Hugh Herbert**

20. Three of these four players were once chorus boys together in a Broadway musical:

James Cagney **Allen Jenkins**
Pat O'Brien **Bruce Cabat**

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ameche and Robert Young attempt to free their papa from the clutches of a gold-digging night-club singer whom they think is Simone Simon. When Simone turns out to be all sweetness and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Nutty but very nice. (*July*)

★ JOY OF LIVING, The—RKO-Radio

Well dressed, well written, with Jerome Kern's pleasing score, this will be a favorite if you like nincompoop comedies. Irene Dunne is a rich actress with a family of leeches who suck her bank balance. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a poetic soul with an addiction to beer and a hut in the South Seas. Doug wins! (*June*)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

Here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the crusty judge; Mickey Rooney (still one of the finest actors in Hollywood) is the adolescent son. Take all the folks. (*June*)

★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

Those crack-pot Ritz Brothers riding the crest of their newest laugh wave pretending to be shootin', feudin' hill-billies, to win a radio contract. Tony Martin is in fine voice and Marjorie Weaver looks her prettiest. Three thumping cheers. (*July*)

★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story with Freddie Bartholomew matchlessly playing the Scotch laddie whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith. Arleen Whelan justifies her stardom ballyhoo by turning out to be accomplished as well as beautiful. Honorable mention. (*July*)

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Universal

Despite the gruesome title, this is a breezy small-scale mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the unknown murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (*Aug.*)

★ LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. Corp.

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The splendid cast headed by Harry Baur (remember him in "I Stand Condemned"?) depicts the story of a young widow in her sentimental search for the lost loves of her youth. See it if you can possibly manage. (*June*)

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED—Warners

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this trim story of race-track lore. Little Janet Chapman (Warners' wonder chile) adopts gamblers John Litel and Frank McHugh, later brings them love and lucre. Ann Sheridan is the femininity. (*July*)

★ LORD JEFF—M-G-M

An appealing story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney battling each other for acting honors the whole way. Take the whole family. (*Aug.*)

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

Unpretentious but good. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, Joan Fontaine as the society damsel he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's dopey mother, Hedda Hopper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (*June*)

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

Our genial Jap detective this time turns his myopic eyes onto a murder in the prize ring, and, after the usual hunt for expert double-crossers, succeeds in bringing the murderer to justice. Maxie Rosenbloom is the comedy; Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari the S. A. (*June*)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with an attempted assassination of steel king Henry Wilcoxon, this mystery is handled by suave Peter Lorre, Oriental detective, in top style. Mary Maguire is the love angle. If you like *Moto* films. (*Aug.*)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

A meekly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York policeman) Paul Kelly vie for the hand of pretty nursie Sally Eilers. Kelly convinces Sally that Larry is a murderer and the fade-out is what you expected all the time. (*July*)

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

This will bore you with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is the society reporter who solves the mystery of the disappearance of the town's leading citizens. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is villainish. (*Aug.*)

OVER THE WALL—Warners

Based on a story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, this is solid entertainment if you like social themes with your after-dinner coffee. Dick Foran is the bully who lands in the hoosegow; John Litel the patient chaplain; June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell help in supporting rôles. (*July*)

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Saturday matinee if this is around. It's the Mauch Twins again playing Junior G-men. A new twist marks the climax of their adventure. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents (*June*)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (*June*)

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those $100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Pat Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Turn your head the other way. (*July*)

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

Movita (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty?") is lovely looking enough to go to see, even though this is a juvenile arrangement about brigandage in Mexico years ago. Antonio Moreno is too kindly to be effective as a villain, but Lina Basquette, as a jealous dancer, makes up for it. John Carroll is excellent. (*June*)

SAILING ALONG—GB

Jessie Matthews' dancing is as graceful as ever, Roland Young's wit as sly as usual and Jack Whiting's singing of the tuneful music is a joy, but, despite these things, this English yarn about a barge girl who becomes an actress is not up to the usual Matthews' standards. Maybe it's spring in London or something. (*June*)

"C'est la vie" ("This is the life") sings Charles Boyer in one of his gay moments in "Algiers," when he's thinking of Hedy Lamarr

PRISON NURSE—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hoosegow. Marian Marsh and John Arledge are around. Pointless. (*Aug.*)

PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI, THE—Hullinger Prod.

A highly interesting pictorial summary of the life of Mussolini. Whether you are for or against Fascism, you will like Edwin Ware Hullinger's unusual shots of the dictator at home with his family, at work and at play. Good current history. (*Aug.*)

★ RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Universal

To introduce Danielle Darrieux, their new French star, Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of mistaken identity. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle's favor, and Helen Broderick the friend in need who sets out to get her protegé a rich husband. Mlle. Darrieux' charm surpasses the ballyhoo. See for yourself. (*Aug.*)

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

This is Jane Withers' picnic, and Jane comes through dancing, singing and clowning with flying colors. The plot has to do with Rochelle Hudson's amnesia and her kidnapping by gypsies. Robert Wilcox is her beau. Borrah Minnevitch furnishes the music with his harmonica band. (*July*)

★ SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

The hero of Leslie Charteris' popular mystery thriller comes to life in the person of Louis Hayward, and a fine job he does too—wiping out a major crime wave with the help of Kay Sutton. Calculated to set your spine tingling. (*July*)

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropical isle. A planeful of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans and others, and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with racketeers. Dopey and dull. (*July*)

★ STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

A very enjoyable musical crook drama. Olympe Bradna fully justifies the promise of her debut in "Souls at Sea," and Gene Raymond, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell and Douglas Dumbrille do well in a yarn of a band of thieves in Middle Europe who hide from the police in the house of a famous pianist. Go and hear your special Liszt and Mozart melodies played beautifully (*June*)

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of ye old Mack Sennett days. The boys are mousetrap salesmen who journey to Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with composer Walter Woolf King. The singing is pleasant but doesn't save you from the doldrums. (*Aug.*)

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in *the* most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (*June*)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (*June*)

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver in the prize package of all the recent stories of modern maidens' efforts to bag a rich husband. Maybe you don't admire the type, but you'll find the way they reconcile wealth and love highly amusing. (*Aug.*)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullavan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (*June*)

★ TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

Another picture in the "Gone With the Wind" trend, having Academy Winner Luise Rainer playing beautifully one of those frivolous pre-Civil War maidens who brings out the dueling instinct among Southern swains. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, Bob Young, her lover, Barbara O'Neil her sister. Well done, as M-G-M's things usually are. (*July*)

TRIP TO PARIS, A—20th Century-Fox

All the things that can happen to an average family in Paris including being gypped by a phoney count, happen to the Joneses, and it's all fun. Jed Prouty is *Pa*, Spring Byington is *Ma*, and both offer splendid characterizations as usual. (*June*)

★ TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—with not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screwy Hollywood writer looking for a screen romance; love comes in real life through Dorothy Lamour. Tito Guizar's songs, the Ensenada Singers, the comedy of Bob Burns and Martha Raye—all are elegant. (*Aug.*)

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-bang Western introducing a new cowboy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the son of a Congressman, he goes to Washington, wangles a Federal Water project for ranches in the Dust Bowl. Barrels of fun. (*July*)

★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

Splendidly written, well directed, romantic and humorous without being sentimental or slapstick, this is a picture worth seeing twice! Ginger Rogers, lovelier than ever, is a Broadway singer who marries a small-town botany professor (Jimmie Stewart) from an ultra Puritanical family. The cast is perfection and so is the picture! (*July*)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of James Stephenson by analysing the horoscopes of the suspects. At this point the action in the picture lies down and dies—but if you want to check on your own astrological character (who doesn't?) you might like this novelty. (*Aug.*)

★ WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lloyd Douglas' story of renunciation, stuffed with preachments, but the fine acting of Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper will enthrall you. Fay is the good Samaritan who takes over a professor's run-down household, brings Jackie through the pangs of lazy adolescence, eggs Claude Rains on to bigger and better inventions. Worthwhile. (*Aug.*)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this. Unbelievably gauche and tiresome, it attempts to show what gals are like in love and business. Kay is the wife of a drunken advertising man (Pat O'Brien) who uses her sex appeal to help his failing business. Maybe we'd better pretend we didn't know about it. (*June*)

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligently directed and beautifully acted, describing the work done by doctors to fight yellow fever in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Bob Montgomery is the soldier who risks his life for scientific research. Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Alan Curtis and others are admirable support. (*Aug.*)

YOU AND ME—Paramount

You have seen both Sylvia Sidney and George Raft hounded by the law too many times to find any freshness in this story of two paroled convicts who marry each other. George backslides to his old gang, is brought up short by the little woman Peerless photography, but little else. (*Aug.*)

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Irving Berlin

ALEXAND RAGTIM

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WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY · EDDIE COLLINS
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Tampax was perfected by a physician for *all* normal women. It is neatly and efficiently absorbent, doing away with pins, pads and belts. It will not come apart and so fail in its protection. *No odor*. Disposed of easily. Made of absorbent surgical cotton, greatly compressed, hygienically sealed in patented applicator. Endorsed by gynecologists. Sold at drug stores and notion counters—month's supply, 35c. Introductory package, 20c. If *your* dealer has not stocked, please use coupon.

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PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

GLAMOUR FOR EVENING—There's something about a warm summer evening that leads to romance. And the greatest help to romance is glamour. And the best way to learn the little tricks that give glamour is to go to those expert purveyors of glamour—the movie stars—and learn what they do. Which we did; and here they are: tricks that can be adapted to your own personality to bring out your own loveliness.

If you're dressing décolleté as Isa Miranda so often does, a very important thing is to avoid white "bathing-suit" straps. If you have a smooth tan with the exception of those bathing-suit straps, use a creamy powder base that matches your tan and make up your shoulders so that you're just one color.

Ginger Rogers takes a creamy golden tan during the summer and to accent it she doesn't use any powder at all, just a smooth foundation that leaves a faint shine to her skin and is most attractive.

Another nice trick is to use a bit of cream on your cheeks at night to give them a youthful highlight. You know that it's only a young skin that has a sheen to it. As you get older, your skin becomes dryer and you lose that glowing look, so a bit of shine on your cheekbones accents your youth.

Eye shadow does more to give personality and glamour to your face than any other one thing, and nighttime is the time to experiment with it. There is an eye shadow that comes in gold and silver—lovely soft shades that make you look very exotic. Lucille Ball uses it when she wants a very special effect for a big party.

Anne Shirley, however, doesn't use any eye shadow at all. She smooths a bit of cream on her eyelids all the way up to her brows instead. If you're very young and feel that eye shadow is too sophisticated for you, try this instead and you'll look very ingenuous.

There's even gold and silver mascara. You can touch it lightly to the tips of your lashes after you've applied your regular mascara and you'll be surprised how deep your eyes become. And you already know that there's nothing like deep-blue mascara to make blue eyes look even bluer. Ruby Keeler uses it regularly at night.

Anita Louise's brows follow their natural line. If your brows are the unruly kind that won't follow the line you want, use brilliantine to make them stay in place. Brush them up first with a little brush and then smooth them down in the line you want. If the brilliantine won't keep them in place, you can always resort to soaping them and each little hair will lie just where you want it to.

You're wearing your hair up high off your face these nights, as Claire Trevor does; you'll probably find that you can't do a thing with the short fine hairs on the nape of your neck. They're not long enough to smooth in with the rest, but they make the back of your neck look blurred. Vicki Lester solves the problem by using a lotion that is very similar to that used by beauty shops to set your wave. She smooths it on the short hairs in back and they flow right into the upsweep of hair to the curls on top. Try it.

Another nice feminine thing to do when you're wearing your hair off your ears is to rouge the earlobes.

If you get a flushed warm look on a hot summer's night, try having green-toned powder mixed with your usual shade, to give your face a cool look. Mauve serves the same purpose, but don't use too much of it and use it only at night. It tones down a sunburn and gives your skin a clear pallor.

Your perfume must be light for summer evenings. Heavy, exotic fragrances should be worn with rich gowns and furs—they're out of place with a light dress on a warm evening. Kay Sutton uses a spicy perfume that is ideal for summer, and flower fragrances are lovely, too. Apply your perfume at least half an hour before you are going out, because it takes that length of time for the true odor to come out.

Ruby Keeler has a nice little trick of patting her cheeks with perfume before putting on her make-up. Then when she turns her head you get a delightful whiff of it, and she moves in a faint aura of scent. Barbara Stanwyck sets her lipstick with her favorite perfume. After she has used cleansing tissues to remove the surplus lipstick (which you do, too) she daubs on the perfume and lets it dry. And don't forget to put some on your wrists so that the scent comes forth when you move your hands.

HAVE you always longed for a faint cleft in your chin? Well, we have too, and finally worked it out. You use a blue powdered eye shadow to get the effect. Fold a thin puff in half—use the small size that comes in rouge compacts—rub it in the shadow and smooth a line of it on your chin. Blend it carefully so there's no sharp line, and the faint shadow looks like a slight dimple. Do it only at night, though, because it does look artificial in the daytime.

Lucille Ball powders her lips before applying lipstick, because she says it stays on longer and goes on smoother. She has a lipstick pencil that's the same shade as her regular lipstick and she uses the pencil at home to give her lips a smooth definite outline, then uses her lipstick to replenish it the rest of the evening.

If your mouth is large, use a light dull lipstick and carry it out to the

very edges instead of using a bright stick and not covering up your entire mouth, because the light stick minimizes the fullness of your lips.

If your mouth is too small, though, use a light lipstick out to the very edges, and then take a second one of a brighter or deeper color and carry it out a little beyond the natural line. To make your lipstick stay on longer, use an indelible one first in a light color, and then apply your regular lipstick on top of that, and you're set for hours.

Two mascara brushes are better than one, too. Lucille dampens the first one and brushes her lashes with it to separate them. Then she puts the mascara on with the other one, and it goes on much more evenly. The less water you use in putting on your mascara, the better effect you get, so just use a damp brush instead of a soppy one. And always wash both brushes every day. A fine line of black pencil just above the lashes adds to the effect, but be sure the pencil has a very sharp point so you get just a faint line, and draw it on before you apply the mascara.

DON'T forget, too, that your elbows must be as smooth as your face, because there's nothing less glamorous than rough, horny elbows. Rubbing them with pumice stone is excellent to soften the skin as well as remove the dead rough scales. Another good way is to soak them in half lemons which will bleach your elbows as well as soften them.

Do you remember the barrettes that you wore as a little girl? Well, there's nothing smarter for evening wear now than these old-fashioned barrettes that come in different shapes. They can be shaped like a little bird or a flower or just in a bow knot. You can wear the plain bone barrettes for daytime and then get some set with brilliants for evening. Ann Sheridan wears one on either side of her forehead. If you're brushing up your hair in the back, they're ornamental as well as useful to keep the curls in place.

There's a splendid new make-up that is just being put on the market by a famous cosmetician. It's an adaptation of Technicolor make-up that is grand for street or evening wear, and it can be used with or without powder. It covers up small blemishes and gives a satiny finish to your skin. I'll be very glad to give you the name of this product if you'll write me and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.*

Hark ye, who would a glamour girl be! From these expert purveyors of that intricate art, (reading clockwise) Claire Trevor, Anita Louise, Isa Miranda and Lucille Ball, you will learn tricks to emphasize your own loveliness

SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

• "Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft . . . as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Spun" Rouge To Match

Another thrilling new Coty make-up discovery! Rushing torrents of *air* blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and warmth. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobromo" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

"I FOUND A SILVER TREASURE

..... by Looking for the FEDERAL Name"

Fine furs, like precious jewels, are not easily judged. But there is a way to tell choice silver fox—look for "FEDERAL," stamped on the leather side of the pelt. Only skins of outstanding luxuriousness . . . bountiful silvering . . . and *lasting* loveliness are sold under this name. The jacket above, with its glamorous sheen . . . its new "spiral" sleeves . . . and smart casual-formal length . . . is only one of many smart models developed in FEDERAL Fox, this fall, and shown at better stores throughout the country.

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Beginning: A NEW MURDER MYSTERY THRILLER

BY **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

author of "The Case of the Substitute Face," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

Thump . . . thump . . . thump. The noise was coming from a closet . . . I turned the knob. . . .

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

Murder is different in Hollywood —especially when a famous movie hero is involved in the mystery

THERE were five of us crowded into the small interviewing room at the employment agency. As the last to arrive, my chair was in the least advantageous position.

I looked the other applicants over, and they looked me over.

I figured that if it was a job where the secretary was expected to go out with the boss, the blonde seated directly opposite the door had the inside track. I could see that she thought so, too. On a question of ability, the tall girl was going to give me competition; the redhead was nervous; the bony-featured one probably had plenty of ability, but she wouldn't be much of an office ornament, and she'd been trudging the dreary rounds of employment agencies until it had got her down. This was just one more tryout. She was already figuring where she'd go after it was over.

My wrist watch showed exactly ten o'clock. Miss Benson, who ran the agency, opened the door and said, simply, "Mr. Foley."

He was a tall man in the thirties, not too heavy, with a smile that I liked. He was holding the cards we'd filled out in his left hand, a pair of dark glasses in his right.

"There are five of you," he said crisply. "I have studied your cards. I'll try to make the interview as brief as possible. Miss Blair, please."

The blonde said, "I'm Miss Blair," and her voice was a cooing intimacy.

Mr. Foley put the dark glasses over his eyes. From where I was sitting I could see behind the lenses. I saw a peculiar tightening of the muscles across the forehead, and suddenly it occurred to me the man's eyes were closed.

He said, "I dictate very rapidly. Do you think you can take it?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never have any trouble with dictation. I'm quite certain you'd be satisfied, Mr. Foley."

"Miss Ransome," Mr. Foley said.

That got the dejected girl who was sitting across from me. Miss Crane was the redhead and Miss Sharpe looked like the one who had what it takes. He asked each of them a quick question, listened to their answers, then said, "Miss Bell," and when I answered him, turned his head quickly as though he'd overlooked me sitting there in the corner; but he didn't open his eyes.

"Do you," he asked, "think you can fill the position of secretary to a lawyer, Miss Bell?"

"I think so," I told him.

"Can you go to work right away?"

"Yes."

He took off his glasses. "Very well, you start at once."

IT was just like that, no typing test, no talk about references.

The other girls filed out, the blonde leading the procession with a dazed expression, Miss Sharpe with wooden features, the redhead indignant, the Ransome girl mechanically glancing at her watch, and lengthening her stride before she was out of the door. Evidently, she had another interview waiting.

Foley turned to me and took off his dark glasses. "My secretary," he said, "was injured in an automobile accident. I need another one right away."

I saw that his eyes were a light, clear blue. The pupils seemed very small and very black.

DRAWING BY MARIO COOPER

And then my curiosity got the better of my judgment. I blurted, "Do you always pick your secretaries with your eyes shut?"

His pin-point pupils held my eyes. "You noticed that?"

"Yes."

"Observant," he said. "Yes, I always judge people by their voices."

"How in the world can you judge people entirely by their voices?" I asked. "What can you possibly tell of a secretary's qualifications by listening to her talk?"

"You forget," he said, "that I had the cards of the applicants. Naturally, they had all listed their qualifications as being adequate, otherwise Miss Benson wouldn't have selected them for an interview. It only remained for me to check their ability to judge their own qualifications."

"And you feel you did that from our voices?"

"Yes," he said, holding up his hand and checking us off on his fingers. "Blair, a cooing, seductive voice; her sex is her chief asset; no dice. Ransome, dispirited; has quit fighting after only two months of unemployment. That's too short a time. She's too easily discouraged. Crane, afraid to face a competitive test, yet forced to offer herself; Sharpe, confident, well-trained, a little too sure of herself; accustomed to being just a bit superior to her boss. She'd do fine for a man who needed his correspondence revised."

"And Bell?" I asked, smiling.

"Bell," he said, with the suggestion of a twinkle softening those blue eyes, "is a little too inclined to be a spectator of life, but calmly competent, and sure of her competency." Abruptly the personal, friendly note left his voice. He said, incisively, "I've left my office without a secretary. Are you ready?"

I matched his manner, said, "Yes, Mr. Foley," and started for the door.

MR. FOLEY used dictating machines. There were three records in the rack under the transcriber when I reached the office, and, by the time he went out to lunch, there were three more.

It's difficult working on a strange typewriter, so I ate rather a sketchy lunch and returned to the office. I was busily clacking away at about five minutes past one when the door opened, and a broad-shouldered man with arrogant eyes pushed his way toward the private office.

For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me . . . I screamed, tried to jump back and escape . . .

He jerked his head toward me in a half-nod and said, casually, in a take-it-for-granted manner, "Foley in?"

That's one of the nightmares of a new job. You never can tell whether the person with the make-myself-right-at-home attitude is a prize client or a salesman.

I kept my voice friendly. "Mr. Foley is at lunch."

"Oh, yeah," the man said, and jerked open the door to the private office.

I pushed back my chair and followed him in. "Mr. Foley," I said, "is *not* in." This time he didn't need to be a mind reader to know how I felt.

"How soon's he coming back?"

"I couldn't tell you. I'll take any message you wish to leave."

I didn't like the way he looked at me then, and thought perhaps I'd better explain, on the off-chance he might really be someone important. "I just started to work this morning, and I'm not fully familiar with Mr. Foley's habits or his clientele. He simply said he was going to lunch."

"It's ten minutes past one now; he ought to be back."

I let my silence soak in.

"What's your name?"

"Miss Bell."

"How long have *you* known Mr. Foley?"

"If you wish to wait," I said acidly, "there are chairs in the waiting room. This is Mr. Foley's private office."

The man casually pulled back the lapel of his coat, showing me a badge. "How long have *you* known Mr. Foley?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning."

"What do you know about Mildred Parker?"

"Nothing."

"You know who she is, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"She's the secretary who *was* working here."

"Mr. Foley said she had been injured in an automobile accident," I told him.

He perched himself on the edge of Mr. Foley's desk. "I'm investigating."

"If you don't mind, we'll step into the other office," I said. "I have to answer the telephone as well as do my typing. This is Mr. Foley's *private* office."

He didn't move. "What enemies did Mildred Parker have?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you anything about Miss Parker. I've never seen her in my life. I didn't know her name until you mentioned it."

He lit a cigarette. "It's funny. Somebody went out of his way to sock her with a car. It was a hit-and-run job. According to witnesses, the guy who did it followed her for a couple of blocks. He cracked her just as she crossed an intersection, broke her leg . . . phony license plates."

"Will you *please* wait in Mr. Foley's reception room?" I asked.

He didn't move. I heard the click of a latch-key, and Mr. Foley opened the exit door to stand staring at us. "What's this?" he asked sharply.

"Evidently," I said, "this gentleman is an officer. He has ignored my requests to wait in the other room."

"You're Foley?" the man asked.

Mr. Foley nodded.

"Okay. I'm getting some dope on Mildred Parker. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing."

"Who were her enemies?"

"She had none as far as I know."

"How far did you know?"

(Continued on page 80)

HOW I SAVED MY

A promise faithfully kept won against tremendous odds—while Hollywood tried to stack the cards

by Dorothy Lamour

I WALKED into the Derby for dinner last night with the director of my latest picture. He was in a dinner coat and I was dressed to the hilt and I suppose you had only to look at us to know that we were preview-bound.

We got a corner booth, sat talking for a moment, until someone across the room waved to my companion and he excused himself to go over. "Sorry—my agent," he said. Then, while I sat waiting, I caught the sound of my name from the booth in back of me. Sometimes, if you concentrate very hard, you can detach words and their meaning from what is usually unintelligible café murmur. I strained both ears.

"That's Lamour with So-and-So," a man's voice said. "Mark it for your column, why don't you? Looks like romance."

The answer was female, both in sound and significance. "She's supposed to be married."

"Don't let it worry you. *She* doesn't."

"Hmmmm?"

"Well, she gets around. Kay—it's Herb Kay she's married to, isn't it?—has his band in a good New York spot. Lamour's a sultry gal. She should sit at home, knitting, when so many men want to take her out."

"Who've you seen her with?" the woman asked. "In the last two months I mean."

Names, all of which I recognized as friends of Herb's and of mine drifted over the back of the booth. "And there are more, only I can't remember. The thing's on the verge. Why don't you break it before someone else does?"

"No," said the woman, her voice suddenly very shrewd, "because if she goes out with that many men the marriage has a little time yet.

MARRIAGE

I'll crack the item when she begins sticking to any one man."

I stopped listening. Sitting there, I wondered why I didn't climb over onto the next table and snatch that woman bald. For that matter, I wondered why I didn't even feel sore about the conversation I'd heard. The Hollywood part of my mind, unaccountably, was saying: *That's their job. They're good at it. Besides, why should anyone assume my marriage will last when from any usual standard it doesn't have a chance?*

WHEN I eloped with Herb three years ago, neither of us had any idea there would be special matrimonial problems for us to work out. To me the whole thing had a fictional quality. I'd always had my glamour secondhand because my childhood had been a poor one, and now the thought of being a singer, traveling around the country with my famous husband . . . the whole thing was like one of those magazine stories with illustrations by Jon Whitcomb.

I could see the poses. The first one, with little Dorothy Lamour in her simple, cheap dress singing shyly at an amateur night in Chicago. The tall, handsome bandleader at a table, applauding, a look of discovery in his eyes.

Then a picture in full color, with Dorothy transformed, sitting in a spangled dress before her dressing-room mirror, with the hero, tuxedoed, bending to kiss her shoulder. Caption: "It's silly to wait. Let's drive to Waukegan tonight and find a minister."

After that the whole story, in my mind, went on through a haze of romance to a dim—but inevitably happy—conclusion. There would be a few minor quarrels, easily patched up, and there would be a baby, finally, and a little house in the country to vie with a glittering apartment in the city.

I was naïve, I suppose. I forgot that in any good yarn there must be conflict to give it interest, and my story got beyond any control of mine on the evening a National Broadcasting Company official called me in New York and said I was to go to Hollywood for a program there.

"Let me call you back in a few minutes. I'll give you my answer then," I said confusedly, and hung up.

Sitting by the phone, I tried to work out the idea in my mind. It would be a terrific break for me, of course. A network spot in Hollywood meant country-wide recognition and, if I went over, more money. And Hollywood meant motion pictures. . . .

It also meant saying good-by to Herb, at least for a long time. He was stuck with an eastern engagement; Chicago and New York were his stamping grounds, where he was known and liked.

I called NBC and refused the offer.

Herb was aghast when I told him about it later that evening. "But it means everything to you!" he said.

"You mean everything to me."

"But that shouldn't force you to turn down a chance at fame and the big dough," he said determinedly. "If you call the radio people back right now they may still have the spot open."

"Our marriage . . ." I protested.

"Do you really think it's weak enough to collapse under a thing like this? Do we love each other so little that we couldn't bother to work out a system that will take care of everything for us?"

There was no answer to that point of view. I rang NBC—and took the job.

WE both felt very secure when I left for Hollywood. We'd talked endlessly in the days past and had decided several essential things. If I managed to get in pictures it would mean several years, perhaps, on the Coast. Several years of separation. Several years of knowing each other by mail, of short visits at vacation time, of loneliness and danger.

Therefore we must put the emphasis of our imaginations on the future rather than on the immediate present. It was too bad to lose the years when our love was new and excitingly fresh; yet we knew that love would survive and that the later years would be better for the work we would do. We would make ourselves secure financially and be able to have a greater part of our lives to spend having fun, making a home.

No matter how far I might go in pictures or radio, it was understood Herb would not give up his band just to live in Hollywood. His career came first. In our hearts we both understood that he must never be known as Mr. Lamour. If any professional sacrifices were going to be made for our marriage, I determined I would make them, because, in the final analysis, I was content to be merely Mrs. Herb Kay anyway.

In the matter of money, I insisted he discontinue the allowance he had always given me in addition to my salary.

"I want to see if I can do it on my own," I told him. He agreed, finally. That was to be up to me.

THE first months in Hollywood were particularly miserable. I called Chicago nightly and then had to go without new clothes because of the telephone bills. I got on planes at the slightest opportunity and flew East to see Herb. Then pictures took me up; I was poured into a sarong and dark make-up and stuck in a jungle, and there was no opportunity to do or think of

(Continued on page 88)

Romance was part of the glamour build-up for Dot's career; but here she tells you why her handsome bandleader husband, Herb Kay, (below) can smile while she and Randy Scott (left) dance to his merry tunes

BEHAVIOR

BY BOGART

Once you get to know Hollywood's most ornery cuss you're a friend for life—just ask his ex-wives!

BY RUTH RANKIN

MAMA, that Bogey-man is here again. There is some talk that Humphrey Bogart, or Bogey—Bo, if you want to get tough about it—was born in the hottest part of Hell's Kitchen with a very dirty sneer on his face, and grew up to be the leading liquidator for Lefty Louie's gang. . . .

Bogey has not put himself out in the least to dispel this illusion. He kind of keeps it for a pet, the way snake charmers cuddle their boa constrictors, and for much the same reason: both of them use their pets in their work.

The fact that Bogey actually was born (1900) in an unimpeachable section of New York; that he looked like any other baby except to his mother (an illustrator of distinction for fashion magazines) and to his father (a well-known surgeon); and that he prepped at Andover, are all things he will admit, under pressure.

What he will admit without any pressure at all is that he has been getting into trouble all his life, and still is. It was just a short step further to put this talent to work and become the leading screen heavy.

Every friendship Bogey ever made started out with a hell-roaring fight, even up to and including his marriages. He says once he and his acquaintances go through the initial baptism of fire, they are friends for life and stick faster than adhesive to a blister.

"Nobody," he claims, matter-of-factly, "*nobody* likes me on sight. I suppose that's why I'm a heavy, or vice versa. There must be something about the tone of my voice, or this arrogant face—something that antagonizes everybody. I can't even get in a mild discussion that doesn't turn into an argument." And from the pleased way he looks when he says it, you get the impression that Bogey is awfully happy about the whole thing.

"The thing is, I can't understand why people get mad. You can't live in a vacuum, and you can't have a discussion without two sides. If you don't agree with the other fellow, that's what makes it a discussion. I'd feel like a sap, starting things by throwing in with my opponent and saying, 'Well, of course you may be right,' and 'You know more about it than I do,' and all the other half-baked compromises the tact-and-diplomacy boys use.

"My idea of honest discussion (maybe the word *is* argument) is to begin by declaring my opinion. Then, when the other fellow says, 'Why, you're nothing but a —— ——— fool,' things begin to move and we can get somewhere. Or, all right then, I'm the one who generally pulls that line on him. So they tell me. Anyway, it's a line that gets lots of action.

"All over Hollywood, they are continually advising me, 'Oh, you mustn't say *that*. That'll get you in a lot of trouble,' when I remark that

(Continued on page 84)

Because he's in love, there is, for the time being, a "new Bogart"—a mellow sort of fellow with a house, a garden and some dogs. But, when he reverts to type, not even his bride-to-be, Mayo Methot (below with "Bogie" and the Lester Stoeffens), will be one whit disillusioned

Pat O'Brien made Jimmie suffer—but it wasn't his acting that did it

It was a tough grind to have a gal like Margaret Lindsay fuss over him

—but she's another reason for Jimmie's disappointment in his first movie rôle

IT'S *EASY* TO ACT!

—sez the famous radio commentator and columnist who calls it the champion racket of the world—a lazy man's paradise—less work than taking candy from a baby

BY JIMMIE FIDLER

"SO this," I said to Pat O'Brien, after the first few days of shooting on the picture, "Garden of the Moon," "so *this*," I said, "is the life of a movie actor!"

"And how do you like it?" Pat grinned.

"Like it?" I retorted. "I *love* it! It's the champion racket of the world!"

I meant it. Acting for the screen is the lazy man's paradise—the easiest, silliest means I know to make a lot of money quickly. It is more effortless than taking candy from little babies, more pleasant than being willed a fortune by some far-distant, unknown relative. A director—thank heaven for directors—tells you what to do and shows you how to do it. You try to imitate him. Perhaps your effort falls short of his ideal, but no need to worry about that. You try again. And again. And then some more. Eventually, by the law of averages, you are almost sure to score a bull's eye.

If you bungle a gesture, forget a line, mispronounce or mis-accent a word, why—shoot another take! Film is cheap, directors are patient and time means practically nothing—just a few thousand dollars an hour—in Hollywood.

I am proud of the sympathy I have showered on stars who habitually complain that they are overworked. It proves that I have (or had) a tender heart, and I have always wanted to be known as a kindly soul. Even now I'm willing to concede that principal actors should not be employed in too many pictures within a given period, for there *is* an element of nerve strain connected with "work" before the cameras.

Actors have too much time between scenes in which to worry about precedence in billing and about their income taxes. Furthermore, the hot lights sap their energy—almost as rapidly as the hard floor of a department store saps the strength of a clerk. But, excepting these two major drawbacks, acting for the screen is more picnic than job.

DON'T misunderstand me. By saying that acting is the world's easiest way of earning a living, I do not mean to insinuate that I am a good actor. Far from it. I will never come closer to an Academy Award than the North Pole will come to the South. But, if an inexperienced, self-conscious wight like J. Fidler finds acting a *dolce far niente* profession, it seems to me that those who have talent and training should find it an absolute cinch.

To begin with, the actual minutes of work assessed from an actor each day are pitifully few. As a rule, he reports at the studio at eight-thirty (his press agent insists on seven, but even publicity men must earn a living) and lolls in a comfortable chair while a make-up artist coats his face with grease paint and powder.

During that process, he can sleep . . . or read . . . or chat . . . or listen to the voice of that singing star a few dressing rooms away. Being made up is much less grueling than submitting to a shave and a haircut.

He arrives on the set at approximately nine o'clock—and then commences the day's "toil." Actually, he works before the camera about one-fifth of the time. If he is a gregarious soul, he spends the rest of the day on the side lines, swapping jokes and stories with the rest of the cast. And I'm now of the opinion that it is that continual storytelling which makes actors complain of being overworked. Trying to top the other fellow's gag every day is a terrible strain—especially if the other fellow happens to be Pat O'Brien. During the filming of "Garden of the Moon," he must have told a thousand jokes and I went home each night with an inferiority complex and a "stitch." Great storyteller, that O'Brien! And a great business, this acting!

If an actor isn't gregarious, and doesn't want to sit on the side lines, he may go to his dressing room. And sleep. Or read. Or play solitaire. Or chart the next day's races. Or just sit and tell himself he's got an awful crust, taking so much money for the amount of energy he's expending.

Of course, it *is* trying to be paid to sit around and talk to such eyefuls as Margaret Lindsay, or Olivia de Havilland, or Rosemary Lane, or whom-would-you-prefer? Perhaps it's worth an extra thousand a week, too, to have to make love to such a swell gal as that Lindsay person. To be honest, my one objection to my first movie

(Continued on page 87)

The Berlins, the Goetzs and the LeRoys. Doris Warner LeRoy, with high score in the author's perfect hostess rating, wins by a length! There's a dark horse here—want to place a bet?

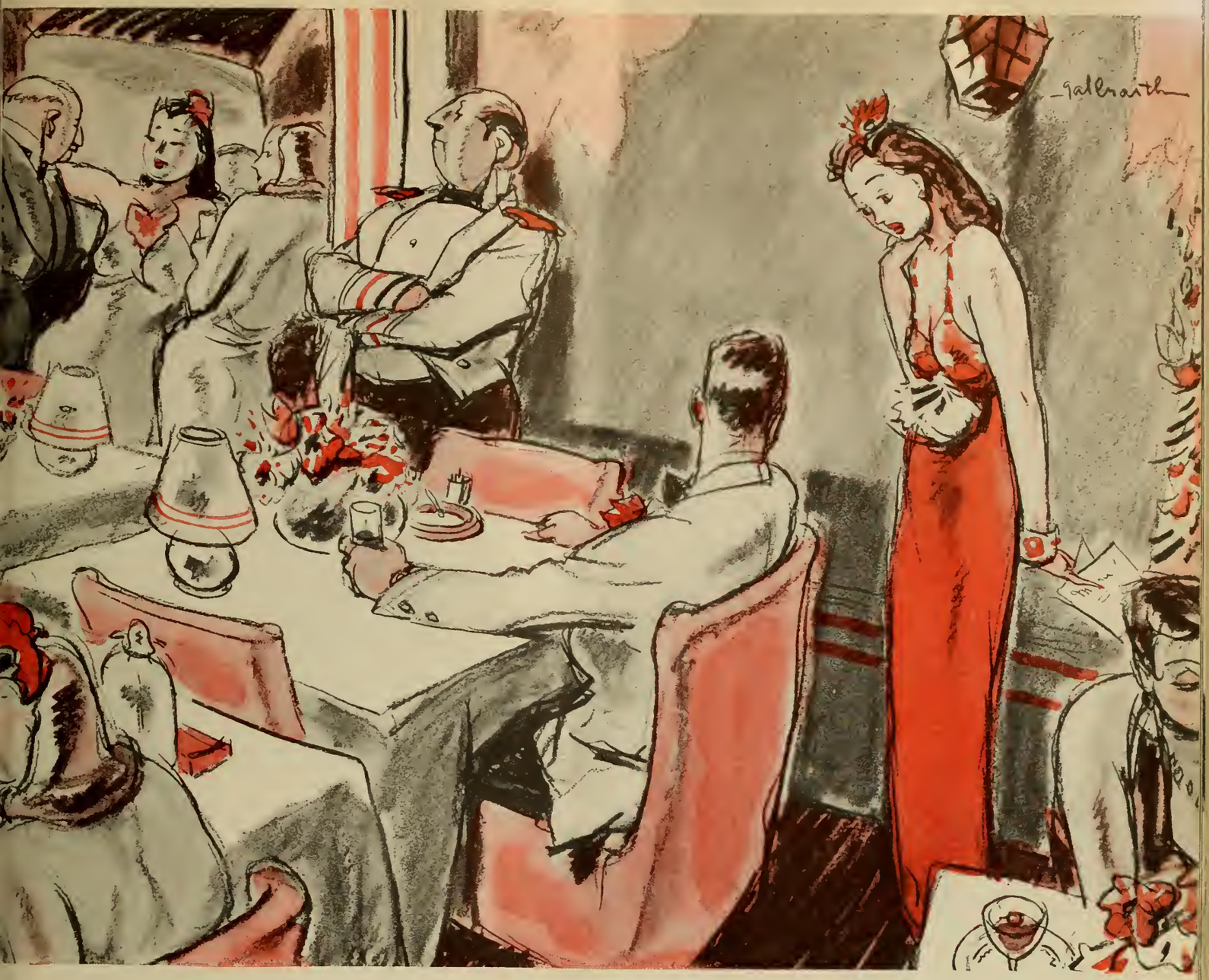
Carmen Considine, rated as "sprightliest" hostess, comes in second and replaces a once world-famous Hollywood party giver

Mrs. Harry Lachman could well be titled the Elsa Maxwell of Hollywood. Above: Director Harry Lachman, the Ralph Bellamys and the beautiful No. 3 hostess

WHO'S HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST HOSTESS?

With more courage than tact, but superbly fitted for the job, Photoplay's famed reporter throws caution to the wind and ranks the women he thinks are Hollywood's best at entertaining

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



I assumed an air of sang froid. "Good evening, Mr. March," I said in a pleasant but not gushy voice

Bio., so I write her letters too, being more literary. It takes a lot of time and my school work sometimes interferes.

When we lived in Dorchester I had to conduct all my affairs by correspondence, but since we moved to New York I have become a fan in person. If I could only get Pops to give up his law practice and move to Hollywood for his health, life would simplify itself.

At any rate, it is thrilling to live in N. Y. and adventures are always happening to me that I never would have dreamed of in Dorchester, like the time I walked down Fifth Avenue from 52nd to 49th with Greta Garbo, only a step behind her. Sometimes I say to myself, "Is this really me?" And it is.

Last Sat. was my birthday. It was a significant day, on acc't of I left adolescence behind. Wangled this typewriter from Pops as a surprise. Also got charm for bracelet from Henry, bath salts from Nancy (so she can use them herself, we sharing one bathroom which I hope won't be for long), three boxes of chocolates and some practically invisible stockings; also "Gone with the Wind" and a new autograph album from Barb because mine will be used up in a few weeks if my luck holds out. I hinted like anything for rhinestone hair clips, but it didn't take.

The pater has been asking questions about Sat. night. I don't impose my morals on him, although he could stand a few. I told him that Barb's older cousin is chaperoning us with her *fiance*. It wasn't a lie because Marjorie is going on eighteen and practically engaged to a man who actually *is* eighteen. Marjorie is a frosh at Barnard and studying to be a dramatic critic. She has met Frances Farmer and Peggy Wood and spoken to Leslie Howard, although he didn't answer. She goes in for the Drama and turns up her nose at the Cinema, but Barb and I think that art is in a transitional stage and who knows whither we are drifting?

Marj. has a wonderful collection, including forty photos of Leslie Howard, a button from Nelson Eddy's vest, and one of Ilka Chase's facial tissues with her very lipstick on it, which she got out of the ash can in the alley next to the theater. She promised to let me view her collection. She belongs to all the important clubs like the Twentieth Century and the Stage Door and she knows the doormen at Sardi's and the Algonquin in person and they give her a break whenever she shows up.

All Barb has to do is express a wish and her parents anticipate it. She has her own radio, her father understanding that a person can concentrate better on her lessons with one ear on whacky. She also has her own phone in her room.

Mother has been monopolizing the phone for an hour and heaven knows who has been trying to get me. Also it is very humiliating for a young lady in her middle teens to have to punch a time clock when conversing.

My parents are Problem Parents. They need handling.

Hope to heaven it doesn't rain Saturday. I'm going to have my nails done red no matter who says what. I smell chocolate.

. . . . . .

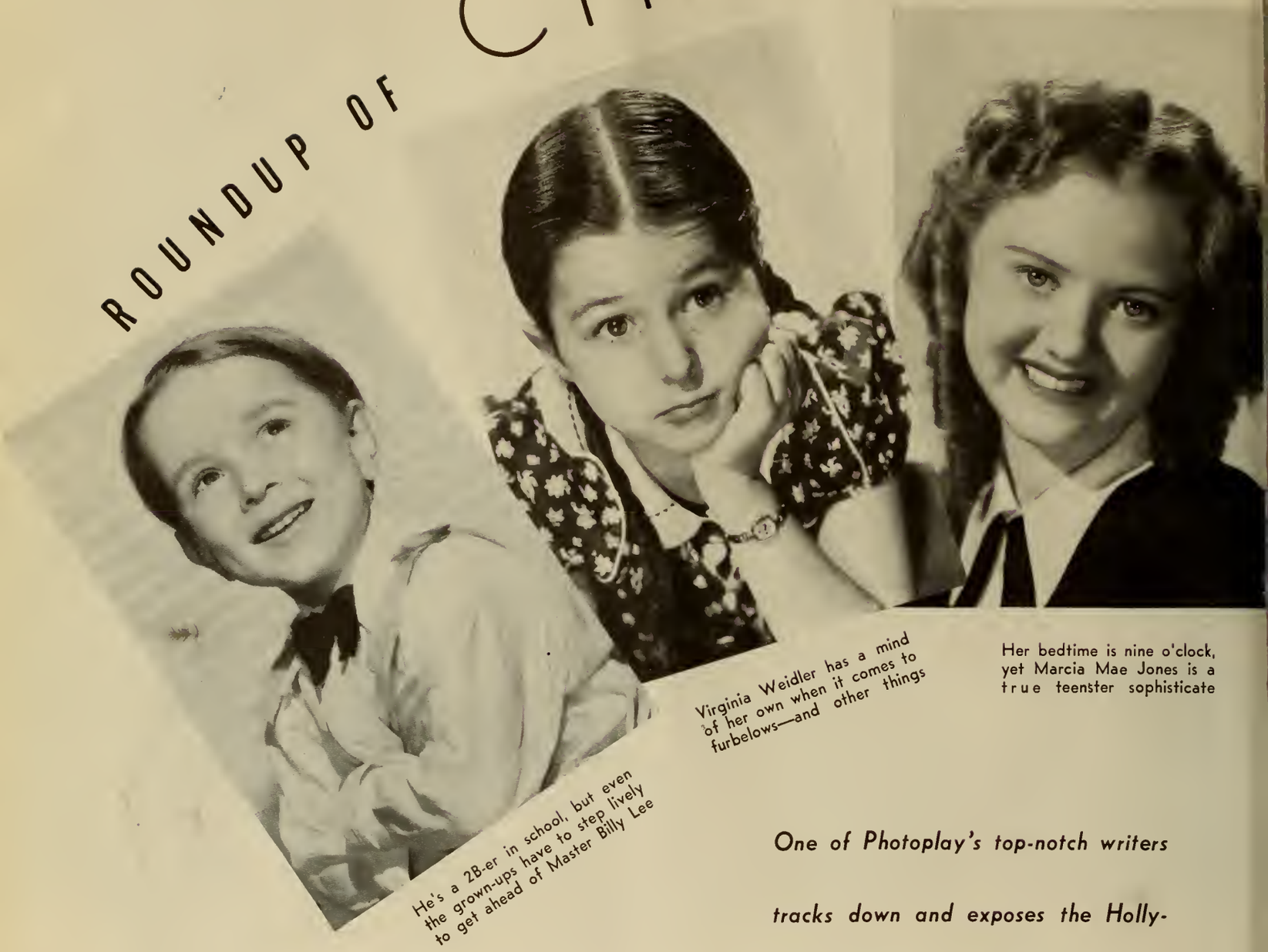
IT is 2 a. m. but I simply have to write down everything at once because it was *terrific* and I'm too excited to sleep. I can see myself in the mirror as I write and I remind myself of Carole Lombard in "True Confession" except that I have kicked off my slippers because they hurt.

Well, to begin at the beginning:

While I was in the tub Nancy kept annoying

(Continued on page 72)

ROUNDUP OF CHILDREN



He's a 2B-er in school, but even the grown-ups have to step lively to get ahead of Master Billy Lee

Virginia Weidler has a mind of her own when it comes to furbelows—and other things

Her bedtime is nine o'clock, yet Marcia Mae Jones is a true teenster sophisticate

One of Photoplay's top-notch writers tracks down and exposes the Hollywood kiddies who often break into the limelight but rarely into print

BY SARA HAMILTON

CHILDREN of the movies! What are they like? Well, let's take them one by one (and you'll find them, I feel sure, a group of normal boys and girls). Each as individual and each as different as the stars in heaven. And so—

BILLY LEE: AGE SEVEN

THERE'S a red button on the top of his skull cap. "It's my taillight," Billy Lee explains. "I don't want anything to run into me."

His hair, too long for comfort, hangs over one brown eye with a most alarming droop. His brown eyes live and speak and radiate the spark of something rare within. Like Shirley Temple, Billy is one of those "beyond me" children.

Of plain but honest people, Billy oozes that rare quality of to-the-manner-born, leaping to retrieve one's fallen glove, while little Papa, not much bigger than Billy, stands in the doorway and wonders and wonders and wonders.

He should!

Under contract to Paramount, Billy attends school on the lot. "I call myself a 3 A-er," he says. He's probably a good 2 B-er if the truth were told. But in his heart Billy knows he's a 3 A-er and then some in intelligence.

So what the heck, we both agreed.

A year ago his dancing teacher recognized the unusualness of her pupil and took him over to Sol Lesser's studio. Billy was the lad the audiences cheered in Bobby Breen's picture, "Make a Wish." His present film is "Cocoanut Grove"—he astonished Fats Waller into a dark-brown coma by beating a perfect set of drums after three short lessons.

Fred MacMurray can't get over him. He's that kind of child. Billy I mean, not Freddie. He wears short pants (again B., not F.) and likes to fish with a bent pin.

His brothers and sisters are all grown and all married but one. He'll get up and do a time step at the drop of anyone's hat. And fair, too.

Billy is exactly (or "pretty near exactly") forty-eight inches tall and weighs fifty-nine pounds. He has big ears and some of his second teeth. Is an actor born and is rather indefinite about his future plans.

Paramount plans bigger and better things for Billy. So watch out if you want to miss him. It may prove difficult.

He goes to Sunday School over at Angelus

Edith Fellows, age thirteen, is a movie veteran in bobby socks

"Dead End" Bobby Jordan may be a terror to his public, but the real lowdown is that he's as tough as skimmed milk

She's been tagged the "Brat" of the movies, but in the privacy of her home Bonita Granville answers to the moniker of "Bunny"

George Ernest of "The Jones Family" is different. He won't be an actor when he grows up

Temple and, doggone it, always means to say his prayers at night and usually does get as far as the "If I should die" part when he pops off to sleep.

In the doorway some writer paused a moment to call out some nonsense in which Billy joined in. It went:

"Sitting on a dog looking for a flea
One jumped to the left
One jumped to the right
But the one that was best flew on Billy's back."

The writer guffawed and passed on.

"What's all this?" we asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Billy shrugged. "He always says it when he sees me. I think he thinks I'm having fun."

And now you know.

VIRGINIA WEIDLER: "MAKE IT TEN"

TO those of you who have wondered about Hepburn or Maggie Sullavan or any other minds-of-their-own young ladies as children, ponder over it no longer. Step up, instead, and meet Virginia Weidler — hazel-eyed, honest-souled, straight-from-the-shoulder child of movies.

"How old are you, Virginia?" we asked in beginning.

"Make it ten," came the noncommittal answer. "Studio reasons," she added. "Always chopping off a year."

A new PHOTOPLAY, grabbed on her way into my office, lay spread out before her. "Sorry," we chided. "Fascinating as we admit the magazine to be, you'll have to lay it aside for the interview."

"Hmm," came the answer, "soon as I read this." Virginia was deep in the "Who's Going with Whom" column.

With all the prissiness left over from old school-teacher days, we reached over and laid PHOTOPLAY to one side.

"Now pay attention."

She rose and leaned over the desk and looked at us. Just looked. A round-eyed well-go-on look that left us wondering how to get Virginia back into the "Who's Going with Whom" business as fast as possible.

"Like to read?" we hurriedly asked to hide our confusion.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Make it books." Virginia's small brown hand was already creeping slowly along the desk to the forbidden PHOTOPLAY. We knew when we were licked and said nothing. Except—

"What are you studying in school?"

"Oh, history."

"What kind?"

"Oh, American."

"What part of American history?"

"Oh, make it Queen Victoria. Just plain old American history." The magazine, which had been gathered to her inch by inch, now lay before her unopened, and well we knew any minute Virginia would be lost in the wonders of Ty Power's romance with Janet Gaynor. So, with breathless haste, we asked and received this information. Virginia will tolerate no curls, no ruffles, no furbelows. She selects her own straight, plain little frocks. Her mother and clerks merely stand in a huddle and wait while Virginia prowls among the goods, finally returning with something in blue print with a plain linen collar.

She says "Yeah" for yes and never smiles just to smile.

Virginia began her movie career at four in a picture called "After Tonight" because she could speak French. She's forgotten how now. Her latest climatic work is in "Men with Wings."

She has two chicken-pox marks above her right eyebrow, sixty-two freckles across her perfect little nose and six owls in her attic. She doesn't give a hang about any of them, the owls included. Except, she explains, they make a racket "Woo-wooing" around. She doesn't know how the birds got there.

She'd rather take roping lessons any day in the week than music *(Continued on page 70)*

PORTRAIT...

in Bordeaux Red

The Americanizing of Danielle is complete. She adores sodas, and left for Paris with trunkfuls of American-made clothes

Introducing French Danielle ("I can took it") Darrieux, who can't make crêpes Suzette, but who can make marriage rhyme with success

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HER hair will be red when she returns to Hollywood in the fall.

She likes hot dogs.

She hates French cigarettes.

She believes the most important rule for happiness in marriage is that husband and wife always stay together. She has never dieted.

Her name is Danielle Darrieux.

She weighs one hundred and twelve pounds and thinks the newest hat styles are ridiculous.

She plans to retire from the screen in five years and have a baby. Her eyes are green.

Her pet nickname for her husband is "Ma Bougie," which is French for "My Candle."

She would have changed nothing if she had life to live over again. She likes highly seasoned foods and enjoys being a celebrity.

She thinks the most interesting streets in the world are the Rue de la Paix in Paris, New York's Broadway and Berlin's Frederickstrasse. She learned to play the cello as a little girl. Her mother was born in Algiers.

She refuses to go up in a plane and her happiest memory is her wedding day.

She eats "like a horse," and often gets moody and depressed. She cannot eat acid fruits.

Her cameraman, Joe Valentine, considers her photogenically perfect. She is allergic to cats. They give her hay fever.

She thinks American pictures have had a decided influence on the life of French youth. She scrubs her teeth three times a day.

Her name is pronounced Dan-yell Dar-ee-yeuh. She is married.

She is extremely fond of red Bordeaux wine, and she prefers wearing mannish suits. She has an abiding trust in human nature which makes her easily deceived by people.

She studies dialogue with an uncanny photographic rapidity. She possesses fifty-eight pairs of shoes, and periodically gets headaches.

She seldom drinks milk, and she never keeps her husband waiting. She thinks the modern emancipation of women has definitely made them happier. She is very fond of oysters.

Off the screen she wears only powder and lipstick on her face. She is utterly lacking in pretensions.

She hates being alone.

She is too nervous to drive.

She loves to eat chocolate, and she thinks American pictures are too lacking in courage and substance.

She does not like avocados, and does not believe in matrimonial vacations. She believes in astrology.

She invariably whistles or hums when alone. She has never ridden a horse, and she thinks surrealism is not art.

She likes to have breakfast in bed. Her love of life is her dominant characteristic. She never

(Continued on page 91)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

Small-town girl with a sense of humor and the knack of being herself—Myrna Loy of "Too Hot to Handle." As M-G-M's competent actress, she has the homage of the great Gable; as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., a happiness envied by maids—and men—everywhere

Photograph by Carpenter

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST . . . . . .

1 "Use a full light on a rather thin face," says Hymie. Thus he snapped Ilona Massey at the Troc, highlighted her smile; let Vic Orsatti take care of himself: "Men are secondary problems"

2 "Do not shoot a woman talking. Wait until she is listening to someone . . . A moving mouth is pretty bad." This was the rule Fink followed in this candid of Loretta Young at the Troc

3 "If your prospective victim has a pretty hat, a new hairdress or nice gown, show up those features; the rest of the picture will take care of itself. "Victim" here is Jane Hamilton

4 This idea worked, too, in the case of Sigrid Gurie, snapped in a trick new bonnet. Her nose is inclined to be long; so Hyman shot his flash a little low, straight on, to shorten it

5 "If a woman has a beautiful profile, why lose it?" Thus reasoned Mr. Fink when he caught Anita Louise in the prosaic act of buttering bread—and proceeded to snap this poetic candid

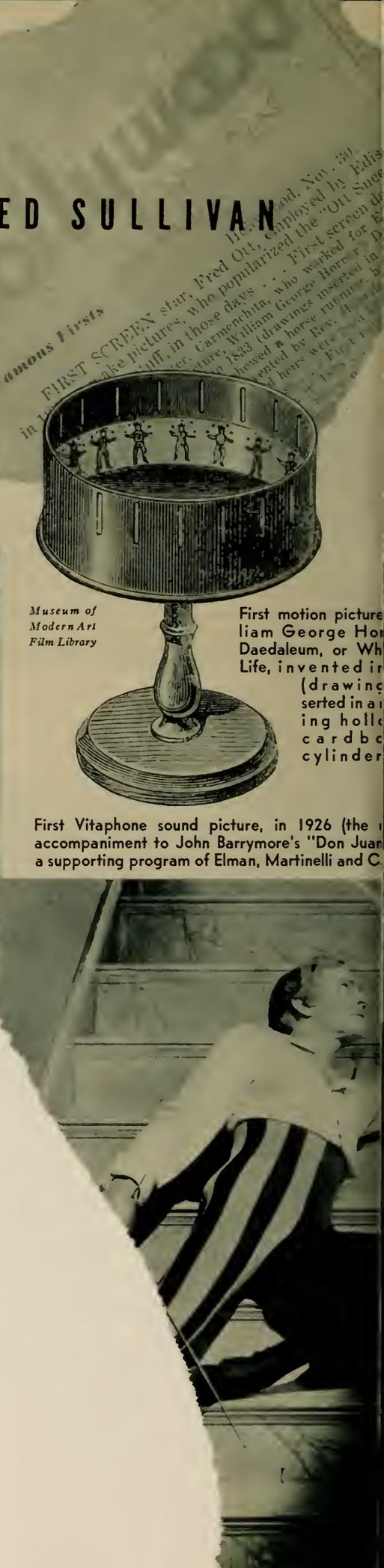
6 The exception that proves the rule about the moving mouth—this picture of Deanna Durbin singing on the radio, one of the best Fink candids. But then, it's Deanna's business to sing!

7 The Fink technique of highlighting the best feature showed up to excellent advantage in this snap of Lana Turner with hair piled high. Now, who dares to say candids can't be beautiful?

Candids CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

The "watch the birdie" school of snapshots is out, and, with these exclusive off-guard pictures, Photoplay's Hyman Fink proves that the candid trend is in—with a flash! Knowing that to most people a "candid" is a picture of a subject at his "darnawfullest," he offers these two pages as proof that any candid can be as attractive as a posed photograph. "Impossible!" you say—well, wait until you read Fink's secrets (above)

BY ED SULLIVAN



Museum of Modern Art Film Library

First screen star to get heavy dough, Mary Pickford (in 1914 . . . $104,000 a year; in 1916 . . . a contract for $10,000 a week for two years, plus 50 percent of net profits and bonus of $300,000) . . .

First moving pictures projected on screen, at Lyons, France, in 1895 . . . Auguste and Louis Lumiere, with their cinematographs, threw on the screen a film of Auguste's family lunching . . .

First famed screen team, John Bunny and Flora Finch (today it's Myrna Loy and Bill Powell) . . .

First feature-length talking picture, Warners' "The Jazz Singer," opening at New York Oct. 23, 1927 (it cost $450,000 and grossed $6,500,000) . . .

First screen dancer, the Spanish torso-twister, Carmencita, who worked for Edison in 1895 . . .

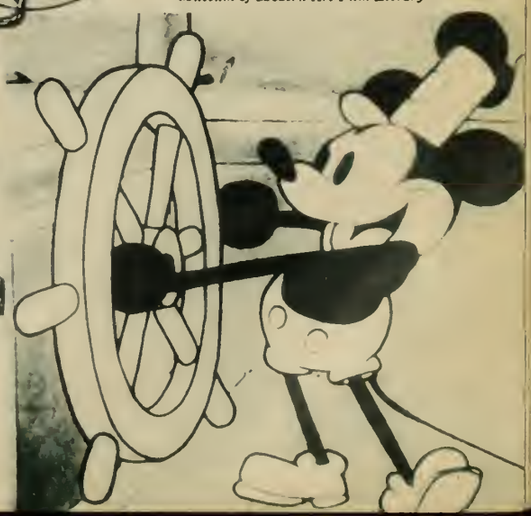
First foreign star hired for pictures, Sarah Bernhardt by Adolph Zukor . . . Her "Queen Elizabeth" was released July 12, 1912, and Lou Tellegen played opposite her, but was killed in Reel 3 . . .

First animated cartoon, Peter Mark Roget's Phenakistescope in 1826 . . .

Museum of Modern Art Film Library

First animated cartoon with sound, Walt Disney's "Steamboat Willie," shown at the Colony Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1928 . . .

Museum of Modern Art Film Library



SON OF NEBRASKA

Photograph by William Walling

Graduate with honors from stock and Broadway is Henry Fonda, now exploiting further his stage experience in Paramount's "Spawn of the North." Born in Omaha, he wanted to be, successively, a cop, a cowboy, a streetcar conductor; went to town instead as a young Thespian. Pal of Jimmy Stewart, husband of socialite Frances Brokaw, father of a six-months-old "apple of his eye" daughter, he shines privately as a poker player par excellence

Daughter of France

e of the nicer persons to know
e movie sector," says Winchell
Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox's
orted paradox with a smile that
s been a definite male cardiac
rber. A million-dollar person-
ty, she is a Marseillaise war baby
French-Italian ancestry, who, having
eady won film favor on the Con-
ent, pouted her way to American
me in her first picture; is sing-
g her way straight into American
rts in the current "Josette"

This is the way the party starts: Anita (left) goes to the phone—fine, the whole gang can come. Top: Jane Bryan, Phil Kellogg and Anita huddle over the slogans which their team will work out

IDIOTS

Jimmy Ellison is the first martyr—in more ways than one. He has to lie down and "die" for this slogan. Left: Phil has just guessed "died" instead of the necessary "death," so Jimmy motions him forward with his hands, indicating that Phil is "getting warm." If the guess had been a far-away one, Jimmy would have hinted to Phil by a backward hand motion. "Where" oh where—this one takes a frantic expression (left, bottom) plus a frantic effort (right, bottom) to enact "sting"—which leaves Don Terry, Anita, Gertrude Durkin, Jane and Phil in a state of suppressed emotion

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Come one! Come all! To a nit-wit party at Anita Louise's—

DELIGHT

Most popular in the current rage of Hollywood parlor games is "Indications," illustrated here by Anita Louise's gang who invited PHOTOPLAY's Hyman Fink to referee. Read the rules below, and then try this game on your own living-room rug.

The game may be played by any number. Two Captains choose sides; then write familiar quotations, slogans or sayings on uniform slips of paper. The Captains exchange the slips and pass on one to each member of their teams. The first player takes the floor, indicates the number of words in the slogan that he is about to enact by holding up that many fingers.

Then he starts to enact the saying, word by word, in pantomime. As he goes through the different motions, he holds up one, two, three, etc., fingers, thus indicating whether it is the first, second, third word, etc., which he is then enacting. The object is to enact the saying clearly enough to expedite the solution by his own team. As soon as a teammate guesses a word, the player places his finger on his nose. Players on either side alternate in taking the floor and a timekeeper scores them. Enactments are limited to exactly three minutes. Winners are determined by comparing the total amount of time consumed.

Now it's Jane Bryan's turn, and she does her slogan up brown. To put over the first word, she does a "merry" jig (top); and then (this was the best yet), she bleats like a "lamb." And everywhere that Mary went: so Jane "goes" (at the left) in this one—with a vengeance

(Continued on next page)

"Time Marches On."

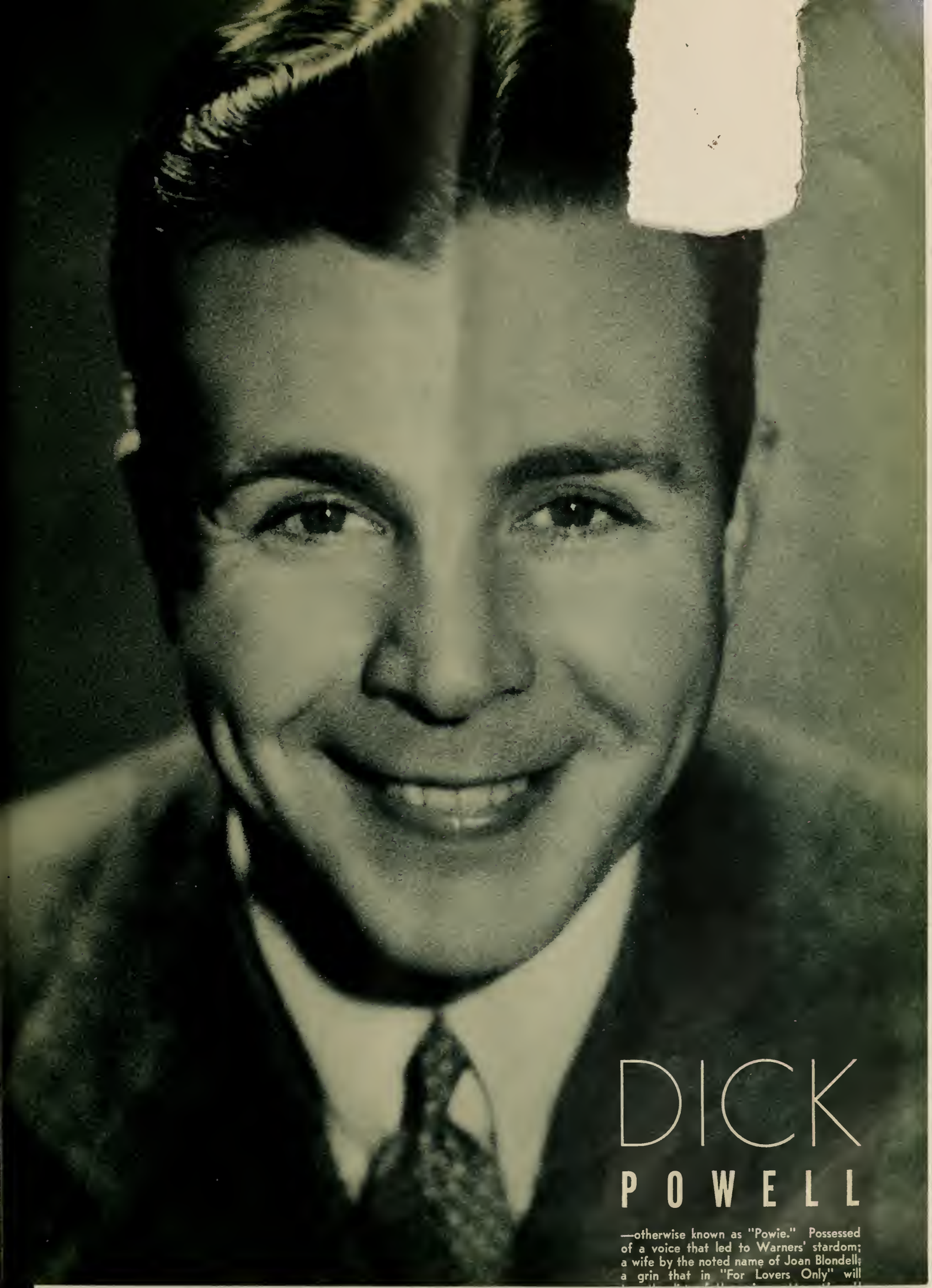
"A Bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"

Here's Gertrude Durkin's cute little act. She has a tough one. But leave it to Gertie. First she has a "bird in the hand." The "bush" stumped her—but then, by a coy finger motion, she has "two in the bush." Voila!

The hostess takes the floor. Top: she's pointing at a tiny watch — h-m-m, must mean "time." Now she's "march"ing—and what's this? Anita is sitting "on" Jimmy's lap. Ah, now we have it! But Anita's just too clever—Don Terry, Gertie and Jimmy don't get it at all!

"Is the Berries"

And now the evening is ended in style (Well, it all depends on your point of view!) by the hostess. Get it? Just Anita doing a most effective rasp"berry" for the Grand Finale



DICK POWELL

—otherwise known as "Powie." Possessed of a voice that led to Warners' stardom; a wife by the noted name of Joan Blondell; a grin that in "For Lovers Only" will

WHOSE SHOES?
1
2
3
4
5
6

Cal York's

A thrill for the horsey set! Clark's favorite steed won first honors at the North-ridge show and

of

rkling

Hollywood life

GOSSIP OF HOL

A Worried Rhett and Scarlett

WITH the announcement of Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler* and Norma Shearer as *Scarlett* in "Gone With The Wind," Clark and Norma, far from happy, are wearing two worried frowns on their personable faces.

Gable is anxious to know these things:

"Will I be the *Rhett Butler* of the fans' dreams? If I please the North, will the South be happy over the choice? Will I interpret each scene, each move, as the millions of readers have pictured it in their minds and hearts?

"Will I fail in this, my heaviest assignment to date? Frankly, I don't see how any actor can win with this rôle and I'm uneasy."

Shearer asks this of her close friends:

"Will I be hated by fans if I put all the shallowness of *Scarlett* into the rôle? Can they forgive me if I don't? Will this rôle have a lasting influence on my career? Will the public realize it's only play-acting, or has *Scarlett* become a living, breathing human to them—one I'm now about to become?"

So, on the eve of one of their greatest cinematic ventures, we find these two fine artists worried, anxious, concerned. Who says Hollywood takes its movies lightly?

Those Two Eligible Bachelors

LEAVE it to Tyrone Power to think up the perfect vacation. He gets two months, after "Jesse James" is finished, and will fly to South America—alone—just to lazy around in the tropics, hemisphere of his favorite Daiquiri and of good-looking babes. This, if you have an ear to romantic happenings, may remind you that the gossip of a break between him and Janet Gaynor is still hot; and that for one of a couple to take a long trip is a good way to end a love story.

Anyway, his romance with Sonja Henie died when she went to Norway, and the Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane thing busted up temporarily in the same manner. So, who can say what will happen?

Speaking of "Jesse James"—we've also heard Arleen Whelan will probably be cast opposite Tyrone in it.

That would be a terrific break for her, after the badly constructed part she had in her first picture. Besides, she's a perfect subject for the Technicolor camera.

Mention of Arleen reminds us of her true love, Richard Greene, who says out loud that the reason he seems to have his feet so firmly on the ground, despite his sudden Hollywood success, is because he had an earache. The studio said it was tonsilitis, but it was earache and bad enough to keep him under for a long time. During the inactivity he did a lot of thinking, high-powered philosophizing and what not, and emerged from the cotton-and-hot-oil stage with a pretty good perspective on things in general, his own life in particular.

Hollywood Speaks Its Mind

Barbara Stanwyck:

Stories just aren't written for women in Hollywood. Great men's stories—"Suez," "Test Pilot," "Zola"—are constantly being produced. But, outside of "Madame Curie," show me a great woman's story.

Cesar Romero:

I sincerely hope there is something to this cycle of threes. Maybe my next step in pictures will land me the kind of part I want—that of a dancer. I was a professional dancer before I came to Hollywood, so what do movies make me? First a villain, then a comedian—and, who knows—the third jump may be it.

Love me, love my dachshund seems to be Sonja Henie's policy with her beaux; but, like all true Englishmen, Michael Brooke shares her ardor for canines

Phyllis Brooks:

The only way two people can be happy in Hollywood is to rise above its petty gossip and ignore the barbs.

Cary Grant:

I don't care how ugly they make me in pictures if they just let me play a part with some character and substance.

George Brent:

The only way to lick this inferior rôle bugaboo is to keep plugging along hoping for at least one good picture out of three.

Leo Carrillo:

My fondest memory is Will Rogers' last remark to me. Bill said, "Well, Leo, we're kinda' odd birds in Hollywood. We both have the same girl we started out with thirty-five years ago."

Fay Bainter:

I'm excited about Hollywood and all the people in it. But I'll be more excited when my son gets away from school to visit me.

Even Dorothy Lamour climbed out of a sarong into ermine while Martha Raye donned her best bib and tucker for the parade that out-Hollywooded Hollywood

Conversation Between Mother and Son

BARBARA STANWYCK sat in the front row of the first-grade schoolroom and beamed at her son. He stood on the platform, sturdy, tow-headed six-year-old, reciting his little piece in French.

"What was it about, Dion?" Barbara asked later.

"Oh, it's a little silly. If you can't understand French, I can't tell you."

"But I always tell you the meaning of words when you ask me."

Dion considered this a moment. "Well, all right, I'll tell you, but, Mummy, I do think if I'm learning French, you should keep up with me."

"Yes, yes, that's true, dear," said one of Hollywood's greatest stars. "Quite true, and Mummy will always try to keep up. To keep up to her son Dion."

Only once did Barbara take Dion to see one of her pictures. It was "Banjo on My Knee." Dion was very quiet when he got home.

"Did you like it, son?" Barbara questioned.

"Well, Mummy, I didn't like you when those two men were fighting and you just stood there. Don't you think you were a sissy not to help out?"

Barbara agreed that she was.

Two "legit" enthusiasts, Bo... and Florence Eldridge, thrill... Hayes' performance in "Victo...

Memories

MUCH has been written concerning the fickleness of the public's fancy—how stars are soon forgotten by their fans.

And yet, twelve years after the death of Valentino, fans from all over the world still write in to Hollywood, wanting to talk of him, to hear again and again the little stories about him that they must know long since by heart.

Each year, on the anniversary of his death, August 26th, a mystery woman, clad in black and wearing a black veil concealing her face, appears at the tomb of the Italian star to weep silently a while and then steal away.

Recently, Valentino's picture, "The Sheik," was brought back to the screen in Los Angeles, and at the first matinee the manager waited patiently for the arrival of the mysterious unknown who has become a Hollywood legend.

"She'll come," he said. "Let's hold the picture till the last possible moment. I just know she'll come."

The minutes dragged on and finally the manager himself gave up. "We'll have to go on," he said reluctantly and then stopped—at the box office stood the woman in black. With a very white hand she reached for her ticket and quietly went in, her veil lowered.

The manager nodded assent and the unfolding of "The Sheik" began. At its conclusion she quietly stole out a side exit and was gone.

The voice of the former screen idol may also be revived. It has been disclosed that Valentino had, at one time, a "private sitting" for a voice rendition, and efforts are now being made to reissue the record publicly.

JEAN HARLOW is another star destined to live on in the hearts of thousands. At the first anniversary of her death in June hundreds of fans gathered before her former home (now occupied by the William Gargans) to stand and gaze silently at the house. Many others passed through the mausoleum where she rests.

"With Jean, as was the case with Valentino," a writer explained, "there existed a nature so simple, so close to nature's own pattern, that it simply cannot die. For all the swashbuckling of the handsome Italian, for all the outer voluptuousness of Jean, that something which was real and honest burned high."

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

So "buxom, blithe and debonair" are the Franchot Tones (top) at the "Victoria" opening. Isn't Joan stunning in her new coiffure and charming sequin jacket? At the Troc Norman Taurog and Herbert Marshall (center) share a little private joke; while, at the same place, Spencer Tracy earnestly whispers something Claudette Colbert takes all too lightheartedly

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The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

..E TO MOTION PICTURES

★ **ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists**

FOR once a Hollywood producer has religiously reconstructed his American version of a foreign movie (in this case, "Pepe Le Moko") after the pattern of the original. In addition, "Algiers" has expensive production and John Cromwell as director. The story is not much, but it goes on for a long time, and carries a brooding quality which warns you to get out your handkerchiefs for the tragic ending. Hardly a single scene is shot from directly in front; Cameraman James Wong Howe must have stood on his head the entire while to get the angles he did. And the score is right in there helping out, too: trembling, wailing reed sounds, exultant crescendos, beating drums.

The only fault—besides the slight sagging quality in the middle—we can find with "Algiers" is that it's oppressively arty. You're so busy watching shadow patterns you forget to die emotionally with the principals, as you should. Charles Boyer plays the exiled French thief, *Pepe,* who hides out in Algiers' underworld. He's living with Sigrid Gurie, a rather melodramatic street waif, but he falls in love with Hedy Lamarr ("Ecstasy") when she visits the Arab quarter. She intends to marry a fat playboy, and in the end she has to, because Boyer is caught by sly Egyptian detective Joseph Calleia.

Boyer is superb. Gene Lockhart, as an informer, does the finest characterization of his career. But it's delicious, dark-eyed Hedy Lamarr, making her American debut, who steals her every scene by the sheer lovely sex she exudes.

★ **THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Warners**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON convincingly sheds his mobster mannerisms to become the suave *Dr. Clitterhouse* of Park Avenue in this way-above-average crime melodrama. In spite of his change of character and address, however, the "last gangster" doesn't entirely lose touch with his pals of the underworld. The doctor, anxious to obtain accurate data on criminal reactions for a medical treatise he is writing, joins, incognito, a gang of jewel thieves that includes Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom and Claire Trevor. They accept the newcomer, along with his curious interest in their crime habits, and before long he is showing them several new tricks of the trade. Leader Bogart resents this usurpation of authority and his success in winning the favor of Claire Trevor. So, doing a bit of extracurricular sleuthing, he discovers the doctor's identity and threatens to expose him as a bona fide crook. Robinson's method of getting out of this tight spot is the high point of a film crammed with tense moments.

The story, taken from the stage play of the same name, has been skillfully translated to screen terms. It is swiftly paced, and effectively balanced with drama and humor.

Although it is definitely Robinson's picture from start to finish, Director Anatole Litvak has also made the most of a splendid supporting cast. Claire Trevor, as usual, turns in a good performance and Humphrey Bogart is a first-rate menace. You'll laugh at Allen Jenkins and Maxie Rosenbloom.

★ **LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal**

THEY'VE done it again, those "Dead End" kids. Of course, if you examine the rather fabricated story too closely, you will find both this idea and that of "Crime School" had the same origin. Still, there is the quality here of simple humanity which must necessarily be recognizable to any audience.

The piece opens in a lower middle-class home in which live the father, a laborer, the mother, a nagging, selfish, complaining woman, the daughter, lovely and intelligent, and the son, adolescent and pliable. Billy Halop has this latter rôle. The father gets into trouble during a strike riot, is accused of murder, is sent to prison. His family, impoverished, moves to the slums where they live on the daughter's income from a chorus job. Billy sells papers, joins a tough gang composed of the "Dead End" bunch. Then follows a succession of crimes with Billy's point of view warped to fit that of his companions. He burns warehouses, steals, holds people up. Eventually he is captured and sent with the others to reform school where the kindly influence and discipline make a fine citizen of him.

Despite all these months in Hollywood, there is no indication that the "Deadly" brats have gone "rahfeened" as yet. They are still ineffably despicable in characterization. Helen Parrish, the daughter, is good. Robert Wilcox plays her boy friend and Marjorie Main is very believable as the mother. Yet, again, it is those kids who must fascinate you. One of their scenes, in which they break up a mission, is little short of a cataclysm.

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

AFTER all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies and, amazingly, its humor somehow seems a little dated. This complaint is basic in the gags, some of which are bewhiskered, not in Lloyd's interpretation of them. He plays a professor who inscribes Egyptian tablets and decides at last that he is the reincarnation of the ill-fated *Nefaris*.

There develops a police chase, because Harold gives his clothes to a tramp, and there's a girl involved. She's Phyllis Welch and nice to look at. Raymond Walburn, Lionel Stander, Sterling Holloway and Mary Lou Lender do good work in their respective parts, and, of course, production is satisfactory. Still—there's *Donald Duck*.

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

DON'T miss this picture, boys and girls, if you want to see some of the finest acting that ever floated down the Thames. English as tea and crumpets. Winifred Holtby's novel has been beautifully directed by Victor Saville with very little of the original flavor lacking.

The story has to do with several members of a county council and the reactions of their personal lives on their public acts. Ralph Richardson (Hollywood should grab him—but quick) is the Lord of the Manor; Edna Best, the schoolteacher who teaches him that a ruined life can be rebuilt. John Clements is the young idealist whose housing scheme for the poor precipitates a battle between a greedy contractor and the community.

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

HERBERT MARSHALL, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated trio in this modern comedy drama. Its war cry is directed at divorce; its setting is a small town. In it Marshall, a lawyer, brings his second wife, Virginia, back to the little town where his first wife (Mary Astor) still lives. Bitterly, using her child as a weapon, Mary turns the town women against Virginia and poses as a wronged wife.

It leaves the new wife with a problem on her hands, but the ending is a happy one. The whole idea is mildly dreary until the fade-out, which is somewhat saccharine, but all this is over-balanced by the restraint of Marshall, the beauty of Virginia and the fine performance of Miss Astor.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

South Riding — **The Shopworn Angel**

Algiers — **Having Wonderful Time**

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse

Little Tough Guy — **Woman Against Woman**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time"

Charles Boyer in "Algiers"
Gene Lockhart in "Algiers"

Edward G. Robinson in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"

Marjorie Main in "Romance of the Limberlost"

Jane Withers in "Keep Smiling"

Virginia Bruce in "Woman Against Woman"

Jimmy Stewart in "The Shopworn Angel"
Margaret Sullavan in "The Shopworn Angel"

Ralph Richardson in "South Riding"

The "Dead End" Kids in "Little Tough Guy"

Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Broadway"

★ THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—M-G-M

METRO likes Margaret Sullavan and soldiers during war as a combination. "Three Comrades" gave her a swell chance, which she took with both hands; and now comes "The Shopworn Angel," a nut which she cracks with perfect ease. In this she plays a shallow, hard, gold-digging chorus girl who somewhere within herself finds a grain of greatness which will not let a boy's ideal die. The scene is laid at the beginning of America's participation in the World War. From all stations of life and all parts of the nation come draftees, among them a shy and imaginative cowboy. He is Jimmy Stewart—perfectly cast, of course—and he meets Margaret in New York.

Walter Pidgeon, her manager, discovers he loves her through his jealousy of Jimmy; Walter proposes marriage and she accepts. Then Jimmy is called overseas, and he also begs Margaret to marry him. She knows she represents a dream to him, and that should he be killed he would die with that dream unbroken. So she complies, forcing the angry Pidgeon to wait until the cowboy's identification tag arrives. One is forced to speculate on what would have happened if Jimmy had survived—but that's not very important. Miss Sullavan does a splendid job, being vivacious, and Stewart is often brilliant. You may have a little trouble deciding whether this is a sermon against war or a glamorization (if that's a word) of war. The picture is fine drama, and definitely worth seeing.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

EVIDENTLY, it is with pictures of this sort that Shirley Temple's studio plans to keep its valuable little star on the screen until she's eighty or thereabouts. For Shirley fans, it is a very satisfactory affair. The film provides ample scope for her talents and presents her as a true little angel. Those who have not altogether succumbed to the child, however, will have fault to find with the story in which the very minor conflict content is based on the fear that Shirley, an orphan, might have to return to the most ideal and cheery orphanage imaginable.

In the beginning, Miss Temple is taken from this place where all the little girls sing and carry on, and where Jane Darwell sits clucking happily over her brood, by Edward Ellis, who runs a hotel for down-and-out vaudeville artists. Ogre Edna Mae Oliver, who owns the hotel, steps in at this point. She doesn't like the noise the artists make and threatens to evacuate everybody; also, as a kind of vicious afterthought, she gets a court order to send Shirley back to Miss Darwell's ample lap. George Murphy, Miss Oliver's nephew, comes to the rescue and provides romantic interest by falling for Phyllis Brooks. That's all there is.

Of course, Murphy is given a couple of dance numbers to do and does them magnificently with Shirley keeping step. She sings several numbers in a manner that is not extraordinary for a girl of her age, but otherwise does her usual smooth job.

(Continued on page 85)

Sure the Irish stick together, but this tells you what Spence Tracy really thinks of Mickey Rooney's acting in "Boys' Town"

Allan Dwan takes a hand in history with Loretta Young, Annabella and Tyrone Power in "Suez"

WE COVER THE

History—past, present and future events—that's what we learn this month in our Cook's tour of the lots

BY JACK WADE

BETTER get out your history books, if you want to be up on the new Hollywood movies. Past, current, and even coming events are casting their shadows before them—on the screen.

That's the timely lesson we learn on this month's Cook's tour of the studios. Truth is stranger than fiction—but even stranger than that is the way truth and history are ganging up on Hollywood today. Directly and indirectly, stars, studios and stories are under the influence of real facts and real figures.

The sets are dotted with them or their counterparts—Johann Strauss, Viscount de Lesseps, Disraeli, Louis Napoleon, Louis XI, Paul Redfern, Father Flanagan, François Villon, Amelia Earhart, Metternich, Empress Eugenie—even those dashing modern figures, Prince Mike Romanoff and Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

Everywhere we turn something real inspires something romantic. Why, even Mussolini's Ethiopian adventure has handed Clark Gable a new thrill-packed adventure rôle!

"Too Hot to Handle," our first set invasion at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, really has nothing to do with Il Duce or his Fascisti friends. It's an adventurous saga of a daredevil newsreel cameraman.

But if Laurence Stallings, the war correspondent, and Leonard Hammond, the ace newsreeler, hadn't sat idly for weeks sopping up the Ethiopian rainfall and waiting for Mussolini to get going, Clark might very well have missed out on a dashing scenario to follow in the wake of "Test Pilot."

As it was, Stallings and John Lee Mahin cooked up a yarn based on Hammond's adventures behind a tripod—and, bingo, Clark has just what he needs for his new adventure-personality peg on the screen!

The way "Too Hot to Handle" finally worked out makes Clark a lone-wolf picture-shooting ace and Myrna Loy an Earhart-ish ocean flyer. Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo and Walter Connolly mix up in the excitement which hops from here to Manilla to Shanghai to the South American jungles and back again. Along the way, Clark films everything spectacular in sight at the risk of life and limb, you can be sure, rescues Myrna's jungle-lost aviation brother (Paul Redfern idea) and manages some very personal close-ups with Myrna to the disgust of rival Walter Pidgeon. Now, don't get worried—Clark gets her in the end.

When we intrude on these doings on Stage 29, Clark has just passed from burning lips to burning ships. The film he has taken of a flaming liner makes Walter covet half the profits, so there's quite a long and scrappy scene. Aviation pictures always seem to require a setful of fake oil-spray fog. We could do without that, because, in this case, it partially hides lovely Myrna Loy. "Minnie," pert and sassy in a flying suit and goggles, climbs down out of her plane to put her two-cents worth in the argument. "Action!" says Director Conway. "No—wait a minute. Clark, you're too neat."

Clark looks slightly bewildered as a couple of prop men leap to his side, muss his hair and squirt grease all over a snappy sport coat. Then he grins wickedly. "You boys all through?"

"Yep," replied the grease-squirters. "What's the joke?"

"Nothing," says Clark, "except M-G-M just spent one hundred and ten bucks. That's what this jacket cost me. It's mine—not the studio's!" The prop men stagger.

We watch the scene, but somebody—maybe us—is a jinx. Clark repeatedly blows his lines like an amateur. What's the matter? The assistant director tells us.

Clark is overanxious because he's been invited by Donald Douglas, the plane-builder, to be a guest at the take-off of the DC-4, the mammoth plane that's being launched this afternoon. Director Conway has promised to get him through in time, but now it looks like they'll never make it. And is Clark worried! He likes planes.

Then, as we watch, we see something that has never before met our eyes on a Hollywood set.

Clark and Myrna (right) broke a movie rule the day our guide went visiting "Too Hot to Handle"

STUDIOS

Wasp-waisted, pompadoured and ratted, Anita Louise, Bette Davis and Jane Bryan calmly sit by and let production heads worry about a major headache they face on the set of "The Sisters"

In the middle of a take a roaring noise seeps through the thick walls of the stage. In the middle of his lines, Clark yells, "There she is!" Then Clark, Myrna and the whole company scram madly right through the red light and outdoors. So do we.

It's the DC-4, the biggest land plane in the world. She soars over the studio like a great prehistoric bird, while a guy and a gal stand below and wave like excited kids. Clark and Myrna. And right beside them is—us. The red light still burns, but nobody sees it. Pictures can wait. This is the real thing.

NO USE going back on the set after that, so we hustle over to where our two favorite actors, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney, are dramatizing an amazing contemporary social experiment, "Boys' Town." The great boys' farm run by Father Flanagan near Omaha, Nebraska, inspired this picture. In case you aren't up on that capable priest's work with homeless boys, it's a model community operated and governed by young boys who might be in corrupting reform schools or orphanages. Instead, "Boys' Town" has a 100 per cent record of fine worthwhile young alumni.

Father Flanagan himself came out to M-G-M to see this one through. He thought Spencer Tracy ideal to play himself on the screen. Spencer's priest in "San Francisco" won him the respect of the cloth. As for Mickey, of course, he's a tough little troublemaker who tries to wreck the place but winds up catching the spirit. His chain of uppity escapades serves to show how the unusual community works on young character. Not a single skirt swishes in this picture. It's all boys and men.

We're lucky to catch two scenes of "Boys' Town." In one Mickey gets fresh with the community barber and has his face smeared with black shoe polish. A shining ebony countenance might hand the average kid actor an inferiority complex on the set, but, for Mickey, it's just a chance for more fun. Between takes he runs around smearing everybody, including Director Norman Taurog, with the messy stuff. Mickey has as much fun making movies as he does doin' the shag—and that's plenty.

When he's through that and the blacking is all wiped off, marvelous Mickey steps right into a dramatic scene with Spencer Tracy. Spencer, we notice, is much trimmer; he lost fifteen pounds during his sick spell. It makes him look younger, though, and he says he feels grand. In his black robes he looks truly spiritual. His voice, too, is soft and sincere as he points out the right path to Mickey. When the scene is over,

the whole company is hushed. It was that good. Then Henry Hull, who has been sitting on the side lines, tiptoes over to Spencer's dressing room on the set. He comes back with his hand behind him. Silently he walks up and brings out Spencer's own gold Academy Award statuette, which he has taken from Spencer's table. He bows—to Spencer Tracy.

Then he turns and hands the statuette to—Mickey Rooney!

The whole set roars. Mickey grins from ear to ear and so does Spence. But Spencer's eyes are serious. "If anybody deserves one of those," he says, "it's you, kid."

We like people like that.

M-G-M is making up for lost time now with six pictures shooting. "Honolulu" is one we have down on our *must* list because Eleanor Powell does the hula and that ought to be something.

Eleanor says the hula is one of the toughest dances she's ever had to master. It took three professional hipshifters to teach her how. They were the huladies with Harry Owens' famous Island band. One stood in front of her, one in back and one on the side. Then they all went to town and Eleanor just gradually caught the exotic undulations, like you catch a cold. But it ain't really cold—no indeedy!

Our studio guide warns us solemnly against braving "The Great Waltz" set because for two days now they've been shooting rain scenes and everyone, cast and crew, is soaked.

Gravet ("Gravy," the grips call him) plays Johann Strauss in this tuneful, dramatic story of the great composer's life and loves. Luise Rainer is the little baker's daughter who marries the genius and then tries to sacrifice her happiness to further his career. Miliza Korjus, a new Continental prima donna importation, Hugh Herbert and George Houston head the support with the Albertina Rasch ballet and a ninety-piece symphony orchestra.

We leave M-G-M and hitch on to some more history right away in Zanuckland. In fact, "Suez" has only five or six characters who aren't recreations of people who really lived. The rest step right out of our history book of the Second Empire. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Empress Eugenie, Louis Napoleon, Disraeli—it's a long list.

For "Suez" will bring to the screen the dramatic history-making struggles to build the Suez Canal and link Asia with Europe. Against an exciting European political background of the 1850's, Tyrone Power, as de Lesseps, fights for his dream of building the canal and for the love of Loretta Young. He wins the canal, at long last, but Loretta, as Eugenie, becomes Mrs. Napoleon.

It's an important scene in the picture that we watch—where Loretta comes to Tyrone's Paris apartment. Tyrone sits at his desk as Annabella tiptoes in and strokes his hair. He chews gum viciously, but not when the camera turns. This is our first in-person look at Annabella. She isn't beautiful but so bright and cute that we fall right now. The hair-stroking scene is brief and when it's over Annabella gets herself a handful of Power tresses and yanks for all she's worth. "O-w-w-w-w-w!" yips Ty. "That," says Annabella, "ees a suppressed desire!"

It'S all Paris at Paramount this month. They have all the hired help saying "Oui" instead of "Yes."

First, there's "Paris Honeymoon." This is Bing Crosby's very latest frothy film effort. Mostly, of course, it's an excuse to introduce Bing and his latest parcel of Robin and Ranger medloditties. But this time Bing unloads part of the vocal burden on Shirley Ross, a girl who is going places now at Paramount in a big way.

Franciska Gaal, De Mille's "Buccaneer" protégé, makes sweet love to Bing, very much to the dismay of Shirley, says the script.

The plot concerns American big-shot Bing's European jaunt to get a divorce and marry fiancee Shirley. But when he rents a castle in the Balkans to let the Paris divorce court situation clear up, he runs into Franciska, a Balkan cutie who won a week's stay at that very castle in a rose tournament. Wicked plotters haunt the place and scare Franciska into Bing's arms, which makes it tough for Shirley but very nice for everybody else.

When we arrive we find Bing smoking a pipe and contemplating with a jaundiced eye a contraption the props are rigging up to tumble him down the long—and hard—stairs.

Edward Everett Horton comes over to tell us he plays "one of those butlers no one would ever consider keeping around." Eddie says he has already made three scenes today. He's all through. Why, then, is he sticking around?

"I might miss something exciting," says Eddie, looking sadistically at Bing. Bing winces. The stair-tumbling scene is ready. So, with a last comforting pipe drag, Bingo faces the music.

But it's a disappointment when the camera rolls. Sound men make terrifying bump sounds, but really Bing comes downstairs like an elevator. No broken bones, nobody killed—nothing. We're disgusted.

"Just like apple pie," smiles Bing, much relieved. "Not a mark on me, and I bruise so easily!"

"If I Were King" catches our eye next. It's the old and familiar but always good story of the beloved vagabond—François Villon. Ronald Colman stars as the bold ragamuffin who goes from rags to riches for a week. Frank Lloyd is running things when we make our appearance.

Frances Dee and Heather Thatcher are in the Queen's ante-chamber, a Gothic room with a huge fire, when Lloyd speaks the cue. Swiftly the camera slides up on a fast dolley. Heather embroiders as she talks—no mean feat—while Frances pleads for Villon. She's lovelier than ever in a lemon chiffon mantle. Frances seems to give her best performances under Frank Lloyd—remember "Wells Fargo"—though why we can't imagine. Not once while we're there does he correct her.

Neither Ronald Colman nor Basil Rathbone—he plays the whimsical king—is due to show up today, so we tiptoe out.

We can't dig up anything new or startling at Columbia this trip nor at RKO or Universal. Although "Gunga Din" will soon be before the lens at RKO, and Universal plans some interesting pictures we hope to cover next month—Deanna Durbin's "That Certain Age," Hope Hampton's return in "The Road to Reno" and "Youth Takes a Fling" with Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds, for instance.

But Warners, as usual, are making hay while the summer sun shines. So over Cahuenga pass to Burbank we go.

Right now, three Warner prodigals, Errol Flynn, Dick Powell and Bette Davis are back in the fold and Olivia de Havilland is punching the clock again after that slip-away jaunt to England.

We find Olivia on the "For Lovers Only" set, where she's back emoting with Dick Powell, for the first time since "Midsummer Night's Dream." Dick gets a crooning vacation in this one, playing a young gas-station attendant who has the intriguing job of taming a spoiled rich girl in an up-to-date "Taming of the Shrew" theme.

But everybody's lazing around on those sets now, so we skip to "The Sisters" and those other three little Gibson Girls—Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan.

They're sitting in a row, wasp-waisted, pompadoured and ratted. Pretty as a picture out of a 1905 fashion book. "The Sisters," from the best seller by Myron Brinig, is really the story, so we're told, of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's family. It starts in a little town in Montana where three sisters marry—one for money, one for love and one for a home. From there it proceeds to San Francisco, through the domestic lives of the trio. Bette vindicates her choice of a love match with poor newspaperman Errol Flynn.

The major production headache in "The Sisters," the camerman confesses to us, is the earthquake. Naturally the great quiver that wrecked San Francisco in that period figures prominently in the drama. Earthquakes aren't so tough to bring to the screen, but earthquakes better than the epic twister in "San Francisco" are *plenty* tough to stage.

"Maybe," he decides at last, "we'll just borrow our earthquake from M-G-M!"

We are just in time to see white-haired Anatole Litvak, one of Hollywood's handsomest directors, put Anita and Bette through a primping scene before a mirror. They're dressing for a dance. It's a cinch scene for Litvak. Who needs to tell a girl how to primp? The first take is perfect.

After that we find ourselves surrounded by 1905 femininity as Bette claims her new initialed set chair—white canvas with a big flat arm on it—like a one-arm lunch chair. She had it especially made so she could lay her script on the board and take the weight off her elbows. We have to sit dumbly in the conversation that follows. It's about—their corsets!

"I like them," says Bette.

"So do I," says Anita.

"I don't," wails Jane. "I'm about to die!"

The reason for this difference in tastes is plain to see. Bette and Anita have tiny midriffs, while Jane is a chubby little rascal. When she sits down the stiff old-fashioned stays and tight laces bite.

In Hollywood, as everywhere else, your viewpoint often depends on the shape you're in.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Clown buttons lend a mood of frivolity to this tailored striped crepe two-piece frock worn by Dolores Del Rio, who gets top ranking among Hollywood's ten best-dressed stars. Dolores selects contrast gloves, draped turban and sable cape to complete this outfit

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY HURRELL

Terra cotta stripes on a dull green woolen give color and fabric distinction to this afternoon frock designed by Orry-Kelly for Rosalind Russell to wear in Warners' "Four's A Crowd." The flowing sleeves are gathered into tiny wrist bands and the front bolero reveals a terra cotta crepe Roma blouse ornamented by a gold Javanese necklace. The reverse side of the dress fabric is used for the turban—green stripes on terra cotta. Brown accessories and a sable scarf complete the costume. Rosalind is now in England filming "The Citadel," for her home studio, M-G-M

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELMER FRYER

Dolly Tree designed this black woolen bolero suit for Virginia Bruce to wear in her most recent M-G-M film, "Woman Against Woman," and Virginia liked it so much she purchased it for her personal wardrobe. The white crepe blouse, the notched overlay collar of bengaline, and the brilliant scarlet cummerbund that defines the waistline give gay color contrast to fall's chic "black." The lapel carnation and silk pompon on Virginia's velvet pillbox hat are also of gay scarlet hue

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLINGER

Contrast costumes are headline news in Hollywood's fall fashion picture! Barbara Stanwyck wears one of olive green and brown created by Royer in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Always Goodbye." The jacket covers a short-sleeved, collarless frock that closes to the waist with large self-covered buttons. A gold tassel chain loops through buttonholes in the narrow belt —a matching clip closes the neckline. This golden trim was designed by Joseff of Hollywood. A shaded green feather on the brown felt hat repeats Royer's contrast color theme. Barbara is at present filming "The Mad Miss Manton" for RKO, her home studio

Madge Evans (left) wears a Vera West model of cinnamon brown crepe which features a novel pleated blouse detail and concealed front zipper closing. At the banded neckline is a Zuni head pin with golden eardrops and spiral curls set with rubies—a Joseff of Hollywood creation. Contrast beige and brown gloves and hat, a sable scarf and a cinnamon brown suède bag lend chic accessory importance. Madge, recently seen in Universal's "Sinners in Paradise," will next appear in Republic's "Army Girl"

For her return trip to Paris, Danielle Darrieux purchased, for her personal wardrobe, the gowns designed by Vera West for her to wear in Universal's "The Rage of Paris." This suit is of crushed mulberry Rodier jersey with sable collar and muff. Style interest is found in the flared peplum, softly draped sleeves and the crush girdle that ends in a front loop. Danielle's hat is draped of the suit fabric and trimmed with a matching veil that ties at the back

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY JONES

MAJORING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM WALLING

It's time to dress up for the rôle of scholar! Ellen Drew, Paramount's new find soon to be seen with Bing Crosby in "The Unholy Beebes," models a velvet trimmed topcoat of navy blue woolen plaid, checked with green and yellow. Beneath is a double-breasted navy blue flecked woolen suit, also velvet trimmed—notice the underlay collar and narrow scarf binding. Ellen's navy fur felt hat snatched the topcoat colors for its perky quill. Right, a classroom dressmaker bolero suit of pin-striped navy blue serge. Ellen's navy suède shoes have novel vamp insets made of grey snakeskin

N

Chic

Purl two, knit two—if you crave a little sweater like this one designed by Royer for Sonja Henie to wear in 20th Century-Fox's "My Lucky Star." The flower motif on the yoke and sleeves is embroidered in three shades of red yarn with, of course, bright green leaves. The little round collar of the crepe blouse comes over the sweater to finish the neckline. The skirt of red wool crepe closes from waist to knee with white bone buttons to match those on the sweater. Below, Ginger Rogers in a fluffy yellow-beige angora sweater knitted by Irma, her maid. RKO will soon present Ginger in "Carefree"

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAYBILL

PHOTOGRAPH (above) by HURRELL

PHOTOGRAPH (left) by MIEHLE

Youthful Ann Rutherford, appearing in M-G-M's "Love Finds Andy Hardy," tops her brown silk crepe pleated skirt with a gay '90 shirtwaist of plaid taffeta—a very quaint and colorful alternate for the perennial sweater

PHOTOPLAY'S *Fashion Club* STYLES

You'll have no trouble selecting hats this season, as the new collections present a wide diversity of styles. Betty Grable (upper left), appearing in Paramount's "Give Me a Sailor," models "Buccaneer"—a Byron off-the-face felt featuring a front band, a bow of grosgrain ribbon and soft folds in the halo brim. "Terrace Club," her Byron felt Breton, with brim band in contrast shade, has smart tucks that individualize either side of the crown. Ann Doran (lower left), who will soon be seen in Columbia's Capra production, "You Can't Take It with You," wears "Beauty-Patch"—a Roxford revival of the tricorn interpreted in felt with dotted matching veil trim. Below, "Maid Marian"—a contrast feather pierces Ann's Roxford sport felt that is styled with a peaked crown, upturned back brim and a chin strap. All hats on this page come in a wide variety of colors

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd S[illegible] [illegible]rk

Louise Platt, soon to be seen in Paramount's "Spawn of the North," models three fall frocks. Chic black (top) in a tailored frock, with a four-inch panel of embroidery reaching from pocket to hem. The dress closes in back from neck to waist with bone buttons. Center, a Jack Rose colored model: the skirt is a novel combination of knife and box pleats (stitched at the edges from waist to hem); the blouse (note insert) has long reversed darts used as dressmaker detail and self-corded pocket edgings. This and the black frock described above are of Stroock's Ankara cloth—a new wool with a soft finish like angora. Right, a dress of "bronze lustre" green—a lovely shade of Stroock's Ankara cloth. The blouse has smartly tucked motif, a circle neckline; the skirt, knife-pleated, has sharp stitching at the pleat edges. Fall's important tricolor combination is achieved by adding a two-color suède belt of brown and deep green

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

"BOY MEETS GIRL"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ELMER FRYER

Dated for a glamorous campus festivity, let "him" spy "her" in a gown like this one of palest pink chiffon designed by Howard Shoup for Marie Wilson, of Warners' "Boy Meets Girl." The tucked, sleeved bodice, belted with self-fabric, extends to a low waistline where it meets a floating skirt fashioned of several layers of chiffon. For an informal date let "him" find "her" in this contrast woolen bolero suit of black, beige and white, a black halo hat and matching accessories

Lover Boy

IN HOLLYWOOD

Born with a spirit of adventure and a zest for living, Ray Milland has met his match at last and finds the game worth more than the goal

BY MARIAN RHEA

Soldier, merchant, sailor—Ray Milland

SOME twenty odd years ago, near the little village of Neath, in Wales, a handsome, alert little boy struggled toward the top of a hill. It was a steep hill, the beginning of those craggy Welch ranges so different from the gentle contours of Old England. The rocks were sharp; the yellow gorse prickly; the wind perverse and chill.

Doggedly, though, he scrambled on, ignoring difficulty and discomfort as well as the anxious maneuvers of his dog, Roderick, to head him back home. Ever since he could remember, he had wanted to know what lay on the other side of that hill; had imagined there a world peopled with strange beings—fairies, maybe, and maybe dragons. At this thought, the small lad brandished his trusty sword. It was a wooden sword, but its blade was sharp, as sharp . . . yes, he'd show those ol' dragons!

Then he came to the crest of the hill and fearfully, at first, looked below him . . . saw only a green valley threaded by a stream as placid as the Avon and dotted by farmhouses with thatched roofs and smoke curling from their chimneys. There were no fairies here, and no dragons; only quail scuttling to shelter; only squirrels chattering in the oak tree yonder.

Almost angrily he told Roderick to "come on," and turned his steps homeward. He had braved a switching for this. He had scuffed his shoes and torn his clothes. He had exerted himself as you wouldn't believe a seven-year-old youngster could. And then, at last, having achieved the new vistas he sought, he found himself not interested at all; just bored.

Someday, though, he would go a long way away, to some place that nobody ever heard of, into strange dangers that nobody ever heard of, either! He would take his sword and—

WELL, the little boy has kept that vow. He is a long way, now, from Neath, in Wales. He has climbed a good many tough hills, just to see what was on the other side. He has conquered a good many dragons of one kind or another. But, until he came across a place called Hollywood, he had never touched adventure that didn't bore him once he had proved himself able to see it through.

And thereby hangs this tale. It is a story about a chap who has met his match at last and who, with the stubborn zest of one to whom the game is worth more than the goal, likes this fine.

It is a story about Ray Milland. . . .

For a long time after he climbed the hill at Neath, young Raymond Mullane (that was) was content to stay around home riding his bicycle through the country lanes or playing cricket in the meadows with the other boys. But never was he quite like them. When they dreamed of growing up and going into business "like Father," he would awe and sometimes shock them with the accounts of what *his* future was going to hold.

"Me—I'm going to Egypt and America and all kinds of places," he would boast. "Me—I'm going to be a soldier of fortune!"

It was when he was eleven and a boarding-school student at Radyr, not far from Neath, that he had his first chance to try out these plans. Then, abetted by a bosom friend, Donald Hope, he cooked up an ingenious scheme whereby the two of them, unbeknownst to both school authorities and parents, could embark upon a five-day fishing excursion to the far-distant (well, at least forty miles distant) and therefore fabulous Lake Talyllyn.

The thing looked easy. The boys had been told by the foreman of the ship-building plant owned by Don's father that he would take them on this trip whenever they could get permission to stay out of school. All they had to do, then, despite the fact they knew they could never get this permission, was to tell their schoolmasters they were going to spend a week at home and allow their parents to believe they were in school as usual.

But, for all their neat plans, the Lake Talyllyn adventure more or less flopped, Ray says. There were mosquitoes. It was too cold for comfort at night. The food they took with them turned out to be pretty bad. And they caught scarcely any fish. Besides, Lake Talyllyn, although as beautiful a spot as one could wish, was, after all, just a lake and Ray had seen lakes before.

Therefore, when he came home on Friday evening to a good licking (with a toasting fork, he remembers), his father having found him out, and returned to school on Monday morning to get another licking for truancy, he made a new resolve. He wouldn't waste time adventuring near home. There wasn't adventure around there, anyway. He would wait until he could go

(Continued on page 89)

Born For Romance

Today, at twenty-five, Loretta faces a glowing future

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

In this final installment of her life story, Loretta remembers her promise, "If there will be great happiness I will take that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too"

BY HOWARD SHARPE

LORETTA stood beside the yellow roadster, laughing and saying a temporary good-by to the man in it. "At eight, then," she said. and trotted up the steps, pulling off her gloves

It was a clear spring afternoon, almost warm enough for summer. As she stood waiting foi the butler to open the door Loretta hummed snatches of a song; looked admiringly at her exquisite, newly done nails; thought pleasant small thoughts anent the way she would spend the rest of her day. A long bath to try out those new crystals, first; and a couple of chapters of "Tortilla Flat," the one about the beans and possibly the one where the house burned down; and then an hour for her hair, and fifteen minutes playing with the new Swiss clock that surprisingly tinkled a barracks ditty. . . .

The door opened and she almost danced through. *I'll suggest the Grove tonight,* she decided suddenly. *I want to dance, and he's magnificent when a tango comes on. He's magnificent anyway,* she added mentally, smiling.

Then she saw the stacked luggage near the staircase.

"Georgianne's bags?" she said, pausing. "Oh —she goes back to school today, I forgot. Where is she now?"

"In her room, Miss Young," the butler said.

Loretta ran up the stairs, frowning. Georgianne's last day at home for the Easter holidays and now quietly alone in her room, instead of dashing around the house. That didn't sound healthy. Headache, maybe, Loretta concluded.

She pushed open Georgianne's door without knocking.

The child had been crying. She stood listlessly in front of the bookcases, keeping her head turned so Loretta would not see the tear-streaks on her face. The older girl came forward and put both hands on Georgianne's shoulders, which turned reluctantly.

"What's the matter, honey?" Loretta said softly. "Sad because you've got to go back?"

Georgianne nodded. "Do I *have* to?" she asked. "It's so nice here, and I could go to school in Beverly Hills."

"But you like your school! You—"

"I hate it!" the child wailed suddenly, bursting into tears again. "It's horrid there—it's—it's a terrible place. Please, Gretch—let me stay here. Please."

"Now *listen,* baby," Loretta said, pulling the child over to the bed and sitting down. "Something's happened and I want to know what it is. Stop crying and tell me."

There was no response.

"Georgianne."

The little shoulders straightened then. The quivering chin came up. "All right," Georgianne said, "it's those girls. All of them. They say bad things about you and no matter how much I argue they keep right on saying them . . ." She stopped as she saw her sister's face drain suddenly white.

There was a long silence. Then, in a very low voice, Loretta asked, "What is it they say?"

"That you fall in love all the time and then go on to someone else and fall in love with him That just because you're a movie star you—"

"Why do they say these things?" Loretta interrupted. "Where do they find out about them?"

"In the papers. In the magazines."

"I see." Loretta pressed her fingers to her eyes, trying to think. "Georgianne. You know these things aren't true, don't you?"

"That's what I'm always trying to tell them!" the child said eagerly. "They yell at me that I'm just sticking up for you because you're my sister. I—it's terrible for me."

"I know. Poor baby—you won't have to go back. We'll find another school. Call Nana and start unpacking now. I—have to go and dress."

IN her own rooms Loretta dialed a number, waited, said, "I can't come tonight. I'm suddenly too sick to hold my head up." She paused. "Yes, isn't it silly! It may have been the lobster Tomorrow, maybe? Or next week. . . ."

Not ever again, she thought as she hung up.

At the window she stood looking down into the garden. Two years ago on that little marble bench by the fountain, she had sat waiting for tears to come because a man she had loved was dead. She remembered the evening clearly now: the way the moon had looked, the way her persistent intelligence had thrown back wave after wave of approaching emotion, scoffing at its sincerity. She remembered, too, the promise she had made herself—that next time she would not run away when great love came; that when again anything as big and all-consuming as the thing she had felt for Bill happened to her, she would take it with both hands, ignoring consequences.

Standing there, she watched the procession of months pass swiftly in her memory. Two years: nineteen thirty-three, and the summer ending in a quiet haze, with more work to do and more fan mail and a new contract for more money despite the growing depression, and the first man after Bill to say, "Loretta, I love you." Dark, handsome lad, with an hereditary endowment of great charm and two million dollars: 'Yes, lunch tomorrow, Yes, Santa Barbara for cocktails, Yes, I adore yachts and Catalina Island, Yes—I mean no! *No*—" And he was not the one

Winter, and two new hits to emblazon her name even brighter on even more marquees, and those three or four amusing dinners with that famous star until the papers said, "Will Loretta Young be the next Mrs. ———?"—*she might have known then, so Georgianne would have been spared*—and I am sorry about this, Loretta, it's all so ridiculous, and the New Year, and finally spring. There was a man in New York then, he of the urbane Chesterfield and the knowledge of wines. She remembered him dimly, because after the first week he was definitely not the one. And there was summer, and the agent who played the piano; and there was winter and the co-star who liked badminton and there was the beginning of 1935 and the co-star who didn't like anything, because of gout. And none of these had been the one.

She could see the gossip column squibs, the sly inserted double entendres, the grab shots, unretouched, on pulp paper. She remembered thinking at the time, *How absurd. Jimmy's fun but we've never even held hands. Still—why bother to deny it? Why give it that much importance? I'm copy. Let them go, let them make their typewriters rattle.*

But she hadn't thought it would go that far. Not so far that even Georgianne—*I can't even live,* Loretta thought furiously. *I can't even live.*

It was because her mind was fighting this contretemps so fiercely, because her heart was hurt and frightened, that when the thing happened—almost immediately—she did not recognize it foi weeks.

IT would be unfair to remember this man's name, since it happened, so far as these circumstances are concerned, three centuries in the past; but we can call him Stephan. Stephan was working opposite Loretta in an important picture, when he was working; when emissaries of the studio, sent forth by anxious officials, could find him and give him a cold shower and get him on the set in time for a scene or two. He was a great actor, and is, but there was head-shaking about him in that year. He who had never had time for liquor now used it for a purpose, which he achieved magnificently: to forget the wife from whom he had separated.

Loretta observed him with compassion, knowing his story. It was a dirty shame, she thought, a nice guy like that. If only there were something someone could do. . . .

On an afternoon when the picture was only a third finished she did it herself. The company was breaking up and from her dressing room she saw him heading, alone, for the sound-stage door. She knew he was going to his hotel room, and she knew that no one would come to see him during that evening, and she knew what he would have for company. And on an impromptu impulse she called to him.

"Would—would you drive me home?" she asked, when he had come up to her dressing room "My car's not here and it's such a nuisance getting a studio car. I hate to ask—"

"I'd like to very much," he said gratefully. "I haven't anything at all to do."

In his car, as they drove out of the studio grounds and headed toward Bel Air, Loretta said, "I can't wait for the rushes on that sequence we took today. You've never done better work."

He smiled a little.

Loretta shrugged. "Have you heard about this new fellow named Pinky Tomlin who's down at the Biltmore?" she went on smoothly.

As he helped her out of the car in front of

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It's George Brent, secret sorrow of half Hollywood's glamour girls, who's beaving Loretta these days

(Continued from page 31)

lessons. And does. Can rope like a miniature Buck Jones on the loose.

The Weidler family, with three boys, twelve, fourteen and fifteen, and two girls, beside Virginia, aged seventeen and nineteen (from what I could gather from Virginia, now practically lost in Cal York), sounds not unlike a family from a current screen farce.

"I guess it doesn't make much difference to your brothers and sisters that you're a movie star," we suggested.

Reluctantly she tore her eyes from the magazine.

"Make it no," she said scornfully, and marched off with the magazine still clutched in her hand.

MARCIA MAE JONES: AGE THIRTEEN

THE two M's in her name are far from accidental. It seems the other Jones children are M's, too. There are brothers Marvin and Macom and sister Margaret. So when the curly-headed new baby entered the family they M-ed her in great style—hence the Marcia Mae.

The famous *Jones'* family of the screen is not too unlike the famous Jones family of Hollywood. Except the real-life Daddy Jones is a newspaper correspondent. Marcia rouges her round cheeks a bit and sprinkles powder rather generously over her round countenance. Her nails wear a rosy-hued polish. "I think it's all right for girls my age to wear a bit of make-up," she explains. Or alibis. Take your choice.

Special classes at a local public school (Junior High) are especially arranged so Marcia Mae can be dismissed each day from school at noon. She refuses to attend professional school, but she seldom misses a Sunday at Baptist Sunday School. "It teaches me to be kind instead of mean," she explains.

At nine each evening Mrs. Jones trots off the youngest of the Jones family to bed. At 9:45 Mrs. Jones usually finds Marcia Mae in bed—with the telephone going full blast.

Comes the revolution.

Clothes, pretty clothes, are her passion. "I can't wear that dress to Deanna's party," she'll cry, "all the kids have seen it."

Comes still another revolution.

Her money (a sum nicely supplemented by her check for her work in "Mad About Music") is placed in the bank by her mother in Marcia Mae's name. Saved just for her. *How* to get some of it out to take a trip back East is now Marcia Mae's greatest problem.

Disheveled, and hiding soiled hands behind her back, Marcia Mae approached Director William Wyler one day about two years ago, after a hard day's work at another studio, for an interview. They were casting for "These Three" and Marcia was the last child in.

"I'm sorry the way I look," she apologized trying to hide smudgy hands from his view. It only won her the rôle in which she wept her way to fame.

EDITH FELLOWS: AGED THIRTEEN

"WELL, Edith, next Sunday is the day," the choir leader will say, and the following Sunday Edith Fellows of the movies will take her place in the Episcopal choir and in a clear, sweet voice sing her solo.

With her grandmother she lives alone out at Toluca Lake in North Hollywood but has to come into Columbia Studio to school every morning.

Edith is A-9 and quite perturbed over her looks. Everything has to be right if she's going to pose for a picture as she was the day we saw her.

Two carefully tied pink bows adorned her hair. Her hat sat just beyond the ribbons. Rouge tinged her cheeks and lips. Polish gleamed from her nails. Smocking set off her frock.

"Think it's all right?" she asked anxiously and one could vision a rather lovely little girl selecting for herself because she had no one in all the world but an old lady called "Mama."

Young Billy Lee, sitting between Jackie Coogan and his wife Betty Grable, tried some of his pranks on the Yacht Club Boys but he doesn't take their warning seriously

" 'Hiawatha' is just too too beautiful," she said. But she hadn't the faintest idea Longfellow wrote it.

Can look back on long years of movie-making and sigh at the memories.

"Hollywood is a funny place," she says. "I've found that out."

She and "Mama" like to work in their rock gardens in her time off from the "City Streets" set. Loves to eat spinach, steak, spaghetti and chop suey.

There's an uncanny shrewdness about her and a something that brings a lump to the throat in her little schemings, all by herself, for various rôles.

"Once I went to see Director Al Rogell about a part all dressed up. Something just told me I was wrong, so I wrapped up an old shabby dress and took it along. When Mr. Rogell said no, I wouldn't do, I went out, changed into the old dress and walked in like I'd never been there before.

"Now here's the little girl we've been looking for," he said.

Her shoe is a size three. She wears bobby socks.

BOBBY JORDAN: FIFTEEN

A "DEAD END" kid who has so far fooled the public into believing him a regular old toughie.

Bobby is as tough as skimmed milk. But much cuter.

From out the line-up of those unforgettable young East-siders, Bobby has been selected for bigger and better rôles all by himself. He slayed the customers as the locked-in-the-cellar young thing in "A Slight Case of Murder," and as Kay Francis' son in "My Bill."

His voice is changing. And goes up and three blocks to the right when it should go down and toward the left.

He blushes. Living with his mother, two brothers and a sister, he's the only theatrical member of the family.

They put up with it nobly.

He began as a boy model back in New York. And then turned to radio and finally the stage as *Angel* in "Dead End," the rôle he played in movies.

A real, normal, manly young lad, he's about as angelic as your old Aunt Emma on a spree.

He wouldn't any more think of taking a girl out before asking his mother than he'd fly. Mom's the boss.

He gets to his feet, a bit hesitatingly, but nevertheless he gets there, when a woman approaches him.

To be a good actor—that's his ambition.

Sad pictures on the screen just like to kill him. Choking him all up.

He goes to Sunday School every Sunday because he thinks a fellow needs the training. His shoes squeak.

BONITA GRANVILLE: AGE FIFTEEN

"BUNNY" is the pet name and "Brat" the movie one. "Although I've played other rôles than old meanies, I'm always remembered as the brat of 'These Three,' " Bonita sighs.

Like so many other children in pictures, Bonita is a veteran at the game, having played as a wee mite in Ann Harding's picture, "Westward Passage."

Her hair is her crowning glory. She brushes it "like the dickens" two hundred times every night.

In her third year in high school, Bonita grabs her education on the run from one studio lot to another. Once passed an I.Q. test that sent a local college professor dithering all over the place.

She has laughing blue eyes and perfect white teeth. She brushes her eyebrows every night and rolls on the floor. The rolling is to keep that schoolgirl figure.

Clothes—lots and lots of new ones—she's mad for. She likes too many shoes, too.

"Kissing games at fifteen are plain silly," she says. "At twelve or thirteen I thought they were swell, but no more —I'm too old for that nonsense."

She drinks three glasses of milk a day; her greatest hobby, if you please, is collecting perfume; her favorite school subject is algebra; her movie interests, right now, are centered in "For Lovers Only."

She's a whiz at French. And always makes a wish when she sees a hay wagon. Never ask her to pass the salt at the table. She'll pretend she doesn't hear. It's sure to break up homes, hearts, nations, careers and what not.

GEORGE ERNEST: SIXTEEN

PRIDE and Joy of the screen's *Jones Family*.

A manly, well brought up, normal, active boy, with a wave in his forelock and a couple of adolescent pimples on his friendly pan, George typifies the boys who work in movies with little of the actor or exhibitionist about them.

To coin a pun, life is real and life is Ernest to young George whose name isn't Ernest at all but Hjorth. As the very small son of a Danish restaurant owner in Hollywood, George grew used to the adulation of the customers who kept exclaiming over his blond cuteness.

Showman Sid Grauman persuaded George's parents to register the boy at Central Casting and so began his movie career that eventually landed him as a permanent member of the now renowned *Jones*, whose latest exploits will be relayed in "Safety in Numbers."

Home photography is his passion. Has a dark room all of his own for developing his pictures. Uses his three-year-old niece and his collie dog as models.

When George grows up he's either going to be a cameraman, an aeronautical engineer or have his own photography store. One thing he's sure of—he won't be an actor.

He aquaplanes like a South Sea Islander.

His best friend is Marvin Stephens, the villain of the *Jones* family. "Well, good night, Marvin," he'll say at the end of a day's work on the set.

"See you tomorrow," and for a moment the two friends will stand in the center of a huge movie lot, hands raised in salute, and then go.

Two American lads off for home.

LYWOOD . . .

re a Complexion Care
s to work—

—and in your own home town—

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued

me by trying on all my things and I couldn't do a thing to her because I was afraid she'd rumple my coiffure. I wore my garnet velvet which is very sophisticated on account of it hasn't an unnecessary inch, and Barb wore her ice-blue satin and a Juliet cap—Sweetness and Light like her darling. The men wore the conventional soup and fish. Had my nails done ox-blood and wore Henry's class ring backwards so it looked like a wedding ring.

Frank borrowed his brother's car from the fellow in the garage and we started off for the Peacock Bar, having a wonderful time all the while singing "Thanks for the Memory."

While they went to find a place to park we went inside and sat right at the bar, acting older. Neither of us likes hard liquor, but we ordered sherry cobblers. Next to me was a very nice elderly stranger. We started a conversation but he didn't make a pass. One thing led to another and I told him all about myself, not a word of which was true. I informed him he was the identical image of Alan Mowbray.

"Do you know Alan?" he asked.

"Not in person," I said. "Do you?"

"No," he said, "I don't, so that should constitute an introduction, our both not knowing the same person."

I agreed heartily. Then I told him he ought to get a job as stand-in and he said he hated standing so his father had bought him an aisle seat on the stock exchange. I asked him if he would give it to a lady and he thought that was clever. We went on to discuss various problems of Life like double features and pacifism and what is love really.

BY that time the boys arrived and we had to be civil to them, they being our escorts. I just hoped Henry's voice wouldn't crack because there is nothing more mortifying to a girl than to be out with a gentleman whose voice suddenly goes back on him.

Henry said we would have to be scramming, as we had promised to meet Marj at the restaurant at seven and it was half past.

So the Mysterious Stranger and I bade each other farewell and I shall never see him again unless fate twists the strands of our lives so they cross each other again, or unless I drop into the Peacock some Thursday at 6 o'clock because that is when he is sure to be there.

The boys wanted to go to a jam session, but Marjorie said the true gourmet doesn't dance and dine at the same time. So she had reserved a table at Chez Maurice's where the atmosphere is very Continental and the food is really *in-time*, besides it being the rendezvous for lots of celebs.

Marjorie looked very *chic* in black satin with orchids. She is an authority on the Theatre, as she reads Variety. Marj's fiancé is at Columbia studying to be an eminent surgeon and everybody calls him "Doc." He kept talking about ideology and The Five Star Plan so I guess he's a communist. Nowadays lots of communists are very nice people. Of course Henry and Frank had no idea they were being William and Clark, so that made the conversation rather peculiar because the things we girls said went right over their heads. The dinner was swellegant, all kinds of French dishes. During the spaghetti Joan suddenly grabbed my arm:

"Myrna," she said, "look. Are my eyes deceiving me?"

I followed the direction of her gaze and lo! who was sitting there but Frederic March! It was unmistakably himself.

He looked exactly the same off as on, only more so. Naturally we couldn't take our eyes off his back which was facing us. We lost interest in the food (except the spumoni) and the boys kept kidding us but we didn't pay any attention to them but held a conference as to how to proceed. We agreed that it would be undignified for all three to go up to him, so we decided to draw lots as to who should have the honor of contacting him for the signatures.

Well! Lady Luck smiled on Ye Scribe! I pulled the short match!

Marjorie suggested that I say I was writing an article for my college paper because if I just said I was the press he might think it exaggerated.

WE went to the ladies' room to retouch my face. The girls were wild with envy, but I didn't envy myself. Frankly, I was petrified because although I had carried on a correspondence for years with important stars or their secretaries, I had never really talked to one.

I put Doc's fountain pen and a menu in my purse and took a big gulp of Chianti to fortify myself. Then I approached his table slowly because I didn't want him to think I was in a hurry. I assumed an air of *sang froid*.

"Good evening, Mr. March," I said in a pleasant but not gushy voice. He rose from his chair. He has perfect manners. He was wearing a blue suit and a dark blue necktie. He said:

"Good evening." His voice was divine. Just like in "A Star Is Born."

"How is Mrs. March and the children?" I asked kindly. I should have said "are" but I don't think he noticed.

"Very well, thank you," he said and then there was a pregnant silence. He looked at me and I looked at him. Finally he said: "Won't you sit down?" I sat down.

He offered me a cigarette. I was about to smoke it when fortunately I noticed it had his initials on it, so I put it in my bag and said I guess I wouldn't smoke it just yet.

"You must pardon me for intruding," I said, "but I am a reporter on my college paper and if you would grant me an interview I would be glad to do the same for you sometime."

"That's awfully kind of you," he said.

and nothing more as I wouldn't for the world want to start any trouble.

I'm going to phone Barb right now. I just must talk to someone.

men did. I have three invitations for the Jr. Prom and also a previous engagement.

If you don't mind would you please have the kindness to return my Caesar pony and that pink chiffon handkerchief which you said you wanted to keep forever that night in the canoe when the moonlight was so divine and you said that Life was throbbing with a certain Something and I agreed with you.

Yrs. truly,

Jane Lyons.

Henry called up last night and everything is hokey-pokey. We are going to see "Happy Landing" tonight because he likes Sonja Henie and he's taking me to the prom. Whoopee.

I guess I won't write for that photo of F. M. I'll regard it as a *closed chapter*.

The pert chatter of this little dyed-in-the-wool movie worshipper and her very best friend will be continued in another chapter of her autobiography to appear soon in PHOTOPLAY.

WE chatted with Dick Powell on the telephone the day after his daughter Ellen was born.

"Is she beautiful?" we asked.

A long strange sputtering came over the wire.

"Does that mean she is?" we laughed.

"It does," Dick said, "and if you think I'm excited, you should see my mother. She became a grandmother twice in one day. My brother's wife had a baby boy.

"That's what you call a real double feature, isn't it?" he laughed.

"And no 'B' production on the bill!" we added.

"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"YOUTH and love are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret . . .

"It needn't happen to you. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save all the little reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling...

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always ...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Photography by Madison Lacy

Orry-Kelly, famous designer for Warner Brothers, and Kay Francis photographed during a wardrobe conference for Kay's newest film "Unlawful"

Fashion LETTER

Orry-Kelly's Fashion Forecast
SILHOUETTE: skirts slim; waistline defined; shoulders moderately squared; bustline accentuated; neckline high
COLORS: black, brown, green, wine red, deep plum
FABRIC: wool jersey
TRIM: braid, fur, embroidery

BY GWENN WALTERS

"THE time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—"

—of sad farewell to summer—of glamorous approach to fall!

Gee, that's fun to start a letter with the first thing that comes to mind instead of struggling to come upon a supposedly "right" beginning!

The decided contrast between this warm summery day and my wintry fashion thoughts has, undoubtedly, thrust me into this chameleon-like mood of work and play. However, you'll have to agree that work seasoned with play gives sure sanity to living. Now to work!

This month I bring you, as promised, Orry-Kelly's fall fashion forecast to guide you in planning your new wardrobe.

"Will skirts be shorter for fall, Orry?" I chided as I stuck my head into his workshop and discovered him designing costumes for Bette Davis to wear in "The Sisters."

"You think you're only kidding, Gwenn, but I'm glad you asked that question, for I should like to voice my views on skirt lengths," he replied, extending a welcoming hand.

And so our interview began.

IN Orry-Kelly's opinion there can be no set standard for skirt lengths (such as fourteen, fifteen or sixteen inches from the floor) for the reason that the smartest skirt length varies with the varying physical attributes of each particular person. The season's fashionable skirt length will be, therefore, the length that most becomes one's physical attributes.

Next we come to the all-important silhouette trends for fall.

For daytime, skirts will be slim, waistlines neatly defined, shoulders moderately squared, bustlines accentuated and necklines high.

Black, of course, will lead the color selection. However, browns and greens in many varying tones, wine red and deep plum will be chic high style alternates. Wool jersey will be a very outstanding fabric.

The decoration of frocks will be second only to their styling, color and fabric selection, for every frock must boast its own individualization of trim. Braid, fur and embroidery motifs will share honors with costume jewelry accent.

Tri-color combinations will be evidenced in costumes for active and spectator sports. Smart combinations will be found in green, yellow and brown; red, green and wine; brown, lacquered red and blue green. Orry-Kelly has designed a grand three-piece suit of the first combination. The background of the boxy, three-quarter length topcoat is brown with slub yarn shadow plaid of green and yellow. The skirt of the suit is matching brown, and the contrast jacket of yellow.

SPORTS frocks, one or two piece, will also boast decorative trim, suèdes and soft leathers being favorites for inset or appliqué motifs. Leather closings and belts likewise will be smart accessory.

Slim coats, exquisitely tailored, furless and collarless, will become perfect foil for separate fur scarfs. These coats, on occasion, will have contrast yokes and sleeves like the one Orry-Kelly has created for Kay Francis to wear in "Unlawful." The foundation of Kay's coat is of smooth brown woolen; the yoke and sleeves are of rust. The sleeves are seven-eighth length, straight and open.

There will be a drastic change in fur fashions. The bulky coats of last year will be replaced by slim coats of sleek furs.

For evening we will find the return of the "little" jacket made of the gown fabric. This fitted, waist-length jacket will most probably have a tiny peplum. It will most surely have neatly squared shoulders, three-quarter, open sleeves, and no collar.

The Nautch influence will make its appearance in dressy afternoon, dinner and evening gowns. The graceful folds that swath the hipline of this style will be caught up in front and thence released into fluid fulness which falls to the hemline. This draping will be modified in the dressy afternoon frocks.

LATER in the afternoon I visited Edith Head, designer for Paramount, currently creating clothes for Joan Bennett to wear in "Artists And Models Abroad."

Two costumes nearing completion will interest you, I know.

One is a dinner gown of ice blue. The slim, slit skirt is topped by a jumper of bugle beads fashioned like a little sweater.

The other outfit is of deep green velvet. The frock, two-piece with self-fabric dressmaker detail, has a matching hat created by Dache. Miss Head contrasts this costume with bag and gloves of absinthe green.

There will be an extravagant Paris Exposition fashion show in this picture. The "Exposition" gowns have been brought to Hollywood by Lillian Fisher from eight of the leading French couturiers. These gowns, however, are strictly show pieces and are in no way intended to represent smart Paris fashion.

A fashion angle also invades the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "My Lucky Star," which gives Sonja Henie the rôle of a college shop model.

Royer, who designed Sonja's chic wardrobe, offers many helpful suggestions for school clothes.

"Before purchasing a single garment for a school wardrobe," says he, "consider these generalities. Select fabrics most importantly for their non-crushable qualities—this will save untold pennies on the cleaning and pressing bill . . . Be sure and plan your budget to include several odd sweaters and blouses, smart costume jewelry, novel belts, and a couple of sets of decorative accessories—you'll find they will happily and smartly reassemble your basic costumes."

Sonja Henie wears one of Royer's sweater and skirt outfits on page 63. Don't miss it—or her —in "My Lucky Star."

Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and *doubly lovely*

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both—style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie acclaimed world famous, artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left*—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

S-153

In a race-mad town, the new Hollywood Turf Club offers the last word in track luxury

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 51)

Gable's Private Club

"WHERE did you get that hat?"

The old cry is ringing around the M-G-M lot these days louder than ever since an assistant director, a wardrobe lad, a sound man, an electrician and a bit player all appeared one morning in bright straw hats with flaming hatbands.

"Gable's cupboard," came a simultaneous answer from the five. There was an immediate stampede from all directions to the famous Gable clothes closet.

You see, Clark is a collector of hats. Can't resist buying a half-dozen every time he hits a shop. One look in his studio mirror, however, convinces Clark the hats were never made for him and up on the shelf they go.

Twice each year, when the shelf can hold no more, Clark simply sticks his head out the window and yells: "Come and get them!" and the rush is on. The lucky lads who wear his size haven't bought a hat since Gable became a star.

Oh, about the initial C. G. inside. They merely explain that by calling themselves the "Chapeau Grabbers." What a club to belong to, eh?

Behind the Rainer-Odets Divorce

HOLLYWOOD was torn pro and con when the Rainer-Odets divorce made front-page news. Cal gives you a thumbnail sketch of both principals and you can draw your own conclusions.

Louise: A girl, talented, nervous, unhappy over her career. A stay-at-home who likes to eat only when and if she's hungry. She seldom is. Shy, entertaining notions of genius at bay. A minor Garbo, hiding her face from her fellow workers in public—"No, no, don't speak to me off the set, please. Know me only as an artist."

Odets: A Leftist politically, working at it feverishly. A man impatient with failure. A man shy of illness who doesn't visit sickbeds. A force—a voice crying out—a cause in spectacles.

How could marriage win?

Why Janet Sulked

THE thing that brings on that awkward pause in the romance of a Hollywood star is no different from your own little love spats.

For instance, Hollywood wondered when Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor were no longer seen in each other's company. It couldn't understand the sudden termination of a romance that had all the earmarks of being a true one—a lasting combination.

But now, since the two have obviously made up their quarrel, the reason for the spat can be told. Janet was miffed at Tyrone's constant praise of the beauty and charm of the star of "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer. It seems even after the picture was finished Tyrone continued to sing the praises of the beautiful woman in whose picture he had played.

Barbara Stanwyck, movie star and horsewoman, presents Jockey Basil James with a well-earned trophy on opening day

Feeling Tyrone found her less desirable in contrast, Janet terminated the romance.

An explanation on Tyrone's part soon brought them together again. Love, it seems, is the same the world over from Hollywood to Hicktown.

Those Important Young People

WARNERS are just a mite worried over their giant baby star, Wayne Morris. It seems Wayne has been taking himself a bit big lately and none of his friends like it.

"It's a case of a youngster rattling around in his importance," one lad explained.

"Give the boy time. He'll soon grow up to his success."

"No," another argued, "Wayne hasn't yet realized he's the luckiest guy in the world; that he accidentally possesses a grin that photographs like a million. When Wayne realizes that Lady Luck (and not genius and unusual talent) are responsible for his success, he'll grow humble and maybe a little scared. Then will begin the real career of Wayne Morris."

At least, everyone holds out hope for the likeable kid who has achieved success just a bit too fast.

Joan Bennett Facts:—

THERE are four puppies in Joan's new dog kennels which she started because of her love for blond cocker spaniels.

By a series of elimination she has finally hit on "Bemeldi," a contraction of Bennett and the names of her two children, Melinda and Diddy, as a name for her kennels. Merle Oberon was her very first customer, buying the cutest of the puppies.

Joan has thought out a fashion hint that should interest all blondes.

"I've made the mistake for years," Joan says, "of dressing, more or less, in frilly clothes. Now I realize all blondes should dress in tailored clothes. The lightness of hair and skin becomes too pronounced in frills. It's tailor-mades for me from now on."

Street Scene—Off Screen

THEY met just around the rather abrupt corner of Stage 5 on the M-G-M lot.

They paused a moment and then spoke gently, eyes filled with blessings for each other.

Lionel Barrymore and his former wife, Doris Rankin, now in Hollywood for pictures, looking back together, in one brief moment, over a long span of years to other times and other places.

A Different View of Filmtown

HOLLYWOOD is a condition existing in mind. One's opinion of the town all depends on whose thoughts, ideas, and intents one contacts.

Take Ruby Keeler and you take Hollywood at its beautiful best.

Ruby is one of that rare little band of people who would just as soon not act before a camera. Fate pushed her there and circumstances keep her there.

Circumstances labeled love. Love of a girl for a family. In order that mother, brother, sister may have all the things Ruby, as Al Jolson's wife, has, she continues to act on, though acting makes her nervous and sometimes even frightens her.

Oh, yes, Al Jolson would take all those responsibilities willingly, gladly, but you see Ruby loves Al, too, and feels it's her job, her problem, her privilege.

And there, friends, is a glimpse of Hollywood through the right end of the telescope for a change. How do you like it?

Glamour Is as Glamour Does—Maybe!

GENE RAYMOND is stumped—but definitely. Crestfallen at his sudden comedown off the glamour bench. It came about this way.

A fan from Warren, Pennsylvania, writes the blond star to ask Gene to contribute a bit of money to fatten up a pig for a Ladies' Aid raffle.

"Dear Mr. Raymond," she writes. "I'd just love to be able to get up in meeting and say, 'Mr. Gene Raymond helped fatten my pig.'"

To the hysterical amusement of his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene is fit to be tied.

Garbo Checks Up On Herself

THE cable was delivered to the publicity department at M-G-M Studio by a fresh young studio messenger, cap aslant and a smile on his face.

"Don't tell me we're hearing from Garbo," he joked as he trotted off.

"Boy, if he knew it really was from Garbo wouldn't he grin out of the other side of his face?" one publicist later asked another.

For the cable was from Garbo, asking for a copy of the local trade paper that carried that startling ad that Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, and a few others were poison at the box office.

"Please send me a copy," the cable read. "I would see it for myself."

Hollywood is beginning to believe the lady is not quite so indifferent as she seems.

"Who knows?" a little stenographer grinned. "Maybe she'll even act human when she gets back. They usually do when they're jolted a good one."

Good for a Chuckle

HERE'S one "fish story" Charles Ruggles is soft pedalling. Seems that, while on location with the "Breaking The Ice" company, Ruggles decided to do a bit of fishing. So, equipped with some $31.00 worth of Izaak Walton odds and ends, he went back to the lovely lake where the company had been working and started to fish. Hours passed (in fact, the entire morning went by)—and suddenly Ruggles was filled with a terrible suspicion. So, taking off his shoes and socks, he started wading—and he kept on wading, all the way across the lake. Sad, but true—it was just another "prop" and Ruggles had been fishing all morning in about eight inches of water!

Sam Goldwyn drops in for a hot tip from Mr. and Mrs. Chairman of the Board (the Jack Warners)

Awaken Romance in YOUR Life

with the

CHARM of BEAUTY

CHARLES BOYER

Hedy Lamarr & Sigrid Gurie

IN WALTER WANGER'S

"ALGIERS"

Like Hollywood's Screen Stars
Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up
Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

BEAUTY'S SECRET of attraction is color...for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal. This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you can accent the attraction of your beauty this Hollywood way...for the luxury of the personal make-up of Hollywood stars is available to you at nominal prices. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

FACE POWDER *is Satin-Smooth*

Screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. In lifelike color harmony shades to enliven the beauty of your skin...one dollar.

ROUGE *Beautifies Naturally*

Actual lifelike colors...that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily...fifty cents.

LIP MAKE-UP *Lasts for Hours*

Because it's super-indelible...because it's moisture-proof, Max Factor's Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours. Yes, it's Hollywood's favorite lipstick because it will withstand every test...one dollar.

★*NEW!* MAX FACTOR'S NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM

Here's a sensational new kind of cleansing cream originated by Hollywood's make-up genius that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal. **55¢**

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instructioo Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.....FREE

1-9-47

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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BRINGS Quick Relief FROM
Headache
Sour Stomach
Discomfort after Meals
Muscular Aches and Pains

When you drink a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer its analgesic properties promptly relieve the pain and discomfort; then, because Alka-Seltzer is such an efficient alkalizer, it also helps overcome the excess acid condition so often associated with these common ailments. Try Alka-Seltzer- you'll like it's pleasant, refreshing taste and you'll like the quick relief it brings.

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30c and 60c packages
Also Sold by the Glass at All Drug Store Fountains

Alka-Seltzer

YES-KREMOLA

An M. D. Doctor's prescription makes your skin beautiful by solving your skin problems. MONEY REFUNDED if those adolescent purplish pits and distressing skin ailments do not go, revealing a clear white skin free from surface blemishes, pimples, blackheads or muddiness. PLEASE put KREMOLA and Our Word to the test. A CLEAR-UP—NOT A COVER-UP. $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct to KREMOLA, Dept. C-4, 2975 S. Michigan, Chicago. Send for FREE SAMPLE.

"Your Hair looks Lovely"

Beautify Your Hair Quickly...Easily with SOLO CURLERS

RED TOP 5¢ Each

Solo Curlers in a few minutes will make your hair look naturally lovely and glamorous.

AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

Born for Romance

(Continued from page 69)

her house a little later, she saw again the tired eyes, the unhappy mouth. Pity caught at her heart. She paused uncertainly, looking at him. "Stephan," she said suddenly, "come in for a little while and have tea with us. I want you to meet Mother. She's an awfully good sort."

For the first time since she had met him, Loretta saw Stephan's grim jaw muscles relax, his eyes light. "I'll bet," he said, grinning. "I mean she'd have to be, to give out with a daughter like you. And—tea is just what I need."

They drank tea. The hour passed easily, marked by Loretta's casual chattering and Mrs. Young's slightly puzzled but steadfast poise and two bursts of sincere laughter from Stephan. This was Loretta's triumph.

When he left, Stephan paused at the door and said, merely, "Thank you," but his smile offered more than gratitude.

In the garden, a few minutes later, Mrs. Young poured herself another cup of tea and regarded Loretta curiously. "He's very charming," she said.

"Yes, isn't he, poor fellow," Loretta answered vaguely. She sat thinking for a moment. Then she looked up. "Why, he *has* charm, loads of it," she said. "I'd never noticed."

THERE was that week, in which Stephan twice drove Loretta home and stayed in the garden for tea; and each time laughter came more easily to him and each time the heartbreak in his eyes was less apparent. In the second week he asked her to dinner and they talked a little about themselves. He mentioned his trouble with his wife once.

"It isn't her fault," he told Loretta, staring intently down at his salad. "It's something within myself that I can't recognize or understand. Something I can't talk about."

In the third week, one morning, Loretta at breakfast spilled a drop of coffee on the belt of her dress. "Oh, darn it," she said, getting up. "Now I'll have to change, and it's so late—"

In her room, as she changed, her personal fad of honesty with herself slowed her movements and sent her mind racing. Why had she insisted on changing?

Because I am going to see Stephan in a little while and I must be perfect. And then she understood. There could be no doubt. She was in love with Stephan and there would be no need to find a way of telling him because he knew, had known from the beginning; and he was in love with her.

On the way to the studio, she let the chaos of thought flow through her mind. Stephan was married and a father. He was of her religion, which meant the idea of marriage, ever, was out. Besides had she the right to love or be loved by this man while there was still the remotest chance that he might one day go back to his wife? What possible result, aside from heartache and tragedy, could come from such a love as this?

Then, overshadowing all else, the sudden picture of a garden in the moonlight came to her—of herself and her promise to herself, spoken aloud. "If there will be great happiness I will take that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too. . . ."

All right, she thought. *This is it, and it's up to me to keep the promise.*

THE summer was a long holiday, with the mornings radiant because she would talk to Stephan over the telephone before breakfast, and the evenings long separate avenues of happiness down which they walked together. So far as both were able, they forgot the circumstances under which their romance must exist: the burden of his marriage, the stern eye of Rome.

Autumn and the polo games in California do not necessarily mean any change in weather. Loretta, sensibly in a sport dress and light coat, sat one afternoon staring through her dark glasses at the hard running ponies and their riders; she felt Stephan's fingers tighten suddenly.

She looked up. Two children, a boy and a girl, had come up to the railing of the box and were holding out their hands to Stephan. He picked them both up, kissed them, spoke a few words to them, sent them away again.

"It was nice of her to let them come over," he said very casually to Loretta. But his face was ash-white and she saw that once again his mouth wore the tight, bitter look of the preceding spring.

"They're beautiful children," she told him softly.

"Let's get out of here," was his answer.

With the motor shut off there was no sound except that of the breakers below and the idle call of gulls. She accepted the cigarette he offered, stretched back in the seat.

"We've got to face it now," she said.

"Yes."

"You want to go back, don't you?"

He snapped a dashboard switch on and off, on and off. "I love you. That's all I know at the moment."

"There's nothing we can do about it," she said, and she was surprised to hear the steady tone of her voice when she had expected it to break. "You can't get a divorce. We couldn't ever be married. You've got to go back, patch it up somehow. We were fools to think we could ever get away with it."

Stephan looked at her steadily. "Were we fools?"

She saw his eyes again. "No. No, not ever!" She forced herself to smile. "Drive me home now."

At the door of her house he touched her hand. "Goodnight, beautiful."

She said, "Good-by," and went inside, listlessly.

THE studio gave her a few months off, because she looked even more tired than she said she was, and she went to Europe with her mother. In England, she read that Stephan had gone back to his wife, and after that she read no more papers since there was nothing further in them that could possibly interest her. She went to Rome and looked at the crumbling arena. She went to Paris and looked at the Mona Lisa. She went to Venice and rode in a gondola. Then she came home.

She was ill, the doctors said, and they sent her to bed. She went, unprotestingly. The weeks slipped into one another, and the gossip columns hinted that she would never work again and that she was broke; she read the columns, tossed them on the floor, picked up a magazine—time stood still.

Until one morning she woke to hear rain whimpering softly against her windows, and she sat up in bed, thinking: *I'd like to go for a long walk in the fields, and then come back for a hot bath and breakfast. I haven't done that in years. The smell of percolating coffee drifted up to her.*

"Bacon and waffles!" she said aloud.

Then, suddenly, she began to laugh delightedly. A sense of sheer well-being tingled through her, so that she crossed her arms and hugged her shoulders. *I am well,* she thought. *And I am happy again.*

* * *

Loretta Young's story is not finished, because it is a love story; and so long as she is beautiful, so long as her heart beats to its romantic rhythm, she will live for the glamour that moons bring and melodies sustain and low intimate laughter completes. With her house in order; with her assured professional rating and unassailable contract; with the little girl, one charming Judith, whom she eventually adopted; with her faith to guide her, Loretta faces her glowing future. She has only begun to live, and to love.

HYMAN FINK SAYS:—

There's a method in this madness of developing "Candids," according to Hyman Fink, whose amazing candid shots can be found on pages 34 and 35.

"After the picture is shot," says Mr. Fink, "the most important work comes—that of properly handling the negative, which must be kept spotlessly clean at all times.

"In developing the negative I find, for my work, where negatives are shot under so many varying conditions, that the time and temperature method is best. After negatives have been developing three minutes, I inspect them under a faint green light, in order to catch an over or underexposed negative.

"It is always best to make enlargements as, by so doing, unwanted parts of the shot can be cut out, and, by "dodging," under or over parts can be held back or darkened in. The print can be softened by using a defusing screen. Softer and rougher grades of paper will enhance an otherwise drab picture."

RICHARD ARLEN
Motion Picture Star, who thoroughly enjoys his lovely home in the Fernando Valley

HOLLYWOOD STARS QUAKER NET

YOUR window curtaining problems are the same as those of Hollywood stars—style and distinction are decorative "musts"

Notice how perfectly the Quaker Sheercord curtains in Richard Arlen's* living room (shown above) veil the window and yet preserve the lovely view.

Cost? Quaker Net curtains are priced from $2.00 to $20.00 a pair.

Wear? Combed yarn and three-thread construction make them look like new after each washing.

Booklet of Homes of Hollywood Stars

Glimpses of the exteriors, close-ups of the interiors of six Hollywood stars' homes. Also our "Correct Curtaining" booklet with over 50 window photographs, sent for 10c to cover mailing. Address Dept. H98.

Quaker Lace Company, 330 Fifth Avenue, New York

Also makers of Quaker Silk Stockings

What! IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY?

Incredible!..Yet this scene of rest and play was sketched on part of the Ambassador's Twenty-two Acre playground . . . at the hub from which radiates the greatest social and quality merchandising area on the Pacific Coast.

Two minutes from one of the world's busiest traffic corners. . . . Wilshire and Western . . . Eight easy minutes from Los Angeles' financial center . . . and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific.

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The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 19)

"She has been my secretary for three years," Mr. Foley said, his eyebrows coming down. "She lives in an apartment house on West Center Street with a young woman whose name I don't know. I know nothing of her private life."

"What's her address on West Center Street?"

"I don't know."

"It's funny you don't know nothing about her."

Mr. Foley said acidly, "I fail to see anything funny about it. If you're *quite* finished, I have some dictation."

The detective slid from the edge of the desk, spilled ashes from his cigarette. He said, "I may want to talk with you again after I see her," and barged out of the office.

"I TRIED to keep him out of the private office," I said, "but . . . ."

"Don't mention it," he told me. "One look at the man is enough to gauge his character. Incidentally, notice his voice. The habit he has of drawing out the last word of anything he's saying indicates the bully."

I couldn't restrain my curiosity. "How does it happen," I asked, "that you are so interested in voices?"

"I was a court reporter," he told me, "and, I flatter myself, a good one."

"I can understand how that would give you a thorough knowledge of shorthand," I said, puzzled, "but how does it enable you to judge character from voices?"

He laughed, "A court reporter has to study voices as well as shorthand. Suppose you're reporting a committee hearing with half a dozen people asking questions. You have to get those questions down and list the persons who ask them. You don't have time to look up from your shorthand book to see who's talking. Or suppose you're in a murder case with half a dozen lawyers on each side. Mostly, you're dealing with people who are strangers to you. A few minutes before the trial starts, you ask their names and office addresses. You don't give a hang about what their answers are. You just want to hear and catalogue their voices."

"Coming back to this morning," I said, interested, "you told me Miss Crane was afraid to take a competitive test. How did you know?"

"She was afraid of herself. That means she was afraid of a test. She coughed nervously *before* she started to speak—a half-cough, half throat-clearing. People who have that mannerism lack self-confidence. That's simple."

I said, "It seems uncanny to me. It's as though you had a microphone mind. I wonder if I could develop my own powers of listening."

"You'll have a good chance to try in about twenty minutes," he told me. "Mr. Frank G. Padgham is on his way up here. Notice *his* voice. It's good. And if you really study voices, you'll be surprised at what you learn. A person tries to put his best foot forward with everything except his voice. He neglects that.

"A man will go to a great deal of trouble to improve his general personal appearance. Sometimes it fools people. A man's haircut may make a great deal of difference. So may the shape of a woman's eyebrows. And a good tailor certainly can accomplish wonders. People don't bother to tailor voices."

I didn't want him to think I was trying to take undue advantage of the opening the detective's visit had given me, so I said, "Thanks, I'll try out on Mr. Padgham, and in the meantime I'll get back to my work."

MR. PADGHAM arrived about fifteen minutes later. I placed him at about forty-eight or nine, inclined to flesh and dignity. He carried a cane, and wore an expensive suit. His iron-gray hair had been carefully trimmed, his face had emerged pink and smooth from a barber shop. From the way he looked me over, I knew that he still made passes at women. "I have an appointment with Mr. Foley," he said. "My name is Padgham, Frank G. Padgham."

"Mr. Foley is expecting you, Mr. Padgham. I'll tell him you're here."

I plugged in on Mr. Foley's line, said, "Mr. Frank G. Padgham is here for his appointment," and heard Mr. Foley say, "Send him right in."

I glanced up at Mr. Padgham as I was snapping the switch button and said, "You may go right in, Mr. Padgham."

"I thank you." He made a gravely courteous bow. "You're Mr. Foley's new secretary?"

"Yes. I'm Miss Bell."

"It's a source of gratification to me," he said, "that Mr. Foley has at last secured a secretary whose personal appearance is . . . er . . . ah . . . commensurate with Mr. Foley's position in his profession."

And he walked past me, through the door into Mr. Foley's private office, walking with the short, deliberate steps of a man who carries a little too much weight and takes no exercise.

A few minutes later Mr. Foley sounded the buzzer which called me into his office. "Miss Bell," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to work tonight. I'm going to dictate an agreement in shorthand. In typing it, you will take the greatest precautions to prevent anyone's seeing any part of it. I'm going to leave the office as soon as I finish dictating. You will transcribe your notes and bring the finished agreement to an address I will give you, where you will meet Mr. Padgham and me. You will be there with the agreement promptly at eight-thirty tonight . . . Do you have a brief case?"

"No," I said.

He took out his billfold, extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and handed it to me. "Get yourself a brief case, pay for your dinner, and take a taxi to the place where you're to meet me."

I took the money.

"This won't interfere with any of your plans for the evening, Miss Bell?"

As a matter of fact, it *was* going to necessitate postponing a dinner date, but a job's a job, and I could see from Mr. Foley's manner that this was important. I've worked long enough to know that while the boss may become interested in his secretary, he is seldom interested in her personal affairs, particularly when they may interfere with business; so I merely said, "It will be quite convenient, Mr. Foley."

He started to dictate then. Frank G. Padgham was the party of the first part; a Mr. Carter Wright was the party of the second part. Wright agreed to place his dramatic services under the management of Padgham. Padgham, in turn, guaranteed him a sum of five thousand dollars in cash, and to see that he "obtained a position carrying a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars weekly so long as Woodley Page was employed under his present studio contract or any renewal or renewals thereof pursuant to any option clauses therein contained." Moreover, Carter Wright agreed to do everything in his power to further the dramatic career of the said Woodley Page.

I gathered from the agreement that Mr. Padgham was one of those talent promoters who discover talent, develop it, and place it in pictures; that he ran a literary agency on the side. I saw that he was very much concerned about this agreement.

While Mr. Foley dictated, Padgham paced back and forth with his short paddle-footed steps, listening intently to the dictation. On occasion, he'd pause in his pacing as though about to interpose some comment, then, after listening for a moment, would nod and resume his slow, steady pacing of the floor.

There were several peculiar paragraphs couched in legal phraseology which I couldn't exactly understand. As the dictation progressed, I gathered the impression that the agreement was being used in some way as a false "front," a decoy behind which something more sinister might be lurking.

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Foley finished.

"When will you have that typed?" he asked.

"Approximately four o'clock," I said.

He wrote an address on a loose-leaf notebook, tore out the page. "Very well. Close up the office at five. Get dinner, and be at this address at eight-thirty on the dot. Take a taxicab. Don't let this document out of your possession. Put it in the brief case, lock the brief case, and keep it in your possession."

I nodded.

"You understand the . . . er . . . ah . . . imperative importance of being discreet?" Padgham asked.

"I'm quite certain I do," I told him, and, turning to Mr. Foley, asked, "What is this address, a private residence, an apartment house, or . . .?"

"Private residence," Mr. Foley said. "You will simply walk up the stairs to the porch and ring the bell. It won't be necessary for you to give your name. You will be expected. I will meet you there. I won't be back to the office this afternoon."

They had been gone less than ten minutes when the detective came back. He seemed to think Mr. Foley had left simply to avoid answering questions. I showed my impatience. The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outer office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in front of me and began typing.

The detective moved his chair, apparently trying to get better light. I didn't pay any particular attention to him until, on glancing up, I saw his eyes weren't on the magazine, but were resting on my shorthand notebook. I'd been carefully turning the pages of the agreement down as I typed; but, of course, hadn't expected him to be snooping from my shorthand notebook.

I jerked the book out of the holder and slammed it flat on the desk.

The action registered. He put down the magazine, said, "Well, I won't wait any longer," and strolled out.

A GIRL who has to live on her salary and make that salary cover rent, food, clothes, cleaning, and an occasional beauty treatment simply isn't geared to spending money unnecessarily. Despite the fact that I was on an expense ac-

(Continued on page 82)

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(Continued from page 80)

count, I saw no reason why I should squander money on a taxicab, so I took a streetcar, and started early enough so I'd be there in plenty of time.

It was a warm night and I sat in the open section, watching traffic stream by, with the half-listless preoccupation of a city dweller who is forced to spend a portion of each day grinding and jolting back and forth to work.

I noticed headlights behind me, which seemed to remain uniformly placed. The streetcar slowed. The automobile slowed. From behind came the raucous blast of horns impatiently demanding that the car move on ahead.

I heard a sound of bumper crashing bumper, and the automobile, struck from behind, shot ahead a few feet so that it was almost under my window. The driver immediately slammed in the gear and stepped on the throttle. As the car shot past, I had a glimpse of a blonde woman seated next to the driver, but it wasn't until the car had whizzed across the intersection that recognition dawned on me. It was Miss Blair, the blonde applicant for the position which I had landed.

It isn't often the paths of people cross casually in a large city. I found myself wondering if perhaps she was telling her boy friend about the unappreciative employer who had picked a secretary without even giving a typing test and . . . .

The streetcar lurched ahead. Over at the curb the automobile was parked. Miss Blair was sitting with her head turned so that all I could see was the tip of one shoulder and the rim of her hat. Somehow, her pose seemed strangely rigid.

The streetcar swayed on past.

I had a three-block walk from the place where I left the car, and took it rather briskly. Two of the blocks slipped past uneventfully. I was halfway across the last intersection when an automobile, running rapidly, and without warning, screamed into a turn. For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me, the vague outline of the big car. I screamed, tried to jump back and escape.

It was hopeless. The car was coming directly toward me, sliding in a tire-screaming skid. Then, miraculously, I got back out of the way. The glare of the headlights was abruptly eliminated. My light-dazzled eyes saw only the vague shape of a car hurtling past.

Fear gripped me as I started to run.

I remembered what the detective had said. Mr. Foley's secretary had been run down, deliberately. Surely this, too, had been deliberate.

My mouth was dry with shock and apprehension as I sprinted down the sidewalk, counting house numbers. I picked my house, and cut across a well-kept lawn toward the porch, my pulse hammering in my throat.

IT was a big, Spanish-type house. Save for a light in the hallway, it was dark. I dashed up the porch, rang the bell, hammered on the door, and all but screamed.

I looked back, over my shoulder. A car, without lights, was crawling along the curb. In a panic, I tried the door. It opened. I ran across the threshold and banged the door shut behind me.

There were lights down at the end of the hallway. I hardly knew what to do. The menace of the street was behind me; ahead was a strange house. The documents which I carried in my brief case were vital to the people in the house.

I raised my voice and called, "Hello, is anyone home?"

No answer.

I didn't want to stand there in the hallway where anyone could look through the diamond-shaped pane of glass in the door and see me. On the other hand, I didn't exactly feel that I should make myself at home in a strange house, but, in the long run, my sense of loyalty to my job, the desire to safeguard the papers which I held in my brief case, outweighed the polite conventions, and I ran down the hall to a living room.

It was a perfectly huge room. Heavy, black drapes over the windows kept any light from filtering through to the outside. There was a massive table in the center of the room, and the chairs were so deep and heavy that one lost temporarily the feeling of insignificance which would had otherwise been the case. I was having trouble getting my breath. My heart was pounding as though it would tear my chest to pieces. And the silence of that huge house settled down on me like some ominous pall. Then I became conscious of a peculiar *thump . . . thump . . . thump . . .* At first I thought it was my heart, then the sound grew louder and I knew it was coming from somewhere in the house. It was a sinister sound, frantic and desperate, like the beating of clenched hands against the lid of a coffin.

Thump . . . thump . . . thump.

I could almost feel the jar along the timbers . . . it was somewhere above me, probably a room on the second floor.

I felt goose-pimples of cold terror, then I shook off the feeling and decided to investigate. Slowly, I walked back down the corridor to the staircase and climbed to the second floor. For a moment, I lost the ominous sound which had guided me up the stairs. Then I heard it again, *thump . . . thump . . . thump.*

I tiptoed down an upstairs corridor in the general direction of the sound. It was coming from a bedroom. Opening the door, I stood on the threshold, listening. The noise was coming from a closet.

I CROSSED to the closet door, then turned the knob . . . jumped back and screamed at the thing which fell out, a human bundle, wound around with cloth strips that had evidently been torn from a sheet. There was a gag in the mouth, above which wide eyes stared at me, eloquent in helplessness.

The man made gurgling noises from behind the gag. I remember saying, "Just a minute," and splitting a fingernail on the knot, conscious all the time of his eyes. No man should ever have eyes like that—not that they were at all effeminate, but they were so expressive they seemed to be mirrors, reflecting his moods. When I first saw them they were registering helplessness. Then, as I untied the gag, there was gratitude, and then a faint twinkle of humor . . . Those eyes seemed strangely familiar; somehow I had the impression that I'd seen them before, registering love.

It's hard to tell much about a man when the entire lower half of his face is covered, and when his cheeks are pulled back out of shape by a cloth which has been tied around the back of his head . . . and I'll say that cloth was tied. I sacrificed my first fingernail early in the game, and I broke another before the rag came out.

He puffed out his cheeks and blew out a great wad of cloth which had been pushed down his mouth. It's a wonder the man hadn't suffocated. He made little spitting noises, and then managed to smile.

It wasn't much of a smile, what with his dry lips, and his swollen cheeks, but it was enough to tell me all I needed to know. No wonder I'd thought I'd seen him somewhere before. No wonder I had a vague recollection of having seen his eyes register love. My heavens, I'd certainly spent enough time watching him on the screen. He was my favorite heart-throb—and here he was lying on the floor trussed up like a big sausage, with me kneeling beside him.

He tried to say something, but his tongue was too swollen and dry to make words come. He tried it again the second time, and said in a dry, husky voice, "Knife in my pants pocket."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Hip," he said.

I found the knife. Thank heavens, it was one of the kind which snaps open a blade when you press a button with the tip of your thumb—I'd sacrificed enough fingernails to Bruce Eaton.

I cut the cloth bonds which circled him. He sat up, pushing out stray pieces of lint with his tongue. He grinned at me. It was an amiable, friendly grin, and then suddenly, right in the middle of the grin it stopped, as though someone had abruptly changed the record. He lowered his head and put his hands up in front of his face. "Lord, how my jaw hurts," he said.

I tried to think of something to say, and couldn't, for the life of me. I don't, as a general rule, get stage fright, and, while I'm sometimes at a loss for words, I usually know what I'd say if I could find the right words with which to clothe the thought. But this time, I just didn't seem to have any ideas, or words either. My mind was stalled. What in the world *does* a young woman say to her favorite picture star when she's just finished getting a gag out of his mouth . . . Hanged if I knew, and I didn't think Emily Post did either.

With his face in his hands, he said, "I heard you come in and heard you call, asking if anyone was home. I found I could pound my knees against the closet door by doubling up my body . . . I'll bet my knees are sore for a week."

I stood there watching him. Bruce Eaton didn't impress me as being a man who'd sit with his face in his hands bemoaning the fact that his chin was sore. I felt that peculiar sensation which comes when someone you've always admired turns out to be a heel . . . And then the explanation suddenly occurred to me—the man didn't want me to recognize him.

As soon as I realized that, I lost all chance of making any sensible contribution to the conversation. I stood there feeling as animate as a fence post.

He turned his face so it was half toward me. Apprehensive eyes stared upward and over the tips of his fingers. He laughed, and the laugh sounded peculiarly muffled behind his hands. "Good Lord," he said, "you're white as a sheet. You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"You'd be white, too," I told him, "if you'd been through what I have."

He twisted his dry, cracked lips into a grin. "Maybe you think I haven't," he said drily. "How about a drink?"

"A drink," I told him, with heartfelt enthusiasm, "would be simply swell!"

"Okay," he said, "I'll get you one. You wait here." He jumped nimbly to his feet, then almost fell. He twisted his face into a grimace and said, "All the circulation's out of my legs," and started for the door, walking with a peculiar wooden-legged gait.

AFTER he had gone, the silence of the house descended on me like a blanket. Once I thought I heard a door closing somewhere on the lower floor. Like a ninny, I sat there, waiting. It must have been fully five minutes before I realized that Bruce Eaton had no intention of coming back. That business of getting me a drink had been simply a stall to enable him to slip away.

I was sick with disappointment. Surely he'd. . . .

And then it suddenly occurred to me that probably Bruce Eaton didn't own the house at all. It was huge enough, and well enough equipped to belong to a picture star, but, if Bruce Eaton had owned it, he wouldn't have thought he could avoid recognition simply by running out and leaving me alone in the place. After all, I was bound to find out who owned the place—sooner or later.

Obviously, my best move was to go back to the living room and wait. I didn't want to be found upstairs when Mr. Foley came, and the menace of that dark street was enough to make me shiver—just thinking about it. My brief case was where I'd dropped it. I picked it up and started for the door. I was three or four steps away from the closet, when the light reflected from a metal object on the floor. I stooped and picked it up. It was a long, flat key. It certainly didn't look like a key to any door, it was either a key to a safe or lockbox of some sort, or . . . That was it, a safe deposit box somewhere in a bank.

Bruce Eaton must have dropped it. I remembered that I had read somewhere about him being very conservative and keeping a large sum of money, as well as quickly negotiable securities, in safe deposit boxes. The key, then, was undoubtedly valuable.

I picked it up and dropped it into my purse. My split nail snagged on the lining. There was a nail file in my purse and I went to work on those fingers. I didn't do such a good job, but, at least, I rounded them off enough so they wouldn't snag into every bit of cloth I touched.

"Is anyone home?" I called.

No answer; the house was deadly silent. This time there was no *thump . . . thump . . . thump.*

I walked out into a corridor, and decided I'd go back downstairs. Then was when I saw the open door at the far end of the corridor. I must have overlooked it when I came up the stairs.

I stood there, conscious that a man was seated at a big desk, his back toward me. His head was slumped over on his chest at a peculiar twisted angle.

It was a funny way for a man to sleep . . . it was . . . it was. . . .

Good Lord, the man was dead!

I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor, absolutely unable to move. I couldn't scream, I couldn't turn and run, I couldn't go forward. I just ceased to be an animate creature, and became completely inanimate.

I was sufficiently startled so the scene etched itself on my mind: the long corridor, brilliantly lighted; the open door just back of the staircase; the man still seated at his desk, his body slumped back in a tilted swivel office chair.

The desk in front of him was littered with a confusion of papers. A desk light beat down on them.

I was just ready to take a step forward when, without even a warning click, every light in the place went out.

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Behavior by Bogart

(Continued from page 22)

some picture or director or writer or producer is no good. I don't get it. If he or it isn't any good, why can't you say so? If more people would mention it, pretty soon it might have some effect. This local idea that anyone making a thousand dollars a week is sacred and beyond the realm of criticism never strikes me as particularly sound reasoning."

A COLUMNIST recently stated that Bogey "refuses to conform to Hollywood standards of behavior." Which didn't make him mad, exactly, but it did put him in a mood. A mood of cool, superior, analytical reasoning, which moved him to inquire, "Why can't you be yourself, do your job, be your rôle at the studio and yourself at home, and not have to belong to the glitter-and-glamour group?" The answer is to be found, where most Hollywood answers are found, in the box office, where fans are pouring in now to see Bogey in Warners' "Unlawful." Perhaps as many fans as the columnist has readers.

Every now and then, the Bogart gets himself into a sanctimonious frame of mind and does a little off-screen acting. He dresses up and goes out of an evening, reminding himself all the while, "Now this is a nice party and I'm going to be a little gentleman tonight. Going to remember my manners, and agree with everybody."

So he tries, but things seem to go wrong. If he pulls out the lady's chair, he forgets to light her cigarette, and when he bounds gracefully ahead to open a door, he manages to get his arm in such a position that she has to fold up and duck under it, or knock him down. The awful consciousness of being a gentleman weighs upon him.

He holds up under it for about half an hour. Then, the first thing *he* knows, he is backed against a wall and eleven people are shaking their fingers in his face and demanding to know what he "means by that."

He says people bristle at a certain set look in his face, just the way animals bristle on the backs of their necks at the sight of the enemy. He has the maddening habit of arguing things he doesn't know beans about. He makes broad statements and won't back down on them. He just can't help it.

Friends who have known Bogey for a long time are aware that he is simply the old-fashioned garden-variety tease and kidder, as his father was. But he has the most desperately accurate marksmanship toward the most irritating weakness of his victim, and can exasperate and annoy people into a choleric froth, under the fond impression that it is all just good-natured kidding in a spirit of g.c.f. I wonder the man has lived as long as he has. . . .

HE was doing that at twenty, when I first knew him.

Our first meeting took place in Greenwich Village, longer ago than either of us cares to remember with much accuracy. Bogey was spread out like sandwich - filling all over a sidewalk. He could still talk (he can always talk), and he asked us to take him to Dr. Bogart at an uptown address. We did. Dr. Bogart, not too surprised, sewed him up. It seems Bogey was doing the Village on his own, and, when a lady in a doorway yelled for help, he responded. But the gentleman with her didn't think she needed any help. . . .

What promised to be the battle of the century almost took place when Bogey first arrived in Hollywood. He was playing in a picture called "Body and Soul" with Charlie Farrell, and how they hated each other!

The talkies were just starting, and every little punk who ever had a line in a Broadway show had rushed out to Hollywood to displace the silent-picture actors who he was sure didn't know how to talk. This hardly applied to Bogey, who had a number of important Broadway successes back of him. But it was the general opinion of Hollywood.

The Broadway actors resented these big-shot movie stars, too, and if all the chips on all the shoulders had been stacked up, they would have made quite a fire.

TO assist matters to a climax, Bogart and Farrell had two weeks of night work, during which they were packed together in the cockpit of a plane. The crew helped out the general atmosphere by throwing oil on them and firing machine guns.

It began with "Move over"; "Keep on your own side, there"; and worked up to, "If you think I'm going to take that offa *you* any more—!" from Bogey. When the scene was finished that night, Bogey extended an invitation to Farrell to take a walk in the alley.

Outside, Charlie turned and calmly asked, "Can you fight?"

"What d'you mean, can I fight? I can lick *you!*" Bogey informed him.

"Yeah, but can you *fight?*" Charlie persisted. This kept up awhile. Finally, Charlie said, 'I just wanted to know, because it's only fair to tell you I was boxing champion in college, and I know how to fight."

This stopped Bogey. He knew how to *scrap*. He began to see Farrell in another light—besides having size on him, Charlie also had technique.

They decided to talk it over. Pretty soon they decided to go for a vacation on Charlie's boat, as soon as the picture was finished. They went—and right away got in a whale of an argument about who was going to sail the boat.

This was settled by the skipper, who wouldn't let either of them sail it. They are very good friends now, as long as they keep out of boats and airplanes.

EVEN Bogey's romances begin that way. Mayo Methot, who will be Mrs. Bogart in August, used to have wonderful sessions with Helen Menken, putting Bogey on the pan. The two of them fried him to a crisp, fluted the edges, garnished it all with a decoration of spirited invective, and decided unanimously that the result wasn't their dish. . . .

At that time, Helen had just ceased being the first Mrs. Bogart. When Mayo's approaching marriage was announced, the first wire of congratulation came from—Helen Menken.

Helen is married to Bogey's favorite optometrist, to whom he introduced her. Mary Phillips, from whom he was recently divorced, will soon marry Kenneth MacKenna, who was a good friend of Bogey's in the New York days, and still is. So is Mary.

You see how it is: one has to learn to love him, and he makes it as difficult as possible. But once you're over the hurdle, he's rather a good egg who wears well, and people can't hold things against him, not even his ex-wives.

BOGEY tries to tell me some sort of fancy fiction about how there is an "old Bogart" and a "new Bogart."

This new one, he says, is a mellow lad, thoroughly seasoned and full of sweetness and light. A householder (he just bought a house, with chintz and dogs and birds and flowers all over the place), who just loves humanity and wouldn't fight with it for anything.

But don't give it a thought, children. He happens to be in love, and isn't quite himself. He'll revert to type, in time.

In fact, when I saw him, we got in a political argument before the afternoon was over, and were roaring at each other, just like old times.

Bogey says he would rather be hard to like—after looking around Hollywood and seeing the gang of sycophants and hangers-on surrounding the boys who are too easy to like. Thinks what he has is a form of protective coloration every actor could cultivate to his better advantage.

Says he is a little worse now with strangers than he used to be, if possible, because picture success makes you mistrust people. They all want something from you.

"It puts you on the defensive, times when you needn't be. But how do you know that? So you develop a certain manner of approach, and everybody immediately says you are conceited or a first-class heel.

"Well, okay. I have confidence in myself, if that's conceit. Too few people have, in this business. They think front and bluff make confidence.

"However, I need to get my ears beaten down every so often. And anyone who tells me I am a damn fool in a louder voice than I tell him, I believe him!"

So you see, Bogey's behavior may be pretty awful; but he isn't entirely hopeless. He can still be told—if you can outshout him.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 10 with these correct ones:

1. Pat O'Brien
2. Gary Cooper
3. Margaret Lindsay
4. Ronald Reagan
5. John Barrymore
6. Franciska Gaal
7. Arthur Treacher
8. Franchot Tone
9. Bing Crosby
10. Hugh Herbert
11. Carole Lombard
12. Lionel Barrymore
13. Minnie Dupree
14. Clark Gable
15. Bette Davis
16. Alan Mowbray
17. Tyrone Power
18. Jean Hersholt
19. Joel McCrea
20. James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins

(Continued from page 53)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

MOST women will go for this sentimental picture which accents heavily Mother Love and sacrifice—a remake of one in which Clive Brook and Ann Harding appeared in 1924, titled "Gallant Lady." This time it's Barbara Stanwyck who's gallant in the rôle of a girl whose fiance is killed on the eve of her wedding. She has his baby, gives the child up for adoption, goes to work in a gown shop as a model. When her work takes her to Paris, she finds her child again in the care of a rich foster parent. Her mother love awakens. In the end she must choose between Herbert Marshall, the doctor who saved her from despair, and Ian Hunter, the man who adopted her little son.

Barbara Stanwyck manages to make her mental sufferings quite believable; Cesar Romero is swell as the French and amorous count; Binnie Barnes is like a fresh breeze in a small rôle. John Russell, the child, steals the show entirely.

MY BILL—Warners

THERE is little enough story here. Kay Francis, widowed mother of four children, finds she has let her love for them cause her to spend all her money. Then in comes the husband's sister to take all the children except the youngest, Dickie Moore. He befriends a rich old lady, she dies, leaves him a fortune, and back come the rest of the children. That Director John Farrow and his cast, working together, have made sympathetic entertainment from this is a small cinema miracle.

Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Bobby Jordan and Helena Phillips Evans (who is magnificent in her rôle)—all form good background for the nice performance of Miss Francis.

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

SINCERITY and simplicity give fresh charm to this unpretentious little Gene Stratton-Porter story of "poor white trash" in 1905. Jean Parker stars—deservedly—as the idealistic young swamp-girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage, although she loves Eric Linden. There's particularly fine work from Marjorie Main as the aunt, Hollis Jewell as a pathetic farm slave, and Betty Blythe, the silent picture queen.

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

IMAGINE Alison Skipworth as Mayor of a racketeer-ridden city! Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. And then, finally, imagine what happens to the racketeers. There's much hair-pulling, with plenty of credit going to Robert Livingston, as the town's former bad boy who aids the two lady politicians in their round-up of social enemies. Virginia Grey is very pretty as the girl in this roundelay of good fun.

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

IF you're up to another race-track picture, definitely in the C class and not outstanding in any particular, catch this on a Screeno night. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet animal is sold to the mounted police; Mike Whalen is a cop and Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a bunch of crooks, chieftained by Sidney Blackmer. Oh, yes, surprise. The horse wins.

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

WHEN hardhearted District Attorney Warren William discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation that has driven Ralph Morgan to murder, he softens considerably and even begins to understand human nature. Gail Patrick is splendid as William's wife. Constance Moore and William Lundigan add some slight freshness to the play and Cecil Cunningham, as William's secretary, can always be counted on for a chuckle. But it's pretty stodgy material for a movie.

MERIDIAN 7—1212—20th Century-Fox

WITH the catchy title taken from the New York telephone number of the information office that gives the correct time, this first in a series dealing with a New York reporter, and featuring Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart, gets off to a flying start. Whalen, with the aid of Miss Stuart and Cameraman Chick Chandler, succeeds in proving innocent a young man accused of murder by the police. It's average but interesting entertainment; and, after all. Mr. Zanuck's *Jones Family* series is keeping the studio coffers full.

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

STUART ERWIN plays his usual bewildered self as the husband of Joan Woodbury, tempestuous Latin dancer, who marries him to escape deportation and imprisonment. Harold Huber is the gang leader who engineers the marriage, then attempts, with the help of Edward S. Brophy, to annihilate Erwin and win Miss Woodbury for himself. If you enjoy comedy and suspense, well seasoned with slapstick, you'll find this one to your liking.

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

HEREWITH a weak imitation of a Thin-Mannish murder mystery, with Melvyn Douglas, an authority on rare books, and his fun-loving wife, Florence Rice, tracing down the murderer of a fence for stolen first editions. Claire Dodd looks too lovely to be roaming among musty volumes. Do you join Hollywood fans in their protest against the utter waste of Douglas in such trivial nonsense?

CITY STREETS—Columbia

A LITTLE laugh, a little tear, are the ingredients of this hokum-laden story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) who is befriended by the local grocer. Leo Carrillo impoverishes himself to help Edith get an operation to regain use of her legs, is rewarded when Edith rises from her wheel chair and totters to his sickbed—the picture's a little sick, too.

YOUR HOPE OF HOLLYWOOD
By Marjorie Hillis

Do you have What it Takes?

The author of "Live Alone and Like It" gives you some fancy facts and figures on your chances in the movies

October PHOTOPLAY

Freshness is the special charm of Old Golds, too!

Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After London stage successes with Charlot's Revue, Noel Coward's "Cavalcade", etc., movie roles under Alexander Korda's direction led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in the Samuel Goldwyn production, "Marco Polo".*)

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Who's Hollywood's Smartest Hostess?

(Continued from page 25)

FOR many years now, the Magic City has been without someone upon whom to hitch its star wagon. Doug and Mary used to occupy that unique post in the early twenties and Clara Ray ran them close second. For a while, hostesses thought that Carole Lombard showed signs of such talent, but her parties have become more of the feminine-bachelor type. At one time, Ouida Bergere Rathbone blossomed forth as the town's most potent party queen. Gladys Robinson used to throw some bang-up affairs, but Eddie Robinson is a sensitive musician, whether you know it or not, and he objected so strenuously to this social life that she took to putting her energies into writing instead. Thus, a great change has come upon an otherwise hail-fellow-well-met lady.

CARMEN CONSIDINE I would rank as Hollywood's 1938 hostess No. 2. Her Beverly Hills town house is the pride of the city. When she and Johnny were building it, I remember a delightfully simple party Carmen got together on the spur of the moment. Friends had dropped by on their way home from work to see how the mortar, the chicken wire and the cement were getting together. This was just a bit too much for Carmen. In less time than it takes to dash off these lines, she had the makings of a swell get-together. Once, when J. F. T. O'Connor, the former U. S. Controller of the Currency, was in town on a hurried, harried visit, Carmen was able to disentangle him from his dull, heavy work on complex figures and inject into his naïve bachelor soul other kind of figures, which changed his point of view for life. Now he is running as one of the candidates for Governor of California.

Carmen is Hollywood's sprightliest hostess, and she has quite taken the place held so long and ably by Marion Davies. Rating her as per our chart I would give her: A—19%; B—17% C—17% D—19%; E—19%. Total: 91%.

MRS. HARRY LACHMAN probably runs Mrs. Johnny Considine a close third. The famed director's wife is Chinese and very beautiful. Her make-up is so effective that many Chinese people are spellbound by her. For years she lived in Europe and she knows "everybody." No matter who the visiting fireman in the Hollywood sector, he will eventually find himself Tai Lachman's guest at some new and amazingly conceived party.

Her dinners are Chinese and American and she usually invites more than two hundred. Once her guests come, they stay until dawn, and she sees to it that their every want is fulfilled. She is one of the few Hollywood hostesses who is fully equipped with her own service—silver, napery, plates and so on.

Some years ago, after I had motored across country for the umtieth time, my Beverly Hills hosts insisted on taking me "as I was" to a garden party Mrs. Lachman was giving for I've forgotten whom. I came as I would go to a Newport, R. I., garden party, in turtle-neck sweater and old tweeds. Arriving, I was amazed to find almost everyone clad in togs of the nineties. Gentlemen wore cutaways and ascot foulards and their ladies had on trailing lace party gowns and big Gibson girl picture hats. I afterwards was told that this party corresponded to anything that Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish (or her equal) might give back East. And, believe me, I don't think my hosts exaggerated one iota. Nevertheless, Tai Lachman is a very charming person, and I think I make no error in giving her A—15%; B—20%; C—18%; D—18%; E—18%. Total: 89%.

ELLEN MACKAY BERLIN takes my fourth place, for here is a quiet sweet soul who will do anything within reason to help her talented husband, Irving, achieve the success he has made of his life.

To Ellen, who is always the fair, understanding woman, I would give: A—16%; B—15%; C—16%; D—18%; E—20%. Total: 85%.

Lucile Gleason (with Jimmy as host, of course), gives the biggest and the best of all the outdoor Hollywood gatherings. These two entertain principally for the character actors and sometimes a friend who happens to be a star. They're not so particular about their guests as some hostesses are, yet you never seem to have undesirables trying to crash in. Sometimes, in the most carefully guarded Palm Beach parties I've run into one-eyed Connolly, but I've never seen him at the Gleasons, though I feel sure if he wanted to come they'd welcome him gladly. Furthermore, Jimmy would make him feel a lot more at home than a certain group of American sportsmen did when he crashed a big affair during the Kentucky Derby in Louisville last spring.

To Mrs. Gleason I would give: A—18%; B—14%; C—16%; D—17%; E—19%. Total: 84%. The Gleasons' is an evenly balanced household, with guests who appreciate each invitation. There is nothing swank or corney about their way of entertainment. It might take place in Keokuk, Iowa, just as well as in Pacific Padisades, California, for all they seem to care. It *is* the American party supreme, the unaffected way our forefathers would have entertained the successful people all about them.

The Fred Astaires are climbing rapidly up the party-giver ladder. She is the niece of an Eastern stock-jobber, who has long been identified with horse-racing circles there. And Fred needs no introduction to anybody. As they become more and more accustomed to the odd hours of Hollywood, both the Astaires seem to feel the need of Hollywood people for additional relaxation. For, while Hollywoodians are funny when you see them in pictures, many of them spend weeks thinking up the cracks which you watch them pull off in that many seconds on the screen. They have no place to go, except the restaurants and night clubs, where they can try those cracks out. In public places they are constantly on parade. It isn't fun being watched and mimicked everywhere you go. So, in their large and roomy house, veritably sprawling over one of Beverly's seven hills, the Astaires give relaxation—and entertainment—to their guests. Give Mrs. Astaire then: A—14%; B—20%; C—16%; D—15%; E—18%. Total: 83%. If I were writing these lines five years hence, I think Mrs. Astaire might head this list.

From time to time, the Countess di Frasso used to have a bang-up blowout party for some friend from the East. To it, she hand-picked her own movie preferences, and her invitation, usually by telephone, was like another kind of command performance for a certain Hollywood group. But time marched on and, with Gary Cooper's marriage to Sandra Shaw, the Countess' popularity gradually began to dim.

Sandra Cooper, Gary's wife, though she doesn't look it, is somewhat temperamental and her man is *her* man. In that, she had something in common with Fanny Brice.

Sandra's social tastes ran more to the Cedric Gibbons and she didn't give a Continental damn who knew it. Thus Dolores Del Rio and her handsome husband (who, incidentally, is related to Sandra) soon popped upon the party horizon, where they still remain. To be invited to the Coopers' house is an honor indeed, for few of the movie colony get beyond the great Dane at the gates.

Let's give Mrs. Cooper: A—15%; B—15%; C—16%; D—17%; E—18%. Total: 81%.

Mrs. Jesse Lasky is one of the few wives of producers who does any entertaining. Mrs. Lasky paints and Jesse, Jr. is a poet. Jesse, Sr. is a sensitive person. Occasionally, all three of them get together and invite their friends in. Most of their guests come from the Los Angeles social cliques in the West Adams section of the city. At their house you meet all sorts of people who seem to have been rolled out of moth balls just for the occasion. For Mrs. Lasky let's say: A—12%; B—20%; C—14%; D—15%; E—16%. Total: 77%.

ADMITTEDLY, this next item is beside the point since I am dealing with the social ratings of the fair ladies of Hollywood (and their husbands, incidentally); nevertheless, no article on party-giving in Hollywood can possibly be complete without mention of Charlie Chaplin, for he still gives the most exclusive parties for the really bigwigs in the visiting contingents. Six or eight is the limit of his guests, and he hand-picks them all. It is considered a great honor to be invited to Charlie's Italian hilltop manor in Beverly. All of the important scientists, bankers, raconteurs and painters pay him homage.

There is no showing off, no ostentation, no formal entertaining, no big brawls. His Japanese servants, who have been in his employ more than a decade, know by instinct, it seems, just whom to receive and whom to pass over. If Freud comes to California you can bet your last cartwheel it will be Charlie who will entertain him. H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Masefield, Emil Ludwig, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Chief Justice Hughes, Frank Shields, or even Franklin D. Roosevelt would be Chaplin guests; but never, never, never would you find him putting himself out for the glamour boys and girls who congest café society and make it the sappy society it is in America today. Paste Charlie with A—20%; B—20%; C—16%; D—16%; E—20%. Total: 92%.

I regret to say that I do not know Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone well enough to report here upon their party inclinations, though I have it on good authority that they enjoy entertaining people as much as Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, the Hal Roaches and a half-dozen other couples do. I hope their parties are half as good as they are supposed to be; and I trust that Jimmie Fidler and a lot of other fellows who I hear it said give good jamborees get away with them as they ought.

Life for the Hollywoodian is short at best. May their party lives be a lot longer! That is the wish of an old cynic who himself enjoys very much seeing people having a good time, especially in that famous city of Hollywood.

It's Easy to Act

(Continued from page 23)

rôle was that it gave me no "clinches" with her. Not even one embrace did I get—and me fairly bursting with Casanova-ness. If I were going to make a lifetime profession of acting, I would insist on being the "great lover" type—and hang the overtime!

ONE phase of my labor in "Garden of the Moon" was very fatiguing. On the stage adjoining ours, a filmusical was being dished up—a typical extravaganza which ran into plenty of figures, all gorgeous. The costumes on that set were a revelation. Being an enthusiastic employee, I felt that if, by any chance, the director of that filmusical wanted to ask my opinion about anything, I should be on hand to deliver. It was effort wasted, but no one can accuse me of shirking my duty. I made so many trips to this set, between scenes on my own, that by the end of the day, I was worn to a frazzle. Overworked!

The studio executives, I must admit, do everything in their power to save their stars from fatigue. One morning, I remember, it sprinkled a few drops of rain. Just as I was congratulating myself on a chance to be a Garbo, someone knocked at my dressing-room door. It was a studio chauffeur, come to drive me, in a studio limousine, to the stage door, which was all of fifty feet away.

Back in my pre-Barrymore days, when I was a mere radio commentator, I used to be impressed by the complaints of stars who cited as one of their principal tribulations the long waits between scenes. I really appreciated those beefs when I reported for work on my first day. The call was for nine o'clock and I was Johnny on the spot. The assistant director came to my dressing room and told me that he would notify me when I was wanted on the set. At noon, he came again and, after waking me, said it was time for lunch.

"Be back on the set at one, we'll use you then," he added.

I nervously bolted a light lunch—lamb chops smothered in sautéd mushrooms and served with bright chatter by Miss Lindsay—and dashed pell-mell back to the job. The set was deserted.

To soothe my jumping nerves, I tried to read. Two o'clock . . . three . . . four . . . and, finally, five. The assistant knocked at my door just as I finished my book. "That's all for today," said he. "We'll start shooting at nine tomorrow!"

I was dreadfully annoyed—until I reflected that I had actually been paid better than a hundred dollars an hour for absorbing a book that I had been trying to find time to read for more than a year. No wonder so many actors are well-read—or are they?

HAVE you ever combed your own hair? If so, you know what a tiresome, enervating task it is, and how easily you can be overworked by doing it. Give proper credit, then, to the understanding of our studio czars, for they supply a man to comb their actors' hair. And to pat his tired cheeks with a powder puff. And to hold a mirror while he matches his left profile with his right.

They also supply a stand-in. I had one. He got something like forty dollars every week. And not once did I hear him complain of being overworked. But then, of course, he is just a stand-in and lacks the real artistic temperament, the fierce emotional tension which characterizes such thespians as Gable, Garbo, Crawford and Fidler. He didn't have to "give." All *he* had to do in his humble capacity was to stand for hours under the hot lights and pose and sweat, while the camera crew set up for another shot and I lolled on the side lines laughing at Pat O'Brien's wit. (Remind me to tell you that one about the Irishman, the Swede and the American—it's a honey.)

I don't think I would care to be a stand-in. I would rather be a real actor—and be overworked!

Odd, too, that the electricians, the property men and the "grips" never complain. They start their jobs about an hour before the cast arrives and their only time out is taken for lunch. They wrestle with heavy equipment, stand on their feet all day, worry about technical problems and fill in their odd moments by mentally trying to match their wages with their expenses. The fact that they are such a cheerful, industrious lot merely proves, I suppose, that they lack the finer sensibilities which distinguish us mimes.

There is still another man on the set to whom I would doff my hat were it not for the fact that I have become so inert through overwork. I mean the director. In particular, I mean Busby Berkeley, who directed "Garden of the Moon." Mr. Berkeley did the gardening—the rest of us just mooned around. He co-ordinated everything; dictated the lighting, the camera angles, the "business" of each actor. He rehearsed our dialogue, and he determined our action. And before each scene he demonstrated exactly what he wanted. He was Edgar Bergen; we were Charlie McCarthys.

Once, when I was a youngster in Tennessee, I went swimming with the big boys and succeeded in falling into a deep hole. I would be there yet if a man on the bank had not whipped off his belt and used it to pull me out. My estimable friend, Mr. Berkeley, is like that belt whipper-offer. Whenever I felt myself sinking, he was always on hand to pull me out. Personally, I'm in favor of paying actors bigger money—and then giving half of their pay checks to the directors.

I HAVE an idea that there are stars in Hollywood who will not approve of the general tenor of this article. Perhaps some of them will even make nasty remarks about me and to me. But I have my defense all prepared. I will simply say that it is unfair to hold me accountable. I will cite the long, long hours that I spent on the set, listening to Pat O'Brien's jokes and moping because I had no clinches with Margaret Lindsay. And I will excuse my follies with just one word—the one word that always excuses the follies of any actor. The word is—OVERWORKED!

Jane Lyons - -
is still going places and doing things—and what things! The witty and wise little heroine of "Sincerely Yours," the most hysterical autobiography since "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," discovers that the woman always pays—but boy, does she get a lot for her money! Another chapter in Jane's autobiography in **October PHOTOPLAY**

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How I Saved My Marriage

(Continued from page 21)

anything but work. The studio had decided to make me a glamour girl, and they went about it with a grim intensity that floored me at first. Herb and I had agreed to keep our marriage a secret because it was understood the public preferred its heroines to be single. I didn't like the idea but everyone insisted.

The dangers my marriage must face started with that, however. Part of the glamour build-up was romance, and when the press could find nothing definite they made it up. I was eternally on the phone to Chicago apologizing to Herb for things that had never happened. He was sweet and understanding about the whole thing, but I realized I couldn't ask him to keep that attitude forever. Here was the first test of my ability to save my marriage.

Was I strong enough to take a chance with my career, just as it was starting? Did I dare oppose the studio and everyone else in Hollywood just to save a little unpleasantness between Herb and myself? I remembered my decision: *If any sacrifices were to be made, I would make them.*

I announced my marriage.

Now, I thought. That will stop them. They'll lay off now.

OF course, the attack was merely shifted. Whereas before it was "Lamour was seen with Thus-and-Who. Will this romance lead to marriage?" the theme was now: "Lamour and What's-His-Name are going around town. Reports are that she will soon seek a divorce from husband Herbie Kay."

He and I talked it over one night at Catalina when he had an engagement there last summer. "I don't know that it's worth it," I said then. "Just these few days together have made me realize I'd rather be with you now than be the biggest star in the industry. And I'd rather live in a shanty than let my career be the cause of a crack-up between us."

"Maybe you'd better give it up," Herb told me. "We'd be happier together."

That was a mad mood. In a moment it was over and we were discussing ways and means intelligently. "I can't stay home every night," I said, "and you don't want me to. There are things I have to do, previews to go to, parties I should attend for political reasons. But every time I go out with a friend, you read in the next morning's paper an implication that I've been unfaithful to you. I'll tell you what—each night, when I'm getting ready to go out, I'll dress half an hour early and then I'll sit down and write you an outline of what I plan to do that evening. Where I'm going, with whom, what I'm wearing, how late I expect to stay out. Sometimes I'll just be going to a party or a night club for fun, and sometimes it'll be business. But, anyway, when some busybody or the papers report to you later you can always stall them by saying that you know all about it."

"Good idea," Herb said. "I'll do the same."

We sat for a while in silence, thinking.

Somehow I couldn't get back to my cheerful mood about the situation; it seemed bleak and a little hopeless.

"It's that the future we plan is so intangible," I said suddenly. "We know it's going to be swell, but we can't dream of it in any terms of reality. It's all hazy."

"Then we'd better start making it real as soon as we can. Where do you want to live? Personally, I think this California is the land of the gods."

"I've fallen in love with it myself."

"So we'll build our house here. Immediately. We'll start it as soon as we can get the plans together—up in the hills somewhere, with a view and crickets at night."

"I'll spend every free minute on it!" I yelled excitedly. "I'll take a vacation—"

"Hey," Herb interrupted, looking solemn. "You be careful. I'll not have you blasting that career just because of a moment of enthusiasm. We've plenty of time."

"We've no time."

He didn't protest any more. He knew I was right.

THAT was a year ago. Our house is finished now, completely, and already it represents home to me.

Thus, in the coming years while I continue to work in Hollywood and Herb continues to play in Eastern hotels, both of us will have at least the foundation for our future. I can keep my house and that will content me. Herb will always have the consciousness of a home and family that belong to him, even though they may be living far across a continent.

He will be able to spend more time in California. Carefully he is building a reputation here so that, in season, he can make engagements to appear in good clubs and live at home.

We have both kept faithfully our promise to write details of our evenings to each other before garbled stories can appear.

We have, I think, saved our marriage by intelligent and honest thinking, in the face of pretty big odds.

The course I've taken must be right, because my career is still sound when everyone predicted my actions would ruin it, and because Herb and I are as happy as it's possible to be under the circumstances.

It's still true that if anything—anything at all—turns up that looks dangerous to the thing Herb and I have, I'll leave the screen before I'll let it destroy my marriage.

WHOSE SHOES?

Here are the answers to the roto spread found on pages 44 and 45:

1. Eleanor Powell
2. Charlie McCarthy
3. Jane Withers
4. Gene Autry
5. Adolphe Menjou
6. Charlie Chaplin
7. Greta Garbo
8. Vera Zorina
9. Clark Gable
10. Deanna Durbin
11. Joan Crawford

Rover Boy in Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

far away—until we could go to sea, maybe. Ah, *there* was the life!

Well, he found out just what kind of a life when, fifteen years old and a student at King's College, he ran away and got a job on an English potato boat called the *Emily May,* which usually voyaged only among the channel islands but that coming summer was to venture into the Mediterranean as far east as Port Said.

No, he wasn't exactly a sailor. He was a scullery boy and quite appropriately on this potato boat spent most of his time peeling potatoes. Still, it was fun, at first, to dock at Guernsey and Jersey and Islay, places he had never seen before, and it was fun, too, to hear a surly: "A bit of all right, lad," from the cook when he had made an especially good potato-peeling record.

Ultimately, however, he realized that this sort of seafaring was turning out to be as commonplace as the other side of the hill at Neath—that it offered no "dragons to slay" at all.

So, headed around Gibraltar and southeast through the Mediterranean on the promised voyage to the Suez Canal, he made his plans. He would jump ship at Port Said, the "port of missing men," the "crossroads of the world." Here, surely, he would meet adventure face to face!

Instead he found that, apart from the strange languages, costumes and smells, this place was much like any "hick town" at home.

"Port of missing men?" he asked himself, disgustedly. "Crossroads of the world? Sure—so what?"

The next day, he began looking for a job. "Figured I might as well have something to do," he told me, recounting the situation.

And, although he'd have liked it better otherwise, such was that British perverseness of his, that he found himself snapped up right away as clerk in a dry-goods store, the main emporium of the Port.

So for five solid, boring weeks he sold yard goods and topees and shorts and soap and shaving lotion and tack hammers to the British clientele—successfully, he admits.

Of course, being Ray Milland, he promptly and thoroughly hated it all and endured it only until he had gathered together some money. Then he took himself out of there double-quick, heading homeward.

Back in England, with his father pretty well "heated" at him, to borrow his own adjective, Ray went to work on his uncle's stock farm where for a while he found contentment for the reason that, also, he found Luke.

Luke was a horse sometimes nicknamed "Fractious" because he was that kind of a horse. A fine-blooded animal, he gave promise of being excellent steeplechase material, only he couldn't be handled . . . which was an immediate challenge to Ray.

"Let me take him over," he said.

Whereupon ensued a three months' duel of wills between young, headstrong Ray and the young and equally headstrong piece of horseflesh known as Luke.

At last, though, came the day when Ray and Luke actually won an important steeplechase. Which meant that Ray had made a success of his job and that immediately and characteristically he again became bored.

"I was a restless cuss, all right," he says, "insufferably restless. It was a great relief to my uncle when I left him and joined the Cheshire Yeomanry."

Yes, the army was his next venture and, talented young devil that he is, he soldiered so efficiently that he was finally appointed to the British Household Cavalry, His Majesty's personal bodyguard.

He found army life pretty interesting for a while, too. Then, like someone out of a story-book, he inherited thirty-five hundred pounds!

You can guess what a young chap, scarcely in his twenties, would do about that. He resigned from the army and set himself to having what he describes as a "good time de luxe," which lasted

As pretty as any movie star—Mrs. Ray Milland. But it isn't often that you see her or her husband at the Hollywood night spots, so Cesar Romero welcomes them to the fold

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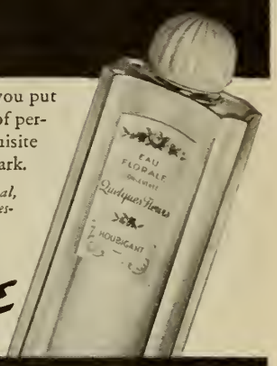

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exactly as long as his money did—fourteen months.

There were Cannes and Nice and also Monte Carlo (but not for gambling, Ray says; he wanted to get something for his money). There were Lake Como in warm weather; Biarritz in cold weather; Venice in April; Capri in May; Salzburg for the music festival; Munich for the opera season; Oberammergau for the Passion Play. There were the famous night spots of the world, on the Riviera, in Montmartre. There was—

"One hell of a swell time," he says. "I never regretted a day of it, even when the money was all gone. In fact, I was kind of glad when that happened because I was beginning to be—"

Yes, you've guessed it. He was beginning to be bored. And then, back in London with only ten pounds left to his name, he was introduced to Estelle Brody, the famous English actress; he took her to dinner with these last ten pounds, and she said to him, "Why don't you try the movies? You look just the type. I'll introduce you to the right people . . ." Thus casually, but nonetheless successfully, Ray Milland was launched upon a screen career and ultimately came to Hollywood.

At first, being a screen actor looked like all other adventures of his life to date—"too darned easy." After playing several minor rôles, he got good parts in such pictures as "Bought," "The Man Who Played God," "Bolero" and "We're Not Dressing" and finally was given what he and everybody else considered a sure-fire rôle in "The Gilded Lily" with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray.

"I thought I was all set," he told me, frankly. "I thought I was going to be a wow."

BUT instead came the "jolt" which has Ray Milland, to use his own term, "still vibrating." Although he got excellent reviews, although fan mail poured in until it seemed just a matter of time until he would be seeing his name in lights, a suddenly perverse Lady Luck precipitated one of those inexplicable situations known as "one of those things." Maybe he didn't have his fingers crossed. Maybe he had tempted fate too long. Anyway, after "The Gilded Lily" he couldn't get another job!

At first he scouted around casually. Nothing happened. Then he went after a job good and hard. Still nothing happened. He got down to his last fifty dollars; his last five dollars; his last fifty cents. He could have written home for money, but with that stubborn pride of his he decided he would rather starve, first.

Well, he almost did, before Fate or what-have-you decided he had had enough, and he got a rôle in "Four Hours to Kill." After that, as had happened at first, his stock as an actor zoomed. He went into "Next Time We Love"; into "Three Smart Girls"; into "The Big Broadcast of 1937." He was given a long-term contract by Paramount. He has a starring rôle in Paramount's "Men with Wings." He seems all set.

But, this time, there is a difference in the way he feels about it—a great big difference. This time, Ray Milland is not taking any of the good breaks for granted. He has had his lesson. He has crossed his fingers for good. Never again will he say: "It's too easy." Instead, he says this:

"It's hard! It's devilish hard! You never know what will happen. You make one good picture and think you're set and the next may be a stinkeroo which takes you years to live down. You may think you're Number One Man at your studio and some young punk will come along and steal your thunder. You may do your darndest to be a success and find your darndest not good enough! You may slip out of the running for no apparent reason at all!

"In other words, you can never kid yourself about this picture business, nor put your fists down, thinking you have it licked. If you do, you'll find it sneaking up from behind and knocking you for a loop!"

He looked very stern and handsome as he described the snare and the delusion which is Hollywood . . . like a young man who could lick it into shape if anyone could.

Also, he did not look like a young man who is bored, and he won't be for a while, I'll bet. Which means that he won't be looking "over the hill" away from Hollywood for a while, either, wanting to get away.

Victorian . . . with Variations

(Continued from page 27)

that she have the "grande passion" that will make the Haley comet look like a burnt-out skyrocket.

What they don't know—and what is bound to be a shock to Messieurs Rathbone and Aherne—is that Olivia has locked away in her memory book an Experience. She knows Love. As she says, quite reasonably, "When I can duplicate the emotions I felt for my first boyhood sweetheart, I'll know that the big moment has arrived. Until then, it's only fun. . . ."

It was back in Saratoga, before Hollywood, that Olivia found Love. Then she went into films and he went East and when they met again, sweet memories of summer moonlit nights notwithstanding, she found him changed.

"Not married," Olivia explained. "Just changed. I saw him as he was, not as I thought he was. And you can't call it 'childhood romance' because it was more than that to me and it still is."

The big trouble, as Olivia points out, with all her well-wishing friends is that they will never agree on the right person for her. So it looks as if, Rathbone and Aherne to the contrary, when the time comes, Olivia's got to take matters in her own hands.

LIFE, however, is not all introspection for Olivia Mary. There are concerts, plays, the Russian Ballet when it's in town.

Good music she dotes on, though she is frank to confess she knows little about it. Heifetz is a "poet" of the violin. Menuhin "needs maturity."

She lives in a three-bedroomed, two-bathed house with mother and sister, has one maid . . . "and you can't miss the house because there are six pigeons that sit on the roof."

When gentlemen callers come, Olivia begs her sister to stay and help the conversation.

"I don't like to talk," she confesses, although you may not think so from the beginning of this story. "I listen better." Score another point for *Maid* Olivia's Victorianism.

She has four evening frocks, uses "Bimi" shade nail polish, likes "Night Flight" perfume, Richard Hughes' "Enchanted Voyage," and wears slacks frequently because she likes to climb fences—a variation on the Victorian theme.

She flashed a dark look at us, chocolate-brown eyes sable in their passion: "I came to Hollywood much, much too early," she said. "If I had only known then what I know now I would have stayed in the North and gone to Mills College. I had a scholarship, and all that, but I thought the theater and a career and a chance to work with Max Reinhardt were the only things. I wish now it had all been different. If I could only have seen what I see now, I would have known the advantages of an education. It isn't so much what you learn from textbooks but the chance of slowly maturing that it gives you. This way, I was rushed into being an adult.

"Of course, textbook standards are not those of a big modern city or a huge industry, but at least they prepare you to make adjustments," Olivia continued, still bent on self-revelation. "I came into films absolutely without any preparation for life. It doesn't seem that anyone could be as incredibly childish and naïve as I was. I couldn't believe that people could live the worldly sort of lives that I had read about in books. I thought they existed only in the author's imagination. To meet such people in real life—to make friends and discover that they were 'unconventional,' according to my strict provincial standards—you can imagine the adjustments that I had to make!

"The first year in Hollywood was perfect. We had fun. Mother, my sister and I. We made our fun. Made our adventures." Olivia's eyes flamed with thoughts. "On Sundays we took long motor trips and explored little canyons and backroads. We went to movies and read books together. Sometimes we'd save up and see a good play. Our life was little changed from the life we lived up North on the Peninsula.

"Next year it was different. It has been increasingly different every year since," she continued. "The next year we made many new acquaintances, and we didn't realize at first that they weren't the kind of people, simple and uncomplicated, that we knew up North. They thought differently. More than ever we missed our old associates.

"My sister decided to become an actress, too. That ruined the close-knittedness of our family life. It was bad enough, at first, to have me an actress, with hours upset and schedules changed. Now, it seems if I have a moment to rest she is working at her studio, and the sweet closeness of our relationship has slipped away. Today it is all gone. None of us is foolish enough to ignore the compensations—money and success—but something is lacking."

"Within fifty feet of me lay the body of a murdered man . . ."

One of a dozen tense, thrill-packed moments in the next installment of ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S amazing mystery, "The Case of the Hollywood Scandal." Turn to page 17 and begin this serial today!

Portrait in Bordeaux Red

(Continued from page 32)

spoke English until she came to the United States, six months prior to making "The Rage of Paris." She made slang history in that picture by saying unexpectedly, "I can took it!"

She has a passion for any kind of seafood, gets a kick out of reading the American funny papers, and takes one hour to dress for dinner.

Her husband calls her "Ma Pougne," which she says has no meaning. She has no rules for keeping a good figure, and she likes beer.

Danielle Darrieux is glad to see the passing of the screwball era in American pictures.

Her favorite apéritif is dry martini.

She is five feet five inches tall.

She wants to learn how to play poker.

She is a very bad cook.

She likes to sleep on her stomach, and has an excellent memory for names and faces. She cannot make crêpes Suzette.

She likes to buy hats and seldom wears any. She considers Friday, the thirteenth, her lucky day. Her grandmother was Polish.

She never wears girdles.

She celebrated her twenty-first birthday on May first, 1938. Her husband is Henri Decoin, French director and playwright. She is an inveterate sleeper, often slumbering for fourteen hours.

She is a poor businesswoman, likes to spend money, and is only a fair swimmer. Her father was a famous French eye specialist.

Her hair is naturally ash blonde. Her favorite city is Paris, and she does not think there will be another world war.

She likes to knit but never finishes what she starts.

She disapproves of short socks for street wear. She has been on the screen for seven years. She thinks it is possible for two professionals to be happily married provided they are equally successful. She likes gambling.

She has been married three years, and she has never seen a cowboy picture. She thinks there is really no essential difference at all between Frenchmen and American men.

She is very fond of dancing the rhumba and the tango.

Her attitude towards interviewers is one of tolerance.

Her mother was a singing teacher.

Danielle Darrieux' last name has no special meaning. She does not like hamburgers, and she never gets seasick. She likes to wear slacks. Her favorite poets are Verlaine and Rambaud.

She is strongly intuitive and "feels" the rightness or wrongness of things. She has no hobbies, and is a good judge of her own screen stories.

She is very disorderly with her personal things, and her skin is highly sensitive to heat rashes. She is marked with a definite self-assurance and poise. She prefers making herself up, and her director, Henry Koster, calls her "Frenchy."

She has temperament but no temper. She has fantastic dreams every night, and her only pet is a black Scottie.

She admires her husband's frankness. She never liked water until she came here.

She knows practically nothing about politics, and likes to wear small earrings. She abhors artificial flowers. Her radio tastes run to music.

She was startled by the bigness of Hollywood, expecting it to be one main street lined on either side by studios. She does not think costume parties are very funny, and she is fond of picnicking.

She is a coffee addict.

She never likes herself on the screen.

She thinks a woman playing a cello looks silly.

She thinks the Big Apple is "not very beautiful."

Her eyes are troubled with itching.

She has a keen sense of humor and a ready wit.

She dislikes wearing ribbons or jewelry in her hair, and she likes gangster films. She takes only sugar in her coffee.

She acts on the impulse rather than on reason. She is the answer to a director's dream of an amenable actress. She has only coffee and buttered toast for breakfast.

She will never forget her impression of Manhattan's bigness when she first saw it.

She is very lucky at gambling, and she made her screen debut when she was fourteen.

Her great-grandmother was born in the United States. She has never worn glasses.

Her brand of reading runs to novels and biographies. She is adept at tennis and Ping-pong.

She generally prefers the company of men, and she thinks Rockefeller Center the most beautiful place she has ever seen. Her first American picture was finished on Friday the thirteenth.

She hates posing for still pictures. She likes walking in the mountains, and has no faith in palmistry or in psychics.

She likes most the extremes in weather, hot or cold. She is fond of skiing and likes to change the color of her hair often.

She has a seven-room house of Basque architecture near Bordeaux. She does not care much for night clubs, and her singing voice is mezzo-soprano.

She shattered all traditions created by foreign stars by never complaining. She likes living in apartments, and she was educated in a convent.

She thinks American cities should adopt the French type of boulevard rest station.

She prefers wild flowers to the florist varieties, and she is a devoted reader of François Mauriac and Colette. She is a rabid movie fan.

She is extremely shy among people, and prefers traveling by boat or motorcar.

She has never known stage fright. She enjoys reading publicity about herself. She is very punctual.

HER favorite cheese is Camembert, which she prefers with white French bread and red Bordeaux wine.

She was not disappointed in America, and her favorite jewels are emeralds. She is a curious mixture of the realist and the sentimentalist.

She changes her perfume every month.

She enjoys the opera and concerts.

She never drinks tea, and she is stimulated by the American love of speed which she says is "gay and optimistic."

She was considered her most remarkable pupil by Mrs. Mary Lait Salemson, famous English coach.

She has a matter-of-fact attitude toward life minus any illusions or delusions.

She disapproves of women's wearing slacks when shopping or dining. She and her husband spend many hours playing belote, a French card game. She likes modernistic design in architecture and interiors.

She has appeared in only one legitimate play, her husband's, and was an immediate success.

She likes the smell of a delicatessen.

She thinks American ice cream — especially sodas—unequaled.

She attends every possible appearance of Serge Lifar, the ballet dancer, and Fred Astaire's pictures. Her idea of relaxation between pictures is to go away from the town in which she has been working.

She is doing precisely what she always wanted to do.

She plans to do a play occasionally after she retires from pictures.

She was born in Bordeaux.

Danielle Darrieux wishes her husband would not use oil to keep down his hair.

He's an English importation . . . a cross between Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor . . . his pre-Hollywood career in films consisted of an almost microscopic rôle in a Gracie Fields picture . . . he's headed for stardom. She's Hollywood's brightest Cinderella . . . less than a year ago she was an unknown, a manicurist . . . you saw her opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped." They're movieland's most exciting romance item — Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ALGIERS" — WALTER WANGER - UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson. Story by Detective Ashelbe. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: *Pepe Le Moko*, Charles Boyer; *Ines*, Sigrid Gurie; *Gaby*, Hedy Lamarr; *Slimane*, Joseph Calleia; *Regis*, Gene Lockhart; *Pierrat*, Johnny Downs; *Grandpere*, Alan Hale; *Tania*, Mme. Nina Koshetz; *Aicha*, Joan Woadbury; *Marie*, Claudia Dell; *Giraux*, Robert Greig; *Carlos*, Stanley Fields; *Max*, Charles D. Brown; *Gil*, Ben Hall; *Sergeant of French Police*, Armand Kaliz; *L'Arbi*, Leonid Kinsky; *Louvain*, Walter Kingsford; *Janvier*, Paul Harvey; *Bertier*, Bert Roach; *Native Waitress*, Luana Walters.

"ALWAYS GOODBYE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Gilbert Emery and Douglas Doty. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Edith Skouras. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: *Margot Weston*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jim Howard*, Herbert Marshall; *Phillip Marshall*, Ian Hunter; *Caunt Giovani Corini*, Cesar Romero; *Jessica Reid*, Lynn Bari; *Harriet Martin*, Binnie Barnes; *Roddy*, John Russell; *Martha Marshall*, Mary Forbes; *Benoit*, Albert Conti; *Nurse*, Marcelle Corday; *Bicycle Salesman*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Taxi Drivers*, George Davis and Ben Welden.

"AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by John Wexley and Jahn Huston. From the play by Barre Lyndon. Directed by Anatole Litvak. The Cast: *Dr. Clitterhouse*, Edward G. Robinson; *Jo Keller*, Claire Trevar; *"Rocks" Valentine*, Humphrey Bagart; *"Okay,"* Allen Jenkins; *Inspector Lane*, Danald Crisp; *Nurse Randolph*, Gale Page; *Judge*, Henry O'Neill; *Prasecuting Att'y*, Jahn Litel; *Grant*, Thurston Hall; *Butch*, Maxie Rasenbloam; *Pal*, Bert Hanlon; *Rabbit*, Curt Bois; *Tug*, Ward Band; *Popus*, Vladimir Sokalaff; *Candy*, Billy Wayne; *Li. Jahnson*, Robert Homans; *Foreman of the Jury*, Irving Bacon.

"CITY STREETS"—COLUMBIA.—Story by I. Bernstein. Screen play by Fred Niblo, Jr., and Lou Breslow. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. The Cast: *Winnie Brady*, Edith Fellows; *Joe Carmine*, Leo Carrillo; *Tommy Devlin*, Tommy Bond; *Mrs. Devlin*, Mary Gordon; *Miss North*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mike Shanahan*, Joseph King; *Father Ryan*, Frank Sheridan; *Dr. Goodman*, Arthur Loft; *Lupo*, George Humbert; *Dr. Fernac Waller*, Frank Reicher; *Mrs. Graham*, Grace Goodall.

"FAST COMPANY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Marco Page and Harold Tarshis. From the book by Marco Page. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The Cast: *Joel Sloane*, Melvyn Douglas; *Garda Sloane*, Florence Rice; *Julia Thorne*, Claire Dodd; *Ned Morgan*, Shepperd Strudwick; *Elias Z. Bannerman*, Louis Calhern; *Paul Terison*, Nat Pendleton; *Arnold Stamper*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Leah Brockler*, George Zucco; *Steve Langner*, Minor Watson; *Lieut. James Flanner*, Donald Douglas; *Sidney Z. Wheeler*, Dwight Frye; *District Attorney MacMillen*, Thurston Hall; *Danny Scoaldo*, Horace MacMahon.

"HAVING WONDERFUL TIME" — RKO-RADIO.—Original play by Arthur Kober. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Cast: *Teddy Shaw*, Ginger Rogers; *Chick Kirkland*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Fay Coleman*, Peggy Conklin; *Itchy Faulkner*, Richard "Red" Skelton; *Miriam*, Lucille Ball; *Henrietta*, Eve Arden; *P. U. Rogers*, Donald Meek; *Gus*, Grady Sutton; *Buzzy Armbruster*, Lee Bowman; *Mamma Shaw*, Leona Roberts; *Dad Shaw*, Harlan Briggs; *Emma Shaw*, Inez Courtney; *Charlie Shaw*, Dean Jagger; *Mabel Shaw*, Juanita Quigley; *Vivian Branner*, Ann Miller; *Henry Branner*, Kirk Windsor; *Maxine*, Dorothea Kent; *Emil Beatty*, Charles Lane; *Mac Pangborn*, Allan Lane; *Mr. G.*, Clarence Wilson; *Mrs. G.*, Margaret McWade; *Shrimpo*, Shimen Ruskin; *Waiters*, Russell Gleason, Gaylord Pendleton, Jack Chapin, Wesley Barry and Ben Hall; *Harvest Moon Kids*, Walter Cosden, Agnes Melcoll and The Vagabonds; *Grace*, Mary Bovard; *Singer*, Jane Rhodes; *Frances*, Dorothy Tree; *Mrs. Tannenbaum*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Gubbins*, Katherine Kenworthy; *Mr. Gubbins*, Billy Franey; *Tradesman*, Solly Ward; *Vinegar Face*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Handy Man*, George Cooper.

"KEEP SMILING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. Original idea by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. The Cast: *Jane Rand*, Jane Withers; *Carol Walters*, Gloria Stuart; *Jonathan Rand*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Mrs. Willoughby*, Helen Westley; *Jerome Lawson*, Jed Prouty; *Cedric Hunt*, Douglas Fowley; *Stanley Harper*, Robert Allen; *J. Howard Travers*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Mrs. Bowman*, Claudia Coleman; *Bettina Bowman*, Paula Rae Wright; *The Three Nelsons*, Themselves; *Violet*, Etta McDaniel; *Brutus*, Carmencita Johnson; *Froggy*, Mary McCarthy; *Casting Director*, Hal K. Dawson.

"LADIES IN DISTRESS" — REPUBLIC. — Screen play by Dorrell and Stuart McGowan from story idea by Dore Schary. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Josephine Bonney*, Alison Skipworth; *Lydia Bonney*, Polly Moran; *Braddock*, Robert Livingston; *Sally*, Virginia Grey; *Dave Evans*, Max Terhune; *Morgan*, Berton Churchill; *Roman*, Leonard Penn; *Second Thug*, Horace MacMahon; *Spade*, Allen Vincent; *First Thug*, Eddie Acuff; *Lieutenant*, Anthony Hughes; *Policeman*, Jack Carr; *Duncan*, Walter Sande; *Brown*, Billy Wayne.

"LITTLE MISS BROADWAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: *Betsy Brown*, Shirley Temple; *Roger Wendling*, George Murphy; *Jimmy Clayton*, Jimmy Durante; *Barbara Shea*, Phyllis Brooks; *Sarah Wendling*, Edna Mae Oliver; *Fiske*, George Barbier; *Pop Shea*, Edward Ellis; *Miss Hulchins*, Jane Darwell; *Ole*, El Brendel; *Willaughby Wendling*, Donald Meek; *Flossie*, Patricia Wilder; *Judge*, Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; *George and Olive Brasno*, Themselves; *Mike Brody*, Charles Williams; *Simmons*, Charles Coleman; *Perry*, Russell Hicks; *Specialty*, Brian Sisters; *Guests*, Brewster Twins; *Miss Blodgett*, Claire DuBrey; *Detective*, Robert Gleckler; *Miles*, C. Montague Shaw; *Pool*, Frank Dae; *Scully*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Members of the Band*, Eddie Collins, Syd Saylor, Jerry Colonna, Heinie Conklin; *Taxi Driver*, Ben Weldon.

"LITTLE TOUGH GUY" — UNIVERSAL. — Original story by Brenda Weisberg. Screen play by Gilson Brown and Brenda Weisberg. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: *Paul Wilson*, Robert Wilcox; *Kay Boylan*, Helen Parrish; *Johnny Boylan*, Billy Halop; *Mrs. Boylan*, Marjarie Main; *Cyril Gerrard*, Jackie Searl; *Rita Belle*, Peggy Stewart; *"The Pie Alley Kids"* ("The Dead End Kids"), Huntz Hall, Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsley, David Gorcey, Hally Chester.

"MERIDIAN 7—1212"—20TH CENTURY-FOX. —Screen play by Jerry Cady. Based on an original story by Irving Reis. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: *Margie Ross*, Gloria Stuart; *Barney*, Michael Whalen; *Dutch Moran*, Douglas Fowley; *Johnny Martin*, Robert Kellard; *Snapper*, Chick Chandler; *Polly*, Jane Darwell; *Helen Thomas*, Jean Rogers; *Muriel*, June Gale; *Peggy Norton*, Ruth Hussey; *Capt. Callins*, Cliff Clark; *Blackie*, Peter Lynn; *Eddie*, Edward Marr; *Phillip Gregory*, Lester Matthews.

"MY BILL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Vincent Sherman and Robertson White. From the play "Courage," by Tom Barry. Directed by John Farrow. The Cast: *Mary Colbrook*, Kay Francis; *Gwen Colbrook*, Bonita Granville; *Muriel Colbrook*, Anita Louise; *Reginald Colbrook*, Bobby Jordon; *Mr. Rudlin*, John Litel; *Bill Colbrook*, Dickie Maare; *Beulah*, Bernice Pilot; *Lynn Willard*, Maurice Murphy; *Aunt Caroline*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Crasby*, Helena Phillips Evans; *Florist*, Jahn Ridgely; *Secretary*, Jan Holm; *Jenner*, Sidney Bracy.

"PASSPORT HUSBAND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based an an ariginal story by Hilda Stone. Screen play by Karen De Wolf and Rabert Chapin. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: *Henry Cabot*, Stuart Erwin; *Mary Jane Clayton*, Pauline Moore; *Tiger Martin*, Douglas Fowley; *Canchita Montez*, Joan Woodbury; *Ted Markson*, Robert Lowery; *Blackie Bennet*, Harold Huber; *Spike*, Edward S. Brophy; *H. C. Walton*, Paul McVey; *Bull*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Duke Seltan*, Joseph Sawyer.

"PROFESSOR, BEWARE"—HAROLD LLOYD-PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Delmer Daves and Jack Cunningham. Original story by Crampton Harris, Francis M. and Marian B. Cockrell. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Professor Dean Lambert*, Harold Lloyd; *Jane Van Buren*, Phyllis Welch; *Judge Marshall*, Raymond Walburn; *Groom*, Sterling Halloway; *Jerry*, Lionel Stander; *"Snoop" Donlan*, William Frawley; *Bride*, Mary Lou Lender; *Penn. Cop Na. 1*, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams; *Penn. Cap No. 2*, Ward Bond; *Sheriff*, Spencer Charters; *Landlady*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Van Buren*, Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Pitts*, Cora Witherspoon.

"ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST" — MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Marian Orth. From an original story, "Her Father's Daughter," by Gene Stratton-Porter. Directed by William Nigh. The Cast: *Laurie*, Jean Parker; *Wayne*, Eric Linden; *Chris*, Hollis Jewell; *Nora*, Marjorie Main; *Corson*, Edward Pawley; *Mrs. Parker*, Betty Blythe; *Nathan*, George Cleveland; *Sarah*, Sarah Padden; *Judge*, Guy Usher; *Abner*, Jack Kennedy; *Ruth*, Jean O'Neill; *Janes*, Harry Harvey.

"SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Waldo Salt. From a story by Dana Burnet. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: *Daisy Heath*, Margaret Sullavan; *Bill Pettigrew*, James Stewart; *Sam Bailey*, Walter Pidgeon; *Martha*, Hattie McDaniel; *"Dice,"* Nat Pendleton; *"Thin Lips,"* Alan Curtis; *"Leer,"* Sam Levene; *Wilsan*, Charley Grapewin; *Sally*, Eleanor Lynn; *McGonigle*, Charles D. Brown.

"SOUTH RIDING"—KORDA-UNITED ARTISTS. —Adapted by Ian Dalrymple from the novel by Winifred Holtby. Directed by Victor Saville. The Cast: *Sarah Burton*, Edna Best; *Robert Carne*, Ralph Richardson; *Huggins*, Edmund Gwenn; *Madge Carne*, Ann Todd; *Mrs. Beddows*, Marie Lohr; *Alderman Snaith*, Milton Rosmer; *Astell*, John Clements; *Mr. Holly*, Edward Lexy; *Mrs. Holly*, Josephine Wilson; *Lydia Holly*, Joan Ellum; *Tadman*, Gus McNaughton; *Midge Carne*, Glynis Johns; *Castle*, Herbert Lomas; *Bessie Warbuckle*, Peggy Novak; *Lord Sedgmire*, Lewis Casson.

"SPEED TO BURN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play hy Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on an original story by Edwin Dial Torgerson. Directed by Otto Brower. The Cast: *Matt Kerry*, Michael Whalen; *Marion Clark*, Lynn Bari; *Tim Turner*, Marvin Stephens; *Papa Gambini*, Henry Armetta; *Sport Fields*, Chick Chandler; *Hastings*, Sidney Blackmer; *Tony Gambini*, Jolinnie Pirrone; *Pop Williams*, Charles D. Brawn; *Mrs. Gambini*, Inez Palange.

"WIVES UNDER SUSPICION"—UNIVERSAL. —Screen play by Myles Connolly. Original story idea by Ladislas Fodor. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: *Jim Stowell*, Warren William; *Lucy Stowell*, Gail Patrick; *Phil*, William Lundigan; *Elizabeth*, Constance Moore; *Sharpy*, Cecil Cunningham; *Shaw MacAllen*, Ralph Morgan; *Dave Marrow*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Creola*, Lillian Yarbo; *Kirk*, Milburn Stone; *Jenks*, James Flavin; *Judge Johnsan*, Edward Stanley.

"WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play and produced by Edward Chodorov. From the story "Enemy Territory" by Margaret Culkin Banning. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. The Cast: *Stephen Holland*, Herbert Marshall; *Maris Kent*, Virginia Bruce; *Cynthia Holland*, Mary Astor; *Mrs. Holland*, Janet Beecher; *Mrs. Kingsley*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ellen*, Juanita Quigley; *Grandma*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Dora*, Sarah Padden; *Alice*, Betty Ross Clarke; *Mrs. Morton*, Dorothy Christy; *Morton*, Morgan Wallace; *Senator Kingsley*, Joseph Creehan.

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"What a blow I got when I blew . . .

1 For years I never gave romance a thought. I was too busy making a success of my little shop. But now, late each evening as I closed its doors a pang of loneliness smote me. I realized the truth: I missed the companionship of men. Why were they so indifferent to me? Nearing 30, why was I 'manless'?

2 "I began to take stock of myself. Age? Twenty-nine. Brains? Yes. Success? Yes. Hair and teeth? Good. Figure? Perfect. Clothes? Smart. Personality? Adequate. What did I lack? I was soon to find out—and it took my own birthday party to teach me the bitter truth.

3 "Mother had invited several eligible men—among them George Gray, whom I thought the most attractive man I'd ever seen. He had asked me to dinner once or twice, but that was all. Of course I had to blow the candles out. There were 25 instead of 29 (thanks to Mother's tact). But hard as I blew, not one candle yielded—you'd have thought they were wired to the electric light circuit. Everybody laughed.

" 'Poor Mabel,' someone said, 'An old maid to the bitter end!' But I thought there was a little venom in the remark. I thought, also, that George Gray and the others drew away as I blew upon the candles. Was I mistaken? Or just sensitive?

"Later, I had to run upstairs for a wrap. In the adjoining room Jay Jones and George Gray were talking. I couldn't help but overhear. 'Mabel didn't have any luck with the candles,' Jay was saying. 'Guess her breath wasn't strong enough.' 'Not strong enough!' George chortled. 'You don't know Mabel well or you wouldn't say that. It's *too* strong. That's Mabel's trouble. She doesn't use Listerine. That's why I quit calling on her. Too bad, too . . . she's such a peach otherwise.' I never forgot the humiliating lesson I learned that night.

4 "From that day on I used Listerine morning and night, and between times before social engagements. Instead of dodging me, people now began to seek me out. I gave less time to business and 'went gay' indeed—and I made up my mind that somehow I'd make George Gray want to see me again.

5 "My chance came several weeks later at the country club dance.

"George cut in out of sheer politeness the first time. But the second and third time—and the seventh, it wasn't politeness. It was *interest*. The following Sunday he came to call—aud he's been calling three times a week ever since.

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Gala Anniversary Number

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On the Cover—Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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BIRTHDAY BOW:

WITH this issue the NEW PHOTOPLAY celebrates its first birthday.

The October 1937 number gave up the usual film magazine format for the style and format of the great women's magazines of America.

Success of PHOTOPLAY in the "luxury" format was instantaneous—despite the late "recession" an average of about forty thousand new readers bought the magazine on newsstands each month and seventy-seven new advertisers have expressed their approval in terms of contracts.

Last year's October issue introduced Gilbert Seldes, Dixie Willson and Lowell Thomas—and these three are to be found again in this October issue. Other nationally known writers introduced were Eleanor Roosevelt, Erle Stanley Gardner, Temple Bailey, Marjorie Hillis, Jimmie Fidler, Louella Parsons, Louis Sobol and Irving Hoffman. Adela Rogers St. Johns was represented by her widely discussed series, "Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood," as was the vastly popular Faith Baldwin with several impressive movie articles.

Art Editor Heyworth Campbell enlisted the services of America's greatest illustrators—Wallace Morgan, Russell Patterson, C. D. Mitchell, McClelland Barclay, Frederick Gruger, John La Gatta, Galbraith, Carl Mueller, Mario Cooper and Vincentini.

Thus PHOTOPLAY, although concerned primarily with things cinematic, has left the film field behind to explore, from a more widely general viewpoint, what interests men and women who love the movies without being hypnotized by them.

E.V.H.

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BOOS AND Bouquets

With a bad start in "Dinner at the Ritz," imported Annabella takes another whack at fame in 20th Century-Fox's gigantic "Suez," with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: $25 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and $1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

FIRST PRIZE $25.00

THE WINNER!

OUT here in California, we look on movie people as our neighbors and friends.

A few weeks ago, I woke up one morning to find a Paramount truck almost in our front yard. Just around the corner, on a quiet little side street, Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray were hard at work on "Sing You Sinners." Every kid in town . . . and a nice crowd of grownups followed that truck just as they would a circus parade. They couldn't lose us!

Now, I'm almost sixteen years old. I've been a movie fan for half my life. But I learned more about movie stars in that week or so than I ever learned from the many pictures I've seen on the screen. To tell the truth, I'd always had the sort of feeling that working in the movies was something like falling into a feather bed. Pretty soft! Just playing around a while in front of a camera . . . and then playing around some more with the dough you made.

Now I know. I know that movie people must get just as hot standing around in the sun as other people do. Their feet must get tired. They must be just as bored with going over a silly little scene a hundred times . . . and then going over it all over again. I got tired. But Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray kept right on smiling and writing autographs. I saw Bing do one scene in which he had to prime a pump all day . . . and, when I saw the preview, the scene had been cut out entirely. Just so much waste motion.

I'm beginning to believe that working in the movies is . . . working. It means earning your money. Other folks can work in peace, without the assistance of the dear public peeking through hedges at them, leaning from roofs over their head, but I saw how men had to push back slightly crazy movie fans in order to prevent wasting many feet of film and hours of time.

I'm not so sure but what I may change my movie ambitions from now on and become a plumber. Right now it seems kind of simple and easy.

FERNANDO LOPEZ,
Pomona, Calif.

P.S. The Clark Gable cover was swell. Just the same old smile and everything. You'll get plenty of letters on him.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

SHIRLEY—AMERICA'S SWEETIE PIE

A couple of weeks ago, I left my office one Saturday afternoon to meet my wife and go to the movies. Immediately after the feature they announced they would show a preview of Shirley Temple's latest picture, "Little Miss Broadway." Just then the lights flashed on. The theater was packed to capacity and the crowd went wild as they spotted our prodigious little star being escorted to her seat. The applause continued to ring throughout the entire picture — let me tell you that little girl is loved. . . .

We were very fortunate in having seats a couple of rows from Shirley. I wish I could tell the world that Shirley is a charming and unspoiled child. She left immediately after the preview—only to run into thousands of admirers who had gathered outside the theater, struggling to get a glimpse of her.

"Little Miss Broadway" was marvelous entertainment. You may cry a little, but you will get many laughs for every tear you shed.

The following morning, I passed the Mayflower Hotel. Just as I got to the side entrance I met Shirley with her father and mother, who certainly were gracious to the people who had gathered there to see their daughter. The lovely little star passed out several autographed cards which read, "Love, Shirley Temple" and had a photograph of her in the corner. When she handed me a card, I lost my heart. As the big black limousine roared away, I said, "There's the grandest little girl in all the world."

JOSEPH F. SANTON,
Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00

HOW TO STAY HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

I wonder if you have any idea what movies mean to the Young-Marrieds? Before you were married you took movies in your stride—several a week, probably—and it didn't matter too much whether they were good or not, for at least it gave you the chance to be alone.

After you're married, though, you shop around for movies and choose them for themselves. When there is coal to be paid for, house rent, and, after a time, probably orange juice and cod liver oil, you don't feel like throwing away a dollar on a poor show. Therefore, a movie becomes something to look forward to, and one item of your courting days still holds good—a picture theater is practically the only place of amusement where you can recapture that intimate sense of there being only two persons in the world who matter—and those two are your husband and yourself.

And if, for some reason, your feelings have been a bit ruffled before you go, there's a good chance that, as the romance unfolds on the screen, you'll begin to wonder why you were so impatient. For, after all, the man beside you still spells romance, and it's easier to make up in the dimness of the theater than to say you're sorry when the lights are brighter.

The picture over, perhaps you hurry home so as not to keep the girl who stayed with The Young Man too late. Then you'll raid the icebox, bring your cocoa and sandwiches into the living room, feeling relaxed and gay, to talk the picture over. All in all, I think movies should have some award for Achievement in the Promotion of Married Happiness.

LINDA DOUGLASS,
Terre Haute, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE

FOR ADULTS ONLY

We have noted with interest your feature, "For Adults Only," in a recent issue—especially the two pictures on venereal diseases, "Damaged Goods" and "Damaged Lives." May I congratulate you on your interesting presentation of films relating to social subjects.

Our staff is particularly interested in your comments as to whether films of this kind succeed in their avowed aim to educate the public. For the record, I would like to say that in the case of the film, "Damaged Lives," at least, social hygiene agencies in communities where it was shown were able to make quite definite measurements of its educational effect on the public through increased attendance at clinics for venereal diseases.

Both in this country and abroad, communities making such measurements noted an increase of 25% or more in the number of infected persons seeking treatment from physicians and clinics.

JEAN B. PINNEY, Associate Director,
The American Social Hygiene Association, Inc.
New York, N Y.

(Continued on page 84)

The Great Pulitzer Prize Play

NOW THE YEAR'S MOST OUTSTANDING PICTURE!

FRANK CAPRA

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

with

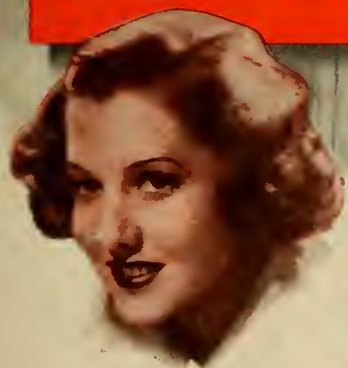
JEAN ARTHUR · LIONEL BARRYMORE · JAMES STEWART · EDWARD ARNOLD

Mischa Auer · Ann Miller · Spring Byington · Samuel S. Hinds · Donald Meek · H. B. Warner

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART

A Columbia Picture

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Directed by FRANK CAPRA



Miss JEAN ARTHUR
as lovely Alice Sycamore

Mr. LIONEL BARRYMORE
as grand Grandpa Vanderhof

Mr. JAMES STEWART
as dashing Tony Kirby

Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD
as staid Anthony P. Kirby

Memorable Stage Characters America Will Never Forget! Now . . . At Last . . . Brought To New Life On The Screen By This Great All Star Cast!

BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (*June*)

★ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade told in music. That's what it is—and perfectly swell, too! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich renegade to ragtime, Alice Faye, a honky-tonk singer, and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (*Aug.*)

★ ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-paced melodrama of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the sheer lovely sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr which will get you ga-ga. (*Sept.*)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

Though overly sentimental in spots, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believeable and human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show and emerges a child star who will bear watching. Women will go for this. (*Sept.*)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warners

Though Eddie Robinson ostensibly is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical treatise, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, sinister as ever. Director Litvak, Robinson himself, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (*Sept.*)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he outwits a gang of museum thieves with the help of *Ace*, the Wonder Dog, and blonde Whitney Bourne. Eduardo Ciannelli grimmer than grim. (*Aug.*)

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a velvety mixture of romance and high adventure, superbly produced, superbly directed byWilliam Dieterle (of "Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (*July*)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Waiter, pass the aspirin! (*July*)

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this hokum story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carrillo). She regains the use of her legs in time to totter to *his* sickbed—the picture's a bit sick, too. (*Sept.*)

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owen's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (*July*)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue get together in this rah rah goulash which has some snatches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn't quite jell into a top-notch picture. (*July*)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A rib-tickling take-off on the lads from Brooklyn who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell is the hobo musician who stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Powell's heart's delight. (*Aug.*)

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they lift a somewhat grim social-problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (*July*)

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Bea Lillie (funnier than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis and Fred Keating give you their best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and it's all mirth and a yard wide. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heiress. A success. (*July*)

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wabbly imitation of the gay-banter-Thin-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracking the murderer of a fence who purloins their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (*Sept.*)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an English general in India. They uncover plenty of chicanery among the munitioneers. Loretta Young is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Saunders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (*July*)

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Penner again—sans duck, getting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does nicely. (*July*)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

The latest of the "Gold Digger" musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Snickelfritz Band in it. The slim story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in gay Paree. Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. (*Aug.*)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remains a highly amusing human story. Dramatizing the desire of the business gal for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Bronx to a mountain camp where she meets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a lawyer-to-be waiting on tables for his tuition. Cupid takes a hand then. (*Sept.*)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Maureen O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, meet at a swank wedding. Both pretend to be something they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for yourself. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in. (*Aug.*)

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions; Katie is the rebellious older sister who helps him to escape too much money. (Imagine!) Lew Ayres is miraculous as the drunken young brother. (*Aug.*)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Lynne Overman (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter), and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (*Aug.*)

★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ameche and Robert Young attempt to free their papa from the clutches of a gold-digging night-club singer whom they think is Simone Simon. When Simone turns out to be all sweetness and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Nutty but very nice. (*July*)

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers escapes from her snobbish girls' school, hitchhikes West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the bottle. With the help of secretary Gloria Stuart, Jane reforms uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (*Sept.*)

★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

Those crack-pot Ritz Brothers riding the crest of their newest laugh wave pretending to be shootin', feudin' hill-billies, to win a radio contract. Tony Martin is in fine voice and Marjorie Weaver looks her prettiest. Three thumping cheers. (*July*)

★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story with Freddie Bartholomew matchlessly playing the Scotch laddie whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith. Arleen Whelan justifies her stardom ballyhoo by turning out to be accomplished as well as beautiful. Honorable mention. (*July*)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

Imagine Alison Skipworth as Mayor in a racketeer-ridden city. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this roundelay of fun. (*Sept.*)

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Universal

Despite the gruesome title, this is a breezy small scale mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the unknown murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (*Aug.*)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Little Miss Temple skips happily between an orphanage run by Jane Darwell, and a boardinghouse for broken-down vaudevillians run by Edward Ellis, and keeps your interest in her delightful talents sparkling throughout her latest picture. George Murphy's dance routines are expert; Phyllis Brooks is the light love interest. Another bull's-eye for Shirley. (*Sept.*)

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED—Warners

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this trim story of race-track lore. Little Janet Chapman (Warners' wonder chile) adopts gamblers John Litel and Frank McHugh, later brings them love and lucre. Ann Sheridan is the femininity. (*July*)

★ LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

There's no indication that the "Dead End" brats have gone "rahfeened" in Hollywood. Back at their tough tricks, they focus all your attention on them in this heart-rending story of a middle-class family's impoverishment and subsequent decline to crime. Reform school again points a moral, but even if you know the story you must see these amazing youngsters do their stuff. (*Sept.*)

(*Continued on page 8*)

The wily-eyed gentleman above is the governor in 20th Century-Fox's "Hold That Co-Ed," best known to his voters as John Barrymore

HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Janes and Bortan Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ LORD JEFF—M-G-M

An appealing story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney battling each other for acting honors the whole way. Take the family. (*Aug.*)

MERIDIAN 7-1212—20th Century-Fox

The title is taken from the New York telephone exchange which gives the correct time. It all fits in with a newsman's idea of who committed what murder when. Michael Whalen is nicely competent as the journalist; Gloria Stuart plays hoh with his heart (*Sept.*)

MY BILL—Warners

The big idea in this business of motherhood and sacrifice is that Kay Francis (of all people) is the doting mama of four kidlets ranging from adolescent, bratty Bonita Granville to little Dickie Moore. Dickie is O.K., saves the family fortune and the picture, too. (*Sept.*)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with an attempted assassination of steel king Henry Wilcoxon, this mystery is handled by suave Peter Lorre, Oriental detective, in top style. Mary Maguire is the love angle. If you like *Moto* films. (*Aug.*)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

A meekly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York policeman) Paul Kelly vie for the hand of pretty nursie Sally Eilers. Kelly convinces Sally that Larry is a murderer and the fade-out is what you expected all the time. (*July*)

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

This will bore you with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is the society reporter who solves the mystery of the disappearance of the town's leading citizens. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is villainish. (*Aug.*)

OVER THE WALL—Warners

Based on a story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, this is solid entertainment if you like social themes with your after-dinner coffee. Dick Foran is the bully who lands in the hoosegow; John Litel the patient chaplain; June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell help in supporting rôles. (*July*)

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

If you enjoy suspense well seasoned with slapstick, here you have it. Stuart Irwin plans his usual dopey-dope rôle as the husband of a Latin dancer, Joan Woodbury, who marries him to escape deportation. Gangsters step in to complicate the sit-yee-ashun. (*Sept.*)

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

After all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies, and, amazingly enough, its gags seem a little bewhiskered with age. He plays a professor of Egyptology, decides he's the reincarnation of *Nefaris*, gets mixed up with the police, has a light romance with pretty newcomer Phyllis Welch. You'll see it because it *is* Lloyd's. (*Sept.*)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (*June*)

PRISON NURSE—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hoosegow. Marian Marsh and John Arledge are around. Pointless. (*Aug.*)

PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI, THE—Hullinger Prod.

A highly interesting pictorial summary of the life of Mussolini. Whether you are for or against Fascism, you will like Edwin Ware Hullinger's unusual shots of the dictator at home with his family, at work and at play. Good current history. (*Aug.*)

★ RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Universal

To introduce Danielle Darrieux, their new French star, Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of mistaken identity. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle's favor, and Helen Broderick the friend in need who sets out to get her protegé a rich husband. Mlle. Darrieux' charm surpasses the hallyhoo. See for yourself. (*Aug.*)

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

This is Jane Withers' picnic, and Jane comes through dancing, singing and clowning with flying colors. The plot has to do with Rochelle Hudson's amnesia and her kidnapping by gypsies. Robert Wilcox is her beau. Borrah Minnevitch furnishes the music with his harmonica band. (*July*)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

Sincerity and simplicity give charm to this Gene Stratton-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905. Jean Parker is lovely as the swamp girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Main and Betty Blythe, the silent queen, do nicely. (*Sept.*)

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those $100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Pat Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Turn your head the other way. (*July*)

★ SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

The hero of Leslie Charteris' popular mystery thriller comes to life in the person of Louis Hayward, and a fine job he does too—wiping out a major crime wave with the help of Kay Sutton. Calculated to set your spine tingling. (*July*)

★ SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

For the second time this year Margaret Sullavan and soldiers make a marvelous combination. Jimmy Stewart is the gangling, idealistic cowboy whom Maggie, a hard-shelled chorine, marries when he's sent overseas because she wishes his dream of her to remain unbroken. Walter Pidgeon is her jealous manager. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropical isle. A planeful of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans and others, and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with racketeers. Dopey and dull. (*July*)

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (acting) duty and they certainly did! The story concerns the members of a county council and the reaction of their personal loves on their public acts during a political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall's wife) are all excellent. Don't miss this. (*Sept.*)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Rowdy fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet is sold to the mounted police; Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a bunch of crooks. Surprise, surprise, the horsey wins! (*Sept.*)

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of ye old Mack Sennett days. The boys are mousetrap salesmen who journey to Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with composer Walter Woolf King. The singing is pleasant but doesn't save you from the doldrums. (*Aug.*)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

GIVE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 96.

1. She's been off the screen for several years, but she's making her comeback in "There Goes My Heart" with Fredric March:

Nancy Carroll — **Gloria Swanson**
Peggy Shannon — **Colleen Moore**

2. Movies generally aren't filmed in their regular sequence. Scenes taking place on a certain set are usually shot first, regardless of their position in the picture. The only movie that was ever filmed in regular sequence was:

Lights of New York — **Street Scene**
Dead End — **Tropic Holiday**

3. This actress will make her debut as a singer in "Ziegfeld Girl":

Iso Mirondo — **Ilona Massey**
Claire Trevor — **Joan Crawford**

4. Because she acted as publicity head at Selznick's for a week, this star was named honorary mayor of Culver City:

Ginger Rogers — **Mary Astor**
Carole Lombard — **Dorothy Lamour**

5. He's a fine director now, but he used to be rated as one of the best light comedians on the stage and screen:

W. S. Von Dyke — **Frank Capra**
Gregory La Cava — **Elliott Nugent**

—or is redheaded Nancy Carroll the answer to that debatable first question?

Is Gloria Swanson, young and lovely as ever, the answer to question No. 1?

6. This actress has been borrowed from Columbia by Hal Roach to do "Water Gypsies":

Margo — **Margaret Sullavan**
Jean Arthur — **Olivia de Havilland**

7. Dual rôles are difficult to play and to photograph, but they've been done on the screen for a long time. The first actor to talk to himself was:

Jack Mulhall — **Ronald Colman**
Clive Brook — **John Barrymore**

8. This actor sailed for England recently to play on the London stage in "Idiot's Delight" and was married to a non-professional before he left:

Ralph Forbes — **Leif Erikson**
Lee Tracy — **Humphrey Bogart**

9. Do you remember when Rudolph Valentino made "Monsieur Beaucaire"? Well, it's going to be remade and this actor will play the rôle Valentino made famous:

Robert Taylor — **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**
Dick Powell — **Tyrone Power**

10. She's been in pictures for years, but she announced that she'd retire from the screen when her present contract is up:

Glenda Farrell — **Kay Francis**
Madge Evans — **Alice Brady**

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination!) in *the* most thrilling picture of the month. Gable is a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna is his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (*June*)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joan Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes of married life. Good work! (*June*)

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver in the prize package of all the recent stories of modern maidens' efforts to bag a rich husband. Maybe you don't admire the type, but you'll find the way they reconcile wealth and love highly amusing. (*Aug.*)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullavan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (*June*)

★ TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

Another picture in the "Gone With the Wind" trend, having Academy Winner Luise Rainer playing beautifully one of those frivolous pre-Civil War maidens who brings out the dueling instinct among Southern swains. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, Boh Young, her lover, Barbara O'Neil her sister. Well done, as M-G-M's things usually are. (*July*)

★ TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—with not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screwy Hollywood writer looking for a screen romance; love comes in real life through Dorothy Lamour. Tito Guizar's songs, the Ensenada Singers, the comedy of Bob Burns and Martha Raye—all are elegant. (*Aug.*)

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-bang Western introducing a new cowboy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the son of a Congressman, he goes to Washington, wangles a Federal Water project for ranches in the Dust Bowl. Barrels of fun. (*July*)

★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

Splendidly written, well directed, romantic and humorous without being sentimental or slapstick this is a picture worth seeing twice! Ginger Rogers, lovelier than ever, is a Broadway singer who marries a small-town botany professor (Jimmie Stewart) from an ultra Puritanical family. The cast is perfection and so is the picture! (*July*)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of James Stephenson by analysing the horoscopes of the suspects. At this point the action in the picture lies down and dies—but if you want to check on your own astrological character (who doesn't?) you might like this novelty. (*Aug.*)

★ WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lloyd Douglas' story of renunciation, stuffed with preachments, but the fine acting of Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper will enthrall you. Fay is the good Samaritan who takes over a professor's run-down household, brings Jackie through the pangs of lazy adolescence, eggs Claude Rains on to bigger and better inventions. Worthwhile. (*Aug.*)

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William is her obstinate district attorney husband who discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder. The cast is fine, the material stodgy. (*Sept.*)

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated and charming trio in this modern tale of divorce and remarriage. Its setting is a small town, always good opportunity for homely comedy and recognizable happenings. Juanita Quigley is the child torn between devotion to both parents (*Sept.*)

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligently directed and beautifully acted, describing the work done by doctors to fight yellow fever in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Bob Montgomery is the soldier who risks his life for scientific research. Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Alan Curtis and others are admirable support. (*Aug.*)

YOU AND ME—Paramount

You have seen both Sylvia Sidney and George Raft hounded by the law too many times to find any freshness in this story of two paroled convicts who marry each other. George backslides to his old gang, is brought up short by the little woman. Peerless photography, but little else. (*Aug.*)

Exciting Shoes by

JOLÉNE STYLED in HOLLYWOOD

$3 to 4

STYLED JUST LIKE THOSE YOU'LL SEE THIS FALL AT HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS

Santa Anita

Who said that fashionable shoes had to be expensive? Here are styles destined to steal the fashion spotlight at Hollywood's popular Santa Anita Race Track, yet priced so reasonably that you can afford several pairs.

Thank Jolene, ace fashion observer, for the advanced footwear styles that are first sponsored by Hollywood's best dressed women.

You can be thrifty and still wear authentic Hollywood creations by insisting on Jolene Shoes this fall. Ask your dealer to show you the new Jolene models that cost only $3 to $4.

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Maid Marianne...from the rollicking adventurous days of Robin Hood...new platform sole.

Zephyr...light...airy... beautifully perforated stepin.

Stroller...exquisite Alligator* side strop for daytime wear. *Soft, smooth, calfskin.

Sunset...walled stepin lightly perforated and laced.

Everglades...smart Alligator oxford cleverly styled of soft, smooth, luxurious calfskin.

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Glamorous Paramount Star says, "You've won fashion's approval Jolene, by styling your shoes in Hollywood."

See ELEANORE WHITNEY in the new PARAMOUNT PICTURE "CAMPUS CONFESSIONS"

JOLENE FASHION SHOES are distributed by TOBER-SAIFER SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

A scene from A. J. Cronin's "The Citadel," starring Robert Donat

The Executive Editor of PHOTOPLAY takes a vacation looking over movies in Europe

SCRATCH a European and you'll find a movie fan.

While European leaders rub political theories together like boy scouts their sticks of wood, threatening to turn Europe into an unquenchable holocaust, there's one thing everybody has in common—the cinema.

Herr Hitler may say "No" to "Blockade" for political reasons, as he did to "Lost Horizon" for "artistic reasons" or to Eddie Cantor for personal reasons. The Lord Chamberlain may ban "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" because it will frighten little children out of their British accents. La Belle France may turn out a highly praised film, "Pepe le Moko," unintelligible to the rest of the world, until it is transcribed into international film language by Hollywood under the title "Algiers." Signor Mussolini may view with jaundiced eye the entertainments of a community which gave the hot-foot to his son Vittorio. In fact, you may find the most curious inhibitions and nationalistic restrictions all over cinematic Europe, but can you find me a European who isn't in some measure as movie-mad as you and I?

You might be surprised to see in Amsterdam, as I did on my recent trip, a huge painted portrait of Olivia de Havilland in front of a theater quaintly called "The Roxy." You would be surprised not only because the portrait is such a bad likeness of lovely Livvie (that being the way of Dutch posters) but also because the title on the marquee will throw you for a loss. Perhaps your Dutch is better than mine, but I dare you to find me a less intelligible and more poisonous movie title than this one: "Een Liefdesgeschiedenis in de Comedie Francaise."

We simple-minded Americans called the picture "The Great Garrick!"

(My Dutch informant told me that the literal translation of the formidable title is "A Love Affair in the Comedie Francaise," which doesn't sound nearly so frightening once you get the hang of it.)

Or, if you wandered on the Champs Élysées one superbly hot summer's day and then, to avoid the jostling crowd and the hectic screech of Parisian taxicab horns, entered the cinema beyond Le Rond Point, you would find "Snow White" quite as enchanting if less intelligible with her French lingo and the Dwarfs, even Dopey, quite as amusing in their Gallic incarnations.

NO matter how you look at it, everybody goes to the movies, and mostly to American movies! And everybody tries to emulate them.

In London, for instance, the most important productions in work seemed to me to be those which represented a well-mannered and friendly collaboration between American and British talents. At Denham, where I was taken one bright Monday late in June, I found three companies in action, all of them under different sponsorship but all of them virtually under the same roof. There is a spirit of co-operation at the Denham studio which is quite astounding, considering that all three companies are rivals. Underneath the pleasant camaraderie (for instance, everyone meets at noon in the same commissary and a visitor such as myself is gracefully shifted from one rival set to another) someone might find the sort of bad feeling that so frequently exists between studios in Hollywood—but if it was there I missed it.

I spent part of the day with a very charming gentleman named Geoffrey Carter, who is in charge of publicity for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, at the moment filming "The Citadel." Later in the day when he found out that I wanted to meet the "Prison Without Bars" company he gracefully arranged a meeting with John Myers, who is in charge of publicity for London Films.

This atmosphere of friendliness is only one reason that Denham is an experience. As King Vidor, the director of "The Citadel," put it: "Everything was so different in London when my wife and I first arrived here—until we walked out on this set. Here, except for a few British colloquialisms, it's a dead ringer for a Hollywood set. They don't use the word grip for the electrician—but aside from that I can't see any difference!"

I WATCHED a scene in which Robert Donat is portraying one of the more dissolute moments in the life of *Doctor Andrew Manson.* Unless my observation, heightened by my extreme interest in the important production, was faulty, this studio operates on a par with the finest studio in Hollywood. Lest you think this is the influence entirely of the great production methods of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I can tell you that the other companies under the same roof proceeded with equal efficiency, softened by that magnificent aura of *delay* which is so quintessentially a part of a Hollywood set.

London Films is remaking a great French success called "Prison Sans Barreaux," which stars Corinne Luchaire and which is to be presented to the English-speaking public with the same star under the title "Prison Without Bars."

Corinne Luchaire (above right), playing in "Prison Without Bars," is spoken of as one of the "finds" of the year. Even H. G. Wells (above) proved himself a movie fan and makes a startling statement

Miss Luchaire, whom I met briefly, is so attractive a blonde that she does not need to be beautiful. She seems not at all movie-wise, but is spoken of as one of the "finds" of the year. In her company is Edna Best, wife of Herbert Marshall, who seems to me to be the most gallant and engaging Englishwoman I have met.

Herbert Wilcox is producing a sequel to "Queen Victoria," titled "Sixty Glorious Years." Again Anne Nagel will play Victoria and Anton Walbrook will play Albert, but I question the wisdom of this sort of historical sequel, from a box-office standpoint.

When I had lunch with Robert Donat and Geoffrey Carter in the commissary, a jovial Charles Laughton sat at the table beside me; near by was Ruth Chatterton, who was making "A Royal Divorce"; Pierre Blanchar, who did such *(Continued on page 83)*

"Born for Romance"—

Lovely Loretta Young
tells other girls a secret that wins..

• BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS are a matter of course to Loretta. "It's easy *not* to get constant runs," she says. "I just trust to Lux instead of luck." Lux saves elasticity—cuts down runs.

"DAINTINESS IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF CHARM," says gorgeous Loretta Young. "Luckily, it isn't a matter of dollars, but of Lux!"

Even before screen success came, this charming star had dozens of beaux who thought her handed-down clothes, fastidiously fresh, looked like a million dollars. She still looks out for her wardrobe personally—insists on Lux for its care. "Thanks to Lux, my personal things look so wonderful I can't bear to throw them away," she says.

Luxing dresses, undies, stockings keeps them immaculately fresh—colors lovely looking longer. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor, yet it has no harmful alkali—eliminates injurious cake-soap rubbing.

• LORETTA YOUNG poses in a charming negligee (below). Her evening dress (right) is white jersey. Her washable screen costumes, like her own personal things, are cared for with Lux.

• 20TH CENTURY-FOX stars Loretta in a new screen romance, "Suez."

• LEADING HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS specify Lux for all washables. "It keeps them in perfect condition for the camera," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor at 20th Century-Fox.

for daintiness

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME . . .
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE . . .
THAT'S SONJA NOW, *SO* DAINTY, *SO* DESIRABLE, *SO* INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR

with

JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger

a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!
"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

When a dream died another Hollywood marriage took the count. This month Miss Waterbury analyzes the reasons behind the Crawford-Tone separation and discusses the brilliant rise of Hedy Lamarr

LAUGHS of the Hollywood Month—or—Occasionally the Life of a Movie Producer Isn't All Beer and Bonuses: M-G-M, early last spring made "Yellow Jack," a very scholarly, distinguished (and pretty dull) production about the discovery of the yellow-fever germ . . . it was a fine, big "A" production . . . when it went out to the theaters, the theater managers couldn't just buy it outright and take whatever profits they could get . . . no, siree . . . "Yellow Jack" was a class production . . . a very a "A" . . . theaters could have it only on a percentage basis, paying back to M-G-M a cut on the fortunes it was expected to reap. . . .

But as a "B" to run along with "Yellow Jack" —a simple little "B" which the managers could buy outright—Metro issued "Love Finds Andy Hardy" . . . the managers looked at the two pictures . . . gave a whoop . . . and made "Andy Hardy" their leading picture, "Yellow Jack," the "and also" feature of the double bill. The result? . . . that's the laugh . . . M-G-M is getting almost nothing, the managers are getting the gravy, Mickey ("Andy") Rooney is getting the glory, and Robert Montgomery, the star of "Yellow Jack," and all the people who worked on that serious film must be getting a pain in the neck . . . and it all goes to prove all over again that we would rather be amused than instructed any day in our movie-going lives. . . .

And take, as laugh two, the strange case of Miss Hedy Lamarr. . . .

Almost in one carload there were imported to Hollywood the Misses Rose Stradner, Ilona Massey and Hedy Lamarr. Each of the ladies had beauty, distinction and talent and something of a career behind her in Europe . . . but, shortly after their arrival, the whispers began, as those things will in Hollywood, that the only truly talented one of the three was Miss Massey . . . she was being given the great big build up . . . her pictures, very blonde and as seductive as the Hays office would allow, were circulated to newspapers and magazines . . . she, herself, was put in the Eleanor Powell picture, "Rosalie," and was expected to knock us all giddy . . . only she didn't . . . and Miss Stradner was quietly buried in a small part in "The Last Gangster," which she did very nicely, though almost nobody noticed it, and even those who did didn't seem to care greatly . . . Miss Lamarr alone stood still, right there at the starting post, with nothing being done about her. . . .

YOU simply can't stand still in Hollywood without the rumor factories working overtime . . . the whispers said it was Lamarr's figure that wasn't right . . . they said it had been discovered, now that she was over here, that she couldn't act at all . . . they said and they said and they said some more. . . .

Finally Metro, which had Miss Lamarr under contract, loaned her down the river to Walter Wanger for "Algiers" . . . Boyer was to be the star of the production and Sigrid Gurie had the chief feminine rôle, so it just looked like one of those things for an untried actress . . . whereupon, Miss Lamarr proceeded to burn up the production like a bonfire and make herself the most dazzling and provocative new face seen on the screen in the last year. . . .

Which recalls that lovely occasion almost five years ago when Paramount decided Claudette Colbert was pretty much washed up, and Metro decided the same thing about Clark Gable . . . so those two were loaned out to Columbia to make a little world-beater called "It Happened One Night". . . .

TRAGEDY of the Hollywood Month—or the First Law of the Movie Village: is to remember, no matter if your heart is broken, that you must give out the right statement to the morning papers:

To anyone in Hollywood, the only news in the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone separation, when it finally did break into the headlines, was the fact that it had, at long last, happened. . . .

Everyone in the picture world who had known Joan and Franchot even remotely had been aware for months that their parting had to take place eventually . . . for the increasing divergence in their personalities had been all too apparent for months . . . yet I do believe that those two, who started out with so much in common, might have worked out their life together to a happy conclusion, if they hadn't tried to be so average about everything. . . .

For great fame doesn't permit you to be average about anything, least of all about love. . . .

Joan and Franchot were idealists, both of them, and both of them most romantic . . . they aspired to being the most completely married couple . . . they wanted to be the most regular of husbands and wives . . . they were going to work together . . . and play together . . . and go on to the heights together . . . it was the loveliest of dreams. . . .

But Hollywood is brutal in its realism and you can't survive in the town unless you accept that realism . . . there was the brutal fact that Joan was the more important of the two when they met and that she was making a much greater income . . . and there was the even more brutal fact that, as the years passed, she kept on being the more important and making more and more money . . . which isn't at all the way it is with normal husbands and wives . . . trying to make a conventional, happy marriage out of such a setup was like trying to win a swimming meet on dry land. . . .

In the Hollywood marriages where the strange, twisted facts of a mad industry are accepted . . . like Irene Dunne's and Dr. Griffin's . . . like Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Raymond's . . . like Claudette Colbert's and Dr. Pressman's . . . love does survive where the romantic dream that Joan and Franchot had died . . . and the morning after its passing there were those careful statements in the papers, those polite statements that were tactful enough not to mention the broken hearts that lay behind them . . . and meanwhile Joan barred the white gates of her Brentwood house and Franchot closed the set on which he was working . . . and you knew from their very dignity how deeply they were hurt. . . .

Speaking of operations, as nobody was, but as I have every intention of doing, having

(Continued on page 86)

PARAMOUNT DISCOVERS THE GOL-DARNDEST FAMILY IN THE U.S.A.

"You may be my brother, but you're a louse for my money." Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby) gets a piece of David Beebe's (Fred MacMurray's) mind.

"Hold him, Mike, he's rearin'." Uncle Gus attempts to toss Mike Beebe (Donald O'Connor) at the barrier as the big race begins.

MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven't met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount's newest contribution to the nation's mirthrate, "Sing You Sinners." When "Ma" Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, "Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache," "Ma" is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray), and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles' new discovery, Donald O'Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn't bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just one more Beebe in "Ma's" bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on "Ma's" shoulders, you haven't met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe's, buckety-bucketing round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount's newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes?

The kid who looks like an angel when he's standing up with Joe and Dave singing in the church choir on a Sunday morning? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for "Ma" than all the rest put together. For it's Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and climbs aboard Uncle Gus to ride the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has "Ma" reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. Nope, when it comes to causing calamity, you can't beat the Beebes, the gol-darndest family in the whole blooming U.S.A. No siree, sir. And you can't beat Paramount and Paramount's Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest screen comedy of the year . . . which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes . . . Paramount's "Sing You Sinners."

Paramount Postscript . . . If you're wondering why the Beebe biography is called "Sing You Sinners," just wait'll you hear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount hits: "Pocketful of Dreams," "Small Fry," "Laugh and Call It Love," and "Don't Let That Moon Get Away."

"You're not the only catfish in the sea." The Beebe Boys give out with their number, "Small Fry," as Ma Beebe tells 'em "Sing, You Sinners."

"You can't call us Beebes any names like that." A quiet afternoon with the Beebes as the family unites against a very common foe.

Coming soon to your favorite theatre, Paramount's boisterous biography of America's funniest family.

Slaphappy Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby)

Martha (About-to-Be) Beebe (Ellen Drew)

Two-Fisted David Beebe (Fred MacMurray)

Bing Crosby · Fred MacMurray

"SING YOU SINNERS"

with Ellen Drew · Elizabeth Patterson · Donald O'Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

WESLEY RUGGLES

"Ma," Boss of the Beebes (Elizabeth Patterson)

Uncle Gus Beebe (Courtesy the Crosby stables)

Mike (Small Fry) Beebe (Donald O'Connor)

NEWS FROM THE BIG PARAMOUNT LOT

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER"

"PARAMOUNT'S 'Arkansas Traveler'," writes Bing Crosby's radio buddy, Bob Burns, "is the story of a very lazy man, which is me. In fact, he's so lazy he makes the ordinary lazy man look like a bundle of nerves. Yet he's got a lot of common sense. For where the hard-workin' feller has it easy on account of when work is offered him all he does is take it, the lazy feller has got to figure ways of gettin' around workin'. And that takes a heap of sense. Paramount has handed me Fay Bainter for team-mate in this 'Arkansas Traveler' picture. And you know Fay's just about as fine a gal as there is in pictures. Then they've gone and handed me another person, you'll be glad to hear about. He's a ringer. He ain't a real picture actor like me. In fact, he used to turn out some pretty fancy writin'. But he's got a face on him that's like my Uncle Snazzy's. Once you've seen it and recovered from the shock, you'll never forget it as long as you live. His name is Irvin S. Cobb."

"MEN WITH WINGS"

When they called the roll of stunt flyers assembled on the Paramount lot for the breath-taking plane fights in "Men With Wings," Paramount's Technicolor cavalcade of American aviation, they discovered this was the biggest bunch of air aces to hit Hollywood since Producer-Director William Wellman's first aviation triumph, "Wings."

ANOTHER AWARD WINNER...

Coast critics are predicting Frank Lloyd, many times winner of the prized Motion Picture Academy Award, has a potential winner in Paramount's "If I Were King" starring Ronald Colman.

CALL YOUR THEATRE

ASK THEM TO LET YOU KNOW WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT PICTURES ARE PLAYING

Social Security

BACKED BY LOTS OF SILVER!

FEDERAL Silver Fox . . . with the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of the pelts

There is enviable distinction, as well as young flattery, in these luxurious "FEDERAL"-trimmed winter coats. For silver fox is high fashion, and "FEDERAL" is that superior silver fox which is specially selected for glamorous beauty and *lasting* loveliness. You'll see it in better stores throughout the country, always with the name stamped on the leather side of the pelt. Woolen coats wear quantities of it, and so do the chic, new suits. It makes stunning jackets and evening wraps of supreme elegance. In scarfs of one or many skins, it accompanies street and formal clothes with equal smartness. Thickly furred and copiously silvered, FEDERAL Fox pelts are remarkably pliable—warm, yet comfortable to wear. Try on some of the exciting new fashions in "FEDERAL" . . . see what this delightful fur does for you. You'll love it!

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

Beautiful Brat

BEGINNING THE STORY OF MARGARET SULLAVAN'S REBELLIOUS LIFE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

IF she'd been born fifty years earlier she would have been Scarlett O'Hara, with all of Scarlett's charm and all her fury and all her vital disregard of custom and, in addition, an intelligence that Scarlett never had. She would have been Jezebel, what's more, and have loved it.

Even as it was, she shocked the still decorous, if shabby, pants off the South in the years after 1909, when she was born—off Norfolk, Virginia, in particular. But that was easy.

That was a pushover, for Margaret Sullavan. True, 1909 had brought certain modern changes to Norfolk since Sherman had slapped the Rebels down; but it was long before the next Union mobilization used it for a naval base—long before young Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien, aged eighteen each, fought the World War there. Norfolk was still indubitably Southern, in that year: it said, collectively, "Damn Yankee" still—and meant it. Flat, behind time on tradition, it had one millionaire and several hundred families who believed staunchly that if you had any important money you made it disgracefully, profiteering during the Civil Combat. Wherefore they lived proudly and often untidily, keeping the family silver and their soft accents highly polished.

One of these clans was that of Sullavan, headed by Cornelius Hancock, successful broker, and Garland Councill, his spouse. They had long been childless, but in 1908 Garland informed her husband she was expecting a baby, and on May sixteenth of the next year she bore it, having thought good thoughts and deliberately read many books on polite art.

This did no good. The child was Margaret Sullavan and she turned out disgracefully to be an intellectual and, what was worse, a dancer,

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCENTINI

Her school was thrown into chaos when Maggie, on a nocturnal jaunt, met up with a kindred soul

Even today this willful offspring of the Sullavan clan remains an enigma

and, what was still worse, a stage actress: and after that there was little excuse for the high-held heads of the Family Sullavan. Before these things, however, during the years before she was capable of really important activity, Margaret did her best. She was a Trial. Dusty shroud-wrapped Calvins and Councills and Chownings and Fleets and cousins of Lee and a round half-dozen Honorable Killed in Action were turning rhythmically in their tombs at her escapades, by the time she was six.

She was a thin, undersized, pale little kid then. "Peaked," certain of her aunts were wont to call her, with secret pleasure; at least she had not committed the vulgarity of being too robust for her select blood. But Cornelius Hancock worried over her. On her dressing table and in the pockets of her blouses he put round boxes of pills, with impressive instructions as to the hour and method of taking them. He never understood why they made no difference. This is no libel on the pills, because she never took them. "Sissy stuff!" she told the imaginary company with whom she talked when alone; at each prescribed time she extracted a pill, spat contemptuously through a missing tooth, and flicked the pellet at the nearest target.

SHE did other outrageous things. Professionally Southern families had then, as many do now, a list of people one knew, and of children one's children played with. Others were spoken of with soft supercilious mutterings; and it was this that interested small Maggie in the outcasts.

Southern by birth—Rebel by heritage, Maggie was kicking over the traces even in her bassinet days

They sounded definitely much more exciting.

Thus, at evening one day when she was nine, she sneaked through the kitchen, snaffling a pocketful of cookies on the way, dodged in haste from brush to shrub through the garden, climbed the wall and set forth in search of the untouchables. It was a quest easily fulfilled; she ran smack into a cops and robbers game three blocks from home—or rather it, in the person of two ten-year-old ragamuffins, ran into her as she came around a corner. The cookies went flying. Maggie, from her sprawling position, glared with venom at the two tittering tots. Then she arose in wrath and began her vengeance.

They held their own, the two boys, for a time. They must have that credit. But they emerged from the fray black-and-blue and bleeding, and Maggie had another gap in her teeth to spit through and she was triumphant. Children are unexplainably honest. The vanquished, after sidling about at a respectful distance for a time, approached her warily and offered friendship born of admiration.

"Here," one of them said, and she took from his hand one of her own cookies, much battered.

She ate is thoughtfully, regarding the boy.

"You wanna be a constable or a robber?" he asked. "You c'n run, I bet."

"Yes," said Maggie. She didn't hesitate. "Robber, of course."

That was the beginning. She arrived home late, to find Garland in the vapours and Cornelius ready with righteous rage; and she took both lecture and punishment stoically, retiring afterward with the light of battle in her eyes. Thenceforth she would be a rebel, ready with clever machinations to evade the conventional law, ready with open defiance if subtlety failed.

That was the night, too, when she disowned her parents for a time. They were nice people, she felt, but they couldn't be hers—she was so different from them in every possible way. Before she went to bed she packed a little bag with certain essentials: a toy cannon, a slingshot no one but she had ever seen, a pencil and, as an afterthought, a dress and a change of half-socks. This she secreted in the corner of a dark, unused closet so that one day when her real father and mother (surely Royalty) came to retrieve her from those who had stolen her in infancy, she would be ready. She would be ready. . . .

MEANWHILE they put her in school. The schools had lovely titles. The Walter Herron Taylor School, St. George's Private, Miss Turnbull's Norfolk Tutoring School for Girls—in these places she studied art, by command, learned greedily the extracurricular knowledge garnered from under dormitory mattresses, and labored hard to be a problem child. There was no real point, except that it was something to do—something to occupy her restless nervous energy and her quick intelligence which made short work of routine.

She had not many close friends, as such. But to Maggie Sullavan, still thin and still too small for her age, a number of sycophants flocked, intrigued by her industrious hell-making and a trifle awed at her daring.

She made one friend, whom she could trust and whom—of more importance—she could respect.

It happened because of her habit of climbing down, in the middle of an occasional night, the lattice from her room and going for long walks in the moonlight. She did this partly because she couldn't sleep, partly because it was a highly punishable infraction of discipline, partly because the damp strong-smelling fields and the stark silhouettes of trees against a pale Southern sky satisfied some fierce need within her that any amount of books and gussy teachers with their rock-bound ideas was powerless to gratify. And one night as she swung quickly along a narrow road somewhat farther from school than usual, she saw a slight figure dodge off into the shadows at the side.

She stopped, panic in her throat. A kidnapper —a tramp—a highwayman. . . But then it had

Albert Davis Collection

An embryo actress at the age of six, her actions belie this angelic pose. By now, her illustrious ancestors were turning in their tombs at her escapades

Not even the genteel Chatham Episcopal Institute could subdue Margaret

At three months, already ruler of this proud Southern family—Margaret, with her mother

been a very small figure, and it had run first. Maggie Sullavan was never the one to take the defensive. She called out, in her young treble, "Whoever you are, come out of there!"

There was a paralyzing instant in which nothing happened.

Then from the darkness appeared a boy, of about her own size, dressed in a smart jacket and short trousers and a pair of the loudest, most beautiful socks she had ever seen. He approached slowly, grinning a little.

"What're you doing way out here alone at night?" Maggie asked sternly.

"What're *you*?"

"I'm going for a walk."

"So am I. I do this lots."

Pause.

"I'm from that school up the road," she informed him then.

"I go to a boys' academy just the other side of those woods. I hate it," he added dispassionately. "They're all crazy, those guys. You like to catch frogs?"

Maggie gulped. Here was a contretemps. But she faced it bravely.

"Yes."

"I caught three last night," the lad told her. "Come on, I'll show you my way."

The next morning a strange thing happened at Chatham Episcopal Institute. A frog was found in the top drawer of the principal's desk, causing chaos. If it had been a boys' school, they could have understood it; as it was, they observed the curious look of peace on Maggie's face, took into account her previous activities, and assessed her a hundred lines of Gaul on general principles.

She didn't complain. It had been worth it. But a few weeks later the boy asked her to a dance at his school, and they wouldn't let her go. Young ladies did not go to dances, at her age (and with her record); particularly, they did not accept invitations from young men to whom they had not been properly introduced. . . .

And that was the end. All that was bitter, all that cried out in protest, all the capacity to remember for future vengeance that dwelt within her furious heart gathered into a compact knot of hatred which she nourished with care. After that, a little quirk of amused disdain rode the corners of her mouth, and her eyes said nothing openly, ever, and she obeyed orders in a way that was gratifying unless you were shrewd enough to perceive the set of her shoulders, the magnificent, scornful insouciance with which she did what she was told.

Then her obedience, in some subtle manner, became an insult.

In her last year, they asked her to play *Bab* in "Bab, a Sub-Deb," and she refused quietly. Then she changed her mind. During rehearsals she read her lines with a queer meekness, making an acceptable job of them. But on the night of the performance she dressed herself with fingers that trembled, not with nervousness but with suppressed excitement. The quirk at the corners of her mouth was emphasized tonight, and her eyes held a secret which obviously de-

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN LOOKING AT LIFE

He's moody . . . likes Turkish baths . . . loathes champagne

A sharp etching of the Fairbanks who hates being called Junior, but admits liking public adulation and spaghetti

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE is constantly putting up a show of bravado but actually he is utterly lacking in confidence.

His stepmother was Mary Pickford.

He loathes the taste of champagne.

He suffers from a bad case of nerves.

He was married to Joan Crawford for five years.

His name is Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.

He thinks time-saving devices have not increased the American capacity for happiness, and he hopes double-billing will be abolished.

He gets bored with the perpetual sunshine of Southern California, and dislikes highly spiced foods. He likes the smell of a stable.

He thinks modern furniture endurable only if comfortable.

He considers as his worst picture, "Loose Ankles," made by First National in 1930. He thinks judicious use of perfume on men is all right.

As a boy he didn't get along very well with girls. He never wears a hat in the evening, and speaks German badly.

He is twenty-eight years old. He is not flattered by autograph hounds but he recognizes them as an indication of his own cinematic value.

He thinks very few women look well in mannish clothes. He is a collector of old maps, and does not like lapel watches.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior hates being called Junior.

He feels, rather vaguely, that someday he would like to have children, but fears that he is unfit for such responsibility because of his own "youngish attitude towards things."

He enjoys the radio only when he is driving; drinks very little water; sleeps very restlessly.

He wears neither belts nor suspenders.

He plans to marry again.

He is a believer in mental telepathy.

HE thinks that, although it is embarrassing at times, he would be a hypocrite if he said he didn't like public adulation. He is six feet, one-quarter of an inch tall.

He would rather have been a writer than an actor.

He is fed up with screwball comedies, and his only pet is a mastiff pup. His favorite sandwich is made with American cheese.

He does not think the average man as happy today as he was before the World War. He does not like colored shirts, and smokes too many cigarettes. He is given to moods, easily depressed, cannot listen to sopranos.

He likes to eat alone because he likes to read while eating.

He signs himself "Jayar" when writing to his father, which is the pronunciation of the abbreviation of Junior. He is quite blond off screen and resorts to a hair tonic to make his hair look darker on screen.

His wit is not above average, and he prefers sweet wines. He would rather listen to the singing of Richard Tauber than anyone else.

He cannot eat shellfish of any kind. He thinks the most interesting street he has ever seen is one in Zurich, Switzerland. Its name he cannot remember.

He was born in an apartment house at Seventy-Eighth Street and Broadway, New York. He does not like swing music.

He thinks, generally speaking, that Hollywood people are unhappy.

At horse races he always bets on four or five horses in one race. He is not superstitious, and does not read the comic sheets.

The younger Fairbanks has been happiest in England, and although he is not systematic or orderly he is insistent that those about him be.

He is not punctual.

He does not like cats.

He never takes care of his money.

His famous father always comes to him for advice on personal and business matters. He is an easy victim of colds, and derives great pleasure from playing "Indications."

He cannot dance the tango or rhumba. He speaks French fairly well, and never sticks to an outdoor sport long enough to be good at it.

He got only as far as the twelfth grade at school.

His eyes are blue.

He calls his father Pete.

He still has stage fright on the first day of every picture, and his favorite cocktail is a Stinger.

He does not keep a scrapbook, and he flunked consistently in arithmetic at school. He carries a lighter and wears a gold wristwatch.

He misses most the lack of individualism in Hollywood. He

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HEDY WINE—

Meet Miss Lamarr—the most intoxicating cinematic cordial to stagger the American public since Dietrich

BY SARA HAMILTON

ONCE in a long blue moon, at a time when Hollywood least expects it, it happens. Out of nowhere, with no particular build-up, name or past glories, there comes a woman to upset completely the motion-picture applecart.

Today, a red-lipped, tawny-eyed, black-haired girl called Hedy Lamarr is the woman of the year in Hollywood—not of the hour, but the year!

The woman Lamarr will be remembered for many a day, as the girl who, in all her lush, exciting beauty, brought back to the screen at a time when motion pictures needed it most—sex and glamour.

At a time when most screen beauties had chosen to parade in bare feet, with uncombed locks and socks to the jaw, Hedy Lamarr, coolly, quietly, appeared on the screen in "Algiers" and —well, you saw her. You know.

Sex, with Hedy Lamarr, has come back to a screen that has hopelessly floundered without it. It has been brought there by one woman who mingled mystery with beauty, and the long lane waiting nightly before the Four Star theater where "Algiers" is showing, (and at the lowest box-office ebb in movie history) is proof that the public wants the thing this woman has to offer—feminine mystery, glamour, sex.

It's important for us to record facts concerning Hedy "Glamarr" as Hollywood calls her, not only because she is the most discussed personage in Hollywood, even to rating discussion on the "March of Time" program, but because Hedy takes her place among the rare stars chosen overnight by a demanding movie public.

No producer or motion-picture studio set about with a carefully laid campaign to thrust this actress down a movie public's throat as an overnight star. In fact, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wavered at placing the actress in any picture just at present. They just weren't sure. And then, through Charles Boyer, Hedy met Walter Wanger one night at a party and the up-and-coming young producer suggested Hedy appear at his studio for a test in "Algiers."

The result you know.

Three times only in ten years has an event such as this happened in Hollywood. Once when a platinum-haired girl with ripe mouth and alluring figure startled a movie world out of its calm in a picture called "Hell's Angels"; again, when a woman came from Germany to excite and stir the imagination of fans in a picture starring Gary Cooper called "Morocco."

And now—"Algiers."

"If I had only known," moans an executive of the theater where that preview was shown,

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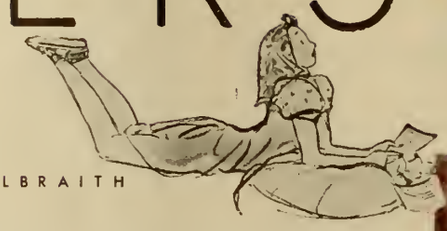
Even as a child (above) Hedy Lamarr showed potentialities of becoming the great beauty she is today. And to think—Hollywood almost passed her up!

FATHER'S Office



ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

I AM worried. I think my father has an *office wife.*

He has been acting strangely lately. He sits buried behind his paper and I wonder where his thoughts are wandering. He was late for dinner twice last week, saying he had to stay at the office and work. I never met Miss Thayer, his secretary, but I've spoken to her on the phone and she has a Betty Boop voice, so I wouldn't be surprised if she were a bit icky. Of course, a man is putty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman. Yesterday for no reason at all he brought mother a dozen roses. "Ha," sez I to myself, "conscience."

I don't know if poor mother suspects anything, but sometimes I detect a far-away look in her eyes. I keep telling her to buy new clothes and to have her hair upswept which takes off at least two years. A woman mustn't neglect her appearance even at thirty-six.

Barbara and I have had several conferences. She being girl friend No. 1. I tell her my innermost thoughts and she tells me hers, though she seldom has any. We decided not to tell anybody yet. The first thing to do is to make secret investigations, and the next is to *take steps.*

Edward G. Robinson is in town and while I can't say that I admire his type so that I would want him as a lover, nevertheless a signature is a signature, so Barb and I are going to cut Eng. Hist. tomorrow morning and stalk him. Besides I've been too busy to do my homework and if I'm going to get a zero anyway I might as well get something for it.

Yesterday went with Barb to her meeting of the Joan Crawford Club. I go to every meeting but am not an official member because I feel it would be disloyal to Bette. We had a swell time looking over each other's scrapbooks and comparing pictures. We cast "Gone with the Wind." We do every week. Then we had a discussion as to whether Joan is better off with Franchot than she was with Doug. Jr. They made out a list of I.T.R.'s (impossible to reach) and agreed to boycott their pictures. The nerve of stars who think they can get along without fans! Hepburn used to think she was Garbo herself, but now she knows better and we are supporting her. Next meeting they are going to have a debate. Subject:

Resolved: That a star's life is his (or her) own business and not his (or her) public's.

Barb is taking the negative. I'll have to write it for her.

Must take leave of my Muse. Dinner is calling and I'm famished not having had a morsel since four o'clock.

. . . . . .

ON the stroke of nine this morning Barb and I parked ourselves before the Picardy to wait for E. G. R. Only two other fans were there and they soon gave up. We had provided ourselves with enough chocolate almond bars to sustain life for several hours. About ten-thirty he came out in a light polo coat without a big black cigar and got into a taxi before we could pounce. So we hopped into another and I said to the chauffeur "Follow that yellow cab for all your life is worth" which he did. We kept watching the meter because we had only $1.86 between us. The cab went up to 57th Street, we trailing it, and he got out and of all places, went into an *art gallery,* we following and thank heaven there was no admission charge.

It was very quiet with only a few people tiptoeing around. I didn't want to make him feel more conspicuous, so I whispered to Barb that we should pretend we were looking at the paintings, too, which we did and they were lousy. I couldn't help thinking, here's man who can do anything he wants to; he doesn't have to go to school, he could have breakfast in bed, or could get passes to any show or could drive a high-powered car, and what does he do but come to a place as dead as a morgue and stand gaping for ten minutes at the portrait of an egg. I'm nto exaggerating, it *was* an egg. There was also one of a lot of junk that should have been thrown out, including an old broken mandolin. Then there was a picture of some rotten vegetables which was called "Nature Morte" and certainly ought to be buried.

Eddie seemed to go into raptures over this one and we thought he would never get through looking at it, so we decided that the moment had come. I was to attack the left flank and Barb was to close in the rear. Everything was going alright, when he started backing away from the picture for which I couldn't blame him. He backed right into Barb and stepped on her toe. She wearing toeless shoes it must have hurt.

"I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" he said with a voice like his voice on the screen.

"Not at all," said she, "it was a pleasure and would you mind signing my autograph album?"

He made his gangster face and growled, "My lord, isn't *any* place sacred from you hounds?" Tears sprang to Barb's eyes only because her toe hurt (the true fan never being daunted by rebuffs), and he felt sorry and signed her book and motioned me to bring mine.

"It's a beautiful day," I remarked in order to say something.

"Yes," he replied, "and you kids ought to be out in the open air."

"We were," I said, "while waiting for you."

"Why aren't you at school?" he asked.

Barb didn't answer. Whenever we are embarrassed I speak for both of us as I have more poise.

"Mr. Robinson," I said in a voice like dialogue, "there are certain things in life that are more important than other things."

"Quite true," he said.

"Sometimes we are called upon to choose the lesser of two evils. So when we saw in Winchell's column yesterday that you were leaving town, and who knows whether you will ever return alive, we decided that it was more important to contact you than the Wars of the Roses, which will keep."

"Don't be so sure," he said. "Nothing keeps. Here you are chasing me while the poor little princes are being murdered in the Tower and the Duke of Clarence is being drowned in a butt of malmsey."

He must have studied history besides being a gangster type.

"What is a butt of malmsey?" asked Barb who hates hist. her *forte* being math.

I said it was a sweet Spanish wine and he said he was glad to know as he had been wanting to look it up for years. He said he had been to the Tower of London and had palled with the beef eaters. He looked to me as if he ought to cut down on proteins, though I didn't say so. He said we should go back to school and pay attention to our history so that when we traveled we would know what it was all about.

I said history was alright in its place which was the past, but after all it was life one had to live, wasn't it? He said there was something in that, though he had never thought of it that way. Then he said he would have to be running along to an Auction (I'm sure I heard right) and we'd better be getting to school.

Wife

A Hollywood torchbearer, who knows her movies, handles a problem parent—with what results! A new chapter from Jane Lyons' autobiography

RUSHED INTO DEATHLESS PRINT BY

LILLIAN DAY

"—and for ten minutes there stood Edward G. Robinson . . . gaping at the portrait of an egg. I'm not exaggerating, it was an egg"

"High School," corrected Barb.

He invited us to walk to the corner with him which we accepted with pleasure. He walked in the middle and we didn't meet a soul we knew. At the corner he shook hands with us and raised his hat and we told him our names. I think he is magnificent if not romantic, and I shall go to all his pictures several times, and I'll never see him on the screen without being reminded of a butt of malmsey.

We got to school just in time for the lunch period so we told the gang we had spent the morning going to an art gallery with E.G.R. and all about his views on life and art and the Tower of London. We hinted that he had invited us to tea to make it more interesting. Vera Bailey said she didn't believe it. The *nerve* of that truck horse doubting our veracity! We were furious. Vera is burning up to have an autograph collection but she's too fat and lazy to chase them.

. . . . . .

I'M having a recession. Having spent money on the taxi and there being several important programs at the big houses, my finances are in the red. Pops says I burn my allowance at both ends. He loves to make wisecracks at other people's expenses. Even with taking sandwiches to school and walking home and having only one soda per day, I can't possibly last out the month. Barb can always raise funds in case of a crisis, her parents being reasonable, and she has credit at two drugstores and a doughnut stand. Pops won't let me charge a thing not even gum, and raises Helen Damnation if I let Barb stake me. He thinks I ought to get along on $15 per mo. He ought to try it.

Last night Henry, my boy friend, took me to see "She Married an Artist." I wish H. had *repartée*, like John Boles. I think I should like to marry an artist even though their models always fall in love with them.

H. also gave me a Dopey Doll. I put him in my bookcase opposite Charlie McCarthy and it's the cutest thing the way they grin at each other. I sit and look at them for hours at a time.

Have been too busy to do my Latin. Don't know where the time goes.

. . . . . .

SAT. a.m. Barb and I took the first *step*. We went down to Pop's office to get a look at that woman and also to touch him for a bonus. I didn't telephone as I wanted to catch him unawares and know *the awful truth*. Well, just as I expected, it's worse than I anticipated.

When we arrived he was *dictating*. He couldn't be *disturbed*. He sent out word for us to wait which we did, straining our ears but all was silence from the inner sanctum. I questioned Tod, the office boy, very surreptitiously about whether father and Miss Thayer went out to lunch at the same time and he said they always did because he wanted her in the office *whenever he was there*. (The italics are mine.) Then I asked him indirectly if they generally left together and he said no, that father went first and she followed. Well, that settled it in our minds. If they had walked out openly together, it might have been innocent. Lawyers often take their secretaries to lunch to talk business. But to sneak out separately . . . that's what I call underhanded.

Finally the door opened and out came Miss Thayer herself with a notebook in her hand, just as if she had been taking dictation. Well, if she isn't a Menace, then I don't know one when I see it. She was dressed in *uncrushable* crêpe with a white collar, supposed to be businesslike but really quite hot-cha. And she has *red hair*. Nuff said. That only means one thing. I thought of poor mother sitting home and was quite rude to Miss Thayer though she didn't notice it.

Getting three bucks out of the old man was a cinch. Conscience for squandering money on *her* and letting his own flesh and blood go in want.

I remarked on his swellegant tie and he said, "You're only young twice." I wonder what he meant by that.

. . . . . .

HE took us to lunch at the Bankers' Club. It was up on the 46th floor with a beautiful view of the river which would have been romantic if Henry or Fred March had been there. Pops met a judge he knew and asked him to join us. They talked a lot about an appeal (not sex) and Barb and I weren't interested so I interrupted with a quite casual question:

(Continued on page 92)

ROBINSON & CO.

You can't know the real man until you see him in the rôle of father

Edward G. expounds his theories on how a boy should be reared today to prepare him for tomorrow. What's more, he puts them into practice

BY KAY PROCTOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

A MAN and a little boy stood at a counter in a five-and-ten on Hollywood Boulevard. The boy, a sturdy little fellow with a shock of light-brown hair that was tousled boy fashion, cast calculating eyes of clear blue over the merchandise in front of him. After careful deliberation, he selected a five-cent package of ammunition for his cap pistol. Then, in a polite voice, he told the clerk, "Now I would like to see some of your bigger packages."

The man, who had been standing by quietly, broke in. "Wait a minute," he said, "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to get some more. Some of the bigger ones," the boy answered confidently.

The clerk, having recognized the man, went to bring out the bigger packages of bigger caps quite as a matter of course. Why not? The kid's father could afford it and why deny the child any little thing his heart desired. She ought to know; she'd seen it happen often enough, heavens knows.

Then the man spoke again, in decisive tones.

"That's what you think," he said to the boy, "and that's where you are one hundred per cent wrong. Most boys consider themselves darned lucky to get a nickel's worth of caps and so should you! Any good reason why you should have more?"

No good reason forthcoming, Edward G. Robinson fished down in his pocket, gave the astonished clerk a nickel, and handed the package of caps to his son, Manny.

Manny is only his nickname, taken from Emanuel, which is what his famous father once was called; his given name is Edward G. Robinson, Jr.

HOLLYWOOD has been saying that Eddie Robinson is so batty about that five-year-old son of his that he's spoiling the very daylights out of him. Well, if that's a sample of the spoiling, I know a lot of kids who ought to be spoiled in the very same way.

They are a great team, Robinson and Son. The boy patently thinks his dad is the greatest guy on earth, barring none. It shows in his voice, his eyes, his whole bearing whenever he is within sight of his father. But there is nothing mushy or sentimental about it; it is a man-to-man relationship.

Eddie just as patently thinks Manny is the greatest guy on earth, barring none. His daily sun rises and sets on the boy. His whole world revolves around him. The lad has given significance to Eddie's life. But—he has some good sound theories on how a boy should be reared today to prepare him for manhood tomorrow and, what's more, he puts those theories into practice.

One or two of them may be radically different from the way you were reared, or even from the way you are rearing your children; but one thing is certain: pampering, petting and indulging the lad are *not* among them.

"A child must learn two things to be able to face life successfully," Eddie said when we talked about his theories and his plans.

We were sitting in the restful drawing room of the Robinson home in Beverly Hills, with its deep pile carpeting of solid black and walls hung with magnificent paintings worth a young fortune. (Directly over the fireplace is a commanding canvas by Corot.) Through French doors we could see Manny romping on a broad expanse of green lawn with Marlene, the little girl who lives next door.

"A child must learn self-reliance, the faculty of being able to cope with things," Eddie went on. "You cannot teach him that by indulging him, smoothing his path, making things pleasant and easy in every respect. As a matter of fact, I think a parent who indulges a child really is indulging himself in selfish fun, feeding his ego. It is the lazy way to bring up a child; it calls for the least effort.

"The other important trait to be developed in a child is a social conscience. If the world is to come out of the chaos it is in at the present, it can do so only by respecting the other fellow and his rights. That is what a child must learn —to get along with his fellow man.

"But—and this is equally important—he must

Eddie thinks five-year-old Manny is the greatest guy on earth, bar none. And vice versa. But—if Hollywood thinks his famous father spoils him, it'd better guess again

learn to be a man who can be indignant at the right time and for the right reason, and to back up that indignation with fight until he wins his point!"

CHILDREN really bring themselves up, Eddie said. All parents can do really is to give them a little guidance at the right time. And that "guidance" should not be by the rod, according to Eddie's lights; he advocates reasoning with a child, treating him with the respect he deserves; not robbing him of his individuality.

"You know, a child's intelligence is vastly underestimated," he went on to say. "Basically, that intelligence is an honest one. They learn hypocrisy from their elders."

Eddie doesn't want Manny to be handicapped by "old school" discipline. He is most definite about that. So definite, in fact, that, although he did not say it in so many words, I have the feeling he is seeking to protect his son from some indelible experience of his own youth. It explains, I think, the leniency with which he permits the boy to express himself and many of his desires, such as helping a train conductor collect tickets, playing waiter in a dining car, or pretending he is a deck steward on board ship and gravely going around tucking passengers into their deck-chair blankets.

"The average parent prevents that sort of thing. I don't," Eddie acknowledged. "I cannot see any harm or wrong in it. It gives a child a sense of being important to himself and others, and I think that is essential."

The "old school" of discipline, to Eddie's way of thinking, bred inferiority complexes by the carload in children because it robbed them of all initiative by suppressing wholly normal instincts.

Gladys Lloyd Robinson deemed it worthwhile to risk her life to give her husband that which he wanted above all else in the world

MANNY walked quietly through the room just then and, called by his father, came over to be presented. He shook hands politely, chatted for a moment, and then went on about his business, which was playing some phonograph records to Marlene on the little phonograph in his own room. Soft strains of nursery rhymes and some of the tunes from "Snow White" drifted down the broad staircase.

I wish you could have seen Eddie's eyes when he was presenting Manny. You've seen them hard and calculating on the screen, filled with venom and hate as he portrayed some character of the underworld. You saw them cold and a little frightening in his current picture, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse." But you should have seen them at that moment if you wanted to see the real Eddie Robinson. The pride, the joy, the happiness in them defy description. Seeing that, you realize why Gladys Lloyd Robinson deemed it worthwhile to risk her life, as doctors frankly told her she was doing, to give her husband the child of his own flesh which he wanted above all else in life. She gave him more than a son; she gave him what is given to few men on this earth—completion.

By one act alone, Eddie repaid her the other day. Any woman who has seen her child cringe in fear at something that ordinarily cannot be avoided would so agree I think. He saved her the torture of standing helpless while her child suffered.

Manny had to have his tonsils removed. The surgery was to be done in a local hospital. Now, in a child's mind (as in adults', too), fear of an impending event is ten times worse than the event itself. Eddie was determined to prevent that in Manny's case, if it was humanly possible. A week before the surgery was scheduled, Eddie broached the matter to the lad.

"Tell you what, let's rehearse it so we all can play our parts perfectly," he suggested. Immediately, Manny's interest was fired and his first touch of panic completely allayed. "You be the patient, I'll be the doctor, and Mother can play the nurse," Eddie went on. Manny thought that was a great idea.

"First of all, we've all got to put on white clothes," Eddie directed. "They always wear white in a hospital, you know." Solemnly they all changed into white clothes. "Now I'll

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YOUR HOPES IN

Last year 35 women—17 men crashed Hollywood. Were they blonde or brunette? Did they use pull or go it alone? Could you do it? How? This famous author gives you some enlightening facts

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

ARE you, by any incredibly lucky chance, a young lady twenty years old, blonde, five feet, four inches tall, weighing one hundred and thirteen pounds, living in California, with a background connected with the show business and not too advanced an education? Or are you a young man of twenty-seven, six feet tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, also living in California and having a college education? If you are, you'd better go straight out to Hollywood on the next bus, for, according to the law of averages, you're perfect material for the pictures.

For years, of course, Hollywood writers have been playing a little game called, "Giving Advice on How to Get into Pictures." The object (or, at any rate, the result) has been to refute what the other writers have said and thus confuse the reader.

"Stay out," one writer says. "The odds against you are seven hundred and eighty-two thousand to one and you haven't a chance." "New stars are signed up every day," says the next. "Use initiative and you can't fail." "The shortest road to Hollywood is via the New York stage," says another.

The trouble is that these writers are on the spot and know all about it, but they don't know about you and your special qualifications or the opposite. You and I, on the other hand, probably never having been to the glamour city except perhaps as tourists, have none of this first-hand information to confuse us by its glitter; but we do know about ourselves. Which is, after all, what counts, provided that we know how to measure it to picture requirements.

The question is, have we got what it takes to make a star? And what does it take?

Omitting for the moment that certain something that has no accurate name, but is sometimes called charm, genius, and half a dozen other things, let us look at fifty-two young people who broke into the magic city last year. These are not Gables and Hepburns whose conquests of Hollywood are yesterday's familiar stories, since yesterday's tales, though they may have all the glamour of Cinderella's romance, don't quite fit today's facts. These are more or less current events—thirty-five young women and seventeen young men—and we will regard them as parts of a geometric problem for which we should be able to get some kind of an answer.

TO begin at the beginning, where did they come from? Eighteen of them, it seems—fourteen of the gals and four of the men—came from California, and eleven more came from New York. Apparently, you catch the flavor and the feeling of being a star better there on the home ground or in a big sophisticated city. However, eighteen and eleven add to only twenty-nine, which leaves twenty-three exceptions scattered all over the country (to say nothing of one from England, one from Tahiti and one each from Poland, Hungary and Austria). So, if it isn't convenient to establish a residence in the extreme East or West, your case isn't hopeless.

Still looking backward, how were these fifty-two successes educated? This is a pretty significant question and any movie-minded young person had better consider the answer thoughtfully. For it turns out that ten out of the seventeen young men in the group are college graduates and the other seven all graduated from high school. Apparently, a young man can't be beautiful but dumb and get to be a star. He needs brains as well as brawn, these days, and training in how to use both. The girls don't rate quite so high scholastically. Only ten of the thirty-five went to college, twenty-two graduated from high school and the other three only got as far as an elementary school education. In spite of all the courses in mathematics, they don't seem to teach the right facts about figures at feminine colleges. What they do teach, however, is undoubtedly one more asset to be acquired if possible, since developing brains has never failed to help anyone from Hollywood to Hungary to Hong Kong.

BEFORE telling you what these fabulous fifty-two did next, you might like to know who they are—but if we did list their names (their real ones) you wouldn't be much wiser. For half of them changed their names to something more elegant or musical or easily remembered than

These started out in life under different names but—Betty Jaynes is more elegant than Betty Jane Schultz; Dennis O'Keefe is a better movie name than Bud Flanagan; Sheila Darcy is more musical than Rebecca Wassem and Alan Curtis is easier to remember than Harry Ueberroth

These are exceptions that prove a rule. How Arleen Whelan, Lana Turner and Sigrid Gurie broke into the movies reads like the Cinderella stories of yesterday

PICTURES

the ones with which they started life. Betty Jaynes was Betty Jane Schultz, once upon a time; Alan Curtis was Harry Ueberroth; Sheila Darcy was Rebecca Wassem; Dennis O'Keefe was Bud Flanagan. You might think that one over, too, if you're looking longingly towards Hollywood.

As to training during the interval between school and triumph, it turns out that thirty-six of them (all but sixteen) had laboratory experience—small parts on the stage, dramatic school training, radio work, professional modeling and what-have-you. To be specific, eight had been on the stage, six on the radio, six had worked as models, seven were foreign players of one kind or another, two had won contests, six had attended dramatic schools, and one had danced in vaudeville.

Half of the remaining sixteen had a sister or a cousin or an aunt or, at any rate, a friend in a pretty influential job in the movie world. Those who had relatives probably absorbed a lot of general motion-picture data as they grew up, and had a semiprofessional outlook as foreign to you and me as that of a Fiji Islander.

A few, like Stella Ardler (whose real name is Adler) and William De Wolfe Hopper, were born into theatrical families and no doubt learned parts with their first prunes. Sisters lent a helping hand or two—Joan Blondell to her sister Gloria Blondell and Olivia de Havilland to her sister Joan Fontaine. Even the few foreigners in the group, for all their fascinating accents, seem to have found it necessary to put in some aprenticeship work on home ground either in foreign films or on the stage. One of these, to be sure, was an ice skater, which sounds like a very different field, but, as a matter of fact, requires a good many of the qualities of a movie star—things like co-ordination, stage presence, grace, and the ability to look well in action.

IN other words, it's a pretty special case that walks cold from ordinary life onto the screen. The truth is that the show business, with all its branches, is another world, like Mars. And but for the rare exceptions, the naturals, you have to learn how to get along in it.

Even in the records of the so-called exceptions, you are apt to find something that served as preparation, though it may have been sketchy. Anthony Averill, for instance, graduated from college, where he majored in academics and journalism, and then became a newspaper man in St. Louis. A movie talent scout discovered him at a party, and he was signed by both Warner Brothers and Selznick simultaneously. Not quite just like that, however, for he did spend three months at Paramount's training school in New York between the party and the contracts.

John Patterson, another example, skipped the training school, but he had starred in college plays at Williams College. He worked on the New York *Daily News* till a Paramount executive gave him a screen test that resulted in a contract.

Sheila Darcy got herself a job in the Hollywood Vendome Café in the hope of being noticed by a producer or talent scout. When she was noticed, however, she was told she needed stage experience. It took several years of coaching, playing with Little Theater Groups and playing bits in studios, to get her a real chance.

There are, in fact, among the whole fifty-two, only three exceptions to the rule that you'd better have at least a little experience before you try to be a star. These are Sigrid Gurie, Lana Turner and Arleen Whelan. The first is a New York girl who met Samuel Goldwyn while she was studying art in London and, just for a lark, pretended to be a Norwegian star. He offered her a job, but she didn't accept until a year later, when she came to Hollywood and got a contract and the rôle of an Oriental princess in "Marco Polo," with the hoax still undiscovered.

Lana Turner was taken by a newspaper acquaintance to an agent who introduced her to Mervyn LeRoy, through whom she got a job, after a screen test and the usual preliminaries.

And Arleen Whelan was discovered by a Twentieth Century-Fox producer while she was working as a manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop. But these Cinderella cases are few and far between, in spite of all one hears about pull, and it's scarcely safe to bank on them.

There is still the matter of looks and how they photograph. For, as you undoubtedly know, there are beauties in real life whose photographs would scare a hardy child, and fairly plain

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The odds are with you for a Hollywood career if you match up with the facts below.

IDEAL GIRL STARLET		IDEAL BOY STARLET
20 Years	AGE	27 Years
113 Lbs.	WEIGHT	178 Lbs.
5' 4"	HEIGHT	6'
Blonde	HAIR	Blonde or Brunette
California	HOME STATE	California
High School	EDUCATION	College Graduate

REPORT (Condensed)

On 52 young stars who crashed Hollywood last year, these are the facts we discovered:

1—Twice as many girls as men

2—34% came from California

3—21% came from New York City

4—45% came from all other localities

5—100% of the men starlets were high school graduates

60% of the men starlets were college graduates

8% of the girl starlets attended grammar school only

62% of the girl starlets were high school graduates

28% of the girl starlets were college graduates

6—50% of group changed their names

7—69% of group had definite dramatic experience—such as bit parts in the theater, radio work and the like

8—16% had influential friends who helped them crash

9— 6% came in "cold"

It was a "relatively" easy job for these three. Family had a finger in the movie pie that helped Gloria Blondell, William De Wolfe Hopper and Joan Fontaine get their breaks

Anthony Averill and John Patterson belong to a new school. Training along other lines served as preparation

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD

Within fifty feet of her was the body of a dead man. The dank aura of murder, baffling but compelling, filled the dark house. Then the unbearable silence was broken by the sharp ringing of a bell. Don't miss this breathless mystery—

Frank Padgham jumped back. The man was absolutely terror-stricken

BECAUSE Lawyer Foley, a former court reporter, judged all people by their voices, and mine indicated both poise and self-confidence to him, I was selected to replace his secretary who had been injured in an automobile accident. Thus it was that I plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal. In the midst of my first morning's work, I was surprised to find myself facing a detective who was investigating Mildred Parker's accident.

That afternoon it was my duty to execute for Mr. Foley a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright. Before leaving for the day, Mr. Foley instructed me to bring the contract to an address where he and Mr. Padgham would meet me that evening. While I was busy transcribing my notes, the detective returned and decided to wait for Mr. Foley, despite the fact that I told him my employer would not be back. To my utter amazement, I found him covertly reading my notes. I slammed the book shut. He left.

Having plenty of time on my hands, I took a streetcar to my destination. In a traffic jam I happened to see and recognize Miss Blair, a rejected candidate for my position, and as I walked briskly up the street I pondered over her strangely rigid position as she sat in the car. Suddenly an automobile came swooping down on me. Miraculously, I got back out of the way. Fear gripped me as I started to run. As I dashed onto the porch and rang the bell, I all but screamed. In a panic, I tried the door. It was open. For a moment there was no answer to my "Hello." Then I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. I felt goose-pimples of cold terror; but went to investigate. The noise came from a closet and as I opened the door a human bundle fell at my feet. When I had unbound his hands and removed his gag, I recognized him. It was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star. We sat there looking at one another. Finally he pulled himself together and suggested getting a drink. I sat there fully five minutes waiting for him to return. Then it dawned on me—he had slipped away.

ON picking up my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce Eaton's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then I saw the open door at the end of the corridor. A man was sitting at a big desk, his head slumped over on his chest. He was dead. I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor.

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the place went out.

I had no idea that any place could be so utterly and completely dark. It seemed as though someone had pushed a thick strip of black blotting paper into the corridor, and the paper had just sucked up every bit of light in the place.

And within fifty feet of me was the body of a dead man.

There was not the faintest ray of light which seeped in from the street. The rich, heavy hangings were as efficient in preventing light from getting in as they had been in preventing any from showing on the outside.

I'd been frightened enough when I first came running up to the house, seeking refuge from the dangers of the outer night. Now I realized all too keenly the proverb about "out of the frying pan into the fire." I'd been anxious enough to get into the house, but now I was twice as anxious to get out. Whatever dangers the street held would at least be met in the open air, not in this place with the dank aura of death clinging to it.

I groped for the stairs, and then, afraid that I'd miss them, dropped to my hands and knees, swinging my right hand out in long, exploring circles as I crawled in the general direction of the stairs, my left hand dragging the brief case along the carpet beside me. I found the staircase and started down, walking on tiptoe, trying to avoid creaking boards.

I was halfway down the stairs when a bell shattered the silence.

I stopped, motionless, listening. Was it a telephone, or . . . It rang again, and this time I knew it for what it was, the doorbell. Someone was at the front door.

I suppose, logically, at that moment I should have become completely panic-stricken. As a matter of fact, the ringing of the doorbell had exactly the opposite effect. I steadied down to fast, cool thinking. It was, I realized, quite possible that Bruce Eaton had decided to return. It was also possible he had notified officers of what they would find in the house, bringing assistance to me in that way, yet keeping out of it himself. Or . . . Suddenly I laughed. A feeling of vast relief surged through me. *Of course!* It was Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham coming to keep their appointment.

I PUT my hand on the bannister and ran down the stairs as rapidly as I could. The doorbell rang once more while I was still fumbling around in the corridor. I propped my brief case against the wall near the door, so I'd have both hands free for groping. Then I found the doorknob, and flung open the door.

It was dark as a pocket inside the house, and in contrast to that darkness the street seemed

SCANDAL

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

author of "The Case of the Substitute Face," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

well-lighted. I could see the fleshy form of Frank Padgham silhouetted in the doorway. Apparently, he couldn't see enough of me to recognize me. All that he could see was an oblong of blackness, with the vague, indistinct lines of a figure standing within reaching distance of him.

I'll never forget the way he jumped back. There was far more than the startled reaction which takes place when one encounters the unexpected. The man was absolutely terror-stricken.

"Where's Mr. Foley, Mr. Padgham?" I asked.

He took two deep breaths before he was able to answer me. Then he said, "Oh, it's you, Miss . . . Miss. . . ."

"Miss Bell," I supplemented.

"Oh, yes, Miss Bell," he said. ". . . You . . . ah . . . startled me. How did it . . . ah . . . happen that you answered the doorbell?"

For a moment I was irritated at him. There was something ponderous and patronizing in his manner, now that he had recovered from his fright. So I said, "Suppose you answer my question, and I'll answer yours."

"Oh yes, Mr. Foley . . . why, yes. Mr. Foley was . . . er . . . ah . . . detained. A matter of the greatest importance. That's why we were a little late keeping the appointment."

"These lights won't go on," I told him. "There's a switch out, or a fuse blown, or something."

"Indeed," he said, solicitously, and moved forward. "I'll have to investigate. You'd better stay close, Miss Bell. I wouldn't want to lose you in the . . . er . . . ah . . . darkness."

I could hear one of his hands scraping along the wall as he searched for the light switch, but the other hand rested on my shoulder, then dropped down so that his arm was around my waist. I twisted out from what was about to develop into an embrace and said, "Hadn't you better take both hands, Mr. Padgham? I'll stay right behind you."

He found the light switch, then, and clicked it fruitlessly.

"I'm afraid," I told him, "there's something radically wrong here."

"You mean about the lights?"

"I mean something in the house," I said. "There's a dead man upstairs."

FOR what might have been four or five seconds, there was complete silence. He didn't move. I doubt if he even breathed. I was sorry that I couldn't see the expression on his face. Was he

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

I'd been anxious enough to get into the house, but now I was twice as anxious to get out. I groped for the stairs, and then, afraid that I'd miss them, dropped to my hands and knees as I crawled in the general direction of the stairs, my left hand dragging the case along the carpet beside me

Norma Shearer's HANDFUL OF MEMORIES

BY DIXIE WILLSON

THERE is a new "glamour girl" in Hollywood. Everywhere she goes Norma Shearer is a bit of a sensation in beauty, in smartness of appearance, in charm of manner. She is somehow younger, more arresting, more tireless in work than ever before.

How she has found the courage to accomplish it (in the face of her great tragedy), nobody quite knows. But she *has* accomplished it. She's riding the crest of the wave.

As for her *future*, she has, in her portrayal of an unforgettable Antoinette, set a brilliant pace.

As for her *"past"* . . . we herewith turn back the months . . . the years . . . to a handful of her memories:

The first one, the occasion which inspired her decision to be an actress!

IN Montreal, life for the three Shearer children, Athole, Norma and Douglas, was aimless and gay. There was a pleasant, roomy old house of parlors and stained glass windows. There was a stable of saddle horses, a pony and gig. And nobody thought of a "future." Never did it occur to the littlest of the blue-eyed girls, as she faithfully practiced her music and learned her geography, that sometime her life must have a design of its own.

And then one night her mother and father were to attend an "affair." An affair of such aplomb, taking up at so late an hour, that Norma, put to bed as usual on the eventful evening, shared none of the excitement which attended preparations.

This arrangement, however, she saw a way to remedy. In bed, wide-awake, she waited until sounds indicated that departure was near, then downstairs she went, a little barefoot ghost in the shadow of the stairs.

She remembers watching her *own* shadow traveling grotesquely on the ceiling as she crept along. She remembers the hall clock striking nine. Then in the bright parlor, as she peered down through the spindles, she saw her mother; dark hair piled high in a cascade of curls, a white aigrette, bare arms and shoulders, a gown of amethyst satin embroidered in seed pearls. And with the faint fragrance of lavender, a glimpse of white kid slippers, the impressive elegance of fur, presently she was gone, the front door closing with a little flurry of snow, its cold breath left to follow small Norma's bare feet all the way back to bed.

And that night a little girl not yet eight years old, not especially clever, not especially pretty, lay wide-awake, her eyes fixed on the window's pattern of frost as she pulled the blankets closer and made her decision to grow up to the only state which she could be certain would provide for her such glamour as she had just witnessed . . . not a mere one night of it, but a world of it!

Many a time afterward she could smile at the naïve mind behind planning a destiny about the rustle of amethyst satin and a cascade of curls,

A warm and human story of a gallant woman who finds in her past the courage to make the present always worth living

but never, from that night on, did she admit to any doubt that she could and would become . . . Miss Norma Shearer an actress, her wagon hopefully hitched in fact, to . . . Miss Norma Shearer . . . a star!

BUT she didn't take into account such terms as of the second memory she shares with us . . . a rainy night in April in New York City seven years later.

She, her mother and her sister, the family fortune lost in the aftermath of war, had come to New York to earn a living. At the wickets of Broadway agents, of commercial photographers, Norma and her sister took turns asking if anything was to be had today. At night in their third-floor room, they took turns making tidy their clothes for tomorrow. Their mother managed the evening meal on the gas plate.

And so, on an April night, a steady noiseless rain smearing the lights across the street, Norma, in her crepe kimono (since it was Athole's turn to mind the dresses) helped their mother; counted out three slices of bread, three cups of tea.

She remembers as though she were hearing it now, the shrill voice in the street of the dwarf who sold night papers. She remembers, as though she were still watching it, the spongy shape of the leak on the ceiling. But most vividly of all, she remembers how she hoped that tonight her mother had managed a new kind of meat, hamburger, stew . . . anything at all except more of the cracker-dipped variety (what brand of meat she didn't quite know) which had been their menu for six nights in succession!

For though it put up a fine appearance on the meat platter, it left Norma in a state frankly known as hunger! She had been hungry for a week! For a week she had awaited each evening meal hoping for a change even to good old-fashioned bologna!

But hope was again in vain tonight. The smell of frying proved to presage, after all, only more of the same. And things had now come to a pass where a sight of this fish, flesh or fowl, whatever it was, was something the young Miss Shearer felt she simply could not endure again!

"Mother," she said, with the hesitance of apology for seeming to me difficult, "but couldn't we have some other kind of meat tomorrow? Eating this doesn't do any good. You eat it, but you're still hungry."

"Well, of course," reminded her mother, "we haven't had very much money, and so. . . ."

And so the classification of the "pièce de résistance" was now divulged.

"And so," laughs Norma Shearer, "there's one dish which to the end of my days I shall consistently decline. I found out that night that what had been on our table for a week, disguised as meat . . . was egg plant."

A THIRD memory, the thrilling day when, with a four-week contract, Norma Shearer arrived in Hollywood.

At the desk of Hollywood Hotel she signed the register, making it, however, as inconspicuous a bit of business as possible since she hoped not to be noticed until she could appear in the one fine dress she proudly possessed; proper support for the fact that she was now a person in pictures.

For, in this history-making lobby, lounged the directors, producers and important "innocent bystanders" who measured and manipulated fortune and fame. And in Hollywood you couldn't divine what accidental moment would prove the great one. The block-long veranda with its palm-tree shade, porch chairs and summer swings, was "Peacock Alley," no less, for the entrances and exits of this, that and the

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A little girl, "not yet eight," hopefully hitched her wagon to . . . Miss Norma Shearer . . . a star! Came her struggle for a foothold . . . finally, a "break," in which a georgette dress played an amusing part . . . success . . . and her marriage to the brilliant Irving Thalberg . . . a honeymoon in Heidelberg . . . working together . . . playing together . . . then tragedy striking close on the heels of that great picture, "Romeo and Juliet" . . . retirement . . . today, a new Norma Shearer . . . star again

HOLLYWOOD'S

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

The most fabulous movie script isn't equal to these spine-tingling true stories of movietown's men of action

BY LOWELL THOMAS

A thrilling escape from Red Russia is only one episode in Ivan Lebedeff's amazing career

Basil Rathbone and adventurer Howard Hill almost didn't live to tell the tale of their bow and arrow boar hunt

A BEWILDERING place, Hollywood! There are enough unwritten true-life stories right on the lots to make exciting plots for innumerable pictures for years to come. Whenever you see a picture of action and derring-do, you can be sure at least one member of the cast is acting a scene which is no more amazing or fabulous than one he has experienced in his own life.

From time to time, the screen affords me, vicariously, some curious experiences. One of them occurred when I saw "Under Two Flags." One face flashed into view that seemed vaguely familiar. It suggested, not Hollywood and make-believe, but that far-off golden fall day in 1918 when the tanned and weatherbeaten troops of Field Marshal Allenby and Lawrence of Arabia made their triumphal entry into Damascus. I also associated the face with grapevine stories of official and diplomatic intrigue. Hadn't I seen that face on the terrace of Shepard's, the famous hotel in Cairo?

As a matter of fact, I had. Just the other day I learned the face belonged to a young Arab of distinguished origin. In the list of dramatis personae in "Under Two Flags," his name was Jamiel Hassen. When I saw him that day in the Syrian capital, he was Jamiel Ben Khyatt, a handsome, black-eyed youth of sixteen. During the campaigns in Mesopotamia during the first part of the War, Jamiel and his brothers, famous horsemen all of them, had been forced to serve in the Turkish cavalry. Allied propaganda induced them to desert and offer their services to the British. Jamiel became an intelligence officer. Afterwards, in Cairo, he was pointed out to me as one of the dashing irreconcilables, known to have taken part in the perilous military and diplomatic undercover activities incident to the formation of the Arab state, transplanting into action their hatred against the broken promises of the Treaty of Versailles.

He had had a wide education acquired partly in America, partly in France. After further adventures in Africa, and later in Brazil, he gravitated to Hollywood where he is called in as a technical director on many sequences of films that are laid in Asia Minor. He occasionally acts in pictures, too.

Hollywood's mystery man—Abdsolem Ben Mohammed Kombarick, with Herbert Brenon

Two sons of Erin who share a lust for life. Above, Errol Flynn, most famed of Hollywood's daredevils . . .

. . . and, left, George Brent, who had a price set on his head in the days of the Irish Rebellion

Victor McLaglen (right) takes any fighting or soldiering rôle in his stride. He knows!

One day, working on the set of "Under Two Flags," a member of the cast came up and said to him:

"Weren't you a Turkish cavalry officer in the Mesopotamian campaign?"

"Why, yes—yes, I was," answered the surprised Jamiel.

"And during a bitter skirmish near Bagdad, weren't you in command of a detachment which nearly captured a British officer?" continued the actor.

"That's right," said the puzzled Jamiel. "We fired several shots at him but he escaped over a wall. But how did you know?"

"I was the British officer," said the actor.

The actor was Victor McLaglen.

QUITE as varied as the Arab's is the saga of Victor McLaglen. The rôle of the bitter, fighting Irish patriot in "The Informer" and the wise-cracking, genial sergeant in "Wee Willie Winkie" —in fact, any rôle which includes fighting or soldiering, McLaglen takes in his stride. He knows.

It is strange to think McLaglen was born in a humdrum London suburb, a rectory, to boot. Six feet four in height, he says he's the "runt" of the family, which includes eight enormous brothers and one sister. When Victor was fourteen, the Rev. McLaglen became Colonial Bishop of South Africa. Then the Boer War broke out. The strapping fourteen-year-oldster had little trouble persuading the Recruiting Sergeant that he was old enough to fight. After the War, he worked in the gold mines of the Rand, the diamond mines of Kimberly. Even that was too tame. Footloose, he drifted to America, took up prize fighting and wrestling, won the heavyweight championship of Eastern Canada. In between bouts, he worked as a stevedore. (Remember him not long ago in "The Magnificent Brute," heaving the huge ladle of molten steel into the vast maw of fiery furnaces below him?)

Once McLaglen even turned copper. He looks back upon that experience with reasonable pride, for he was no ordinary harness bull but Chief of the Railway Police at Owens Sound where he pulled off exploits of real value for the law, including the arrest and imprisonment of a fur-stealing gang.

He finally gave up the ring to join a medicine show, left that to travel with a Wild West outfit. When that palled, he shipped aboard a tramp steamer bound for Fiji and Australia. He landed in Perth just as the gold rush to the Kalgoorie field was beginning. It was inevitable that he should join this expedition, but McLaglen was one of the thousands who found more experience than gold. Aboard another tramp steamer to Ceylon and Bombay. Since his boyhood in the rectory, the tales of Rudyard Kipling had aroused in him an ambition to go through the jealously guarded Kyber Pass. It was no journey for a tourist, but McLaglen accomplished it.

During the War he was in Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusileers, was decorated for bravery in action against the Turks and the Germans. He eventually became Prevost Marshal with the rank of Captain.

It was in England that Captain McLaglen first got into pictures. British films in those days were pretty poor affairs, but they were the means of his eventually going to Hollywood. Since "What Price Glory," the Laurence Stallings-Maxwell Anderson war play in which McLaglen could practically make up his own lines he knew them so well, his career has been easy sailing. Today he lives on one of the most enviable estates in California, surrounded by horses and dogs, served by an Arabian valet,

(Continued on page 90)

Upper right, a studio shot of an experimental demonstration; center, the image two seconds later as it appeared on the television receiver. Above, the author and Dr. Peter Goldmark, television engineer, inspect new equipment

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ENIGMA—

TELEVISION

How will this great unknown entertainment affect our movie going? An authority answers all your questions

BY GILBERT SELDES

Director of Television Programs
Columbia Broadcasting System

WHENEVER people ask me whether television will take the place of the movies, I blush, pant rapidly, stammer, and finally manage to ask them whether they think the automobile will ever take the place of the horse. To which they reply (if they bother to reply at all, and some of them do not) that the motor car has already taken the place of the horse, which is exactly what I want them to say. Because, if you examine that statement carefully, it turns out to be one of the silliest on record. For certain common purposes, the car has displaced the horse; but even that was a long and tedious process. There were as many horses between the shafts in 1912 as there were before Ford ever tinkered or Selden took out a patent. What's more: if the motor car had merely taken the place of the horse, it would be comparatively unimportant today. Actually, millions of people own cars who never owned—because they couldn't afford to own—horses.

Later, people said that the movies never would take the place of the horse—I mean, of the theater. And there, too, the facts are illuminating. To be sure there used to be eighty legitimate theaters in New York City and now there are less; there used to be shows with living actors in hundreds of small towns, and now there are not, unless the Federal Theater comes around. But, again, if the movies had merely taken the place of some other form of entertainment, they wouldn't be important, Hollywood would lack dazzle, and you would not be reading a magazine devoted to the pictures. The movies are important, not for what they displaced, but for the new things they did; for the new art they created; above all, for the new millions to whom they brought entertainment—millions who didn't know the theater at all.

The above ought to make clear my slant in this matter. Actually, I refuse to make short-range prophecies; for long-range, anything is possible in fifty or a hundred years. We have speeded up invention so much in the past two generations that in a century all our present forms of entertainment may be outmoded and forgotten.

We have also speeded up economic confusion and military preparation so much in the past ten years that within fifty years the world may not have time or capacity for entertainment—by which I mean that too many of us may be dead. Anything is possible in a world so inventive, imaginative, enterprising, and stupid as ours.

But, for the immediate future, I do not think that television is going to take the place of the movies (or of the radio) and I have no concern in seeing that it does. Quite the contrary, I hope to enjoy all three. If I saw no future for television except as a replacer, I would have little interest in it. Like radio and the movies, television will have to create something of its own if it wants to become interesting and sig-

(Continued on page 94)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

ampion male title holder of Hollywood, lson Eddy, boasting the largest fan mail d the best baritone voice extant, is the n of the moment for fifty million fans—and anette MacDonald—in M-G-M's "Sweethearts"

Willinger

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

EASY ON THE

Her name spells glamour in letters a mile high—Sonja Henie, 20th Century-Fox's orchid of the ice. Endowed with the beauty and poise of a ballerina, legs that were insured for $100,000 by Lloyds of London and a pair of silver skates, she flashed across the Hollywood panorama two years ago and proceeded to establish herself as firmly upon American celluloid as she had upon the ice rinks of the world. A brown-eyed little person with a Norwegian heritage, she is, primarily, the competent sportswoman who smashed all box-office records early this year in a now famous cross-country skating tour; secondarily, she is the dimpled movie actress, official siren of "My Lucky Star"

Hollywood Dress Parade

—and the sights at the "Marie Antoinette" opening put Mrs. Astor's horse right in the shade

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HYMAN FINK

Three orchids — plus Gable — are more than any gal deserves. Carole takes it all blithely in stride

Curls brushed into the clouds and an unbelievingly long tulle hankie that dangles and dangles for Joan Bennett. Black-and-white contrast by Walter Wanger

Frilly femininity—with a dazzling dash of ermine: Miriam Hopkins

The co-stars of "Marie Antoinette"—Norma Shearer and Ty Power. Norma bought up all the gold sequin coats to avoid duplicates

The last public appearance of the Tones before their separation, Joan speeding up the fashion pace with a bright eye-catching moiré girdle on her crepe dress

The "silver fox for evening" contingent was led by Irene Dunne, be-orchided. Husband Dr. Griffin wore bachelor buttons

Leaders of the Younger Set were a complacent Mr. Bartholomew, in Eton collar, and Judy Garland, with a posy as a decoy

Doug, Jr. brought Merle Oberon, who, in turn, brought a fashion note from London—ermine coat with bands and muff of silver fox for evening

Continental Cinderella with a million-dollar personality—and a chinchilla wrap: Hedy Lamarr, with Reginald Gardiner

A woman who dares to be different—Jeanette MacDonald, forsaking satins and sequins, goes in for a hooded jacket à la peasant. Beaued by Gene Raymond

...THEN, to the Troc!

The Queen's Comte Axel (Ty Power) divides his grin between Annabella and Evelyn Abbott

Norma with the Raymonds. For the after-première party, the star did a quick-change act

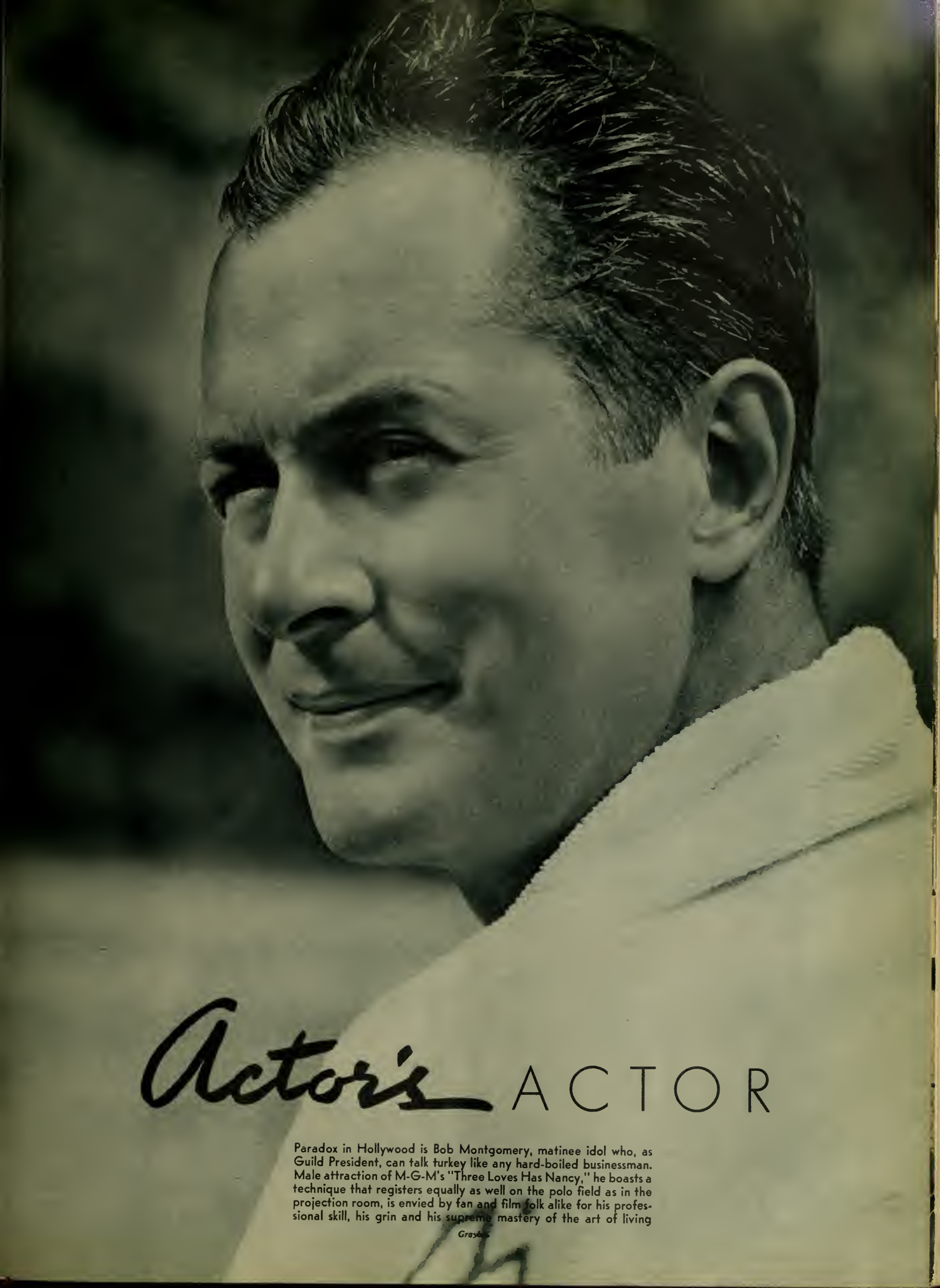
Score ten for Maggie Sullavan's intriguing white outfit; score five for Leland Hayward's profile

A foursome that hobs and nobs with the greatest of ease: the Robert Youngs and the Allan Jones

English style with a French accent—Pat Paterson in white banded with sequins, and Charles Boyer

Past masters in the art of romance, Fredric March and Virginia Bruce swing nicely into step in Hal Roach's "There Goes My Heart." Two small-town Middle Westerners, they both romanced on Broadway before they made their star marks in Hollywood. Teamed together now for the first time, they give a stepped-up version of the poor boy-rich girl theme by co-starring capably, holding hands competently

Evans



Actor's ACTOR

Paradox in Hollywood is Bob Montgomery, matinee idol who, as Guild President, can talk turkey like any hard-boiled businessman. Male attraction of M-G-M's "Three Loves Has Nancy," he boasts a technique that registers equally as well on the polo field as in the projection room, is envied by fan and film folk alike for his professional skill, his grin and his supreme mastery of the art of living

Graybill

Beverly Bayne—1913
Two Tails to the Wind

Blanche Sweet—1914
Four Layers of Froth

Florence Lawrence—1915
It's a Birdie

Ruth Chatterton—1916
Feather Your Nest

Norma Talmadge—1919
In the Velvet

May Allison—1920
A Love Set in Fuzz

Alice Brady—1921
It's All in the Angle

May McAvoy—1922
Lumberjill

Claire Windsor—1925
Fur and Warmer

Jetta Goudal—1925
Satanic Satin

Viola Dana—1926
Hat-check Girl

Mary Astor—1927
Something Daring in Duvetyn

THE MAD HATTERS

A fashion history of the greatest thorn in the male side—women's hats, with headnotes on the heights and depths that have marked these past three dashing decades

nita Stewart—1917
Tam—Scotch with Sugar

Doris Lee—1918
Pink Bonbon

Billie Burke—1918
Tailor-made Sailor Maid

Shirley Mason—1918
Mushroom Growth

Claire Windsor—1922
Spanish Lampshade

Gloria Swanson—1923
Veiled Profit

Pauline Garon—1923
It's Got Everything!

Betty Compson—1925
Fashion's Trump—the Egret

Mary Brian—1928
A Cloche Shave

Mae Busch—1929
Horsehair for Handsomeness

Kay Francis—1930
Nights in Armor

Joan Blondell—1931
Wide Open Faces

1932-1938: Betty Furness, Anita Louise, Joan Crawford and Sigrid Gurie
—and thus the styles—and the crowns—rose and sank: from Betty's knit-witticism, to the box for pills, worn by Anita, to Joan's cartwheel. Last, but not least, Sigrid exhibits the latest feminine fantasy—or folly—today's Toy Hat

COWBOY

East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—that is, until Sam Goldwyn takes a hand. Which he does, in his forthcoming "The Lady and the Cowboy." His first step was to cast, as his cowboy, Gary Cooper, who, as an emigré from Montana, first stole the Hollywood show twelve years ago by gunning his way through Western melodramas. He then induced that nice likeable English girl, Merle Oberon, to trek her way from London to the West, where she is now carrying on as a most capable "lady." From then on, matters were simple. Goldwyn aimed his cameras—the cowboy meets the Eastern debutante on a Texas cattle ranch; thinks she's a servant; marries her. Even after discovering her real identity, he-man Cooper is equal to his rôle—and the East meets the West to form a new pattern of romance, and, incidentally, a new marquee team in the bigger and better Goldwyn fashion

Exclusive to Photoplay are these Hurrell pictures of a new Carole

CAROLE

—has a new hairdress. Lombard, the witty, the winsome, the wise, rolls up her curls, swirls them into a white silk hair net, and is ready to take her stand in Selznick's "Made for Each Other"

1. A hoofer and her better half

2. His name's on page 3; what hers really is is a moot question

3. Fox's "Jesse Jame

7. He's June Collyer's husband

8. She's "America's Ideal Girl"

10. She's always on her toes; he's a chuc

9. Cal York's talking about them

. A "Kidnapped" manicurist

5. These three don't have glamorous profiles, but they win by more than a nose

6. Mustachioed product of Kenosha, Wis.

Glad to see Your Back

Nineteen good actors gone wrong—they've committed the cardinal sin of turning their backs on the audience. In case you can't identify them, their names are on page 73

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

This male star is leaving films for good

12. "Cute as a button," the President said

13. If you're not careful, he might gang up on you

FIFTY YEARS HENCE?

Not a picture of fun-loving oldsters, but a crack disguise trumped up by those gay Young Marrieds, the Gene Raymonds. For a "Fifty Years Hence" fete, they donned a few wigs and wrinkles, kept their own smiles, became Gene and Jeanette in 1988—and the hit of the party

His first public appearance since his separation from Joan Crawford —Franchot Tone helps Sally B'ane celebrate her twenty-eighth birthday

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Onto the highways, into the byways goes our favorite Peeping Tom to bring you this intimate glimpse of Glamour Town

The long and the short of it—Jimmy Stewart and Helen Hayes were the cutest couple caught dancing together at the Troc. Helen, stage actress supreme, has just turned down a fabulous sum for film-making

The End of the Eddy-MacDonald Myth

AT last (and it's about time), we lay before our readers the whole truth concerning the highly publicized feud between that popular screen team, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. We found it out by a little private investigation on the "Sweethearts" set, where Director Woody Van Dyke was in charge.

"It's a damned shame," he told us bluntly, "the way those two kids are maligned."

"Well, how do all the rumors get around?" we asked him.

He motioned us over to a chair close to the camera. "Sit here a minute," he said, "and watch."

We hadn't long to wait. Jeanette called time out to rearrange her hair just before a take and, like a flash, Nelson was at her. "Temperamental prima donnas," he cried, "always fussing with their hair and their faces."

"Oh, go away," Jeanette said, "I wouldn't have to wear this shawl around my shoulders if you hadn't breathed cold germs on me."

"Me? Cold germs on you? Well, I like that," Nelson stormed.

The next instant they were engaged in another make-believe battle.

"You see," Director Van Dyke said, "it goes on like that all day. They rag each other from nine in the morning till five at night. Casual visitors on the set who don't seem to understand that only the finest and deepest friendship would permit such continual joshings take all this kidding seriously and go about spreading the gossip.

"Believe me, there are no finer friends in all Hollywood, *and I know,* than Nelson and Jeanette."

—And Lombard Flopped

CAROLE LOMBARD as a publicity agent! How does it strike you? The Hollywood press seemed to enjoy the idea immensely. When Carole actually took her place behind a desk in Selznick's studio, reporters gathered in droves to watch the blonde star at work.

A fire siren summoned Miss Lombard's secretary to her office. What sounded like a steam calliope called in staff members for conferences. In fact, as a publicity stunt it went off swell until a seasoned reporter bustled in and asked, "Isn't Carole Lombard going to make a picture here soon?"

Carole giggled. "Yes, that's right." "Okay," snapped the reporter, "I want some dope for straight wire service tonight. When is Miss Lombard going to marry Clark Gable?"

The smile died on Carole's face. Turning to a staff member she asked in a thin little voice, "Now what do I do?"

She solved the problem by buzzing both the fire alarm and calliope at once.

The reporter fled.

Incidentally, the picture in question is Selznick's "Made for Each Other," and in it Carole will be switched from comedy into a drama of modern marriage. Teamed with her is the box-office man of the moment—Jimmy Stewart.

Here's a rare "who's-going-with-whom" picture—Nelson Eddy Café Lamaze-ing with his off-screen gal, Ann Franklin

Hollywood said it wouldn't last, but, to explode that theory, all you need is one look at the grinning gaiety of Manuel del Campo and Mary Astor, having fun together at a Bowl concert

Ann Sothern takes a lesson from Fanny "Baby Snooks" Brice on "How to woo Robt. Taylor" while Barbara Stanwyck just wears an inscrutable smile and says nothing

We talk to Lunnon town:

WITH Robert Morley's playing of King Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette" the talk of the town, imagine old Cal's amazement when M-G-M studios rang our bell and said:

"How would you like to interview Morley in London by way of telephone? We've chosen you among the Hollywood press for the honor."

Picture our jitterbug nerves as we sat in a studio office one midnight later waiting for that call to be completed.

And then it happened. "Hullo, this is Robert Morley," came the voice of that unforgettable King Louis. "It's a fine morning in London and I'm all excited about this call. Been up since dawn waiting for it."

"How did you like working over here?" we asked first. "Were you lonely or unhappy?"

"I've never been happier," came the reply. "The kindness of everyone in Hollywood has impressed me deeply. I didn't dream Hollywood could be so kind."

And then, question by question, we unfolded the story of this newcomer to the screen.

In his native England, Robert Morley had been a hard-working, sincere actor who had toured the provinces for eight years before landing on the London stage. A competent thespian, he was unknown outside his country. Then to England came the great American producer, Hunt Stromberg, to try to persuade Charles Laughton to play the part of King Louis XVI. Laughton refused, and, in despair, Stromberg decided to go to the theater and forget his disappointment. There, on the stage in "The Great Romancer," he spied Morley.

"But I've never faced a movie camera in my life," Morley protested. "Suppose I should go over and fail."

Eventually Stromberg persuaded the actor, and Morley traveled 6,000 miles to take the chance that made him one of Hollywood's most talked-about stars.

"And what are you doing in London now?" we asked.

"I'm rehearsing a London company in a play I've written, called "Goodness How Sad." I shall be in New York to appear in "The Life of Oscar Wilde" on the stage there. Then I hope to go to Hollywood again."

Hollywood, we may add, is just as enthusiastic over the actor as Morley is over Hollywood. They see in him the opportunity to fill the rôles that have been waiting so long for Charles Laughton, who refuses to leave England.

Someone had told us of Morley's kind understanding of American star worship. When Morley first arrived on the "Marie Antoinette" lot, no portable dressing room could be found for him, since there were so many important actors in the film.

But Director Van Dyke himself scoured the lot and at last found a very old room that had once belonged to Marie Dressler. "We'll have it cleaned and redecorated, of course," Van Dyke said.

"Oh, no. Leave it as it is," Morley protested. "It would be a shame to disturb it." And so, with Marie's old but beloved rocking chair midway between dresser and court, Morley used the room as it was for many long weeks.

It didn't take long during our interview to discover the rapierlike, quick mind behind the slow, hesitant speech of the King. He has written stories as well as plays and is behind England's movement to establish the Little Theaters.

With many thanks on both sides, Hollywood said good-by to London, hoping that the Morley of London would soon be Morley of Hollywood.

Autrey Mows 'em Down

WHEN Melvyn Douglas rode his horse over some of the high hurdles in a scene for Universal's "That Certain Age," he came proudly back to where his small son, four-year-old Peter, was seated among the interested onlookers, hoping for a word or two of praise. But when the director, Edward Ludwig, asked the lad what he thought of his dad and the feat just accomplished, the infant merely looked at him and said, "Well, I like Gene Autry better." And that, so far as Peter was concerned, was that!

Help Wanted

FIELDSIE has left Lombard. After seven years of faithful secretarial co-operation, working hand in glove with her boss to shock Hollywood and make the movies safe for democracy, Fieldsie left to get married. Sympathizing with an employer who has lost her most valued possession, PHOTOPLAY has decided to help out by running practically free of charge the following Help Wanted ad:

Wanted—one nerveless specimen with unusual qualifications. Must be able to outdo mule skinner when mad. Must remain calm during temperamental fireworks any hour of day or night. Must know what to do about Valentine Day presents from man named Gable. Prefer one who can speak only Russian when reporters are around. No males need apply. Write, Miss Carole Lombard, care Selznick-International Studios, Hollywood.

Writer Edwin Knopf and the lovely Irene Dunne are interested spectators at the Roller Derby

Author S. S. Van Dine sips to the success of hostess Gracie, but Edward Everett Horton (right) does a little private ribbing about the novel, "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," being named for her

It isn't always white tie and tails, or orchids and ermine in Hollywood. Buddy Adler and Anita Louise (they're engaged) go to the Bowl prepared for the cool California night

Remember, we told you that Cupid got in some deadly work at a recent Photoplay party. His victims were (and still are — definitely) Viennese Ilona Massey and Michael Whalen

A Whale of A Rôle

AFTER a strenuous trip across the continent in their own private boxcar, Bambi and his girl friend, Saline, are resting in their palatial quarters at the Walt Disney Studios, enjoying the feel of their soft grass yard between feedings from their oversize nursing bottles.

Meanwhile, the entire lot dances in admiring attendance. Studio officials state that Bambi and Saline will be ready for the arduous (?) duties of modeling the characters of the forthcoming Walt Disney feature, "Bambi," in a very short time.

In case you don't know, Bambi and the girl friend are two minute Virginia white-tailed deer sent from Maine to the Disney Studios for the animators to study.

Meantime, the animators of "Pinocchio" are wandering about, mumbling in their mustachios, as it were, on account of they say it ain't fair or just to their "Monstro." Fact is, there's considerable talk of organizing a whaling expedition to bring back a baby whale so their pet can get a break or two, too—"Monstro" being a baby whale who plays a whale of a rôle in the "Pinocchio" opus.

Star-Studded Stable

SHE drove up to the Bel-Air riding academy in a swanky limousine and emerged in the but niftiest of riding habits.

"I want a good lively horse," she demanded. "I like spirit in a horse."

Five minutes later she was back, limping and rubbing the spot on which she had obviously landed.

"I demand to see the owners here," she cried. "No one but the owners."

Out of the door, for all the world like heroes in a musical comedy scene, popped Allan Jones and Robert Young.

The lady stopped in the middle of a word, her jaw falling open.

"I—what—say—who owns this Riding Academy?" she spluttered.

"We do, Madam," they replied. "Anything wrong?"

The lady broke out in laughter.

"To think I've been in California six months without meeting a star and I finally had to fall on my—I mean—I had to fall off a horse to meet two of them."

Tourists' business increased leaps and bounds for the boys from that moment on.

(Continued on page 96)

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

THE real Garden of the Moon is the famous Cocoanut Grove. However, the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. Pat O'Brien, wisecracking like fury, is the manager who will stop at nothing to get business, and attractive, new Johnny Payne is the bandleader. Aside from removing the glamour from the night club as an institution, this depends little on plot for entertainment value. It's obvious that Johnny's going to get the girl press agent (Margaret Lindsay) and Pat is going to get the business. You are pleasantly regaled by Jerry Colonna; expert comedian Johnnie Davis; Curt Bois; Jimmie Fidler, who plays himself; and Garden owners Granville Bates and Ed McWade. Apt dialogue, good romance, swell music.

★ SING YOU SINNERS—Paramount

DARNED clever, these *Beebes*—the happy-go-lucky family consisting of *Ma,* Elizabeth Patterson, sons Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and Donald O'Connor. Having spent her money on the boys' musical education, *Mrs. Beebe* is determined to make them sing for their pot roasts. Fred, the serious one, hates warbling, wants to marry Ellen Drew, can't because Bing is a loafer and has a hysterical propensity to "swap" everything in sight. When he finally trades a "swap shop" for a race horse, the *Beebes* make their fortune on the nag. Bing's horse and his Del Mar track practically star in the picture. The songs, particularly "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams" and "Small Fry," are delightful. For sheer unadulterated fun, this takes the blue ribbon.

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

IF you read Stefan Zweig's magnificent story of Toinette, the tragic doll of the Trianon, you will come away from this superb picture with two outstanding impressions. First, that Norma Shearer really understood the Queen and her gradual evolution from a bored spendthrift to a historical figure. Second, that the French people should have been nicer to the poor woman, if only because she was so lovely and had such an amusing imagination. It is perfectly cast, with new Robert Morley amazingly good as the misunderstood Louis XVI and Gladys George an acceptable du Barry.

Tyrone Power is the dead spit physically of Fersen, Antoinette's lover, and, although he was inconspicuous in that part, his performance was authentic; after all, the Swedish nobleman was not a brilliant or flashing personality. It is not the story that gives this piece originality, because everyone knows it—how the Austrian Princess was married for State reasons to the impotent Dauphin and, thus frustrated, worked off her energies madly and extravagantly, how she fell in love with Fersen, who remained loyal when the deluge came. It is, instead, the interpretation of these almost legendary persons as simple human beings that leaves you breathless.

Director W. S. Van Dyke may easily call this his finest job. Technically, it is as civilized and complete a motion picture as has ever been created. John Barrymore, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and all the rest are excellent. In any case, Norma Shearer has her triumphant comeback.

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

"FOUR things greater than all things are, Women and Horses and Power and War." Although Kipling didn't write this picture (it's from a story by A. E. W. Mason), no film that we can remember has come so close as "Drums" to depicting the fierce, glorious battling atmosphere of the India of Great Britain on her march to Empire, for which the poet is famous. All the native Indian scenes were photographed in the heavily guarded tribal territory of the Khyber Pass on the northwest frontier.

Knowing the Moslems are being egged on to a holy war, *Captain Carruthers* is sent up from Peshawar to make a treaty with the *Khan.* He takes his bride, daughter of the Governor, with him. Before the treaty plans are completed *Prince Ghul* has the old *Khan* murdered; the *Khan's* son (Sabu of "Elephant Boy" fame) barely escapes. The assassinator then invites the English garrison to a dinner at which he intends to slaughter the whole troop. Sabu, in the meantime, having made friends with a little Scotch drummer boy, manages to drum out a signal which is heard too late for the Gordon Highlanders to escape without terrific slaughter. Built up to an amazing tension, this banquet scene has been magnificently directed by Zoltan Korda. In fact, the atmosphere throughout is highly realistic due in no small part to Technicolor. India's dusky blues, browns and reds are ideal for this medium.

The actors, Roger Livesey, Raymond Massey, Sabu, Valerie Hobson, Desmond Tester and numerous others are each completely satisfying.

★ THE TEXANS—Paramount

IT all breaks down to a stampede. When any studio can photograph the removal of a herd of cattle across country and out of it discover such a wealth of action as well as such spectacle, credit must be distributed lavishly.

Here is history, romance, a tale of courage; it is beautifully filmed and produced in the grand manner. Of course, the plot is disjointed and overshadowed, but you can't have everything.

The entire story centers around a family in Texas during the Reconstruction Period that followed the Civil War. May Robson, owner of vast lands and ten thousand head of cattle, finds the new taxes and the carpetbag politics of newcomers are leading her to ruin. So up she gets, and, with a determined cry, decides to move the herd 1,500 miles through Indian country to Kansas, where she can sell it at the railroad. To this end, Randy Scott is brought in, and in true big-time fashion, leads the exodus, finding time between fighting and other heroics to make courteous passes at Joan Bennett, May's granddaughter. Robert Barrat and a troop of Yankees make a chase out of the whole affair, but you can guess the outcome.

Miss Robson has the juiciest rôle and steals the picture, but Walter Brennan does a wonderful job, too. The historical background and the hazards attending the trek in the form of blizzards, stampedes and dust storms cannot fail to hold your interest throughout despite the somewhat lukewarm romance.

★ **BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners**

EAGERLY awaited because the stage version was such a knockout, this cinema plug for—and satire on—Hollywood is true to the original, and fine comic entertainment. It marks the return of Jimmy (Bad Boy) Cagney, this time as a screwball film writer; his companion scribbler is Pat O'Brien. Stuck on a story for a Western star, Dick Foran, the two guys find the answer in Marie Wilson, a dumb waitress. She's going to have a baby, and they decide to create a baby star with her offspring. Bruce Lester plays Marie's romantic interest; Ralph Bellamy, the affected producer; Frank McHugh, the typical Hollywood agent. No matter what the boys do, it's funny. Cagney is better than ever. Marie Wilson's excellent in her biggest rôle to date.

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL—RKO-Radio

HERE again, Hollywood points an amused finger at itself. This time with Friend Oakie, lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor, playing a press agent. Those who know the real Praise Persons of the movie city, hard lean-faced men, spary of the spoken word and bitter of wit, must find Jackie's interpretation a little soggy. The story has pace, though, and good comedy: it's the crazy tale of Oakie's efforts to bring back a slipping screen star, Lucille Ball, by any kind of publicity. He gets her in jail, makes her pose as a housemaid, gets her into other fantastic situations. Fritz Feld and Bradley Page, with Ruth Donnelly, contribute interesting background and Lucille herself uses her good rôle for everything it's got. In any case, you'll laugh.

★ **FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warner Brothers**

HEREIN three stars are born—notably John Garfield whose characterization is one of the high spots of the year; a new Priscilla Lane who emerges as another Ginger Rogers; and Jeffrey Lynn, emphatically a "discovery." Based on Fannie Hurst's novel, the story of the four *Lemp* girls (Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane and Gale Page) and their search for romance consistently touches the heart, occasionally lets you laugh and always entertains you. Tragedy comes to the *Lemps* when Priscilla sacrifices her love for her sister and marries the dour pianist, John Garfield, instead of the composer, Jeffrey Lynn. The end is happy, even if tragic circumstances lead to it. Michael Curtiz' direction is superb throughout. Recommended for all!

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Marie Antoinette — **Drums**
Four's a Crowd — **Boy Meets Girl**
The Crowd Roars — **Letter of Introduction**
Sing You Sinners — **The Texans**
Love Finds Andy Hardy — **Give Me a Sailor**
Four Daughters

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette"
Robert Morley in "Marie Antoinette"

Errol Flynn in "Four's a Crowd"

James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"
Marie Wilson in "Boy Meets Girl"

Robert Taylor in "The Crowd Roars"
Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars"
Edward Arnold in "The Crowd Roars"

Adolphe Menjou in "Letter of Introduction"
Andrea Leeds in "Letter of Introduction"
Edgar Bergen in "Letter of Introduction"
Charlie McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction"

Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"

May Robson in "The Texans"

Donnie Dunagan in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

Martha Raye in "Give Me a Sailor"
Bob Hope in "Give Me a Sailor"

Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters"
John Garfield in "Four Daughters"
Jeffrey Lynn in "Four Daughters"

★ **FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners**

THOSE of you who have always thought of Errol Flynn as a nice-looking romantic, without too intellectual a grip on comedy, will be pleasantly shocked at his performance in this. It has a Cary Grant quality. Frankly, the picture itself is most confusing, if you regard it as a whole; but its individual sequences are splendid gems and every character is cast perfectly.

The story starts off with Rosalind Russell as newspaper woman No. 1 of Pat Knowles' New York sensation sheet. The paper's failing, and they want to get back Flynn (who turned Public Relations council when Knowles fired him). Flynn plays a tireless, fast-thinking young businessman whose work is to whitewash the reputations of millionaires who have made their piles by despoiling widows and orphans. Fourth in the crowd is Olivia de Havilland, giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. The confusion is not concerned with Flynn's business; that is direct and highly interesting. He finds Connolly a hard nut to crack, takes back his job on the paper, campaigns to make the old man the Most Hated Millionaire in America, and then uses his victim's hobby—miniature railroading—to cheat him out of a contract.

What will floor you is trying to find out who loves whom. I *think* it's Errol-Rosalind and Olivia-Patric in the end, but no quoting, please. Anyway, everybody has a wonderful time.

★ **LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal**

LET there be no more talk concerning dull movies resulting in empty theater seats, at least so far as "Letter of Introduction" is concerned. Universal has created the apparent solution to the current problem in this beautifully blended gem of comedy, drama, and pathos; it has every essential, including Charlie McCarthy. To Director John M. Stahl goes a major portion of credit. His handling of every situation, whether it be out-and-out McCarthy fun or the tragic scenes of a vain man's attempts to override his weaknesses, is well nigh perfect. The performers themselves are excellent—each shrewdly cast and each in fine fettle.

Andrea Leeds, a young girl with high hopes of becoming a great actress, comes to New York with a letter of introduction to *John Mannering* (Adolphe Menjou), screen and stage idol. When the apartment house in which she lives burns down, Andrea rescues the letter and seeks refuge with Rita Johnson and her dancing partner, George Murphy. George and Andrea fall in love at first sight. When Andrea presents her letter to Menjou, it is revealed —surprise, kiddies—that she is the actor's daughter; and, in his joy at finding her, he promises to bring her stardom. Tragedy strikes before he can fulfill this promise. Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen are the hits of the show; never has the sophisticated artistry of Bergen been more pronounced.

(Continued on page 97)

Director Keighley and Wayne Morris smile when they face a contretemps on the "Brother Rat" set

"The Road to Reno," with Glenda Farrell, Hope Hampton and Randy Scott, gives you a peek at the how-come of the divorce mill

WE COVER

On his fascinating set-covering tour, this scout of ours gets a lesson in the three R's as he travels from "Reno," to "Rich," to "Rat"

WE knew Hollywood was really back in the groove when we heard Sam Goldwyn was shooting again. He has rounded up the old hands to get "The Lady and the Cowboy" rolling with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon. That pair of aces alone makes a first set-stop at United Artists practically compulsory, as we start stalking the studios to see what's what.

When we arrive, Merle, so gorgeous in a white frock with wine hat and gloves, stands by the rail of a cutaway movie ship and cozies up to Gary. It's not hard either because Coop is back in the attractive rags that suit him best—cowpoke clothes. He has a ten-gallon hat slung over one ear, high-heeled boots and a silk bandana.

We watch while "Solly the Serpent" almost huffs and puffs Gary and Merle off the flimsy set-deck. "Solly" is the caterpillarlike contraption they invented for the "Hurricane" tempests. Merle and Gary have to take Solly's synthetic sea breezes and, what's more, roll cigarettes in the teeth of the gale. Merle tries—and the "makin's" almost blind us. Gary brags he can roll it with one hand. Solly snuffs out that boast like a birthday candle. So Director Hank Potter takes a hand. "We'll shoot it that way," he decides "for comedy!"

Which strikes us as a nice solution.

But Coop's pride is wounded. "I can still do it with one hand," he says grimly.

"Show me how," pleads Merle, in an oh-you-big-mans voice. They sit right down in some canvas chairs, Gary peels off his coat, Merle slips off her hat and gloves, and tobacco flies all over the place. We duck before the inevitable cuss words start to flow.

WE make a break next for Universal, where songbird Hope Hampton (remember?) is using "The Road To Reno" as the trail back to a film career.

In "The Road to Reno," Hope's an opera star who hops to Reno for a quick unhitching, meets rancher Randy Scott, marries the guy, and then tries to make him over into a dude.

What particularly interests us about the scene we see is the fact that it's taken from an actual case on Reno court records, and gives us a bona fide peek at the how-come of the notorious divorce mill.

You have to answer just two important questions to get your walking papers in Reno: "Have you been a resident of this state for six weeks?" and "Is it your intention to make this state your permanent residence?" The answer in both cases is "Yes." But once, a fluttery lady got mixed up on the second one and said, "Heavens, no—I'm leaving this joint on the 3:30 train!" Which is what actually occurs in most cases—only you don't say so in court. She did, and lost one of the few divorce cases on record!

We watch Hope pull the same classic boner. It's very funny, so we're still chuckling in our beard when we find Deanna Durbin growing up on the set of "That Certain Age," next door.

Deanna shakes our hand and gives us a smile. Only she doesn't give smiles; she shares them. You smile, too. You can't resist. Deanna has a pad and pencil in her hand. Her teacher hovers near by. Between shots she puts the bee on Melvyn Douglas to help her with her homework.

"That Certain Age" is the third stage in the process of Deanna's movie growing up. Here, for the first time, a heartbeat enters the picture. He's writer Melvyn Douglas, and, though he doesn't know it, Deanna's heart thumps with a young girl's worship of an older man. Jackie Cooper, the boy friend in this one, doesn't get a break. She tries to act grown-up and glamorous and—well, you can imagine it from there. Songs, of course, classical and otherwise. There'll be a surprise, too. Deanna's voice has grown much fuller since "Mad About Music."

Newcomer Nancy Kelly, with Richard Greene in the picture, "Wooden Anchors," isn't really a newcomer

Between scenes of "That Certain Age," Deanna Durbin puts the bee on Melvyn Douglas. And is he stumped! Irene Rich (left), hits the comeback trail in this

THE STUDIOS BY JACK WADE

WE'RE awfully glad to see Irene Rich back in Hollywood playing Deanna's mother in this one. Irene's the ideal maternal type for our money, and when Hollywood got stingy with parts, she up and went right into radio and made a big name for herself. She looks young and happy and we ask her the secret. But she brightly cracks the name of a well-known fruit drink she advertises on the air.

Across the sandy Los Angeles river and around the bend of Mount Warner, a shaggy mountain backdrop, we find the Warner Brothers without a single star rebellion or player holdout.

We make a beeline for "Brother Rat"—yep, that's the name of it, and if you're at all up on the New York stage you'll know it's a sockaroo hit about what goes on inside the South's proudest military academy, Virginia Military Institute. "Rats" in that place mean just—freshmen. Affectionate little term, what?

The main Brothers Rat are Wayne (the Kid) Morris, Ronald Reagan and Eddie Albert. Priscilla Lane and Jane Bryan take care of the distaff side, which is pretty minor as you'd imagine —in a military school. The Lane-Morris lineup presents one of those awkward little contretemps that make-believe and real-life are always posing for Hollywood stars. Wayne and Priscilla were as thick as country cream for months, then—boom!—it was all over. Now they have to make sweet love to each other!

Things are running smoothly today, however, as only Wayne and Ronald Reagan are punching the clock. When we enter the set—a study barracks room—bedecked with swords and guns and battle flags and—oh, yes—a few books, Wayne is distracting Ronald from his trig lesson with an account of his love troubles.

After three or four faulty takes, Reagan cries, "Will somebody please work this trig problem for me? I've been looking at it so long I think about the answer instead of my lines!"

BACK in town, Columbia calls with "I Am The Law," Edward G. Robinson's racket-busting picture patterned quite obviously after the spectacular Dewey house cleaning in Manhattan. Eddie's a college professor who spends his vacation cleaning up the town, and has more fun than the trip to Europe he planned.

This season Eddie tried two careers, heavy drama on the screen, and the same on the air in "The Big Town." He likes them both so much he hates to give them up, but, he shakes his large, round head, "I'm crumbling, crumbling."

We'd do most anything to avoid the spectacle of Edward G. Robinson crumbling in little pieces like a layer cake, so we roll down Gower Street to RKO—for lunch, and, what's even more important, for "Gunga Din."

The three principals in this are Doug Fairbanks, Junior, a cockney soldier; Cary Grant, a Scotch trooper; and Victor McLaglen, an Irish *Tommy Atkins*. The story is pretty much the three musketeers idea, with said three in constant hot water, mixing fun, frolic and heroism with a light dose of love. Cary and Victor work out a minor plot trying to keep Doug from marrying pretty Joan Fontaine.

There's another epic brewing, of a different sort, over at Paramount, where we waste no time heading for Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and company on the "Zaza" set.

"Zaza" is tuneful and glittery, in what the Continent considered snappy stuff back in 1904 —cancan dancers, champagne, wasp waists, parasols, naughty songs. Really the story's a sort of Parisian "Back Street," with Claudette as a vivacious little music-hall entertainer who wins French gentleman Herbert Marshall's heart, but hasn't the heart herself to break up his home—an item the French consider in a world apart from their romances, don't you know.

Today, we spot Claudette, in a chic, bouffant dress with black circles and a perky pink horsehair and flower hat, sitting on a stool in the center of nimble workmen. Her arms look like a jewelry window. She's nervous because she's about to do a song number with Bert Lahr. Singing, Claudette confides, always makes her as jittery as a bride.

Bert is sporting a comic straw hat and loud striped pants that draw a protest from Claudette. "I know why you're wearing them," she tells him. "So nobody will notice *me* in the number!"

Bert looks wounded momentarily.

"Never mind," smiles Claudette, "I'll wear a spangle on my nose!"

"Your nose," objects Bert, "just isn't the type. Wait till it grows up—like mine!"

We think Bert has something there.

Twentieth Century-Fox is always busy as a bloom-time beehive—the hilltop lot bustles with movies-in-the-make. A new one for us is "Wooden Anchors," which we catch on the very first day.

Richard Greene really gets his first starring chance in "Wooden Anchors." He plays a spoiled, rich man's son who tries to gold-brick it through the Navy during the World War, but has a lot of foolishness knocked out of him en route.

Richard tells us he hopes to prove in "Wooden Anchors" that he's been thoroughly de-Britished. The process, he further confides, is due largely to his girl friend, Arleen Whelan. She coached him out of his Oxford accent while they stepped out together to see Hollywood's night sights.

Nancy Kelly is the one who draws our eye, though, because Nancy is brand-new to Hollywood.

She's the bright-eyed, vivacious girl who made such a hit with Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God" on Broadway, and after we talk to her she confesses that she was a child star 'way back yonder. Made fifty-two pictures, but had to make good on the stage when she grew up to get a Hollywood break!

WATCH Alice Faye in her first heavy dramatic rôle minus the songs and the streamlined supports—"By the Dawn's Early Light." It may sound like the theme song for a man-about-town, but it's really a flag-waving picture glorifying unsung American consuls in scattered countries. This country happens to be Mongolia and, true to type, Missy Faye's a night-club entertainer. But she doesn't sing or dance. Instead Alice and vagabond-newspaperman Warner Baxter get all mixed up with bandits, seek protection in Charles Winninger's American consulate compound and learn to love between bullets. Then Warner writes a story about it and Charlie Winninger gets the heroic recognition he deserves for keeping the stars and stripes flying.

Gregory Ratoff ushers us in on the set in style. Gregory informs us in his miraculous English that he's through acting unless they draft him: he's directing this one.

We watch a scene with Alice and Keye Luke. Alice is supposed to adopt a Russian accent to foil the bandits. Keye is supposed to speak English with a Chinese inflection. Gregory tries to tell both of them how to do it. Ever heard of the Tower of Babel? That's the idea. Even Alice and Keye can't keep a straight face.

"Phooey!" says Gregory, finally, "such a business! I'm dying!" He plops in his chair and mops his brow. And Alice and Keye do the scene as they were going to in the first place!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is doubling up with dances on "Sweethearts," when we finally get around to Culver City. On one set Ray Bolger and a hundred chorus girls are rehearsing his big dance number. On another, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy shoot their comedy dance-scene.

We pop in first for a peek at the Bolger set—a giant Dutch mill banked by a mass of blazing paper tulips and some dancing Dutch cuties who have a terrible time keeping the curtain fringe from hooking onto their hats. Through the fields of flowers and pretty maids Ray, who is our man for eccentric dances, comes making motions, only—because the take is silent, being cued by a loud-speakered "playback." Albertina Rasch, high up in a box overhead, supervises the toe-twinkle of her dancing girls.

"Sweethearts" is, of course, based on the Victor Herbert operetta, with all those lilting melodies—"The Sweetheart Waltz," "Pretty as a Picture," and "Klip, Klop, Klop." They give Jeanette and Nelson plenty of chance to sing. M-G-M has modernized the story adroitly, though, by taking it out of Holland and showing the operetta as a hit show on Broadway. Nelson and Jeanette are the stars who get so sick of hearing their own songs that they run away to—of all places—Hollywood! Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell wrote the new script, and Frank Morgan plays a balmy Broadway producer, so there's a ton of fun in it, like the scene we see:

It's Jeanette and Nelson, having an after-theater celebration. The piano is banging away and Nelson and Jeanette trip a ludicrous light fantastic. They bump heads, sneeze, trip and have all sorts of accidents, to the amusement of Director Woody Van Dyke, who always seems to be around whenever Nelson and Jeanette make a movie.

"How a big lug like you gets away with dancing is beyond me," Woody tells Nelson.

We notice at once that Jeanette's hair looks funny. So much lighter. "Sweethearts" started out to be in black and white, but after the first week they decided to film it in Technicolor. Jeanette's lovely hair proved to be about two shades too red. So she had to have it lightened. Now it almost matches her pink evening gown.

Workmen, who have been tearing out a wall so the camera can roll back, shout "Okay!" and Van Dyke echoes.

"Bring on the army!" cries Jeanette. She sits patiently in a chair while four people poke, dab and fuss over her. Hairdressers, make-up men, wardrobe pinners. Nelson powders his face and fumbles his white tie.

"All right," says Van Dyke, "let's take it. Now, Nelson, give us your real art." There's a sly gleam in Van's eye.

Again they prance, sway, whirl and stumble as the camera turns. Nelson's tails almost trip him, but he struggles on. Van Dyke has his hand to his mouth. "Cut!" he finally yells, then he steps into the scene, one hand behind him.

Before Nelson, Woody bows. His hand comes out. In it is a loving cup. On the cup is engraved: "Nelson Eddy—Dance Champion of Hollywood—1938, Judges: Jeanette MacDonald and W. S. Van Dyke."

Nelson blushes; the set whoops. Another picture, another rush of gags. When that trio get together—Nelson, Jeanette and Woody Van Dyke, they work hard and long, fast and furious. But they're never too busy to cook up some fun.

PHOTOPLAY Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Tricolor chic predominates in this fall costume worn by Anita Louise, currently appearing in M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette." Her Plumtone Voris suède suit is topped by a swagger coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin created by Willard George. Accent of green suède flashes from the ascot and gloves, and from around the brim of the fringe-edged suède Knox hat. "The Sisters," starring Bette Davis, is Anita's newest film for her home studio, Warner Brothers.

PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR BY HURRELL
BACKGROUND—COURTESY OF UNITED AIR LINES

Gangster turns hoofer! Can you tie it! Edward G. Robinson and Wendy Barrie run through the Big Apple sequence for Eddie Larkin (far right), dance director of Columbia's racket-busting film, "I Am the Law"

Janet Gaynor sets the pace for tweed tailleurs with these two costumes designed by Omar Kiam for her to wear in Selznick-International's "The Young in Heart." Janet's suit, left, features a herringbone tweed of brown and deep ivory. Keen style interest centers in the full-length coat that is collared and paneled with beaver, and in the saddle-stitched rose rust suède front of the short-sleeved tweed jacket that has a concealed zipper closing. (Note Omar Kiam's detailed sketch of the jacket)

For fall Howard Greer sponsors a flared skirt in this surplice, collarless, draped-open sleeved black woolen coat designed for Ginger Rogers to wear in RKO's "Carefree," in which she costars with Fred Astaire. Greer belts and bands the sleeves with patent leather and uses the gold choker collar of the frock beneath to ornament the neckline. His sketch (above) pictures the sheer black woolen frock which has a circle skirt, high front waistline (the back drops to a low point) and zipper closing. The narrow appliquéd stripings are of gilded kidskin

Bette Davis (opposite page) wears a sli fur and fabric model from her person wardrobe. The front panel and Pete Pan collar are Russian caracul—the bod of black woolen. A bloused, self-fabri belted back contrasts the slim front styl ing. Bette's chic black tricorn is of fu felt. The frock (sketched below) was de signed by Orry Kelly, famous Warner designer. Identical back and front, it is outstanding for its fabric—black woo jersey—awkward-length sleeves, low waistline, moulded hip, hemline flare an unique collar and cuffs, quilted an padded to resemble those of a turtle neck sweater. Orry Kelly also designe Bette's clothes in Warners' "The Sisters"

Club STYLES

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

"Tenderfoot" — Ann Miller, featured in RKO's "Room Service," shows what Roxford has done with thongs to feminize a Western classic (above). A leaf brown felt, with sombrero type crown and rolling brim, is smartly laced with natural leather. Lacings that match fasten under the chin

Also worn by Ann Miller (right), is Roxford's "Age of Innocence." It's a little-girl saucer-brim breton, grosgrain bound, flipped up sharply in back, and pinioned with a flat grosgrain bow. Worn far back on the head, it's kept on in a defiance of gravity achieved only by undergraduates

Frances Mercer (below), featured in RKO's "The Mad Miss Manton," models "Headline" Hat—Byron's version of the newest line from Paris. It hugs the back of the head and plunges forward over the eyes. A shocking pink and claret suède bowknot trims this navy felt. For new coiffures

And again Frances Mercer proves that Byron's "Up S'Daisy" (below) is another pert flatterer. In velvety brown felt, the brim is brightened with stitching in a charming lazy-daisy scroll design. The hat, sharply turned back off the face, is closely molded to the back of the head

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THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

A brand-new color harmony distinguishes this tailored costume worn by Eleanor Powell, now appearing in M-G-M's "Honolulu." Brown and beige are featured in the single-breasted jacket of Hound's Tooth Check—grey in skirt (which is high-waisted with top belt), and in the oxfords; London tan in the sheer woolen blouse, shoulder-strap bag, hand-sewn gloves and back brim of the beige felt hat. Eleanor's brown-beige-grey-London tan color quartette is one of the smartest seen in Hollywood this season

MICKEY

THE McCOY

Rough and tough and hard to bluff is Mickey Rooney, the one kid in Hollywood who has all the answers ready

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

WHEN the scene was over, Gladys George turned to the little, impudent, yellow-headed guy who had stolen it. With a quizzical frown she said,

"You're starting that a little early in life, aren't you?"

Mickey Rooney grinned as politely as he could. If he had followed his natural inclinations and stuck strictly to facts he might have answered like this: "Shake yourself loose there, Toots. Whaddaya mean, starting early? This is old stuff for me. After five hundred pictures, pinchin' scenes comes natural. Now less gab on the set and let's get this in the can. I'm a busy man."

From a brief spot as a midget with Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermine" to star billing in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" spans Mickey Rooney's amazing Hollywood career. He was four then; he's seventeen now. He's never stopped making pictures; he's never stopped making money; he's never stopped making everybody with him step lively to keep in the picture. He's never stopped being Mickey Rooney, either, which means he's never stopped being boy, and plenty of it.

THE first time I saw the spunky little mug was at a big benefit performance one night in the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Nobody knew much about him then, although he'd already starred in almost three hundred kid comedy movies. On the other hand, everybody was bowing to the talent of a popular boy star. Both were on the bill. The kid star came out first, in his best precious child manner, prancing and smirking. He was delicious—and he was a flop.

Then Mickey, about as big as a cigarette butt and every bit as unpretentious, shot out of the wings. He didn't fool around; he was as direct as a kick in the pants. With the same little croaking, husky voice he has today—it's never changed—he launched into his patter; he sang, he danced, he jawed with the audience—he wowed 'em. He made the kid star look like a cream puff somebody had stepped on.

Mickey Rooney has been doing the same devastating thing to the precocity parade, on the set and off, ever since. Because, in the first place, he's one of the most genuine little artists in Hollywood, because he's a veteran, because he knows the answers, all of them, and because he's no mama's boy trailing apron strings daintily behind him.

He's Mickey (Himself) McGuire, rough and tough and hard to bluff, which isn't so strange when you realize seven years of his childhood were spent bringing Fontaine Fox's tough little neighborhood terror cartoon character to the screen. When most current kiddie screen wonders were building blocks or playing paper dolls, Mickey was swaggering around in oversize button shoes under a massive derby hat, a cigar tilted in his tiny trap, slapping the stuffings out of the rest of the kids in Larry Darmour's kid comedies. In fact, Mickey's name was once officially Mickey McGuire, until the cartoonist Fox objected legally to having his thunder stolen. Then they changed it to Rooney.

His name is really Yule, Joe Yule, Jr.—"Sonny" Yule, as the vaudeville and burlesque folks used to know it.

Mickey's folks were vaudeville people. His mother, Nell Brown, danced; his dad, Joe Yule, was a funny man. He still is, often performing in Los Angeles burlesque shows on Main Street,

(Continued on page 76)

Seven or seventeen, Mickey can still give such stars as Gladys George (top) a bad headache in the movie-making job

Even back in 1932 he dared to pull the famous Rooney trick on Tom Mix

I sat there, in Padgham's car. A vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 31)

surprised? Was he frightened? Or was he, perhaps, acting a part? I had the idea that the man was playing me as a cat plays a mouse.

"Oh—Good *Lord!*" he exclaimed, and then after a moment added, "Where is this . . . er . . . ah corpse?"

"Upstairs," I said, "in a room which opens off behind the staircase."

"And what were *you* doing up there?" he asked, sharply.

"I heard something," I said. "A funny sound, and I climbed the stairs to see what it was and found. . . ."

I stopped abruptly. Should I tell him what I'd found or should I tell that only to Mr. Foley—or, on the other hand, should I ever tell anyone? Bruce Eaton certainly didn't want anyone to know he'd been in the house, and it didn't take a great deal of imagination for me to understand why. Bruce Eaton was box-office in a big way. Not only was he *my* particular heartthrob, but I had some forty million feminine rivals.

"Go ahead," he said, interrupting my thoughts. "You found what?"

"Found this dead man," I finished inanely.

"How did you know that he is dead?"

"By looking at him."

"Did you go into the room to see?"

"No."

"You didn't touch him?"

"No."

"You didn't . . . er . . . pick up anything?"

"Pick up anything," I said, forgetting for the moment about that peculiar key. "Why, why should I pick up anything? What are you talking about, Mr. Padgham?"

"Just a matter of precaution," he said quickly. "You understand the police are very strict about anyone touching things in a room where a man's been murdered."

"Murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Why yes," he said. "Didn't you say he was murdered?"

And I think that was the first time I realized the man actually *had* been murdered.

"No," I told him, "I thought he'd had a stroke or something while he was sitting there . . . Great heavens, you don't suppose. . . ."

"Suppose what?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Look here, Miss Bell," he told me, dropping his friendly manner for the moment, and with his voice holding an ominous note, "if you're holding anything back, it's going to be . . . well, serious."

"I'm not holding anything back," I told him—"that is, anything that I feel I should tell you."

THIS time there was no mistaking his tone. His voice was as cruel as the lash of a whip. "It isn't for *you* to decide what you're to tell me and what not," he said. "Tell me *everything.*"

"Well," I said, thinking fast and talking fast. "I came here with that agreement in my brief case. I was a little early, but I expected either to find you and Mr. Foley here, or at least to find someone at home."

"There was no one in?" he asked.

"No one answered the bell."

"How did you get in?"

"I walked in. The door was open."

"Are you accustomed to walking into strange houses. . . ."

"Stop it," I said. "Don't you try to cross-examine me. I'm accountable to Mr. Foley. I came here at *his* request, not *yours.*"

The anger in my voice stopped him. He was silent for a second or two, then said, "I *beg* your pardon, Miss Bell. I was only trying to protect you."

"Protect me from what?" I asked.

"From the police."

"I don't want to be protected from the police. The police are my friends."

"The police," he said, "must never know that you were here."

"That's what *you* think," I told him.

"I am speaking on behalf of Mr. Foley."

"I think Mr. Foley is quite able to do his own speaking."

He hesitated as though thinking out a new plan of attack. His voice became solicitous—too solicitous, I thought. "My dear Miss Bell," he said. "I didn't realize what a terrifying experience you've been through. Certainly to a young woman who is unaccustomed to scenes of violence, this is a great shock, a very great . . . er . . . ah emotional shock. I want you to go out and wait in my car. I assure you you'll be quite safe there. Nothing will happen, and I'll go up and investigate. I think you're quite right. If you are to receive any instructions, they should come from Mr. Foley."

"But you can't investigate," I told him. "The lights are off."

"I know the house," he said. "I'll grope my way."

"Well, *I'm* not going with you," I told him.

"I don't want you to. I want to go out and sit in the car. I'll see what I can find." And he slipped quietly down the dark corridor.

I started toward the automobile which was parked at the curb, then remembered my brief case. I ran back and retrieved it after some fumbling around, returned to the automobile, opened the door, climbed in, and sat there, thinking what a strange combination Frank G. Padgham was. I would never have expected him to develop the moral courage to go into that dark house to investigate.

There was a drugstore down at the corner. I could see light shining through the windows. It occurred to me they'd have a telephone, and something which had been merely a vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination.

I looked up at the dark house. The lights were still apparently off—judging by the diamond-shaped window in the hallway. I knew from experience that the curtain and hangings over the other windows were so heavy it would be impossible to tell whether there were lights on in the other rooms.

I opened the door and slipped out to the sidewalk. There seemed to be no one in sight. I started walking rapidly toward the drugstore.

I HAD been in Hollywood long enough and had read newspapers enough to know what a precious thing a star's reputation is. Let him get in what is known as "a jam" and unfavorable publicity can ruin him, and I knew the studios were keenly alive to the situation. Once they have a contract with a star, they build him up. He represents the investment of a lot of money in actual expense, and a lot more in potential profits. I felt that Bruce Eaton should have an opportunity to defend himself.

I entered the drugstore, gave one of my best smiles to the clerk, and walked across to the telephone booth.

I looked for Bruce Eaton in the directory.

He wasn't listed. It occurred to me then that he wouldn't be. I called Information and pleaded with her to give me Bruce Eaton's unlisted number. I told her it was a matter of life and death, something that was very, very important to Mr. Eaton, and my emotional storm was wasted against a wall of official reserve. I couldn't even make her get the smile out of her voice.

And then I remembered reading an article in a motion-picture magazine about Bruce Eaton, only a few days ago. That article had mentioned the name of the agency which repre-

sented him. I couldn't recall the name offhand, but there was a magazine stand in the drugstore.

I left the telephone booth, bought a copy of the magazine, and found the name I wanted. That name was listed in the telephone directory. I called the number. I hardly expected there'd be anyone at the office, but I thought Information would, perhaps, give me the number of . . . Someone answered the telephone, a soothingly competent masculine voice which seemed to say, "All right, you've got me now. There's nothing to worry about. Tell me what it is."

I didn't want Mr. Padgham to know I'd been telephoning. Time was short. I didn't have any opportunity to ask questions, and I certainly didn't want anyone to ask *me* questions. "Listen," I said, "your agency represents Bruce Eaton. I happen to have some information of the greatest importance to Mr. Eaton."

"Yes," the voice said. "We represent him. Can you tell me who this is talking?"

"No," I said, "but I have a message which *must* get to Mr. Eaton right away."

This time the voice seemed to have lost some of its cordiality. "What's the message?" it asked.

"Please tell Mr. Eaton that the young woman who removed his gag recognized him, that her telephone number is . . ." That was making it sound like too much of a mash proposition so I added, hastily, "Please tell him that if he wants to get in touch with the young woman who removed his gag, he can call Miss Bell at the law office of William C. Foley, and Miss Bell will see that any messages he desires to give are duly transmitted."

"Can't you tell me something more about what you're referring to?" the voice asked. "Can't you be a little more specific? After all, you know, there are lots of people who admire Mr. Eaton both as an individual and as an actor. Many of them try to get in touch with him. We have literally hundreds of messages which we simply can't transmit, because it wouldn't do any good. Mr. Eaton couldn't even begin to . . . ."

"Listen," I interrupted. "This is a matter of life and death. You're interested in Mr. Eaton—in any event, you're interested in his earning capacity. If you don't do just as I say his earning capacity may take a nose dive, and I haven't time to argue about it."

I slammed up the telephone receiver and walked from the telephone booth, conscious of the fact that the clerk had mistaken my smile for an invitation, and was smirking all over his fat face.

After I'd left the drugstore, I walked just as fast as I could make my legs move.

HALFWAY to the house I received a sudden shock. There was no automobile at the curb!

I kept on walking, hoping against hope that my eyes had deceived me. I wondered what Mr. Padgham would think, wondered if, perhaps, he'd decide I knew more about the affair of the Spanish house than I'd disclosed to him.

An automobile swung around the corner behind me, coming at high speed. As the car swayed on its springs and skidded slightly, the brilliant illumination of the headlights swung far over to the left, held me in their pitiless brilliance, then went over to the right and back again to the left. I heard the sound of tires protesting against the too sudden application of brakes.

After what I'd been through, my nerves were ragged. I started to run. Then I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling. "What is it, Miss Bell?"

I turned back toward the car. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life.

"Has something happened?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him.

"What?"

"Lots of things," I said.

He glanced at the briefcase under my arm. "Do you still have the agreement?"

"I held on to it through thick and thin," I said, laughing nervously.

"Want to get in?" he asked.

Did I? I ran around the car and climbed in beside him.

"Tell me about it," he urged.

So I started in and told him the whole thing from the beginning, from the time the car had tried to run over me until Mr. Padgham had sent me out to wait in his car. The only thing I held out on was Bruce Eaton and that key. Somehow I didn't exactly think it would be cricket to tell even Mr. Foley—at any rate, not until Bruce Eaton's agent had had an opportunity to tell him to communicate with me.

"Then *you* don't know whether the man in that room had been murdered or had died a natural death?"

"No, only what Mr. Padgham said."

"You don't even know of your own knowledge whether he was dead or not?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I didn't go in the room."

"But Padgham left you in the automobile and went up to that room."

"That's where he said he was going."

"How long ago was that?"

"Perhaps ten minutes."

"And what were you doing in the meantime?"

"I . . . I went down to the drugstore," I said. "I was coming right back."

"You shouldn't have done that," he told me. "Padgham may have become worried about you."

"I don't think he'll ever waste much time worrying about anyone except Padgham," I said.

"Tell me about his emotional reactions when you told him about this dead man."

"I think at first," I said, "when I answered the door and it was all dark inside, he was absolutely terror-stricken. He . . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," Foley interrupted impatiently. "That isn't what I meant. I want to know how he reacted when you were telling him about what you'd found in the house."

"Well," I said, "it was dark, of course, and I couldn't see his facial expression, but . . . ."

"Never mind his facial expression. You heard him talk. What about his voice?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Foley," I said, "but I couldn't tell a thing from his voice. I haven't your ability to read characters and emotions from voices."

"What did he say when you told him about a dead man in the room on the second floor? What words did he use?"

"He said, 'Oh—Good Lord!' "

"Now you're certain about that?"

"Absolutely certain. I remember particularly that's what he said."

"All right," Foley said. "Mimic the way he said it just as well as you can."

"But," I protested, "I couldn't mimic Mr. Padgham."

"I don't mean that particularly. What I mean is tell me *how* he did it. Was the accent on the 'Oh' or on the 'Lord,' or did he roll the r's in 'Lord'? Did . . . ."

"He rolled the r's in 'Lord'," I said. "I remember distinctly. He said 'Oh—Good Lor-r-d!' "

"And how about the 'Oh'? Was it accented?"

"No, he soft-pedaled that and came down heavy on the last word."

THERE were several seconds of silence while my boss sat there thinking. At length, I gained the temerity to ask, "Does that signify anything, Mr. Foley?"

He said thoughtfully, "I think it does," and then turning, smiled at me and said, "But, as yet, I don't know just what."

"Do you want to go to the house?" I asked.

"No," he said, shortly. "It's too late now." He swung his car in the middle of the block, and turned back toward the drugstore. "Did you," he asked, "notice whether there was a public telephone booth in the drugstore?"

I knitted my forehead into a frown as though trying to recall and said, "Yes, there's a public telephone booth there."

It was a species of white lie, but I hoped it would be justified under the circumstances. I knew that in order to protect Bruce Eaton I was going to have to tell plenty of white lies, and I might just as well get in practice . . . I wondered if he'd call me . . . Of course, it was too improbable to even consider, and yet . . .

"Look here," Mr. Foley said, interrupting my thoughts. "Let's get one thing straight. Exactly *when* did the lights go out?"

"Right after I'd discovered this dead man there in the room."

Mr. Foley slid the car to a stop in front of the drugstore, but made no motion to open the door. "Now, tell me once more," he said, "about your conversation with Mr. Padgham. As nearly as you can remember, tell me what *he* said and what *you* said."

Once more I related the conversation, and once more Mr. Foley sat staring straight ahead, his forehead furrowed in concentration.

After several seconds of silence, I said, "Did you want to do something about a telephone?"

He nodded, but still made no move to open the door or to get out.

"Is there," I asked, "anything wrong with my conversation with Mr. Padgham? Did I say anything to him that I shouldn't have?"

"No," he said, "that isn't what bothers me."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "Hasn't it impressed you as being significant that Mr. Padgham didn't ask you at any time *when* the lights had gone out?"

"That's right," I exclaimed. "He didn't."

"You can appreciate how significant it is," Mr. Foley said. "The man drives up to a house where he has an appointment. He naturally expects to have someone answer his ring in a conventional manner. He doesn't know that the house is dark, but thinks probably that curtains across the diamond-shaped window in the front door keep him from seeing any illumination from within. All of a sudden, the door swings open. A tunnel of darkness looms ahead in place of the lighted corridor the man had expected to see. A woman tells him about finding a dead man on the upper floor.

"Now one of the first questions a person would naturally ask is, 'Well, what's wrong with the lights? *When* did they go off?' Now, you're certain Mr. Padgham didn't ask you that question or something like it?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"GO INTO that drugstore," Mr. Foley said. "Tell the clerk that you're too nervous to telephone. Ask him to telephone police headquarters and report a dead man at that address. Tell them that you have reason to believe the man may have been murdered. Then turn around and walk out."

"What if he asks me questions?" I wanted to know.

"Walk out," he said.

"Shouldn't I telephone the police myself?"

"No, I don't want you to give them your name. If you telephone them, it will simply be an anonymous call, and if you ever find yourself in a position where you have to establish the fact that *you* placed that call, you can't do it. By going to the drugstore and asking the clerk to place the call you'll have an out if you need it."

"I see your point," I told him. "Here goes."

I didn't tell him that I'd already impressed my personality on the clerk, because I didn't want to tell him about that first telephone call I'd made. I jumped to the curb, crossed the sidewalk, and knew as soon as I saw the clerk's face that he thought he'd made a conquest, that I'd trumped up some excuse to come back and get acquainted.

I had one satisfaction about delivering my message. It wiped the smirk off that man's face, and while he was standing there still dazed from the impact of the news I'd given him, I turned and went sailing out the door.

He was still standing gawking at me with bulging eyes as the screen door slammed behind me and I dashed across the stretch of sidewalk to jump into Mr. Foley's car.

He had it already in gear so that all he needed to do was to let in the clutch pedal. But he needn't have worried. The clerk was too dazed to have remembered the license number even if he'd seen it.

"And now what?" I asked.

"Now," he said, "you can deliver the agreement to me, and I'll deliver you to your home, and you'll try your level best to forget all about it."

I handed him the brief case. He stopped the car, opened the brief case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes.

I stared incredulously.

The brief case was empty!

Who stole the contract from the brief case? When? Why? What has Bruce Eaton to do with this? Will he answer the message? More tense and dramatic moments in the next installment of this thrilling story by Erle Stanley Gardner —November PHOTOPLAY.

GLAD TO SEE YOUR BACK

Here are the answers to the picture spread found on pages 50 and 51

1. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson
2. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Paulette Goddard
3. Tyrone Power
4. Arleen Whelan
5. Ritz Brothers
6. Don Ameche
7. Stuart Erwin
8. Betty Grable
9. Tyrone Power and Annabella
10. Eleanor Powell and Sterling Holloway
11. Franchot Tone
12. Janet Gaynor
13. Edward G. Robinson

Hedy Wine

(Continued from page 23)

"I'd have draped banners over the building and ordered dancing in the street."

There are two things that set apart this woman from the other overnight sensations of the screen.

First, she knows the secret behind her magnetic charm and how to govern it. She knows the value of combining feminine beauty with an air of brooding mystery. She knows it's more than just sheer physical loveliness that will keep her before a camera and what to do about it, thereby controlling her own screen destiny instead of being controlled by it.

Secondly, she is outstanding because she has already, in her own life story, played a part so thrilling that anything that may now happen to her on the screen is just so much aftermath.

As one producer puts it, "Hedy's is one life story I should love to film, but wouldn't dare.

"Audiences wouldn't believe it. No one, they would contend, would renounce wealth for uncertainty, as this girl did. Critics would boo."

THE words "Ecstasy Girl" has become an almost actual part of Hedy Lamarr's being and one she fights in vain to lose.

Tactfully or perhaps stupidly, Hedy's studio biography ignores the picture, "Ecstasy," which is, in reality, only a would-be bugaboo that, concealed, becomes a nasty monster and dragged to the light becomes a silly nothing.

To begin with, Hedy is just about as much an Ecstasy Girl as I am a moll from St. Paul. As Hedy puts it, "It's so ridiculous—I'm too anxious for hard work, too determined to work and succeed to be an Ecstasy Girl. It's so silly."

Nevertheless, during our afternoon chat, a messenger boy brought to Hedy's home a beautiful picture which had decorated the entire page of a magazine.

Her hazel eyes lighted with pleasure and then as quickly clouded with unhappiness. "There it is," she said. "Again they call me 'The Ecstasy Girl.'"

Recently "Ecstasy" showed at a local Hollywood theater and Hedy, who made the picture eight years ago when a very young girl in her early teens, decided to see for herself this Frankenstein. Wearing no make-up, putting on her companion's glasses and tying a handkerchief over her head, she set out with a friend for the theater. The theater was packed and she waited among the jostling throng for a seat. No one recognized her or gave her a second glance. Presently she found a seat next to a young lad who kindly retrieved her fallen purse without one glimmer of recognition. The picture came on, and, instead of the horror she expected, she found only amusement at the old-fashioned setting, pace and clothes.

"Gee, that girl has a gorgeous mouth," the young man next to her murmured. And that was all. There were no titters or "ohs" and "ahs" at the nude scene. And presently the matter-of-fact audience filed out and with it most of the fright from Hedy's heart. But not the humility for a mistake made so long ago.

HEDY LAMARR is Cinderella after she achieved her palace and wealth. But not her happiness.

One night, some years ago, a man of wealth and power who ruled the destiny, not of peoples but of nations, sat in a Vienna theater and watched a beautiful woman on the stage.

"I shall marry her," said Fritz Mandl, munitions manufacturer, and promptly laid siege to Hedy's heart. Her father, Emil Kiesler, well-to-do banker in Vienna, was finally won over and Hedy became the wife of the fabulously wealthy Mandl.

Furs, jewels, clothes were showered on the Viennese beauty but all pleas to be allowed to do something creative —clothes, designing, painting, acting, anything to express herself—were denied. A plain, down to earth businessman, Mandl had no sympathy with a world of theater or art. "I was his wife," Hedy said, "and I dressed as he dictated, traveled where he dictated and did as he wished."

A young banker and his wife were her closest friends and to them Hedy clung through the years. "Oh, please buy her something nice, too," Hedy would urge her husband when he returned with a gift for her.

The day came when Hedy Mandl, denied all opportunity to follow her career, could endure marriage to her older husband no longer. The joy, the freedom of youth were gone. "When he left Vienna," Hedy said, "I would be sent to our country home to wait his return. I felt chained.

"I could bear it no longer and carefully, day by day, I planned my escape. I knew to ask for my freedom would be fatal. So I watched and waited my chance. It came. My husband suggested we visit Antibes and, with my plan worked out, I agreed. My husband was called away on urgent business and I said to the friends left to watch over me, 'Let's go to St. Wolfgang. It's much too warm here.' I was really longing for Salzburg, and to see again Max Reinhardt, but I knew better than to mention it or I would arouse suspicion. So my friends agreed, and, as Salzburg was only two hours' drive from St. Wolfgang, I was happy.

"One day I suggested, quite casually, we drive over to Salzburg. I didn't try then to contact Reinhardt but waited my chance. Two days later it came. Countess A., who had a castle just out of Salzburg, asked me to visit her. My husband won't mind—she is a family friend, I insisted, and, at last, I was there as I had planned.

It was no Yuma elopement for Claire Trevor and radio producer Clark Andrews. After an elaborate wedding at All Saints' Church in Beverly Hills, they sailed for a Honolulu honeymoon

"The next night we were invited to Reinhardt's to dinner. After the other guests had gone, we sat before the log fire and talked. I told him I had to get away, to get back to work."

"My dear," said this great director kindly, "you never will. It's all talk."

"But it wasn't. I did get away. I went back to Vienna more determined than ever. Nothing would stop me. The first thing I did was go to my friends, the ones for whom we had done so much. 'Help me,' I begged. 'Let me have just a little money and I will give you a note. I swear I can pay it back to you. Look,' I pleaded, 'I will give you these jewels for just enough money to get away.'"

"Your husband will find out. He will be very angry at us," the banker said.

"He will never know. Never. I promise." Hedy begged.

"And at last he was persuaded. 'Let me talk to my wife,' he said and went into the next room. I could hear her voice, quick and sharp and on her arms and hands I glimpsed the jewels I had begged my husband to buy for this very dear friend of mine. And then came the answer sharp and clear.

" 'No, don't be a fool. Certainly don't lend her the money.' "

TODAY, sitting securely in her Hollywood home, Hedy can look back across these last few months to a changed Austria, exactly as though a giant's hand had reached out and upset the world.

"Had she loaned me that money," Hedy said, "it would have meant safety and security today. How selfishly we dig our own graves. I would not help her now no matter how she begged."

Having no money of her own, except a small sum saved from household expenses, she packed her luxurious clothes and with her tiny nest egg made ready for flight. With anxious eyes her mother watched, knowing in her heart the thing Hedy was planning and yet not daring to speak. Wanting to be free when Mandl reproached her with, "Why didn't you tell me?" to say, "She never told me."

And then quietly one night during her husband's absence, with the aid of a faithful maid she crept to the depot and caught the train. As it pulled out from the station leaving Vienna behind, she glimpsed in the crowd below her mother's face, wet with tears, not daring to say "Good-by."

"It was torture to leave my mother behind," she said. "I hurt my parents so deeply when I left our lovely home for the stage and screen. I saw my father's heart almost break, before his death, over the mistake I was persuaded to make in 'Ecstasy.' And yet I had to go."

She walked over to the desk and picked up her mother's picture and gazed at it a long time. "She's coming here to be with me as soon as she sells our home there."

She came back to her story. "I went to London and there met Bob Ritchie, an American agent in Europe. He took me immediately to Mr. Mayer who was sailing that day to New York.

"Let me think," I said to myself. "Shall I go to see Mr. Mayer in the things I wear about the house—sport clothes—or shall I be glamorous?"

Glamour won and, in her lovely furs and jewels, Hedy visited the producer who, in the midst of his busy last day, shoved a paper under her nose and said, "Sign."

It was a contract and Hedy was on her way to America. To Hollywood. To freedom. To happiness. To hard work and thrilling success.

BUT it wasn't so easy as it sounds. Hours of English lessons came first. Days of sitting in movie theaters listening to English-spoken dialogue. Hours pouring over American records. With the basic knowledge in English she had acquired in school, plus determination and hard work, it was no time until the words flowed out.

And then came the camera tests. They tried blonde wigs, tight curls, fancy hairdresses. "You know how it is when you wear an unbecoming hat?" she said, "and you try to hide your head? It was that way with me. 'Please,' I begged, 'no wigs. Let me wear my hair as it is. It expresses me best. And please no artificial mouth. Let it be my mouth and eyebrows.' " So in all her natural beauty she finally came to the screen.

Without any exception she lives in the smallest (five rooms), most unpretentious bungalow in town with only her companion, Ericha Menthey, an English teacher. There is no servant. No country home. No shooting lodge. But happiness is written in her wide, open smile.

"Certainly I love to live in nice homes. I am no different than anyone else. I like lovely places, but always when I look I know I can't afford it, so I wait until I can," she says.

And yet I know that $3,000, practically all the savings of this small salaried actress, went to a friend in London who was in need. Warm and impulsively generous, she demands only good use of friends.

Hollywood is having no end of fun at M-G-M's expense for permitting Hedy to begin her career at another studio. At a dinner party Joan Bennett gave for Walter Wanger, Hedy's place card was a glamorous beauty with Leo the Lion in top hat kneeling at Hedy's feet, looking up with a killing, imploring glance. And under it was written METRO-GOLDWYN-GLAMAYER.

Words intrigue her. "That's how it strikes me," she said during our conversation, and stopped in amazement. "Strikes me," she repeated. "Well, I never said that before. How do you like it. I have a new word—strikes me!"

She was as pleased as Punch.

Back in the mind of this woman who always gets what she wants is an idea—she intends to become, one day, a director. "With a cast who want to play the rôles more than anything in the world," she said, her eyes glowing.

A staunch Catholic, she has already appealed to the Holy Rota for an annulment of her marriage.

Reginald Gardiner, English actor, has been her constant companion in Hollywood. After the preview of "Algiers," friends passed by and consoled Reggie with, "Too bad, old man. You won't have a chance now."

"And how about marriage to Mr. Gardiner in the future?" we asked.

"Oh, no. To no one. I want only to work. I am growing impatient with my studio now because they do not find me a picture. If they do not I—well, I'll tell Jimmie Fidler," she threatened.

Hedy, who has applied for her first papers, is rapidly becoming a full-fledged American with Continental "umph."

A TIP from JUNE LANG—
Romance for LUCY

JUNE LANG, STAR OF "MEET THE GIRLS" 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Mickey the McCoy

(Continued from page 71)

only a few miles from his famous kid in Culver City. Mickey now lives with his mother, who runs a restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard.

Mickey has stuck up for himself ever since the day he crawled onto the stage, where his folks were cavorting, and sneezed. The tank-town audience yowled with glee, so his dad stuck a French harp in his little paws and Mickey was in show business. He's never been out of it since.

But a lot of film has spun over the reels since they drafted the swaddling Mickey from Will Morrisey's Revue to play a grown-up midget in pictures. So many thousands of feet of it have registered Mickey's snub-nosed pan in a half a thousand movies that you'd need an adding machine to count it up.

I CAN remember the little snipe stealing a picture called "My Pal the King," right in the face of Tom Mix's two six-shooters. Maybe it discouraged Tom. It was one of the last pictures he tried. And I could see half-pint Mickey, whip in hand, strutting around the rank-smelling set of Clyde Beatty's "The Big Cage," baiting lions and tigers roaring helplessly in their cages. And training a lion cub, the same cub, "Tarzan," who later grew up and bit Charles Bickford in the neck, just to get even with the human race.

And then Max Reinhardt and his raves, calling Mickey Rooney the perfect *Puck* for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And Mickey, forthwith, scooting a toboggan down the mountain slopes at Big Pines in the middle of production and cracking his thigh in two. They said it was tough for the kid to give up that great part to little George Breakstone who substituted. But nobody has ever heard of George since; and Mickey is still very much around.

Forty pictures he has made in the last year and a half. Fighting Freddie Bartholomew pretty even in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Devil Is a Sissy," "Captains Courageous" and "Lord Jeff." Going to town to the tune of nation-wide approval in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Everywhere drawing the professional praise of directors, other stars, critics. But what had happened to Mickey Rooney personally, I didn't know. He must have grown up by now, I thought. Good Heavens! He might have even turned into a young gentleman!

MICKEY said, sure, come on out for lunch.

Maybe you, like me, have been under the impression Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was owned by the Schencks, Louis B. Mayer and a few thousand scattered stockholders. Let me correct you: Mickey Rooney owns the joint. He strode ahead to the commissary, all the five feet, one inch of him, solid as mahogany, tough as hickory; cocky and strutting. If you have ever watched kid stars mince self-consciously about studio lots hand-in-hand with loving parents or doting relatives you'll realize what a welcome relief is Mickey Rooney's assertive get-along.

People passed, front office big shots, directors, stars, grips, props, gaffers, mugs. "Hi, Butch!" signalled Mickey. "Nutsy, boy!" "Yah, Fred—how'djuh come out on tha third race?"

"A great gang around this lot," confided Mickey. "Regular Jo's."

In the commissary we brushed by Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, at a table. "Hi, boys," said Mickey. Then to me, "A couple of pretty good actors."

Above the clatter of plates and dishes and excited hum which is a studio beanery at noon, Mickey Rooney, seventeen, held forth on the really important goings-on of life as he found them.

"Women," stated Mickey flatly, "are the bunk. Nuts to 'em."

I thought of Tarkington's tortured "Seventeen" and sighed. But, of course, Hollywood's no small town.

"Yeah," croaked the Mick, "a lotta janes did me wrong—so nuts to 'em. The boys and me decided to give 'em the atmosphere. We play poker and pal around, you know, just the boys."

The waitress came up. Mickey slipped her a loving pat. "I'll have the salad, dear," said Mickey, seventeen.

"Okay, honey," said the waitress, thirty-five.

"I'm in training," offered Mickey, explaining the salad. "It's awful—no fancy foods, no dissipation—can't even shave."

A Queen of the Screen rode pickaback on a Queen of the Stage when Shirley Temple was guest of honor at a tea given by Gertrude Lawrence on her recent holiday in Bermuda

The training to which he referred was for the Big Game, Sunday. It was a sell-out, he said; he'd been peddling tickets all over the lot for weeks, and training like an acrobat. His team, Mickey Rooney's M-G-M Lions, stacked up against the Sequoia Panthers, another kid outfit. Wayne Morris was to be head linesman, Gene Autry, field judge and Jackie Coogan, umpire; it was all set to be the battle of the Century. The newsboys got the gate receipts.

M-G-M had forked out six hundred frogskins for uniforms and Clark Gable had promised to show up and lead a cheer or something. Mickey, of course, was the quarterback.

"Then it's true," I ventured, "that Freddie Bartholomew's going to play a blocking back as advertised?"

"Haw, haw," chortled Mickey. "Him? Say, this is a *real* game. That," he confided, sotto voce, "is just publicity." He winked. I winked.

Mickey has always been unusually active in extra-studio shebangs. He used to have a peewee football team, three or four years ago, that ran out on the field between the Los Angeles professional gridiron games. He had a twelve-piece jazz band once. He was junior Ping-pong champ of something or other the last time I heard. He used to dodge around the L. A. Tennis Club cooking up this and that. It was a sight to see him batting balls against six-foot Lester Stoefen.

"Yeah," said Mickey, and his tone was slightly wistful. "You see, if I didn't do those things, I'd miss the fun the rest of the kids get. I never got to go to public school. I was always making pictures, studying on the lot. I had to stir things up—or, well, I guess I'd have been pretty lonesome."

He's always got what he wanted though, even if it took some stirring. When Mickey was just a little squirt around eleven he had ambitions for an automobile. His mother thought he was much too young, which he was, and that he'd surely kill himself in a car. So, instead, she handed him fifteen dollars for a bicycle. In a few days, Mickey showed up, not with a bike, but a car. He'd scoured the old car lots and found one—for fifteen bucks!

Mickey speared a sheaf of lettuce. "I've always been a little guy," he said. "I guess I'll never be much bigger; my folks were little. But," he brightened, "maybe I'm lucky at that. I've never been shoved out of the money like a lot of kids when they got awkward. I got the nicest flock of annuities you ever saw."

One, continued Mickey, pays him $750 a month when he's twenty-one and $1000 a month when he's thirty, which ain't exactly hay.

"Sure," said Mickey, slightly piqued when I put the question, "I handle my own dough—what you think I am—a baby? Listen, I've always worn long pants. Never had a pair of bloomers on in my life!"

Another nice thing about being a perpetual peewee, said Mickey, was that you could get away with murder with the dames. He made hot love to Patricia Ellis without any kicks when he was only thirteen—on the screen of course.

"But girls are out now," reaffirmed Mickey. "I'm through with 'em."

A lovely little dream with caramel hair and big round eyes sat down at the next table. The M-G-M commissary is always crammed with startling unknown bit-and-extra beauties. Mickey halted his fork halfway to the hopper.

"U-m-m-m-m," he said. "Would I like her for Christmas!"

HIS pals, Mickey informed me, were assorted—Frankie Darro; a bunch of boys' names I didn't know, Woody Van Dyke, the director, and Spencer Tracy. No gals. Judy Garland? "Just the old build-up," assured Mickey. "Don't you believe it. I haven't got any time for kids. Listen, I work."

He figured it out. He averaged a picture and a half a month or more. But, at that, it was a cinch, Mickey said.

"I never study any scripts at home," he scoffed. "A lot of guys do, but that's a lot of spinach."

A studio scenarist passed by our table. Mickey collared him. "Say," he said, "about that script. I read it over the other day and my part looks a little weak. Now here's what I thought—"

They argued it earnestly for five minutes.

"The trouble with living, though," said Mickey, returning to me, "is the twists. Too many dames hanging around."

"Dessert?" said the waitress.

"Well now, dear," replied Mickey, staring boldly across the hall, "if you could bring me that cutie over there with the streamlined gams and that come-hither look for dessert, I might talk business."

The waitress giggled. She said the cutie wasn't on the menu—only chocolate, strawberry and vanilla ice cream and the pudding.

"No dice," croaked Mickey. He rose. "Well," he informed me, "I've gotta go. Think I'll drop some money with the bookies this afternoon. You got the dope on me, haven't you?"

"Sure," I said.

"Swell," approved Mickey. "Just say I'm a regular guy with a regular gang, that's all. Say I can take care of myself all right. And—say that as far as I'm concerned—dames are the bunk!"

"Oh, sure," I agreed. "The bunk—absolutely."

Mickey shook hands. "Well, so long," he said.

He whirled and shot through the broken field of tablecloths; waitresses dodged nimbly to one side. Two little blonde extras at one table inched their chairs over nervously as Mickey passed. In their eyes were looks of mild terror.

And in mine, I'm sure, was a happy reassured gleam. Neither the years nor the movies had softened up the one genuine tough little nut in Hollywood. Seventeen or seven, he was still Mickey (himself) McGuire, rough and tough and hard to bluff. Mickey Rooney is still Mickey the McCoy. And nobody knows it better than himself.

Dates More Dates Re-dates!

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

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Adrian, M-G-M's ace designer, photographed in his studio where he is currently designing exciting modern clothes for some top-notch stars to wear in their new productions

fashion LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

HEARING vague mutterings and mumblings around Hollywood about surprising things being done by Adrian—about beige monkey fur, pink fox, gloves as a part of sleeves, mixed Caucasian and Oriental influences—I turned my fashion footsteps in the direction of Culver City and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in search of that noted designer and firsthand information about his newest designs.

Surrounded by what seemed to be a miscellaneous jumble, but which, in fact, were highly important sketches, Adrian greeted me with talk of much work, involved as he is now with the wardrobes for Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts," Joan Crawford in "The Shining Hour" and Norma Shearer in the forthcoming "Idiot's Delight"—not to mention the wardrobe for Janet Gaynor, now at work in "Three Loves Has Nancy" and costumes for the principals in the not-so-distant "Wizard Of Oz."

For eight long months Adrian has been designing for the studio's schedule of costume pictures, the most recent being those for "Marie Antoinette," so it is with keen anticipation that the fashion world awaits Adrian's expression as he once again lifts his pencil to modern design. None of us will ever forget Adrian's Letty Lynton frock for Joan Crawford which swept the nation overnight, or his pillbox hat for Garbo which still remains a favorite trend.

Adrian steps forth brilliantly into modernization with vast enthusiasm for amazing new fall color combinations. Bright blue and orange; green and gold; navy blue and pink in a pinstripe suit; blue and green with silver accent; beige and emerald green trimmed with enormous cream-colored buttons; brown and beige velvet highlighted with touches of Kelly green and gold—such were some of the combinations.

"Sweethearts" is a Technicolor production; therefore, Adrian's designs for Jeanette MacDonald command a dual interest—that of color as well as of style. In this production Jeanette appears in modern wardrobe for the first time in several years. As there is a fashion show in the story in which Jeanette is the sole mannequin, and as she portrays a sophisticated comedy prima donna as well, the picture offers ample opportunity for fashion predominance.

Adrian points out that in "Sweethearts" all Miss MacDonald's clothes will have a *definite* quality about them. The star escapes from the vague, fragile illusiveness associated with her in the past—her clothes take on an "accented, bold aspect."

FOR instance, Adrian does a street frock of emerald-green woolen, trims it with antique gold embroidery and then adds his excitingly new idea—gloves that are a part of sleeves. Withdrawn from the gloves, the hands appear through a bracelet-length sleeve, and the gloves disappear within the sleeve itself.

A Russian influence lends a mood of glamour to a pair of hostess pajamas for evenings at home. The trousers are citron shade, the three-quarter length flared coat is of smoky-grey metal cloth embroidered in antique gold, turquoise, citron and emerald green.

For a golf sequence, Adrian styles a two-piece costume of fawn-colored woolen with the sleeves and collar of the jerkin fashioned of henna-colored suède. The skirt is box-pleated.

A brown woolen daytime coat is newsworthy because of its raglan sleeves that are hand-embroidered the full length from a small roll collar with light-brown silk braid. A triangular yoke, fitted waist, four skirt panels (that release slight hemline fullness) and an inverted hemline pleat are style notes that give decided interest to the back of the coat. The hat designed for this costume is a brown felt turban, of Cossack origin, with a brown silk jersey drape that flows from the right side under the chin to frame the face, and thence disappears over the left shoulder. It is with this costume that Adrian adds his much-discussed beige monkey fur muff—enormous in size.

An elaborate evening ensemble features that flattering feminine shade—dusty pink. The coat of moiré (full-length with fitted bodice and flared skirt) has a matching collar of fox. This last extravagantly beautiful touch could be accomplished only in New York, so there the fur was sent, accompanied by samples of the dusty-pink moiré to indicate the dye shade required. The gown worn beneath this coat has a bodice of dusty-pink beading and a matching fan-pleated chiffon skirt that flows from a high waistline.

NEXT, I turned the spotlight of my curiosity to Adrian's clothes for Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight," knowing that her rôle of a pseudo-Russian should be a designer's delight. But here I found Adrian evasive and mysterious. He finally admitted that he wants to keep Miss Shearer's wardrobe for this production a complete surprise, but explained that the clothes would give him a chance for very personal, individual design—an interesting opportunity to employ the unconventional.

The following are the only slight hints I could obtain: there will be a feeling of the Caucasian and Oriental mixed, a more barbaric suggestion to the whole. The sleeves of the gowns will have the most unusual treatments imaginable, and will sound a completely new note. Heavy clinging jerseys will predominate for evening gowns; heavy crepes, richly embroidered in antique motifs, will see much usage.

Adrian's revelation that all of Joan Crawford's clothes in "The Shining Hour" (with the possible exception of her dance frocks) will be easily adaptable to the average wardrobe is grand news to Crawford fashion fans. Furthermore, Adrian assures us that the fashion importance of Joan's clothes is such that simplicity remains the keynote, and that those of us who are needle-minded can easily reproduce the unobtrusively effective detail with which they will be embued.

For those of you who are "country girls," Adrian points with pride and insistence to the clothes he has designed for Janet Gaynor to wear in "Three Loves Has Nancy"—the proof that the country girl, without expense, but with imagination and some ingenuity, can be as chic and well-groomed as her city sister. Of inexpensive fabrics, of simple design, and styled with great practicability, Janet's clothes point the way in this production, so be sure to include "Three Loves Has Nancy" on your "must" list.

Before my incredulous eyes, Adrian showed those few already completed designs for "The Wizard Of Oz."

Here was imagination allowed to run rampant, making real and credible those figures from the beloved childhood book that we all know. Adrian feels that the imagery embodied in these costumes may well bring in an era of complete fantasy in dress and that the ideas incorporated will have definite fashion influence in themselves.

And so I left Adrian to his own particular, imaginative world in which all designers must live, just as I must now leave you to go into my world of news-gathering for next month's Letter—for in Hollywood fashion history is constantly in the making!

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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Beautiful Brat

(Continued from page 21)

lighted her. Maggie Sullavan tripped out on the stage and that evening played the silly, stupid Girl-Scoutish *Bab* with a vitriolic brutality that not only condemned the Rhinehart character but also satirized every one of her classmates, painting them as she saw them through eyes that held no sympathy and no pity. Not even the audience, composed of teachers and fond parents, could have missed it. She saw them squirm, and thus left Chatham Episcopal Institute forever, revenged.

THERE were outdoor summer camps for her, then. Something had to be done about her frail health and—Cornelius and Garland both hoped—about her inexplicable attitudes. The camps advertised that besides teaching discipline and healthy wood lore that would enable any young miss to survive being lost in the deepest African jungle, they also built character and showed girls how "to live in harmony with sister Americans."

Maggie's sneer for this selling point was decided and audible. "My sister Americans," she said, "my hat!"

But she went. She had no choice. She donned middy and bloomers; arose at six to swim in icy lake waters; rode hurtling and dangerously down mountain bridle paths; paddled breathless in birchbark canoes with coy Indian names painted on them; lifted her harsh young voice in "Aloha Camp Forever" around the campfire; wove baskets which always had suspiciously sophisticated designs hidden in the pattern; did batiks; burned designs on leather; hiked and read and slept. She got a sunburn, gained eight pounds, learned an incredible number of stories that are whispered among girls in their teens, and came rattling home leaving the camp guardians in a kind of weary stew of relief.

After that there were many camps, for many summers, until she had finished college, which was soon. All of the Sullavan family had gone to Hollins College, wherefore Maggie held out for any other institution; and they compromised on Sweet Briar. Then she went to Sullins, where she enrolled in the first courses that came to her notice. She didn't really care, because she knew there would be only a few more months before Liberty, before Freedom. . . .

At camp, the summer before, she had met a family from Boston—a family who did different things with r's when they spoke, a family who talked vaguely of the stage and of schools for dancing and of a brilliant, wholly new kind of life.

"You love to dance," they told her simply. "Why don't you come to Boston and learn?" It was that uninvolved to them.

One year of college, then. Maggie conceded that. But when it was done—

SHE sat stiffly on the Adam sofa in her mother's drawing room, rubbed her finger along the delicate patina of old rosewood, tapped a Sèvres vase with one fingernail, looked anywhere but directly at the troubled eyes of Cornelius and Garland.

"It's the one thing I want to do," she was saying. "The one thing. I've always done as you asked, I've always obeyed the essentials. But you must try to understand: I can't be a polite sub-deb who paints wishy sunsets in water color and keeps her eye peeled for a husband. And I'm sorry, but I'm going to Boston."

"Fantastic," said Cornelius. "I forbid it."

Garland sighed, looked unhappily from determined daughter to stern husband. "My dear," she said to him at last, "we must let her go. I—perhaps I understand what the child means. Let her try, anyway. She can always remember it afterwards, then." Her expression, at that moment, told the shrewd observant Maggie something about her mother she had never even guessed before.

The girl went over and touched Garland's flushed cheek lightly with her fingers. "Thanks, Mother," she said.

So she went to Boston. Cornelius, still unimpressed, granted her a small allowance which annoyed her so much that she decided not to use any more of it than she could help. To this end she took her first job, selling books in a cooperative store at Harvard. It was on a commission basis and she broke all records, earning eighteen dollars a week for one month; whereupon she quit. After the first enthusiasm, it had become a bore.

She was nineteen, then, and it was 1928, a strange year. It excited her—its madness, its extravagance, its drunken headlong flight to nowhere. If she had been capable of fear, it would have frightened her, as well: she was two people, this nineteen-year-old girl, representative of no era and no place and no custom.

Deep-rooted within her subconscious, although she fought it, was an attitude impressed indelibly despite herself by the repeated admonition of family, by the long years of teaching—an attitude that wore a lace scarf and curtsied to convention.

She didn't like it, but being intelligent she had to admit it was there, prodding her on occasion, pointing an accusing finger at her activities, sneering haughtily at the vulgar Jazz Age that surrounded her.

The other Maggie, the real one, observed detachedly what went on, made clear-cut choice when necessary.

She studied dancing, then, for a few months. But one evening an acquaintance took her to see a performance of "The Connecticut Yankee" at the Copley Theater, and she viewed the individual characterizations with critical eye, and concluded with a certain amount of scorn that she could do better than that herself.

Going to a dancing class as a concession to her overflowing vitality, as a stopgap until she was ready to settle into the accepted young-lady-of-good-family class, was one thing. Going On the Stage was another. She lay awake all one night, a battleground for conflicting viewpoints. By morning she had decided.

IT is not important to Margaret Sullavan's story that she joined E. E. Clive's Copley Dramatic Theater then, without letting Cornelius and Garland know, except that it kept her away from home until, after a few months, she could meet Charles Leatherbee of Harvard. There was irony here: it was friends of her parents who introduced him to her. But he was interested in the stage, and had assembled a number of students who also were interested, and he had an idea. "We're going up to Cape Cod in the summer," he explained, "and start a group called the University Players. We'll build a theater and learn everything about the stage from firsthand experience. D'you want to come in with us?"

"Who else is joining?" she asked him.

"Bretaigne Windust, of Princeton," he said, "and a kid named Jimmie Stewart, and Hank Fonda. . . ."

"Okay," she told him, "okay. I'd love it."

You know, of course, that Margaret Sullavan eventually married one of those boys she met at the Cape that summer. Next month, Howard Sharpe gives you a vivid picture of this brilliant young star in the throes of her first love. Don't miss November PHOTOPLAY.

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(Continued from page 27)

examine your throat," he continued. "My, my, that doesn't look so good. Guess those tonsils better come out."

Manny agreed with him.

"Well, let's see. We better test your blood to see that it is good and red." Whereupon he pinched the lobe of Manny's ear as if taking a blood specimen. "That didn't hurt more than a little pinprick, did it?"

After that they rehearsed Manny's being wheeled to the operating room, pretending, of course, he was on the stretcher. Then his eyes were covered and the imaginary anesthetic given. Then Eddie pretended to remove the tonsils. Then the trip back to the room.

"Now you're awake again," he said. "Better swallow this drink of water. There, does that hurt?"

"No," Manny answered, playing his dramatic rôle to the hilt.

"Wait a minute," Eddie cautioned. "Better swallow again. Doesn't it hurt just a little? Feel kind of sore?"

"Well, yes," Manny agreed. "It does hurt a little."

"There, that's all there is to it," Eddie wound up. "Nothing to be scared of, is there?"

Manny said no, and meant it. He no longer was afraid. On the way to the hospital on the day of the operation, they sang songs and had a high old time. And at the hospital everything went exactly as rehearsed. Only there was one slip-up. When the doctor went to administer the preoperative sedative pill, Manny balked.

"Daddy didn't do that," he informed the puzzled physician. Whereupon, Daddy quickly had to admit he'd been so dumb as to forget all about that important part.

PARENTS who are running into a few difficulties in getting young Johnny's or Mary's interest in music aroused can afford to take a leaf from Eddie's book on that subject, too. Every child has a natural love of music and an instinctive sense of rhythm and melody, but it is no good trying to force them into formal patterns too soon. That only arouses a subconscious resentment that may result in a lifelong prejudice.

Eddie makes it fun for Manny. If he sees the boy aimlessly fingering the piano keys, he'll say, "Let's see what you can do. Can you make up a song about a baseball game?" Or an airplane ride, a picnic, the school teacher or any other subject common to Manny's knowledge. It becomes sort of a challenge, and Manny promptly makes up songs.

When symphonic music is being played on the radio, Eddie directs Manny's attention to it by pretending both of them are great conductors. They grab big kitchen spoons and lead the orchestra. Or they may do a dance to its rhythms, or he may try to describe what the music is saying, making it into a fascinating story.

He has done nothing definite as yet to cultivate in the boy his own great passion for fine paintings, other than taking him with him to galleries on occasion when he was about to purchase another canvas.

If there is one thing in which Eddie is attempting to guide Manny, it is in learning values. He wants him to consider himself an important person, yes; but at the first sign of young Master Robinson's beginning to think himself too important, Papa cracks down.

THE other day the youngster came strutting in.

"I'm to carry the Queen's crown in the thing at school," he announced.

"That's fine," Eddie said. "Important fellow, huh? Well, what are the other boys to do?"

"I'm to carry the crown," Manny insisted.

Finally Eddie pried out of him that the other fellows were to be in the production, too, although Manny was a bit vague as to just what they were to do. Nothing very important, probably.

"Listen, young man," Eddie said, "if they are in it, they're just as important as you, and don't you forget it, crown or no crown!"

Again, the question of autographs came up the other day. Manny was trying to get it straight in his mind why everyone should want Eddie to write his name for them. Eddie said he supposed it was because they all knew who he was. Manny countered with the suggestion that the kids at school probably would be wanting *his* autograph.

"Why?" Eddie asked.

"Well, they all know who I am," he answered.

"Who are you?" Eddie prodded.

Manny, taken aback a bit, said he was Edward G. Robinson, the movie star's son, and all the kids knew it.

"So what?" Eddie let him have it. "Does that make you any different or better than the rest of them? Forget it!"

Manny goes to public school and Eddie intends that he shall continue in those democratic institutions. Aside from that, he has made no plans for his future. He intends to let the boy discover his own aptitudes and follow them. Naturally, he said, he would like to see him in some sort of creative work. If, however, Manny chooses some other field, he will put no opposition in his path such as he encountered from his family when he decided upon the theater as his career. He might try to influence him by diverting his interests into other channels, but he would not block him with refusals.

"Wouldn't make any difference if I did," he said. "Not if the kid was really set on it. We Robinsons are like that, you know."

Only a father as wrapped up in his son as Eddie is in Manny could have failed to see the humor in what he said next.

"But do you know," he concluded in all seriousness, "that boy is a natural-born actor. You should see him in some of the plays we do around the house. And you know what? He has every last one of my discarded radio scripts up in his room!"

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★ FRANCES DEE *in Paramount's* "IF I WERE KING"

Busman's Holiday

(Continued from page 12)

a wonderful job of the epileptic in "Un Carnet de Bal" and is in England to co-star with Miss Chatterton in "A Royal Divorce"; and Rosalind Russell, who plays opposite Mr. Donat in Dr. A. J. Cronin's "The Citadel."

I had talked at some length with Dr. Cronin on the phone and had learned from him the interesting fact that he had sold the movie rights of "The Citadel" to Metro on the understanding that Robert Donat would play the part of *Dr. Manson.*

WHEN I told this to Mr. Donat during our luncheon he was very pleased, for he had learned this for the first time. He told me: "I'm really a little frightened at what this new contract of mine means. This part in 'The Citadel' is by no means sympathetic—I'm wondering if the general public will accept me in what is really a character part. And then when this is finished I'm to do 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips.' These parts are so different from what people expect of me—and yet that's the very reason they interest and excite me!"

I think that Donat is one of the few actors whom you and I can accept in whatever rôle he decides to play, even if it is at moments unsympathetic or distinctly a character part, rather than an obvious romantic lead as in "The 39 Steps" or "The Count of Monte Cristo." I feel also that Mr. Donat's illness has prevented him from becoming one of the world's greatest box-office bets, and now that he's well again I prophesy—as I told him frankly—that he will be right up there with Gable after his next films are released!

Prophecy is a smart business. If you're right, you remind people of it. If you're wrong, just don't say anything.

So I will attempt another prophecy. Stockholm, which was not very impressed by Mr. Stokowski on his recent visit with Garbo—principally because his tie, suit, and socks matched (all blue)—Stockholm is graced by a very charming movie star who has rarely been seen here. She is Aino Taube, whose picture, "En Saga," is to be seen in a few foreign-language movie theaters. I had the good fortune to meet her through my friend Tor Eliasson, her fiancé. My prophecy is that one day Fröken Taube will be in Hollywood, for she has the charm and talent that Hollywood seeks. Like most Swedish men and women, she speaks perfect English which is why American men and women like you or I never learn Swedish! If my prophecy is wrong, then it's Hollywood's loss.

YES, scratch a European and you'll find a movie fan!

The great H. G. Wells, whom I was fortunate enough to interview for almost an hour in his home facing Regent's Park, proved himself to some extent a movie fan. We discussed Things to Come in Movies, inspired by the title of his famous if unsuccessful film, and he shocked me with this statement:

"How do we know what place movies will have in the future world—there are so many social and political factors we cannot foresee? Perhaps movies won't exist—perhaps they'll just be a vestige—kept up as a courtesy by the Japanese!"

But he smiled with gratitude and approval when we discussed one of our great movie phenomena—the March of Time!

And even those in the theatrical business turn with eager eyes toward Hollywood. Tamara Geva, after a vastly successful run in "Idiot's Delight" opposite Raymond Massey (whom you will see in London Films' "Drums"), asked me plaintively, "When do you suppose I will be back in Hollywood?" Lupino Lane, who has produced and starred in London's greatest musical success, "Me and My Girl," which has created a dance more popular than the Big Apple—called the Lambeth Walk—smiled sadly when I talked to him in his dressing room and he asked me if Hollywood had changed and would I please send him those pictures of himself and Myrna Loy in "Bride of the Regiment," which are Photoplay's exclusive property and so dear to his heart.

In another way, too, I was made to feel very much at home in every city I visited because Photoplay, sporting the Clark Gable cover of recent issue, was widely displayed in London, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam and Paris.

And, of course, it isn't news to you that the most popular star in Europe, as well as in America, is Shirley Temple. *That* made me feel at home, too, which is the main advantage of taking a busman's holiday.

From Photoplay's Executive Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, Robert Donat learned for the first time why he was selected to play Dr. Manson in M-G-M's London-made picture, "The Citadel"

Freshness

is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette

Grace Bradley's fresh beauty was "discovered" when she was dancing in a New York floor show. To guard the charm of her natural freshness she gives sensible attention to proper diet, exercise and beauty care. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run".*)

FEAR that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness *can* be protected—and Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold that priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes . . . Even the finest tobaccos lose their appeal when dampness, dryness or dust is permitted to rob them of freshness. But tobacco freshness *can* be protected—and Old Gold spends a fortune in Cellophane, to give you the rich, full flavor and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos *at the peak of perfect smoking condition.*

You can't buy a stale Old Gold—anywhere, any time. The *extra* jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane on every pack brings you Old Golds with the rich, double-mellow flavor *sealed in,* exactly as they were made. And that, we believe, is as fine as a cigarette *can* be made. Try a pack, and see!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

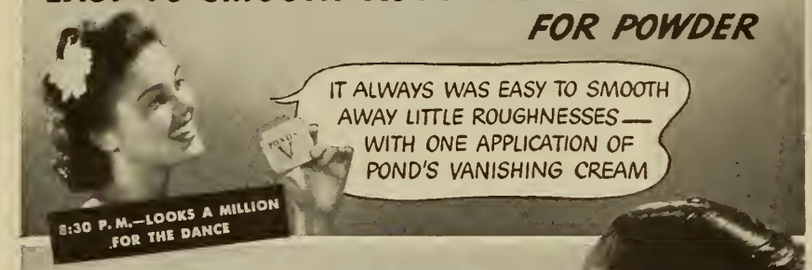
Copr., 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

Petal Smooth Skin

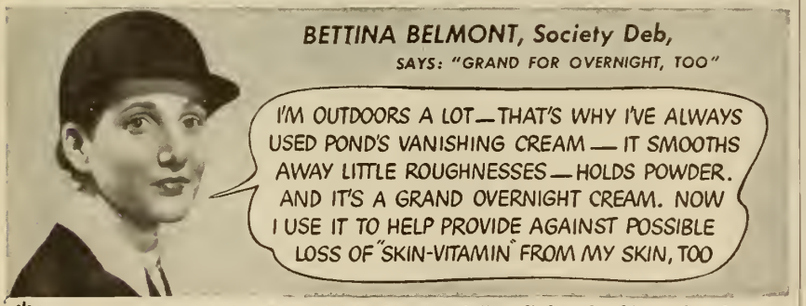
MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME

EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY.... FOR POWDER



...NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" - TOO! *

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.



**Statements* concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

$1.00 PRIZE

A LETTER OF CREDIT FOR CRAWFORD

Take hearts, all ye maids who feel that life hasn't given you a break. For life is a kaleidoscope, constantly changing the patterns of human destiny. Today I stood in the handsome dining room of Stephens College where one may read the inscription, "Joan Crawford waited tables in this room."

Snubbed, denied membership in a coveted sorority, Miss Crawford's college memories can hardly be pleasant ones. An aged caretaker of the college grounds befriended her and loaned her small sums of money. Miss Crawford has never forgotten the old man's kindness to her and has sent him, from time to time, handsome sums of money in grateful remembrance.

MRS. O. GELDERS,
Columbia, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE

MAYBE I'M WRONG

The atmosphere
When I appear
Is very, very frigid.

The girls just stare;
Some even glare,
Belligerently rigid.

Their looks askance
Say in a glance,
"We don't know what can ail her!"

Because, you see
I definitely
Don't care for Robert Taylor.

MURIEL GERMANSON,
Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 PRIZE

JUST FOLKS

I'm just a fan—you know, one of those people who think that the people in the movies are swell, and would secretly like to have what Gable has.

It's interesting to me to watch everybody in my family react to a moving picture. My young sister will come home from a Kay Francis or Joan Crawford picture slightly moody, and the next day my mother will be listening to a description of a certain dress—then, a few days later, Sis will have that dress.

The ten-year-old twins think that "Snow White," Clark Gable and Shirley Temple are the most wonderful people in the world. They sing "Hi-Ho" so loud and long we sometimes wonder if they should have seen "Snow White." They saw "Test Pilot" and ever since the boy has been building aeroplanes and practicing parachute-jumping off the front porch with an umbrella. The girl won't put on a dress unless it's like one Shirley Temple wears, which puts my mother in a quandary, since there are no movie stars in the family. My dad wishes I were like Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford" and wonders why I'm not.

ROBERT FINLAY,
Glen Allen, Miss.

$1.00 PRIZE

JADEDLY YOURS

I still go to the movies every Friday night at 7 . . . to suave movies in cool fragrant theaters with richly upholstered seats. The musical accompaniment is sweet, the photography masterful, the acting skilled and rare. But, oh, I'm bored with pictures . . . bored.

Time was when it was wonderfully exciting to see a movie. There were real plots, with beginnings and ends, beautiful misty close-ups, the tinkle of tinny pianos and handkies soaked with tears.

But now everything is chic and Paree; the tales are picaresque and episodic; the characters are cunning little madcaps; heroes who once were tall and stalwart are dull, dimpled rosebuddy boys as exciting as high-school freshmen; heroines (mostly our contemporaries in the late twenties) wear bell-like haircuts and faint frowns and are the very mirrors of our very selves. And *CRY* at the movies? In 1938? What's there to stir one? Why were movies fun once?

MARY BARGER,
Marlboro, Mass.

Your Hopes in Pictures

(Continued from page 29)

women whose features look better in a picture than anywhere else. To use a long and fancy word, they are photogenic, and you will have to be that, too, if you're going to be a movie star.

GETTING down to details, the oldest young man in the group of winners was thirty-two, the youngest twenty-two. The tallest was six feet four, the shortest five feet ten. The heaviest weighed two hundred and seven pounds, the lightest, one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. And exactly half were blonds and half brunets.

As for the girls, the oldest was twenty-eight, the youngest seventeen. The tallest was five feet eight, the shortest five feet two. The heaviest weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds, the lightest one hundred and two—and that little detail is worth pondering the next time you think of an ice-cream soda.

Twenty-two of the thirty-five girls were blondes, leaving only thirteen brunettes, which seems to indicate that Hollywood gentlemen, at least, retain the well-known preference.

Averaging these facts, we get back to where we started—to the perfect material for pictures, the young man twenty-seven years old, six feet tall, light or dark, weighing one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, living in California, and having a college education; and the young woman twenty years old, blonde, five feet, four inches tall, weighing one hundred and thirteen pounds, living in California and with a background connected with the show business and an unremarkable education.

If you match either picture, as we have already said, you'd better head for Hollywood. From a purely empirical viewpoint, it seems as if you couldn't fail, provided that you go quickly, before tastes and standards change.

And if you don't match either picture —completely or in any detail—but want to be a star so much that nothing else seems worth trying, perhaps you might as well go anyway. For, with or without all these qualifications, there is still, after all, that Certain Something.

Portrait of a Young Man Looking at Life

(Continued from page 22)

likes an open fireplace in his bedroom.

He thinks that definitely the so-called greater freedom for women has contributed to their unrest and consequently to the divorce rate.

If he were shipwrecked for a long period he would like as his companions Robert Benchley, Roland Young and Reginald Gardiner. He never uses a cigarette holder, and spends hours sunbathing.

He seldom goes to concerts but when he does he likes to go to the Hollywood Bowl where he gets a seat in the last row and lies down throughout the performance. He hates to go shopping.

He is allergic to leathery and musty odors.

He likes Turkish baths.

His epicurean tastes are exceedingly commonplace. He wears all of his pajamas when sleeping, and wishes he could play the piano.

He likes pork and beans.

He wears a platinum ring engraved with the family crest, the meaning of which he does not know. His ambition as a boy was to be a painter or a writer. He is impulsive.

He is known as Young Doug in Hollywood.

He has enjoyed life immensely, even when it hasn't been too kind. Years ago he wrote a series of articles for *Vanity Fair* which were illustrated by his own caricatures.

He dislikes eating in places where there is music and dancing.

He prefers the company of men to women.

He likes beer but has no special preference.

He was born on December ninth; has never lived anywhere long enough to vote.

He was thrown and kicked by a horse ten years ago and hasn't been on a horse since He weighs 175 pounds, and does not like reading novels. He hates to go to a barber.

He plans never to give up acting, but hopes someday to produce He likes hamburgers, and never wears a cap. He is addicted to fancy ties, and smokes only American cigarettes. He has no ambition to amass a lot of money.

He is a poor after-dinner speaker.

He has a felt hat he has worn for ten years which contains three cigarette holes. He enjoys being alone, and his musical talents ended with playing the drums at military school years ago. He does not like giving parties, but when he does he invariably invites a few key guests who act as hosts and leave him to enjoy himself.

He enjoys the opera only on records. His favorite author is Somerset Maugham, and he thinks modern wrestling very unfunny.

He likes to lie down when reading. He keeps up with the times by reading magazines and newspapers from London, Paris and New York. He thinks Spencer Tracy the best actor on the screen.

He is an incurable romanticist. He has worn a moustache for seven years.

He is fond of mutton, and would rather stroll on the beach than anywhere else. He prefers Tudor or Georgian architecture. He considers "The Dawn Patrol" and "Catherine the Great" his best pictures. At present, Doug, Jr., is the film brother of Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart."

He thinks blondes are shrewd and brunettes forthright.

He has no honest regrets.

He considers himself a fatalist and has an agnostic attitude towards theology.

His favorite breakfast food is porridge and liver and bacon. He has never won at gambling, and does not like poetry. He studied painting for several years in Paris, and never wears a gaucho shirt.

He has an aversion to eating eggplant, parsnips and boiled tongue. His school days were punctuated with special detentions and extra military duty.

He wore glasses up until eight years ago when he lost them. He hasn't bothered wearing any since. He does not like walking without a destination.

He never reads the sporting page

He likes to wear sweaters and slacks at home.

He collects all sorts of trinkets and attaches an exaggerated value to them. He does his best work in the late afternoon and night. He has spent most of his life in apartments.

He has a very bad memory for names and places. He studies lines quickly and quickly forgets them when the scene has been filmed.

A slight reversal upsets him for a prolonged period.

He would like to be a good conversationalist but invariably fumbles and misses his points. He would rather participate in sporting events than watch them, and he dislikes playing cards with women.

He thinks someone should write a book on Anglo-American unity. He has been on the screen for fifteen years, and his favorite books are "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Book of Tea," a tome of Japanese philosophy. He never wears spats.

He is a good trader.

He thinks the numerical increase of college graduates in America is not a sign of proportional increase in culture. He first fell in love at the age of twelve, he likes prize fights, and owns a thirty-foot cruiser on the Thames.

His reading leans toward the historical and biographical. He is very fond of spaghetti, swims well, and is constantly weaving and inventing romantic notions about everything.

He is not concerned, when playing a game, whether he wins or not. Had he his own way, he would like to divide his time between New York and the English countryside. He never whistles

He likes wearing tails, has never had a nickname, and his most intimate friend is a seventy-five-year-old gentleman named Tom Patton.

He is in a constant state of agitation at a preview of his own picture He travels by air only when he has to, and never questions people's motives He has never gone hunting.

He thinks war will never be abolished.

He does not like baseball.

He does not like hot dogs or personal appearances.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior believes a little bit in everything and a great deal in nothing. His manservant is a Swiss valet whom he inherited from his father

He doesn't care where he works, and he doesn't like surf bathing. He thinks it is practically impossible for two professionals to be happily married.

He excelled in spelling and geography at school. He is a member of the Portsmouth Yacht Club, England.

Fairbanks, the Younger, is of the opinion that motion pictures have narrowed the peak of American culture and widened the base of mediocrity.

DOZENS OF IMITATIONS

But...

The new Vassarettes with Seamless Panels are literally as smooth as your skin. Yet they have two panels, front and back, which can stretch only up-and-down... giving you super restraint over abdomen and derrière with all the glorious comfort that's built into Vassarettes.

New Seamless Panel All-in-Ones, $10 and $15; Girdles, $7.50 and $10, Vassarette Bandeau, $2

Not One Substitute

FOR VASSARETTES

For your figure's sake . . . always be sure yours is a *genuine* Vassarette. There are dozens of foundations that imitate Vassarette fabrics . . . that may even look like a Vassarette. If you look casually, that is! But the character of a Vassarette . . . its superb restraint and superlative comfort . . . simply can't be copied. Here is control that shapes as well as slims your body . . . that stands the test of constant wear and constant washing. To be sure of this true Vassarette performance always look for the label sewn just inside the cuff of every genuine Vassarette. Write for our picture booklet showing the new Vassarettes with Seamless Panels and other new styles, all of specially processed "Lastex." Also the name of the store nearest you. Vassar Company, 2567 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois.

UNDERNEATH IT ALL . . . A *Vassarette*

MANUFACTURED UNDER PATENTS 1863697, 1965860 AND 2121489

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PRIVATE LIFE OF A BOX OF KLEENEX*

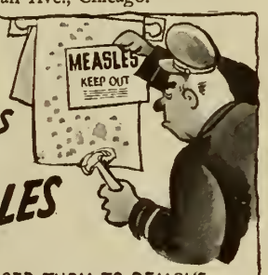
DAUGHTER SAYS:

"NEXT TO THE BOSS KLEENEX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE OFFICE!"

(*from a letter by* C. O. P., Louisiana)

Everyone WINS A PRIZE!
Tell us how Kleenex serves your family and we'll send *you* a new purse-size Metal Case with Kleenex Lipstick Tissues inside (retail value $1.00). Mail your letter with name and address and the perforated strip from 1 box of Kleenex to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

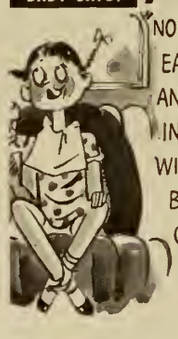
COUSIN SAYS:



"MY TOWELS HAD THE MEASLES

WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE POLISH FROM MY FINGER NAILS. NOW I USE KLEENEX, AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER!" (*from a letter by* Mrs. G. J. J., Missouri)

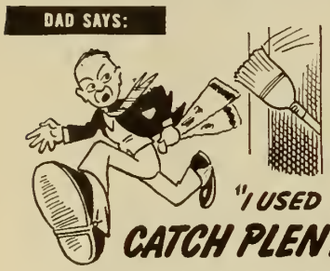
BABY SAYS: YUM YUM!



NOW MY LITTLE GIRL CAN EAT ICE CREAM CONES AND CHOCOLATE CANDY IN THE CAR—BECAUSE WITH KLEENEX HANDY, BOTH SHE AND THE CAR ARE KEPT CLEAN!"

(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. S., Wisconsin)

DAD SAYS:



"I USED TO CATCH PLENTY!

...FOR WIPING MY SHOES WITH BATHROOM TOWELS, BUT NOW WITH KLEENEX,—NO HITS, NO RUNS, NO ERRORS!" (*from a letter by* R. D., Indiana)

MOTHER SAYS:

"I WAS A BUSY BIB-WASHER

NOW I TUCK KLEENEX UNDER THE BABY'S CHIN AND SAVE WASHING!"

(*from a letter by* Mrs. E. J., California)

AUNTY SAYS:

GYPPED!.. AND WAS I MAD!

"I ASKED FOR KLEENEX—6 BOXES—BUT WHEN HOME FOUND IT WASN'T KLEENEX BUT ONE OF THOSE "OFF-BRANDS!" WAS I MAD—I TOOK IT BACK AND DID I GIVE THAT CLERK AN EARFUL!" (*from a letter by* Mrs. B. F D., Chicago)

● During colds, you'll certainly want to put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit instead. See how these disposable tissues soothe your nose and save money as they reduce handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Also use Kleenex to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; for the baby; and as a kitchen help.

Do as millions are doing—adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends tissue waste and mess... boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c at drug counters everywhere. It's the handy size for every room at home, for your office and your car.

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page 15*)

just come through two of the things, I beg to announce that even an operation in Hollywood is unlike one anywhere else on earth. They make a production of your operations out here . . . there is, most gratifying and first of all, that great rush of sympathy and affection toward you . . . for a couple of weeks Hollywood had me believing that I was not alone the only person who had ever been ill but most certainly the bravest . . . then there are the flowers that reach the hospital . . . don't think that Hollywood sends flowers in mere boxes . . . they come in every size and color of vase, already arranged and so excitingly beautiful that you can hardly bear it . . . and somehow, so keen are Hollywood personalities, that it even gets into their flower-buying and even before I looked at the attached cards I could usually tell which star had sent them. . . .

Flowers from Tyrone Power have a reserved and romantic air about them . . . flowers from Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are actually amusing, as, for example, their remembering I was still stuck in the hospital on the Fourth of July and sending me, therefore, a "firecracker"—a gigantic bouquet of white carnations, blue delphinium and red, red gladioli positively exploding from a great white vase, tied round and round with red, white and blue ribbon . . . flowers from those inseparable pals, Madge Evans and Una Merkel, are dainty and cute little things in the most delicate vase of all . . . flowers from the very smart Mr. Robert Montgomery turn out to be a deep crystal bowl of the most beautiful orchids that last luxuriously through a whole week . . . Walter Wanger, the producer who distinguishes everything he touches, sends all at once not only the most beautiful flowers to look at, dozens upon dozens of long-stemmed yellow roses, but flowers to wear, great scarlet begonias, and flowers for perfume, lilies of the valley . . . and Irene Dunne thinks to wait until I am out of the hospital and convalescing and sends all-white flowers which seem so typical of her. . . .

THERE are, too, those stars who do touching, practical things . . . like Joan Crawford, coming to the hospital to call, taking one look at me and next day sending not one, but a boxful of the most exquisite nightgowns . . . and girls in the publicity departments who sent those necessary soaps and perfumes and colognes . . . and the most lovely thing of all . . . Claudette Colbert's quiet insistence that I must come to her home to convalesce and her pretending she didn't know what it was all about when I was reduced to a state of tearful speechlessness through the mere fact of lying still, day after day, watching the sun cross her beautiful lawns and gardens, of eating breakfast, lunch and dinner, such meals as I have only fancied before, of having my every wish gratified by devoted maids even before I had thought it and of having a whole household go around hushed because of my mere presence. . . .

Ah, I realize it is still considered very smart to make fun of Hollywood and intimate every star is stupid and every individual is hard and selfish . . . well, it may be smart but it isn't true. . . .

The values of generosity and imagination and the most disinterested kindness are on every hand in Hollywood . . . I know what I am talking about, for I have just been experiencing their generosities, given without any air of being a "Lady Bountiful" thing, but rather as its all being an amusing joke to be thoughtful of another person's comfort and to let you share luxury you could never earn, to let you witness beauty greater than you've ever dreamed of. . . .

Well, if publicly expressing my awkward, inadequate gratitude for all this means anything, here's that expression . . . I feel uncomfortably humble knowing that I have done so little to merit such kindliness from Hollywood . . . I honestly don't deserve it but, gosh, how I have enjoyed it! . . .

Romance? Well, Judy Garland and Freddie Bartholomew are seen together at premières, but the real lowdown is this: Judy has a "regular" boy friend and this scores as "just publicity"

(Continued from page 33)

other celebrity, one of whom, in an hour, she herself was to be!

For a car from the studio was to call for her. In fact, there would be no more than time to unpack and press the dress in which was invested all the family's loose cash; cocoa-colored georgette it was, smartly simple, with shoes, stockings and gloves to match, to be worn with a tomato-shade hat and bag.

She had planned with care the great moment; her first look at Hollywood, Hollywood's first look at her!

Hastily she unpacked and dressed, scarcely finishing when the telephone rang; a studio car for Miss Norma Shearer.

"A studio car for Miss Norma Shearer!"

So, little Eight-Year-Old, shivering under your blanket, dreaming of this moment, hopeful Sixteen-Year-Old working, striving for this moment, it has come! A studio car is waiting for Miss Norma Shearer.

Drawing on her gloves and with her best savoir-faire, she hurried down to the lobby, swept through it across the porch to the waiting car, a little taken aback, Fifth Avenue ensemble notwithstanding, to see how absolutely she caught the attention of every eye. She could sense, in fact could *see*, that, along her "line of march," there wasn't a person whose gaze didn't frankly follow her. She could imagine what they were whispering: "New star . . . wonder who! . . . Come for a picture . . . wonder what!"

She crossed the porch to the waiting car, to roll down the crescent drive . . . and then suddenly to become aware that left upstairs, just where she had so carefully laid it out twenty minutes ago, remained her cocoa-colored underslip!

Her swanky trip through the lobby, her first appearance in Hollywood, had been made in georgette as transparent, *whoops*, my dear, as the mist around a rainbow!

BUT leading-lady Miss Norma Shearer survived, served Hollywood so well, in fact, that not until two years later did she return to New York.

Her latest picture was playing there.

Swiftly the train carried her across mountain, desert, prairie, back again to Broadway, every turn of the wheels conjuring up thoughts of all the hope, doubt, disappointment she had known along that street to which she was returning.

At the Broadway theater door which so often she had had to pass for lack of money, now she would be a celebrity. She had heard many times of how impressively the picture luminaries passed by the lines of waiting people to receive the flattering recognition and attention of "the door." Now that was about to happen to her! A pleasant contemplation. . . Not conceit, not thirst for glory, but just a feeling of having arrived at a goal for which there had been long hope and real striving.

So again . . . here was New York, the same delirious highway. She went to the theater, took a friend to share the little triumph. The picture was billed in electric lights, the waiting lines crowding along the street at half a dozen angles from the box office. Wearing, with proper glamour, an orchid, Miss Shearer passed grandly by the waiting ladies and gentlemen, approached the doorman and said . . . "I'm Norma Shearer. I'm here from Hollywood. I'd like to see the picture."

He favored her with a look which was something between the supercilious and the disinterested.

"If you want to see the picture," he said, "get in line."

"But you see," she repeated, "I'm. . . ."

"Yeah, I know," he finished for her. "You're Norma Shearer. You're from Hollywood. Well . . . we have millions of them. If you want to see the picture get in line."

AND now a memory of Hollywood again . . . Christmas Eve . . . a lonely stretch of hours for the little star who that night, on the M-G-M lot, was finishing a picture.

There is always something a little sad about finishing a picture. And for Miss Shearer Christmas day was nothing special to look forward to.

Though, for the matter of that, neither was *any* day, Hollywood and her chosen profession often proving lonely, nothing to interest her greatly but work. That is to say, nothing . . . but the quiet, dark-eyed young executive, Irving Thalberg, with whom for more than a year (her own carefully guarded secret) she had been in love.

It would have indeed been a thrilling moment for her which would have signified a bit of his personal attention. As far as he was concerned, however, he seemed little aware of her beyond necessary business conferences.

On this Christmas Eve she watched him as he talked last minute detail with the director. She knew his every little whimsical manner, every inflection of his voice. She heard him outline briefly what was now to be done, saw him say good night and leave the company to carry out his wishes.

The stage on which tonight's work went on was half a mile from the dressing rooms. Buses waited to save the company the half-mile walk.

At about eleven o'clock the scene was finished, everything "O.K.," the picture completed, the company dismissed.

There was hasty, gay departure, floodlights turned off, the players trouping to the buses. But by the time Miss Shearer had gathered up her make-up, her stray belongings here and there, the last bus had gone. Here outside the barnlike stage door she found herself

WHAT Is "The Strip"?

by Sara Hamilton

Did you know "The Strip" means a shopping street, not an undress act? Yes—"The Strip" all began with a cow, but in its evolution to star sapphire lane, this fantastic roadway led some of Hollywood's best people a bizarre merry-go-round. **In November PHOTOPLAY**

HERE'S A SURE WAY TO PROTECT YOUR Glamor

KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY, AND YOUR DRESS CAN'T HAVE AN OFFENSIVE "ARMHOLE ODOR"

• Sometimes the man who seems to pay you the closest attention at a party sees some other girl home. If you think men are just fickle, make this one simple test of your appeal tonight!

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be mortified at its stale "armhole odor," but you will know why women of refinement insist on a deodorant that keeps the underarm *dry* as well as sweet.

No matter how dainty you keep *yourself*, if stale perspiration collects on your *dress*, it will give you away every time you wear it!

ODORONO IS SURE: With Liquid Odorono there is no possibility of unpleasant "armhole odor," because it keeps both you and your dress always DRY.

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half a mile from her dressing room, alone at the far end of the almost deserted lot, in the chill fog of Christmas Eve.

She wore no coat, only a thin, light scarf which she held around her as she started walking toward the faraway checkerboard of lighted dressing-room windows. Along the empty street, past the great closed stages, her French heels and their echo sounded like castanets against a very large stillness. Usually the lot was as busy by night as by day . . . but this was Christmas Eve.

She reached her dressing room, unlocked the door, snapped on the light, put down her make-up box, slipped out of her shoes to thrust small cold feet into felt bedroom slippers.

Her maid, whom she had sent home early, had left a thermos bottle full of hot chocolate. Miss Shearer poured out a cupful and held it to warm her chilled fingers. Then, a startling sound, came the ring of the telephone.

"How little I guessed," she says now, with a quiet smile, "that just that telephone ring was to change the whole mood of my life!"

For it was Mr. Thalberg, asking, in a somewhat nervous voice, if he might call on her tomorrow to say: "Merry Christmas."

THE following year, to spend their honeymoon, they went to Germany, a trip of especial interest to Miss Shearer . . . Mrs. Thalberg . . . since she had just finished the rôle of *Kathi* in "The Student Prince."

And to impress her husband she had busied herself at studying German. At some unexpected moment . . . though not as an obvious effort to be clever . . . oh, no, not at all like that . . . she would give an easy exhibition of tossing off German as casually as though it were English!

It was thrilling to see old Heidelberg, which had been duplicated on the lot so perfectly; an amazing feeling to find, in Germany, as they drove along, everything exactly as they had left it on the lot in California.

They wandered through the grounds of the old castle with its crumbling walls, everywhere students wearing their little pillbox hats and the scars of their duels; with fascinating nonchalance hitting the ferns with the canes they carried.

Then one afternoon the honeymooners hired an old-fashioned carriage with a deliberate horse, the little man on the box wearing a feather in his hat. They didn't care where they went . . . had nothing to do. . . .

"Take us," they said, "somewhere for supper."

Late afternoon found them in a tavern garden on the hillside looking down at the town, a little circle of musicians playing Viennese music . . . not too well . . . the Herr Proprietor giving them a smudgy card upon which was printed the assortment of food to be had. And printed in German! Mrs. Thalberg's opportunity!

Mr. Thalberg ordered potato pancakes. His pretty frau instantly recognized a phrase which by merest accident she had happened to learn . . . "corned beef and cabbage."

"I'll have *this*," she smiled, and read it in glib German.

"What is it," Mr. Thalberg wanted to know. In German she repeated it.

"Yes," he said, "but what is it?"

"You should have learned those things," she teased him. "Wait and see. You'll be surprised."

"Nothing *else* for Madame?" the Herr Proprietor asked.

"Oh, no," she told him. "Nothing else."

So through the warm sultry end of a summer afternoon, the young Thalbergs walked down to the rock garden, bought sugar and fed the horse . . . and waited for dinner.

They requested a favorite Viennese waltz, a second favorite Viennese waltz . . . and waited for dinner.

They ordered coffee . . . and *asked* about dinner.

"Madame's order," explained the Herr Proprietor . . . "it takes a little time."

They watched the sky. . . .

"What on earth did you order, dear?" Mr. Thalberg wanted to know.

"You'll see," Miss Shearer smiled. "It's very American. I suppose that's why they had to cook it specially."

The musicians played. The first stars came out. . . And then the Herr Proprietor appeared with a wide smile and a plate of hot potato pancakes.

"And Madame's order comes," he beamed, as indeed it did . . . an entire plum pudding briskly burning in brandy!

THREE years later a memory . . . a very happy memory; gay plans for a trip through the Mediterranean, for Norma Shearer, Mr. Thalberg, Miss Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur; with the prelude of a heyday three weeks in New York, parties to be given by friends, plays to see, Fifth Avenue to "do" . . . plans, invitations, arrangements on every side, thrilling and exciting, trunks unpacked at The Waldorf as if the stay were to be forever.

Then suddenly it had all become so intricate that Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg, checking down the list of every terrifically important detail, could see but one solution, which was to do none of it all, to figure it out by forgetting everything!

So when the telephone rang, Miss Hayes to report that she and Charlie, trying to crystallize plans, offered as the only way out, a postponing of sailing until the *fourth* week . . . Miss Shearer replied . . . "Irving and I have been trying to figure it out too. How about sailing this afternoon?"

There was a little silence . . . a little struggle for words at the other end of the line.

". . . and not tell anybody we're going, not anybody at all," added Miss Shearer . . . "until we've gone!"

Swiftly things began to happen. By midafternoon four dizzy, giggling people found themselves on the deck of a ship bound for Southern seas.

"How depressed we'd have been," laughs Miss Shearer, "how terribly, terribly hurt if there *hadn't* been any parties or plans for us . . . but it was such fun running away!"

LISTEN - LISTEN - LISTEN

Not since Paul Revere wakened Concord has there been such a Revolutionary idea. You don't have to be beautiful or rich to have a marvelous time in Hollywood, and we can prove it!

Just read . .

PLAIN GIRL IN PARADISE

by Diane

In November **PHOTOPLAY**

But as the ship slipped away from the wharf it came home to them that there wasn't a familiar face in the crowd; not a soul to whom they would be waving and shouting good-by!

"But we simply *must* say good-by," they decided.

So hastily Helen, Charlie, Irving, Norma, picked out persons to whom they would say "Good-by."

"I'll take the man in the green jacket."

"I'll take the woman holding the red-headed baby."

"I'll take the girl with the yellow chrysanthemums." . . . And this may, at last, offer explanation to a broad-shouldered gentleman in overalls, as to why, when that majestic ship glided into the harbor that day, the excited lovely lady bearing so striking a resemblance to the then decidedly famous Miss Norma Shearer, called repeated good-bys to him, blew him a kiss, urged him to take good care of himself and waved farewell as long as he could see the flutter of her handkerchief.

THEN came the September day when once more the world changed for her, changed this time beyond anything she could believe. For the one in whom she had found ideal happiness . . . was dead.

For the first time in her life, when slowly, mechanically she came to realize it, there didn't seem to be any future, no goal which could possibly be important.

She considered his ambition for her, the ambition which had always been hers for herself, knew now, more than ever, she must have work to do. But it was all only confused and bewildering. She couldn't conceive a beginning when all she could think of was this utterly unlooked for end.

Six months after Mr. Thalberg's death, Norma Shearer's mother took her to New York hoping that, with seeing Broadway's newest plays, her mind might respond.

One afternoon, dressed obscurely, entering the theater very quietly after the lights were dim, nobody knowing of her presence in town, Norma Shearer went to a matinee of "Stage Door."

She sat in the front row, as a place where she could most easily miss recognition. The play was received with enthusiasm, Margaret Sullavan, in the lead, greatly applauded and appreciated. But after the second act curtain, when the lights had come on, the applause didn't stop.

"What's she going to do now?" Miss Shearer wondered. "She'll have to make a speech."

And then she became aware that it was *she* whom the audience was applauding, her acknowledgment they were asking. It was a moment of complete and genuine surprise to her, so certain had she been that today, in this crowd interested only in the play, she had no identity.

She rose . . . smiled . . . bowed . . . as the applause swelled and continued . . . a sincere salute.

"And I'm sure it was that day," Norma Shearer says . . . "which provided the answer."

So there's a new Norma Shearer in Hollywood . . . young . . . lovely . . . (and apparently quite herself again, with a smile which succeeds in hiding any trace of unhappy shadow). Somehow she has accomplished it.

At the moment she is busy with "Idiot's Delight," which presents her again with Mr. Gable.

And Hollywood and the rest of us are mighty happy to pin a pair of orchids on—"the girl who came back."

(Continued from page 10)

too artificial to blend with a natural appearance."

So now I'm letting my eyebrows grow in, too—I can take a hint. If your eyebrows are too light, though, don't make the mistake of using a dark pencil down the middle of them to make them more obvious. Try this instead: use a brown mascara on the light hairs and extend the brows lightly at the ends with the brown pencil. Keep the mascara brush barely damp, so the mascara doesn't cake on your brows. If you're plucking out the stray hairs, be sure to pull them in the direction in which the hair grows, and use witch hazel, or an antiseptic, on your brows afterwards so they won't grow red or swollen.

If you're dissatisfied with the shape of your brows but aren't quite sure how to experiment with them, try covering them up with grease paint or a very heavy foundation cream and then draw in new outlines with your pencil until you find just the right outline to frame your eyes and add to the symmetry of your features.

After Loretta, at the director's call, had sauntered gracefully away, I plodded wearily back through the sand thinking that it's easier to look delicate and fragile if you have Loretta's naturally fair skin and blue eyes, but suppose you're a decided brunette with olive skin, dark eyes and blue-black hair. What do you do then?

I THOUGHT of Gale Page, one of Warner Brothers' newly made stars, who's a lovely, definite brunette, and went over to see her.

"What are you going to do this fall?" I asked her. "That's a very fine tan you have now, but you can't look so extremely glowing and healthy when you're wearing a romantic type of gown. So tell all."

"I know," Gale admitted ruefully. "Here I take such a swell tan that it's practically impossible to avoid it during the summer—even if I wanted to, which I don't. But now I'm bleaching out. So I'm having softening and bleaching creams smoothed into my back and shoulders as well as my face. And see my hands? I saturate them with a good rich cream before I go to bed at night and then I sleep in a pair of white cotton gloves. I feel like a mammy singer, but it softens and bleaches your hands and it's fine for the nails, too."

An eye-wrinkle or emollient cream is good to pat into your lids and the area around your eyes at night also, to counteract the drying effect of the sun and to soften and lubricate the tissues.

"I'm right in the midst of changing my make-up, too," Gale sighed wistfully. "All summer I've been using sun-tan powder, and just a faint touch of rouge that has sort of an orange cast to it, and a flame color lipstick to show off the tan. But now—that all has to be changed—I have to look pale and romantic."

"And how are you going to do it?" I asked avidly, settling myself to hear all details on how to look as though you could go into a graceful feminine swoon at any moment.

"Well, you see, I can't go in for that pink and white make-up that blondes or girls with fair skins can use with such great effect, because even at my palest I'm pretty dark. So in the daytime I use an olive powder and no rouge at all because somehow that makes you look paler. My lipstick is still vivid to accent the pallor but it doesn't have so much orange in it as when I'm more tanned in the summer. And then a touch of grey eyeshadow to finish up."

This last tidbit is a very good tip for you glowing brunettes, because Gale feels that a brown eyeshadow doesn't give her the same effect that the grey does. If you have an olive skin and black eyes, try the grey, too, and see if it isn't more flattering than brown.

AT night when Gale goes out to a formal affair, she goes in for more sophistication than during the daytime. If you're blonde and delicate, a truly romantic gown will make you look like a dream, but if you're dark and more of the sophisticated type, accent your sophistication and don't go in for the naïve effects that do so much for a blonde. Unless, of course, you're the type that can have the contrast of a sophisticated face and a dress that is incredibly naïve and girlish. If you can get away with it, you'll be a huge success—but, I warn you, it's none too easy.

Gale has found that a powder with a mauve tone gives her skin pallor and translucency at night under electric lights. "The rest of your make-up has to have sort of a bluish cast too, though," she explained, "so my rouge is a purplish pink, rather like cyclamen. I put it high on my cheekbones to bring them out, and you'd be surprised at the exotic effect I can get that way. And naturally my lipstick is exactly the same shade as the rouge. A deep mauve eyeshadow is the glamour touch, too."

At night, Gale smooths the shadow into her lids all the way up to her brows. It's heavier near her lashes, of course, and then is shaded away to her brows. This is very glamorous under electric lights, but it's too artificial for daytime wear, so, during the day, Gale uses the grey shadow just on her lids. A faint line drawn very close to her lashes, both upper and lower, thus outlining her eyes, is also a fine trick for evening but too theatrical and harsh looking for daytime.

And then, to frame the whole effect, Gale has her hair rolled up off her face to get that brand-new old-fashioned appearance that's so smart for fall.

So you see, by following these girls' tips, it's easy enough to look glamorous and romantic, even though you're just recovering from a healthy strenuous summer.

As for me, I plodded wearily back to my office thinking small thoughts about the vicious circle of this beauty-seeking and romance-searching occupation of ours which demands the riding-breeches - and - steak - for - dinner approach one year, and the lavender-and-old-lace-camisole setup the next. Anyway, fade out your complexion first before you fade into glamour.

The smooth loveliness of Loretta's shoulders made me hunt to find the perfect exercise to develop and round out your shoulders so you'll look equally romantic in your new evening gowns. I've found it, and if you write me I'll be very glad to mail it on to you. Be sure, though, to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Why MODELS PREFER Revlon NAIL ENAMEL

"IT WEARS better. It's more flattering. Its shades are so right, fashionably. And since I've been using it, my nails are in grand condition all the time. So—naturally I prefer Revlon. Who wouldn't?" It's Mary Cosgrave speaking, one of the loveliest—and *busiest*—of professional photographic models.

She says: "With Revlon, I suddenly find I'm a wizard at putting on my own Nail Enamel when a particular shade is wanted for a rush job. Revlon goes on like a *dream*. It's so easy to apply. And what a help *that* is!"

Most smart women agree with lovely Mary Cosgrave. You will, too, once you try Revlon. For it *is* better. Costlier ingredients and improved scientific methods of manufacture keep it so!

IMPORTANT FOR FALL: Tartar, a rich grape red for wear with wines and blacks; Sierra, a buff rose shade for olive greens — and Suez, a deep brick for browns and spice shades.

NAIL "TIPS":

Use ADHERON as a base-coat under nail enamel to protect fragile nails. Gives a hard, smooth surface to soft ridged nails. Prolongs wear. May also be used as a *top* coat for extra lustre. Other Revlon nail beautifiers are: Revlon Oily Polish Remover (no acetone) in liquid or pads; Cuticle Lotion; Nail Cream.

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From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo has captured their subtle beauty... select your own flattering shade today!

FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC

Hollywood—The favorite nail polish shade for fall and winter is Glazo's smoky ash-pink TROPIC. "I love it," says Joan Bennett. Like all Glazo colors, it gives you days longer wear.

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Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.

IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo's SPICE is the vogue in this island paradise. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.

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GLAZO'S NAIL-COTE guards your nails against splitting and breaking. Contains wax, and provides a perfect foundation for your polish, making it last longer. Nail-Cote gives added gloss and beauty to your manicure. Only 25¢.

GLAZO
NEW TROPIC SHADES

Hollywood's Soldiers of Fortune

(Continued from page 35)

happily married, with a seventeen-year-old son as strapping as he is, and a beautiful daughter of fifteen. Reconciled to a settled and luxurious life, he stays put. But his nostalgia for action and adventures expresses itself in the much publicized "McLaglen Light Horse." Actually, this is as well-drilled, trained and equipped a cavalry troop as you could find anywhere. McLaglen often longs for an excuse to lead it into real action. His only hope at present is for a scrap with the Communists.

ONE of the most colorful figures in the mysterious regions behind the scenes in the studios is Howard Hill, noted athlete and hunter. With bow and arrow he has traveled the wilds of Mexico, the U.S. and Canada, and his adventurous wanderings attracted such hunting companions as the late Glenn Curtiss, the aeroplane magnate, the late Arthur Brisbane, and the late Harvey Firestone. Hill killed the only true big horn sheep ever shot with bow and arrow by a white man, and later spent two years producing a wild animal picture, "The Lost Wilderness," featuring hunting with this primitive weapon.

But strange things can happen, even to champions! During the shooting of "Robin Hood" (on which picture he was technical director), the company was sent on location to the back country near Hollywood. It was a stretch of country noted for wild boars, so Hill and actor Basil Rathbone and a native decided to go on a bow and arrow wild boar hunt. The native brought his rifle along—just in case.

They sighted the boar in a manzanita thicket. Hill's first arrow merely wounded the boar, which thereupon immediately charged the little party.

Rathbone managed to climb to safety in a small tree—but not before the boar had ripped his trouser leg. Then the boar charged Hill.

The archer realized that he wouldn't have time to use his bow, so he made a flying leap into (or onto) the top of a manzanita bush. There he lay, less than two feet under the boar's belly, spread-eagled, while the boar ran around looking for him.

The native finally saved the day by shooting the boar with his rifle. Modern weapons do have their uses, even to a man who holds the national archery field championship and has been California field archery champion since 1934.

IN one of the writer's cells at one of the largest studios is a quiet studious-looking fellow, usually occupied as a scenarist. You probably know him as Major Herbert O. Yardley, author of many fascinating magazine articles about secret service work, and of a book, "The American Black Chamber." (Incidentally, the book revealed so much that the Japanese War Department protested.)

Yardley won his rank—and certainly earned it—not in action on the field, but at his desk. His skill at decoding documents is spoken of with awe at all gatherings of cryptogram fans. While he was in command of the American Black Chamber (for the decoding of enemy documents during the War), he was forced to take elaborate precautions to keep foreign governments from finding out about his work. Every few weeks he would move his office; he received all his mail through a cover-up address.

Despite all these precautions, Yardley began to have the feeling that he was being followed and watched. He hired a private detective to follow him and discover if he were being shadowed. The detective was unable to learn anything.

Finally, one day, while Yardley was in a bar in New York, a stranger struck up a conversation with him and introduced him to a beautiful girl. A few days later, in the same bar, the same girl approached him and asked him to buy her a drink. He quickly realized that the idea was to get him drunk—so he decided to turn the tables on her.

He began ordering drinks with ginger ale on the side. Then he would take a drink, and pretend to sip the ginger ale as a chaser. Actually, he was not swallowing the liquor, but secretly spitting it into the ginger ale each time he pretended to sip from it.

Naturally, the girl had to drink every time Yardley apparently did, so soon the girl was drunk and Yardley wasn't. Then, he opened the girl's purse, found out where she lived, took her home, put her to bed, then searched her room. Before he left her room, he found a note which proved she was an enemy agent.

The girl disappeared the next day, and Yardley was never bothered again.

After the War, Yardley established a new record. He broke down the Japanese diplomatic code, the first time such a thing had ever been done. So doing, he changed the course of the Washington Disarmament Conference. It was due to Yardley that the naval ratio was fixed at 5-5-3 instead of 10-10-7 as Japan had proposed.

Some gentlemen in Congress, a few years ago, decided that it was unsportsmanlike for Uncle Sam to have a cryptoanalysis bureau! So the American Black Chamber was broken up, and Yardley was thrown upon a cold, cold world. He wrote another book which told a lot of startling facts. Pre-publications rumors were so violent that Congress passed a special act to prevent its being published. Whereupon Yardley went to Hollywood!

IF you look over the Who's Who of Hollywood adventurers, you will find a polyglot, cosmopolitan lot. One of them is dark and romantic Ivan Lebedeff, writer and actor. In the pomp and circumstance, the alarums and excursions incident to Napoleon's Russian victories and later the retreat from Moscow in "Conquest," there was nothing strange to one black-eyed actor down in the cast list as a "Cossack Captain." Lebedeff had seen practically the same things in his own life.

Born in Lithuania, Ivan was the son of a father who was high in the confidence of the Czar. Ivan graduated from the University of St. Petersburg, was trained for the diplomatic service in the Imperial Lyceum. When the War broke out, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Third Regiment of Dragoons, and, after being wounded, was decorated by Nicholas II, the last sad remnant of the Romanoffs. For capturing a high-ranking German general at Nevel, Lebedeff was made aide-de-camp to the Czar. After being wounded again and gassed, he was transferred to the Roumanian front. Whereupon the Revolution broke out and he found himself an officer without any men — very disconcerting for a soldier—so he joined the Air Service on the Roumanian front.

When the Allies took over Odessa on the Black Sea, Lebedeff was made Food Administrator. When the Allied troops withdrew, he was arrested by the Bolsheviks, along with other civil officials. The Reds tossed him into jail—a foul, smelly jail.

One afternoon, a few days later, the jail guard was changed, and Lebedeff was surprised to discover that the new sergeant of the guard was a former servant of his family. The old retainer recognized Lebedeff and did him several favors — finally agreed to help him escape.

Late one night the sergeant came and unlocked the door and escorted Lebedeff to the outskirts of Odessa. Here the old fellow turned to leave his former master, insisting it was his duty to go back and be shot for his treachery to the Red cause.

But Lebedeff couldn't see any sense in that idea, so he hit the old man over the head with a club, stole a horse and wagon, tossed the guard in, and managed to drive to safety behind the White lines.

Shortly afterwards, Lebedeff organized a White Troop to attack Odessa and offered the old servant a job as a soldier. But the old boy refused to fight his Red comrades, and finally deserted, going back to the Bolsheviks.

Lebedeff never saw him again.

But even Lebedeff and the other brave adventurers among the White Russians were unable to prevent the inevitable, and he finally took refuge in Constantinople. More resourceful than other luxuriously trained and aristocratic refugees, he overcame even dire poverty, made his way to Vienna and Paris. There he met, by chance, D. W. Griffith, who saw in him the man he wanted to play a part in "The Sorrows of Satan." Thus, the former officer of the Imperial Dragoons, with the scars and memories of so many hard-fought battles, came to Hollywood, where he lives successfully today.

EVEN on the distaff side (what the Victorians used to call the distaff side) you will find people with fascinatingly adventurous backgrounds. For the last few years, working in the research department at M-G-M, there had been a handsome, vivacious lady who is known as the Number One Girl of Hollywood's Bookworm Corps. Nathalie Bucknall has memories almost as colorful and spine-tingling as those of her countryman, Ivan Lebedeff. Like him, she was born of the Russian nobility. In fact, she was educated with the daughters of the Czar, her father being Ivan de Fedenko, Counsellor of State. After the November Revolution in 1917 her life wasn't worth a kopek. Literally hunted from house to house, she had many narrow escapes from capture by the blood-hungry Bolsheviks. She finally took refuge in the British Embassy in Moscow and was actually there when the Reds raided it. As a matter of fact, a British officer died in her arms. After that, she became a member of the Second Women's Battalion of Death. How she finally made her escape from the land of the Soviet Terror is almost a book in itself. Incidentally, she was awarded the order of the British Empire for Red Cross work.

During Miss Bucknall's research work on "Marie Antoinette," the soul-stirring scenes of the French Revolution must have brought back many bitter memories to this amazing woman. She knew it could happen again—and did.

Then, too, there is Cherie May. This pretty woman gambled her life at least once a week for the past twelve years.

She has doubled for practically every woman star in the game. Once upon a time she was a housewife. She married young, had two children, divorced. Disguised as a man, she rode the rods across the continent, and for a while worked as a ranch hand in Northern California. Of course she couldn't keep her sex secret indefinitely. She was discovered and promptly fired. Lacking an occupation, she was put to desperate straits to support her children whom the courts were about to take away from her and put into an institution. At the eleventh hour, by dint of copious lying, she got a job as a parachute jumper from an understanding director. She had had no experience whatsoever. Now, she's the number one stunt woman of Hollywood.

PROBABLY the best known of that famous gang of Hollywood stunters is Dick Grace. His story is so typical that he could well represent the whole company, living and dead, of "Hollywood's Suicide Legion," composed of Frank Clark, Art Goebel, Leo Nomis, Ira Reed and others.

Most of these men were World War flyers. Like Dick, they've all cracked up many times, intentionally and otherwise. At this writing, Dick's record is thirty-two deliberate crack-ups. He's the only man who ever fell out of a plane at 1000 feet and lived to tell the tale. (He fell into the ocean and escaped with a mere broken neck.)

Grace has always insisted that the nearest he ever came to death was when he was asked by a meticulous director to dive a land plane into the ocean.

A motor boat was stationed near by to pick up Grace after the crash, but the crack-up left such a pile of floating wreckage that the men in the boat were unable to find Grace. For nearly a half hour, he floated, unconscious, under the debris, until he finally came to and managed to attract their attention.

The men in the boat said afterwards that if Grace had been unconscious for five minutes longer, they would have left him to drown. They thought no one could possibly live after the terrific impact of that fateful crack when the plane hit the water.

Whenever a military story is to be filmed, one of the first men wanted around the lot is Captain Louis Vandenecker, Hollywood's ace technical director. His latest work was done for "The Life of Emile Zola" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

From his earliest days, fighting and adventure were in this man's blood. To satisfy him his parents, Belgians, sent him to a military school as soon as he was eleven years old. But that was too slow. He ran away at sixteen, and, being mature for his age, enlisted in the French Foreign Legion at Marseilles. He was shipped overseas at once and won his corporal's stripes in the campaigns against the fierce, veiled Tauregs of the desert.

During the World War, one of his decorations was earned when, under a withering machine-gun fire from the Germans, he managed to rescue several wounded comrades. At Hartmannsweilerkopf he was carrying an important message when a piece of shrapnel hit him in the leg. Wound and all, he delivered the message on which the existence of an entire division depended. Later, he went through twenty-three different operations before finally overcoming the consequences of that wound.

After the Armistice, Vandenecker went to Poland to help fight the Reds. During a battle with the Russians, he became isolated in advance of the Polish troops. Coming to a small village he started to enter it when he suddenly realized it was occupied by Russian soldiers.

Discovering a Russian overcoat lying by the road, he hastily put it on and made a run for the nearest house. His plan was to hide inside until his own troops arrived.

But as he stepped inside the doorway, he was horrified to discover there three Russian officers. Throwing off his coat, he drew his pistol and ordered the Russians to surrender.

He was so excited that the gun dropped from his hand to the floor. For a few seconds he thought the Russians were going to draw their guns—but they meekly put their hands up. They said later they thought the Poles had taken the whole town.

For nearly an hour Vandenecker held the Russians at the point of his gun while he waited for the Polish troops to catch up with him. Just as the Russians were restlessly beginning to behave as though they were planning a concerted rush upon him, the Poles arrived.

NO tale of Hollywood's soldiers of fortune is complete without mention of two of the best known stars in the business—Errol Flynn and George Brent.

There is almost no hazardous occupation at which Flynn has not tried his hand. He has certainly gone far "For to admire and for to see, For to be'old this world so wide." Hollywood, considered a rather exciting place in itself, Flynn considers dull. Nothing ever happens there. When he can't find any excitement, he keeps his hand in by riding radio cars with the cops all night. His life is filled with amazing exploits.

Born in Ireland, son of a biology professor, his first wanderings were at the age of four, when his parents took him to Tasmania. His first enthusiasm was for boxing; he was good enough to become the amateur middleweight of Ireland and represented his country in the Olympics of 1928. He then decided that the bourgeois life was not for him. Working his way before the mast to Tahiti, he was successfully pearl fisher and gold prospector, until a British film company, hearing he was a collateral descendant of Fletcher Christian (yes, the Mutiny-on-the-Bounty Christian), drafted him to play the rôle of his ancestor in a picture. Flynn turned out to be a natural-born actor. "By gad," he said, "if I can make money at this game, I'm for it!"

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Off he set for Hollywood and fame. But despite two profitable occupations, writing and acting, he is restless. Only a short time ago one heard of him in Spain.

When his friends begged him to stay home—"Why go to Spain, Errol. You'll be killed"—he replied. "So what? Maybe I'll be killed. Maybe I'll be run over by a car when I leave the studio. That's a chance you take. When my number is up—it's just up! That's the way I figure it!"

Another Irishman with a spectacular background is George Brent. Before he was out of his teens he had seen and practiced more varied kinds of life than most grown men. He has herded sheep in Ireland, sailed aboard a freighter, worked in the gold fields of South Africa (a recent rôle in "Gold Is Where You Find It" was just duck soup for Brent).

After finding time to get an education at the University of Dublin, he became a dispatch runner for Michael Collins, the famed young chief of the rebel Sinn Fein. The Irish Rebellion, settled finally, perhaps, the other day by De Valera and Chamberlain, was coming to a climax. No hot-blooded youth could resist that, and it was a proud day for George when the dread Black and Tan set a price on his head.

During this period he "covered up" in the daytime by attending rehearsals of the Abbey Theater Players. But, because he was usually up all night on the business of the Rebellion, he practically always fell asleep during rehearsals.

Naturally this aroused suspicion and, finally, the British sent a squad of soldiers to arrest Brent. The soldiers were given orders to get to the Players and "arrest the man who is sleeping there."

By a quirk of fortune worthy of Hollywood itself, another member of the cast happened to be asleep that day—while Brent was awake enough to escape attention. So, as soon as Brent saw the soldiers arresting the sleeping actor, he realized that the Tommies were really after him—and made a prompt escape. By the time the soldiers had discovered their mistake, Brent was safely in hiding.

Osa Johnson, widow of my late and old friend Martin, now also makes her headquarters in Hollywood. The life of fascinating adventure that she lived with Martin is too well-known to need retelling here.

I FIND I've mentioned only a few of Hollywood's adventurers. You never can tell in what rôle you will find them. At Warners there is a property man named Clarence Eurist. In the background of his life are an international swimming championship, a Nicaraguan campaign, a Navy Cross for bravery under fire.

Frederick Cavens, head of the largest fencing school in Hollywood, was once instructor at the Belgian Royal Military Academy, and later fencing champion of all Europe.

One of Hollywood's principal men of mystery is Abdsolem Ben Mohammed Kombarick. He was first brought to Hollywood by Herbert Brenon. He now commutes between Hollywood and North Africa almost regularly. When he's asked personal questions about his career, he replies with few words and a sardonic smile. This has given rise to the rumor that he has been mixed up with all sorts of strange things, including gun running to foreign countries, and that he is closely involved in the Spanish Civil War. Maybe he is—nothing about these Hollywood adventurers would surprise me!

Father's Office Wife

(Continued from page 25)

"Is Miss Thayer a good secretary?" I asked very en passant.

"Excellent," he said.

Barb remarked that she didn't care for her type. "Well she's not exactly the Joan Crawford type," said pops. "But I might speak to her and see what she can do about it."

Barb and I kicked each other under the table simultaneously which made the kick quite hard.

They went on talking about briefs and someone needing a change of venue or something and I remarked:

"Even the cleverest man is putty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman."

Father heaved a tremendous sigh and the Judge asked me what I meant by that remark. All I said was "Oh nothing."

I let them talk about their business affairs for a few minutes, then I said:

"How much salary does Miss Thayer get?"

"Thirty-five," said pops. He seemed annoyed at something.

"Isn't that rather high for a mere stenographer?" remarked Barb.

"Not a legal one. Miss Thayer is first class. Besides, I have my reasons."

That was all we wanted to hear. Pops realized he had made a break and was furious and if the Judge hadn't been there would have said something nasty, but he was trying to make an impression on acc't of he's going to try an important case before him.

Barb and I ordered two desserts each and then excused ourselves saying we had to go to the Acquarium.

. . . . . .

LAST NIGHT I had a conference with Henry. He being my Grade A Grand Pash I felt it my duty not to conceal anything from him. I also wanted to get the masculine point of view. Of course, Henry is only 17 and has never had an office wife. He has never even had an office. At first he thought I ought to mind my own business, but I soon convinced him that he didn't think so at all. Then he said that men were polygamous and a little affair now and then didn't do anyone any harm.

"I'm glad to know how you feel about it before it's too late," I said, keeping my voice steady. He realized he had spoken out of turn and tried to convince me that he had meant the average man.

I thought awhile.

"Sez you," I said witheringly.

. . . . . .

THE SITUATION is growing sinister.

I feel as if we were all sitting on the edge of a tornado.

Pops went to Washington on a case and *stayed over night.* I phoned the office and asked for Miss Thayer and she was *home sick.* My heart is breaking for my unsuspecting mother, but I admit it's exciting to have a triangle in one's family. Barb says in a way she envies me.

My album is all filled up. E. G. R. wrote on the last page, so the next signature will have to start the new book. Haven't decided yet who it'll be.

If mops would only have sense enough to make pops jealous the way

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Marlene did in "Angel" when Herbert Marshall was so occupied with business that he took her for granted and she fell for Melvyn Douglas, everything might be hokey-pokey. I really think one can learn a great deal about life from the movies because people often act exactly like characters.

. . . . . .

WE HAVE it. Barb and I have decided to stake everything on one fell coup or is it swoop? Must look it up.

We plotted it out and it took us three hours during which we smoked like chimneys, three cigarettes each. We hate smoking but felt it would help us concentrate. We are not going to tell Henry a thing about it because he has the masculine point of view.

The conspiracy is as follows, namely:

Two weeks from Sunday is their seventeenth anniversary. I persuaded them to have a party because, I said, people aren't married seventeen years every day. It will be a big reception and Ye Scribe will address the invitations which are engraved (and get a buck emolument) and one of them, unbeknownst to my parents will go to Miss Florence Thayer. Of course she'll come showily clad and she'll make herself conspicuous. I made mops buy a heavenly pearl gray chiffon which is alluring, yet refined and will go with her black pearl earrings and yellow roses. I shall also insist on her having her hair upswept. If that doesn't bring pops to his senses, nothing will.

. . . . . .

Nothing important has happened in a week except the opening of Miss Temple's "Little Miss Broadway" and world events, for which see your daily paper.

. . . . . .

HELEN DAMNATION. If I only had $25. Where do people get $25? I'm not sure whether it was Barb's idea or mine. She said it first, but I think I sent it to her via mental telepathy. It was last Sunday and we were reading the papers and came across an article about Escort-Guides. It said you could get a man of any type for an evening to do whatever you wanted with him. In a flash I saw the possibilities of solving the triangle. (Barb says you can't solve a triangle, she being mathematical.) So Monday I called up the Bureau and explained what I might want, and they said it would be $25 because the gentleman would have to be rehearsed in the rôle. I could tell mops that he was a friend of Marjorie's that we had met at her coming-out party because Marj has lots of oldish friends. Oh, for some jewelry to pawn! The only thing I own that has any cash value is my autograph album. Vera Bailey offered to buy it once but I think I'd rather die than part with it.

Missed Spencer Tracy. Gosh how midterms interfere with life!

. . . . . .

THE DIE is cast . . . or is it dye? All the precious names that it took me three years to collect, that I stood in the rain and got a cold in the head for, that I wrote letters for, swapped, bought and begged . . . all gone for the measly sum of twenty-five dollars. If I had entrusted it into worthy hands it would hurt less. But Vera Bailey has no sentiment about things sacred. To her a facsimile is just as good as an original if you go over it with ink. She'll be telling all her friends that she met all the stars herself. She'll have a hard time explaining the ones that say "To Jane," of which there are six. She tried to get me down to $20 although she is l.w.m., having her own bank account and a real check book. It's really worth at least $30 as I have 3 I. T. R.'s. I have a new album that Barb gave me but I don't know whether I want to start it.

I cried all night.

But it had to be done because I came across a clue that proved that my worst suspicions had not been in vain. I had to return some stockings on acc't of if you looked at them harshly they got runs, so I was looking over the slips from the department stores in pops' desk, and what do I come across but two as follows:

1 nightgown $7.50
1 bed jacket 5.00
sent to Miss Florence Thayer

and

3 pr. booties—$1.00 ea. $3.00
1 bib 2.00
sent to Miss Florence Thayer

I would have fainted if I'd known how. Here was I, Jane Lyons, with an illegitimate half brother or sister (I hope it's a boy) whom I would never know, and my father looking so innocent. I didn't know whether to show the slips to mother and advise her to get a divorce at once, or whether to try to patch things up. Went right over to Barb's for a conference. We decided that the preservation of my home and my mother's happiness was at stake so I must make the supreme sacrifice. If it flops, all is chaos. I wonder what the child's name is. In a way I feel sorry for Miss Thayer. The woman always pays.

SO I WENT to the Escort Bureau. The manager was very attractive in a Brian Aherne-ish way. He is real Social Register because he talks like an English play. The office was *moderne* and even the office boy had *chic*. I noticed every detail to be able to tell Barb who was waiting outside.

I took the manager into my complete confidence immediately because I could see that he was a man to be trusted. I explained that I wanted a man who would play up to mother and make father jealous and asked him how old his oldest escort was and he said sixty-five. Of course that was out. I told him I wanted one about thirty-five to forty, tall and slim, with hair greying around the temples. He must be impeccably groomed, witty, cultured and with a smattering of languages, and he must be able to sort of make love with his eyes. The manager knew exactly what I meant. He said he had just the right party, a Mr. John Carrington of *the* Carringtons of Park Avenue and Tuxedo Park. He is a Harvard man, thirty-five. Has had a short stage career doing atmospheric parts. He is waiting to be called to Hollywood and as he loathes being idle he is filling in with Escort-Guides. He sounds thrilling. He is to be posted on the situation and to call me and Barb by our first names. He will wear a red carnation. He must hover around mother and pay her compliments in a rather loud voice. Above all, he mustn't notice Miss Thayer. She'll be at a terrible disadvantage not knowing anybody and of course her clothes will be flashy and she'll make breaks.

While I was there I got the manager's signature to start my new album. It's very distingué, and with a big flourish.

It's all very exciting but I am getting nervous. I wish Sunday were over.

Henry brought me a Donald Duck.

. . . . . .

WELL of all things!

Barbara and I are *nonplussed*.

I must put down everything that happened tonight because someday I may want to write a book.

Mops looked hot-cha in her gray chiffon, and I doused her with *Toujour Fidèle* which is full of subtle allure. Pops remarked that she looked prettier than the day they were married. Barb was the first to arrive because she didn't want to miss anything.

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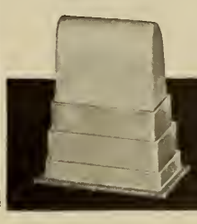

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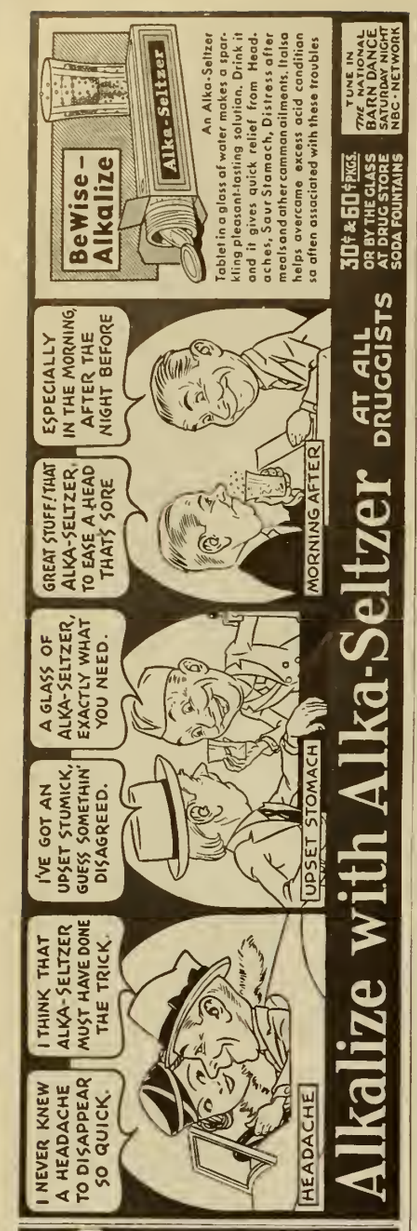

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Everything went hokey-pokey. We had a catered supper with all the things I adore, but I felt too nervous to do anything but nibble. Everybody drank quite a lot except Barb and me, because we had to keep our wits about us.

About 10 P. M. Mr. Carrington, or rather John, arrived looking a cross between Clark Gable and Ronald Colman with just a touch of Fernand Gravet. He wore striped pants and the red carnation and oozed glamour. I introduced him to mother and he bowed from the waist and said:

"It is impossible! I cannot believe that you are the mother of a grown daughter."

Of course mops lapped it up. He followed her around like a puppy, adoring her with his eyes. Everybody asked who he was.

Barb said to pops: "Look out for your wife, Mr. Lyons, John is a dangerous man and I can see he's smitten." Pops laughed and Barb thought she detected a sinister note in his laughter, but she wasn't sure.

We waited and waited and no Miss Thayer. Every time the doorbell rang I ran out. Mother noticed it and asked me whom I was so anxious about. Then I told her I had sent an invitation to Miss Thayer. I thought it just as well that she should be prepared.

"Miss Thayer?" she gasped in astonishment. "Why Miss Thayer is expecting a baby. She wouldn't come. What made you send her an invitation?"

"Oh," I said, nonchalantly. "I just thought it would be nice to ask her because I believe in being democratic and not showing class distinction."

She looked at me queerly.

"Didn't you know Miss Thayer's mother went to college with your Aunt Grace? She's a lovely girl, the best secretary pops ever had. I sent her some booties and things for the baby. Tom being out of work it will be a little difficult, but of course your father is continuing her salary."

"Who is Tom?" I asked.

"Tom Blake, her husband. Nice boy."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," I said, thinking of my lost album.

"Jane, dear, you know I don't believe in prying into my children's affairs. But your father and I have been wondering what's been troubling you lately. I want to have a nice long talk with you tomorrow, and I want you to be absolutely frank with me."

I said yes, but the heck I will. Horses couldn't drag it out of me.

At that moment Mr. Carrington came up to do his stuff.

"I wonder," he said rather loud so everybody could hear, "whether you would come with me to tea sometime when I can really talk to you, Mrs. Lyons. We have so much to say to each other and there are so many people here."

I wanted to stop him but I didn't know the laying-off signal.

I grabbed Barb and dragged her into my room which seemed empty without the album. I told her everything.

"I've got to get that album back at all costs," I said. "We must raise thirty dollars at once."

"You'll find a way," she said. "You always do."

Barb thinks I'm very clever.

I told her all about poor Miss Thayer whose husband is a rotter and lets her support him, just like Joan in "Mannequin" and it brought tears to Barb's eyes and she is going to knit a sweater for the baby.

We went back to the party and picked out all the caviar sandwiches and drank punch and then had cake and coffee and candy. I told Mr. Carrington he could go any time he liked as he had performed his duty and I would be glad to give him a reference.

Everybody has gone home. Father and mother are sitting on the couch before the fire having a drink and talking. I wonder if they are talking about me.

Hollywood's Greatest Enigma—Television

(Continued from page 36)

nificant. I think it will.

When it does, will it have any effect on the movies? That's a different and a better question. Let me say at once that for a long time, whatever effect television may have will not touch the essential parts of a movie program. I foresee—on the basis of current experiments in television—two reasonable effects on the movies, one being only partial, the other, I sincerely hope, an improvement. Before giving you the details, I propose to pause and bring the readers of this magazine up to date in regard to recent television equipment and uses.

As you probably know, television is a name given to several methods for the instant transmission of visual effects—just as radio is a method for the transmission of audible effects. When you talk into a microphone, you set up certain disturbances which are transformed and transmitted electrically and are changed back into sound when they reach your radio receiver. When you move in front of a television camera (or scanner) you create certain disturbances which go through much the same process, and are turned back into pictures on your television receiver. Because these pictures follow one another at a certain speed, they seem to have motion, just as the quickly changing pictures on your movie screen seem to have motion. The scanners and receivers may be of various types, but the end result is pretty much the same. You get what seems to be a moving picture.

About a year ago, the average size of this screen was eight by eleven inches, or seven by ten—about the size of an ordinary business letterhead, turned sideways. This is still a common size, but two experiments are being made: for a table-set in which the picture is almost miniature, about half the regular size; and for a screen about two feet by eighteen inches; and, in addition, television pictures have been projected, by an ingenious invention, on a screen approximating the usual movie-house size. I know of no advantage claimed for the smaller size, except economy. The larger sizes are important. The small screen of television distresses people considerably at first; and, even after a year, the British public has registered its opinion that a larger size would be agreeable. I have a hunch that something approaching the middle-large size may become standard.

BUT size alone is not important. The picture that comes on the screen has to be clear; the moving figures have to be sharply defined; and those in the background must not blur (unless you use blurring for a special effect). Remember any movie you have seen lately and think of a long shot in a cabaret or on an athletic field. You have seen quite clearly little figures in the far background; you knew what they were doing and why they were there. Television is slowly working up to that same clarity and definition, but it has some distance to go.

If you want close-ups in television, you can get them, at the expense of the rest of the cast; if you use semicloseups, you may get three characters comfortably into your picture, but a fourth may not be clear, and you won't get any of them from head to foot. For that, you have to move them a little farther into the background—or wait for new cameras which are being perfected regularly.

Already cameras are in use which are reported to be ten times as sensitive as those of a year ago; and a year ago the cameras were vastly better than those of 1936. So progress is made—and remains to be made. A "mob scene" of ten or fifteen has been televised, with reasonably good effect. But a lot remains to be done before the television director can handle a group of people as easily before his scanner as a movie director does before the camera.

I DON'T suppose the technical details about lights and tubes, upon which television scanning depends, are of great interest to the layman. But one thing has proved of overwhelming interest: the new use of the latest cameras. They are mounted on trucks, and, accompanied by an ultrashort-wave transmitter, roll to an appointed spot. Then one of the true miracles of modern days occurs. Because these mobile units can be set up near a grandstand and transmit to you a baseball game, pitch by pitch, hit by hit, errors and runs and put-outs—not a few hours later, but *at the very moment they occur.* Tennis matches, parades, inaugurations, boat races, horse races, prize fights, naval reviews, and any number of stunts are made instantly available, and the scanner gives you events completely, including accidental excitements.

Last year during the two-minute silence at the cenotaph in London, on Armistice Day, a man broke through the crowd and shouted out that the King and his ministers and all the notables assembled were hypocrites, planning another war—and he was seen and heard, at that very moment, thirty miles or forty miles away. Familiar as I am with the workings of television, that still strikes me as miraculous—and exciting.

Now this portion of television (which the British call "outdoor broadcasts") obviously competes with the newsreel, and this is one of the two points at which the movies will be affected by television. Not that the newsreel becomes superfluous. Let us say that you are busy on Tuesday afternoon—and are interested in the World Series game played that day. You can't watch the game on your television receiver, so if you want to see what happened, you go that evening (or the next day) to the movies—and you want the newsreel just as much. Television, in short, loses by being immediate and instantaneous, just as it gains. But a rival for the news-

reel it certainly is. In one theater, at least, in London, arrangements have been made for television spot news to be received on the picture screen. I have not yet had a report on the reactions of the audience.

I do know the effect of these spot events on the heads of British television, however, and on the people who receive the events at home, on regular size small screens.

A year ago my correspondents in England were pretty enthusiastic about television and cited to me such ambitious projects as an act of "Tristan and Isolde," a performance of "Journey's End" or of the American comedy, "Once In A Lifetime," all of which seem to have given great pleasure. Today, these same correspondents are even more enthusiastic, but out of ten high lights they mention, seven or eight are sure to be spot events, not sketches or plays in the studios.

And, to make it pretty official, take the case of Sir Stephen Tallents. (He is, I understand, responsible for publicity for the British Broadcasting Corporation which runs all the television experiments in England. As part of radio, television is an enterprise under the government; every owner of a radio instrument pays a tax, and part of this tax is devoted to television experiments. In other words, experiments in television are conducted in England by the government, in public, at the expense of the public. Here they are conducted by private individuals or corporations, at private expense.)

Well, a few months ago a magazine announced in an ad that its people had observed television in England where it had "failed dismally." Sir Stephen wrote to complain, to object, and to give proof. The magazine apologized. Of supreme interest, however, was the proof which Sir Stephen gave. He said that the British were enthusiastic about —a boat race, a prize fight, a tennis match, and so on. Every single program he mentioned was an event, an outdoor broadcast. Perhaps some people liked the studio stuff; they were not sufficiently impressed on the mind of one of the chiefs of television in England even to be mentioned.

IF THIS direction of television were to continue, you can see that no effect on the feature movie would ever occur. But television began with the effort to transmit a picture of someone in a room, and there are a dozen reasons why studio work will continue to be an important part of a television program.

One reason—a mighty good one—is that parades and processions can become deadly dull. Some of the things you remember best of the newsreel are the accidental shots, the lucky breaks—and you can't count on them.

Sporting events and beauty contests will always be good because you don't know what the outcome will be; but you do know what the beginning and middle and end of most parades will be. Moreover, a full program of news events would be hard to compose (until television becomes a network, which is still in the future) as there simply aren't enough in any one city to go round; and finally, the observer will probably grow weary after the first few hours. What is worse, the outdoor events, coming when a vast majority of the population is either at work or at play (outside the home), will be seen by only a tiny fraction of the television fans.

So television will have to provide, as every good form of entertainment does, a certain variety. Variety it may be in the old sense of vaudeville—as many acts which are essentially vaudeville go well on the television screen: I can see acrobats and magicians and solo dancers having a wonderful time and—more important—giving the audience a wonderful time. I have a list of a dozen individuals who are "made for television." Solo performers on musical instruments need to be made interesting as things to see as well as to hear; but it can be done.

And the whole field of demonstration is available, from how to cook to how to learn jiujitsu, not to mention a lot of highbrow subjects which will become vastly entertaining when you can show what you are talking about.

Still, that leaves out the drama, and both on the air and the screen we are lovers of the dramatic moment. In England, a number of quick critics have reared up and said that the place to get drama is in the theater, so the mobile unit ought to be backed up to the stage door, the scanner inserted in the wings, and the play or musical show or circus taken right on the spot.

The reason they say this is that the dramatic programs have not been tremendously satisfying. Both the limitations of the equipment and, I suspect, the limitations of the actors, have troubled the enthusiasts. So they say: abandon the studio and go where good drama can be found.

THIS is exactly what the movies tried to do at the beginning. Luckily for the movies, the attempt was abandoned. In the silent days, the effect was pretty awful: there is the story (told in the recent "History of Motion Pictures" by Bardèche and Brasillach) of the famous French actor who refused to cut a line of a classic speech, when he was doing it for the camera, and stood there spouting unheard words for minutes at a time; in America the movies tried to repeat stage effects and stage situations until they learned better. Nowadays, movies are primarily movies, which is why they are good.

Mrs. Marino Bello, better known to you as Jean Harlow's mother, makes her first public appearance in Hollywood since the untimely death of her daughter. She attended the "Marie Antoinette" première with Kay Mulvey, M-G-M's ace publicity woman

And, if television means to be good, it will have to use its material in the way best suited to the instruments of television. Merely to take a stage play or even a vaudeville bill or a circus will not make good television. It will appeal as novelty for a while; it may do as a stopgap; but in the end you have to roll your own—or create your own stuff—to succeed.

Here we come to the second place at which television may have an effect on the movies—the effect which, I said, may be an improvement. I suspect that one weakness of television drama so far has been in the acting. Neither stage nor movie acting seems to be exactly what's needed. This is the hardest thing to explain about television—harder than all the technical details—because you have to feel it yourself. And you do feel it: you feel that the person on a television screen is more in the room with you than the same person on the stage or on the screen.

One reason may be that you get this person while you are, yourself, in your own room; it may have something to do with the size and the sharpness of the picture—but, whatever the cause, it is an undoubted effect. You know that the actor is a mile or forty miles away—yet he seems to be there with you.

And most television acting has neglected this effect, so that the actors still go on as if you were across footlights or sitting in a movie house. They haven't allowed for the chief virtue of television itself, that immediacy—or you might call it "presence"—which it invariably gives.

When this is recognized, I believe that a new style of acting will develop. Don't ask me now for details—I hope to work them out in practice, by trial and error. I am convinced that the right kind of acting will be found and then—this is my hope—if people like it, when television grows common, that style of acting will have an influence on acting in the movies. I think it will be an easy, unforced, warm and simple style; and it ought to correct some of the stiffness and artificiality of movie-acting.

TELEVISION, like the movies, is a great "putter-over" of personality, and my guess may turn out wrong. We may develop such tremendous television personalities that acting will be comparatively rare, as it is rare among the great personalities of the pictures. (In nine movies out of ten, you can be sure that the best acting is done by the men and women who are not the most highly publicized; these supporting people in the cast have to act to keep their jobs; the stars keep theirs by their dazzling build-ups.) Yet I am hopeful. When we have added a third popular form of entertainment, the movies and the radio will have another competitor; this competitor, in a reasonable way, will learn from both during its first ten or twenty years; after that, it ought to be able to pay back for its borrowings by doing a little teaching on the side. Certainly a good movie producer would look with eagerness to see what the new type of art will develop.

There is no occasion for jealousy and none for alarm. And the public will be the gainer. Because television will come gradually into common acceptance—you can't rush a business, which is also an art, so full of complexities—and, as it comes in, the movies will also be making progress, and the radio, too. Maybe in a hundred years all these arts will merge into one. We shan't be there to see—and anyhow, if the best elements are, as the formula goes, combined, what do we care?

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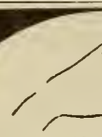

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 55)

From Shirt to Shorts Via Cooper

GARY COOPER is most embarrassed about the whole thing, but the fact still remains that he's setting women's styles again. The first time was when a group of exclusive shops in New York featured adaptations of his costumes in "Marco Polo" for their feminine clientele. And now they've done him dirt by creating a most fetching playsuit for Merle Oberon in "The Lady and the Cowboy"—from one of Gary's shirts. And it's just the type of an outfit that is very likely to have a tremendous vogue with the ladies as soon as the picture is released—so Gary woefully states, while Director Potter, who thought up the garment in the first place, wickedly grins.

Would You Like to Win $50,000?

A "SIT up and take notice" item—Hollywood producers, film agencies, theater owners and managers have banded together to give you, the public, a chance to win some money—via a new and exciting contest.

This contest is a part of the smashing advertising campaign for the "Motion Pictures' Greatest Year" movement, which is a drive to bring home the realization that the screen is the most glamorous and accessible form of popular-priced entertainment in the world today.

Now, to get down to dollars and facts: this Movie Quiz contest offers prizes totaling $250.000. As we go to press, the plan is to offer 5,000 individual awards ranging from a first prize of $50,000 down to the lower bracket consolation prizes of $10. The contest starts on September 1st and will continue to December 31st. It will take the form of a questionnaire on some ninety to 120 pictures issued between August 1st and October 31st, but contestants will not be required to answer questions concerning more than thirty of these pictures in order to be eligible as entrants. Booklets listing the productions and the questions to be answered concerning them will shortly be available at every theater in the United States and Canada. There is no entrance fee and no charge for the attractive rotogravure booklets giving all rules and details.

All you have to do is to ask for a free copy of "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment" brochure at any film theater box office in any territory where you happen to reside. Then get out your pencil and start right in. You'll be doing your bit for the industry that has done so much for you, and, take it from Cal, you'll be having lots of fun and excitement besides.

Hollywood Wonders:

IF Tyrone Power is obeying front-office suggestions in escorting Annabella from one night spot to another.

If Errol Flynn and Lily Damita really mean it when they say "no divorce"—or are their constant scraps merely a prelude to more scraps.

If the earnest conversation between Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane on a Warners Studio corner means a reconciliation between the former sweethearts or a sign friendship has supplanted love.

If Margaret Sullavan, who is about to become a mother again, didn't mean it when she said Hollywood would never interfere with her raising a large family.

Remember Valentino

—that's the title of the new book by Beulah Livingstone which has created such a furore in the fan and film field. A volume of "Reminiscences of the World's Greatest Lover," it is brief in length, fascinating in the anecdotes it contains. His romances with Jean Acker, Natacha Rambova and Pola Negri, his friendship with those glamorous ladies, Gloria Swanson, Vilma Banky and Dorothy Dalton—all these are treated in a comprehensive and competent fashion. A book not to be missed by anyone who is movie-minded.

Jumpin' Jane's Latest

JANE WITHERS is very much upset—she feels that she has lost caste with the kids in her neighborhood and no amount of talking by elders will convince her differently. And thereby hangs a tale.

Jane has, among other things in her private zoo, a pet frog with a roving nature who insists on jumping from his own lily-padded pool into that set aside for Jane's pet baby alligators. Patiently Jane retrieved the frog, but every time she returned him to his own bailiwick the roving amphibian would wander again.

In the course of transporting him back and forth, Jane acquired a large and showy wart—and was she proud! She displayed it to all the crowd of kids and signed autograph books with a new flourish. Then came make-up tests for her new picture, "Always In Trouble," and the wart, perhaps with Jane's conniving, showed up in a big way on the screen. Whereupon the studio issued orders for immediate destruction of Jane's latest and most cherished possession, and no amount of sales talk on her part could change their edict.

So, on the way to the Roller Drome where Jane was meeting a crowd of her pals, Mrs. Withers had the wart removed. Jane was almost ashamed to show up at the party—she felt that disgraced!

The Bartholomew-Rooney Question

THERE'S a touching little feud grown up on the M-G-M lot between Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew. Strangely enough, the boys, versed in the intricate business of movie-making, continue to be friends and to admire each other's work. But, just the same, the feeling lies deep in their hearts.

The studio, bent on making Mickey a star in a hurry, is sweeping everything else to one side. And Freddie, unfortunately, is caught in the sweepings.

For instance, it's Mickey's name that sometimes precedes Freddie's on the marquee billing of their recent picture, "Lord Jeff."

It's for Mickey the studio is feverishly hunting stories and it's Mickey that is being given every opportunity to shine.

No longer, alas, does Mickey play in Freddie's pictures. Freddie, artist to his finger tips, plays in Mickey's pictures, a lad deserving of stardom above everyone in Hollywood.

And there it lies, a problem few boys are ever called upon to face. Each is game and gallant in his own way; each is holding fast to manly reasoning. Both know that one day the scale will be balanced again.

But until then—two boys in Hollywood go their way, sore at heart.

Expecting the Unexpected

IVA STEWART, the latest of the 20th Century-Fox stock players to be elevated to a featured role, still can't believe it's true. Iva comes from Auburn, Maine, where she worked first for twenty dollars per month as a maid and then for eight dollars a week as a switchboard operator. But she had a boy friend whose brother had an orchestra and one night during a beauty contest she was selected by visiting judges as "Miss Auburn." Iva was as amazed as anyone, for she hadn't entered the contest. It seems the local judges had forgotten to prepare the ballots.

After that, she was chosen as "Miss Maine," which led to work as a model in New York and in turn led to a term contract in stock at 20th Century-Fox, where she played maids and phone operators without benefit of lines for a year. Then "Three Blind Mice" gave her a one-line bit—"Gateway" brought her a very minor part—and then she was told to report to work in the Jones Family series. So Iva reported, all ready to be a maid or a phone girl again—and was she thrilled when they handed her the script with her name down for the romantic lead! But what else but the unexpected could she expect in Hollywood!

Hollywood Mourns Them

TWO old-timers pass on far from this land which made them famous. Death—which Pearl White successfully evaded so many times in the movie serials of silent days—caught up with her in the American Hospital in Paris. Less than a week later, Warner Oland, who played with Pearl in such films as "The Fatal Ring" and "The Lightning Raider" serials, died of bronchial pneumonia while vacationing in his native Sweden. As he once requested, Warner was buried in Umea, the town of his birth; Pearl, in the city she had called home for the past seventeen years—Paris. Pearl retired at the peak of her career, but Warner went on, changing from insidious villain to mellow hero. Of the many rôles he played on the screen, it was as *Charlie Chan,* the epigrammatic Chinese detective, that he caught the fancy of the public and became a favorite.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 8 with these correct ones:

1. Nancy Carroll
2. Street Scene
3. Joan Crawford
4. Carole Lombard
5. Elliott Nugent
6. Jean Arthur
7. Jack Mulhall in "Dark Streets"
8. Lee Tracy
9. Tyrone Power
10. Kay Francis

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 57)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

WHEN you finish seeing this you think bleakly, "Why did they bother?" It's an innocuous film, rife with sentimentality. Fay Bainter is wasted as the mother of four children: Ruby Keeler, Anne Shirley, Jackie Moran and a delightful little boy named Donnie Dunagan, who steals the movie. Widowed, Bainter rents a big house and takes in boarders; two city people try to buy it from under her nose and the family play ghosts in the attic to drive them away. Both young girls love Jimmy Ellison; eventually one of them gets him. That's the extent of the actual plot, although it is supplemented by the dreary fall into poverty in which everybody is too loyal and too, too brave. If you catch this, stay in order to watch little Donnie hang wallpaper.

★LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

ONE of the most popular family series now supporting the studios' million-dollar flops is the "Hardy" group, with great actor Mickey Rooney as *Andy*, the son. This is his picture, his story, and it is his superb technique which makes it swell cinema.

Mickey buys a car without his dad's knowledge, needs eight bucks to pay off, and agrees to take care of another boy's girl friend in order to earn the money. The girl is Lana Turner and Mickey's real heart, Ann Rutherford, gets jealous. Everything works out, after the girl-next-door, Judy Garland, saves the day. Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone and Fay Holden comprise Mickey's family, as usual.

★GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

MARTHA RAYE, of the big mouth, decided not long ago that in order to save herself from becoming just a fad she must go Glamour Girl. Here's her first try at the new personality—and she's still slapstick. The picture is really very funny. In it, Martha is a homebody in love with Bob Hope's brother, Jack Whiting; but Jack's in love with Martha's sister, Betty Grable. Evidently the only thing to do is for Bob and Martha to put their heads together and straighten out the mess, which they do hilariously. You'll like the final twist, which is not entirely unexpected. High point of the film is Martha's horrifying experience with a face mud pack. Hope, as usual, is smooth, and the support is good.

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

"GATEWAY" evidently started as a sincere portrait of the various types who pause at Ellis Island during immigration, got sidetracked into a "B" picture with a shipboard plot.

Arleen Whelan is the Irish girl who is traveling second-class to meet fiancé Lyle Talbot, a prissy dope of good family. On board is Don Ameche, bored war correspondent, who invites her into first class, where she gets into some trouble. This involves any number of persons, all of whom end up in Ellis Island along with radicals, phony Prince Gregory Ratoff, exiles and farmers. There's a riot at the end, with the police wiping the place up, but you really don't care any more. The biggest mistake of the piece is killing off Binnie Barnes, much married grass widow, without any apparent reason. Miss Whelan does not fulfill Mr. Zanuck's publicity promises very well.

★THE CROWD ROARS—M-G-M

THE turning point in Robert Taylor's career may well be marked from this lusty story of the prize ring. From boyhood, Bob has been trained for the ring. Through an unlucky blow, he kills his trainer, William Gargan. Bitterness grows when he learns his drunken father (Frank Morgan) has sold his contract to gambler Edward Arnold. Bob goes back to the ring, but, when he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan, sacrifices his career. Frank Morgan is excellent; Bob comes through—a champion.

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A SLIGHTLY dragging film and not the best of the *Moto* series, this one has Peter Lorre in Port Said trying to prevent the destruction of Great Britain's and France's warships by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. John Carradine, a Scotland Yard man, wins Cortez's confidence until his identity is discovered and then more trouble starts. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her grand delineation of the "moll" who squares herself at the end. Jot down the title for reference, because they all sound alike.

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

THE debut of another series idea takes place in this story of two pretty girls bent on adventure. Lynn Bari and June Lang, we are told, will romp through numerous screen pictures together, and this sample of what the romping consists of proves commendable indeed. As stowaways, the pair become involved in another one of those jewel robbery setups with comical results. Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes supply the laughs.

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

JOE PENNER is none too funny in this silly story about a fellow who, although afraid of horses, is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. He's taken to a Western ranch to ride in a race between rival ranches. Some of the complications are amusing, but the slow tempo makes the action drag. Richard Lane is Penner's manager and Lorraine Krueger is the love interest.

A DESPERATE ADVENTURE—Republic

THERE'S a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of an imaginary "ideal girl" as painted by artist Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone tries to get it back. Andrew Tombes is amusing as Marian's father; Tom Rutherford is her fiancé; and Margaret Tallichet is lovely as her sister who loves Ramon. Novarro's charm is as pleasing as ever and he does nice work.

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

THE many pseudo-hazards and thrills overshadow an anemic story in this run-of-the-mill aviation "epic." Chester Morris and Richard Dix are a pair of pilots in love with Joan Fontaine, who really loves Morris but marries Dix when Chester refuses to give up flying. A thrilling smashup in which Morris drags Dix to safety, and a 20,000 foot spinning dive are the high lights of the film. (Shades of "Test Pilot," yet.) There's a slight tie-up to the Hughes flight, however, which makes for timeliness. Harry Carey and Paul Guilfoyle support.

THE CHASER—M-G-M

THIS is a fast-moving minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket and the crooked machinations of shyster lawyers. Although it's a pretty sordid plot, the situations are so funny that you'll get a lot of laughs. Dennis O'Keefe is the smooth-talking shyster with a sure-fire personality; Lewis Stone is his drunken doctor; John Qualen turns in a comedy high-spot; and Nat Pendleton and Ann Morriss both do some fine work.

MR. CHUMP—Warners

JOHNNIE DAVIS very ably carries practically the whole load of this amusing little picture about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Unfortunately for him and Chester Clute and Donald Briggs, it only works on paper and they get in plenty of trouble when they borrow money from a bank to try it out. Johnnie is most capable. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the girls.

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

NEW YORK Prosecutor Dewey said "No soap" when Hollywood indicated it would transform his achievements into a box-office gold mine. So what? So Hollywood did the usual thing called "thinly veiling" the character, and the result is Chester Morris gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Frances Mercer, Bruce Cabot and Rita Johnson. Maybe the next in the cycle will seem more worthy of the effort.

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

WARNER BAXTER, a millionaire fed up with false friends, becomes a tramp who hopes to find someone who loves him for himself; and the result is a bewildering effort to be funny that doesn't quite come off. Marjorie Weaver, American member of a French circus, takes Baxter under her wing. Because she is kind to him without knowing he is a millionaire, she wins the million. And Baxter. Not so good for the audience. Swell for Marjorie.

ARMY GIRL—Republic

IF YOU'RE interested in life at an army post, you'll like this picture. It is highlighted by a mechanization test between an army tank operated by Preston Foster and the Cavalry. Foster succeeds H. B. Warner as Colonel of the post. There's a jealous conspiracy between Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams, which leads to the death of Warner; and Foster is accused. Madge Evans supplies the love interest, and justifies the title. Don't work up too much enthusiasm in advance.

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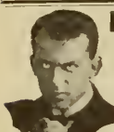

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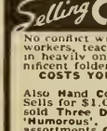

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Casts of Current Pictures

"AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL," THE—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet and Paul Yawitz. Story by Charles Hoffman. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The Cast: *Morgan*, Jack Oakie; *Annabel*, Lucille Ball; *Josephine*, Ruth Donnelly; *Webb*, Bradley Page; *Vladimir*, Fritz Feld. *Major*, Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Fletcher*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Mr. Fletcher*, Granville Bates; *Muldoon*, James Burke; *Robert Fletcher*, Lee Van Atta; *Bo[illegible]y*, Anthony Warde; *Martin*, Edward Marr; *[illegible]s. Hurley*, Leona Roberts.

"ARMY GIRL"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Barry Trivers and Samuel Ornitz based on an original by Charles L. Clifford. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. The Cast: *Julie Armstrong*, Madge Evans; *Dike Conger*, Preston Foster, *Hennessy*, James Gleason; *Colonel Armstrong*, H. B. Warner; *Leila Kennel*, Ruth Donnelly; *Captain Schuyler*, Neil Hamilton; *Mrs. Bradley*, Heather Angel; *Cantina Pete*, Billy Gilbert; *Major Kennel*, Ralph Morgan; *Riki*, Barbara Pepper, *Captain Marvin*, Ralph Byrd; *Harry Ross*, Guinn Williams; *Brig. General Matthews*, Robert Warwick; *Captain Bradley*, Allen Vincent; *Pedro*, Pepito; *Major Thorndike*, Paul Stanton, *Bartender*, Dewey Robinson.

"BOY MEETS GIRL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack who wrote the play by the same name produced by George Abbott. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: *Robert Law*, James Cagney; *J. C. Benson*, Pat O'Brien; *Susie*, Marie Wilson; *C. Elliott Friday*, Ralph Bellamy; *Rosetti*, Frank McHugh. *Larry Toms*, Dick Foran; *Rodney Bevan*, Bruce Lester; *Announcer*, Ronald Reagan; *Happy*, Paul Clark; *Peggy*, Penny Singleton; *Miss Crews*, Dennie Moore; *Song Writer*, Harry Seymour; *Song Writer*, Bert Hanlon; *Major Thompson*, James Stephenson.

"CROWD ROARS, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Thomas Lennon, George Bruce and George Oppenheimer. From a story by George Bruce. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Tommy McCoy*, Robert Taylor; *Jim Cain*, Edward Arnold, *Brian McCoy*, Frank Morgan; *Sheila Carson*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Johnny Martin*, William Gargan; *"Happy" Lane*, Lionel Stander; *Vivian*, Jane Wyman; *"Pug" Walsh*, Nat Pendleton; *Bill Thorne*, Charles D. Brown; *Tommy McCoy (as a boy)*, Gene Reynolds; *Pete Mariola*, Donald Barry; *Murray*, Donald Douglas; *Mrs. Martin*, Isabel Jewel; *Father Ryan*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"CHASER, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on an original story by Chandler Sprague and Howard Emmett Rogers. Screen play by Everett Freeman, Harry Ruskin and Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Thomas Z. Brandon*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Dorothy Mason*, Ann Morriss; *Dr. Prescott*, Lewis Stone; *"Floppy" Phil*, Nat Pendleton; *Calhoun*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Olson*, Ruth Gillette; *Lars*, John Qualen; *Simon Kelly*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Joe*, Jack Mulhall; *Harvey*, Irving Bacon; *Mr. Beaumont*, Pierre Watkin.

"FOUR'S A CROWD"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson and Sig Herzig. From a story by Wallace Sullivan. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: *Bob Lansford*, Errol Flynn; *Lorri Dillingwell*, Olivia de Havilland; *Jean Christy*, Rosalind Russell; *Patterson Buckley*, Patric Knowles; *John P. Dillingwell*, Walter Connolly; *Jenkins*, Hugh Herbert; *Bingham*, Melville Cooper; *Preston*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Barber*, Herman Bing; *Amy*, Marg. Hamilton; *Butler Pierce*, Jos. Crehan; *Young*, Joe Cunningham; *Buckley's Sec'y.*, Dennie Moore; *Lansford's 1st Sec'y.*, Gloria Blondell; *Lansford's 2nd Sec'y.*, Carole Landis; *Mrs. Jenkins*, Reine Riano.

"GARDEN OF THE MOON"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. Story by N. Bedford Jones and Barton Browne. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The Cast: *John Quinn*, Pat O'Brien; *Toni Blake*, Margaret Lindsay; *Don Vincente*, John Payne; *Slappy Harris*, Johnnie Davis; *Maurice*, Melville Cooper; *Mrs. Lornay*, Isabel Jeans; *Mary Stanton*, Mabel Todd; *Miss Calder*, Penny Singleton; *Rick Fulton*, Dick Purcell; *Maharajah of Sund*, Curt Bois; *Angus McGilliciuddy*, Granville Bates; *Duncan McGilliciuddy*, Edward McWade; *Trent*, Larry Williams; *Musicians*, Ray Mayer, Jerry Colonna, Joe Venuti; *Jimmie Fidler*, Himself.

"GATEWAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Walter Reisch. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Alfred Werker. The Cast: *Dick*, Don Ameche; *Catherine*, Arleen Whelan; *Prince Michael Boris Alexis*, Gregory Ratoff; *Mrs. Simms*, Binnie Barnes; *Tony*, Gilbert Roland; *Mr. McNutt*, Raymond Walburn; *Leader of Rufugees*, John Carradine; *Grandpa Hlawek*, Maurice Moscovich; *Commissioner Nelson*, Harry Carey; *Mrs. McNutt*, Marjorie Gateson; *Henry*, Lyle Talbot; *Dr. Weilander*, Fritz Lieber; *Guard-Waiter*, Warren Hymer; *Davonsky*, Eddy Conrad; *Room Steward*, E. E. Clive; *Ernest*, Russell Hicks; *Purser*, Charles Coleman; *Englishman*, Gerald Oliver Smith; *Count*, Albert Conti.

"GIVE ME A SAILOR"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Doris Anderson and Frank Butler. Based on a play by Anne Nichols. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Lelty Larkin*, Martha Raye; *Jim Brewster*, Bob Hope; *Nancy Larkin*, Betty Grable; *Walter*, Jack Whiting; *Mr. Larkin*, J. C. Nugent; *Captain Tallant*, Clarence Kolb; *Mrs. Brewster*, Nana Bryant; *Meryl*, Emerson Treacy; *Ethel May Brewster*, Bonnie Churchill; *Mrs. Hawks*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Ice Man*, Ralph Sanford.

"I'LL GIVE A MILLION"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Cesare Zavattini and Giaci Mondaini. Screen play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: *Tony Newlander*, Warner Baxter; *Jean*, Marjorie Weaver; *Louie*, Peter Lorre; *Victor*, Jean Hersholt; *Kopelpeck*, John Carradine; *Editor*, J Edward Bromberg; *Cecelia*, Lynn Bari; *Max Primerose*, Fritz Feld; *Anatole Primerose*, Sig Rumann; *Commissionaire*, Christian Rub; *Corcoran*, Paul Harvey; *Mayor*, Charles Halton. *Prefect of Police*, Frank Reicher; *Albert*, Frank Dawson; *Gilman*, Harry Hayden; *Captain*, Stanley Andrews; *Flower Girl*, Lillian Porter; *Reporter*, Luis Alberni; *Proprietress*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Gendarme*, Georges Renavent; *Telegraph Clerk*, Rolfe Sedan; *Proprietor of Pastry Shop*, Eddie Conrad; *Citizens*, Egon Brecher, Frank Puglia, Michael Visaroff, Alex Novinsky; *Hotel Manager*, Armand Kaliz.

"I'M FROM THE CITY"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Ben Holmes. Screen play by Nicholas Barrows, Robert St. Claire and John Grey. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: *Peter Pepper*, Joe Penner; *Rosia Martindale*, Lorraine Krueger; *Ollie Fitch*, Richard Lane; *Grandma Martindale*, Katherine Sheldon; *Marlene Martindale*, Kay Sutton; *Willie*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Bixby*, Lafe McKee; *Jeff*, Ethan Laidlaw.

"LETTER OF INTRODUCTION"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by John M. Stahl. The Cast: *John Mannering*, Adolphe Menjou; *Kay Martin*, Andrea Leeds; *Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy*, Themselves; *Barry Paige*, George Murphy; *Honey*, Rita Johnson; *Lydia Hoyt*, Ann Sheridan; *Cora*, Eve Arden.

"LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by William Ludwig. From the stories by Vivien R. Bretherton. Based on the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. The Cast: *Judge James Hardy*, Lewis Stone; *Andrew Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Betsy*, Judy Garland; *Marian Hardy*, Cecelia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Betty Ross Clarke; *Cynthia*, Lana Turner; *Augusta*, Marie Blake; *Dennis Hunt*, Don Castle; *Jimmy MacMahon*, Gene Reynolds; *Mrs. Tompkins*, Mary Howard; *"Beezy,"* George Breakston; *Peter Dugan*, Raymond Hatton.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Claudine West, Donald Ogden Stewart and Ernest Vajda, from the story by Stefan Zweig. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Cast: *Marie Antoinette*, Norma Shearer; *Count Axel de Fersen*, Tyrone Power; *King Louis XV*, John Barrymore; *King Louis XVI*, Robert Morley; *Princesse de Lamball*, Anita Louise; *Duke D'Orleans*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Mme. du Barry*, Gladys George; *Count de Mercey*, Henry Stephenson; *Comtesse de Noailles*, Cora Witherspoon; *Prince de Rohan*, Barnett Parker; *Comte d'Artois*, Reginald Gardiner; *La Motte*, Henry Daniell; *Toulan*, Leonard Penn; *Comte de Provence*, Albert van Dekker; *Empress Maria Theresa*, Alma Kruger; *Drouet*, Joseph Calleia; *Robespierre*, George Meeker, *Dauphin*, Scotty Beckett; *Princess Therese*, Marilyn Knowlden.

"MEET THE GIRLS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: *Judy Davis*, June Lang; *Terry Wilson*, Lynn Bari; *Charles Tucker*, Robert Allen; *Daisy Walson*, Ruth Donnelly; *Homer Watson*, Gene Lockhart; *Maurice Leon*, Erik Rhodes; *Delbert Jones*, Wally Vernon; *Tiny*, Constantine Romanoff; *Fletcher*, Jack Norton; *Mr. Brady*, Emmett Vogan; *Collins*, Paul McVey; *Captain*, Harlan Briggs.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on a novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Screen play by S. K. Lauren. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: *Nancy Carey*, Anne Shirley; *Ralph Thurston*, James Ellison; *Kitty Carey*, Ruby Keeler; *Mrs. Carey*, Fay Bainter; *Captain Carey*, Ralph Morgan; *Gilbert Carey*, Jackie Moran; *Peter Carey*, Donnie Dunagan; *Ossian Popham*, Walter Brennan; *Annabelle*, Phyllis Kennedy; *Tom Hamilton*, Frank Albertson; *Fuller*, Harvey Clark; *Mrs. Fuller*, Margaret Hamilton; *Mrs. Popham*, Lucille Warde; *Aunt Bertha*, Alma Kruger; *Thomas Hamilton*, George Irving.

"MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Philip Macdonald and Norman Foster. Based on the character "Mr. Moto" created by John P. Marquand. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: *Mr. Moto*, Peter Lorre; *Fabian*, Ricardo Cortez; *Connie*, Virginia Field; *Danforth*, John Carradine; *Eric Norvel*, George Sanders; *Mary Delacour*, Joan Carol; *Rollo*, Robert Coote; *Madame Delacour*, Margaret Irving; *Hawkins*, Leyland Hodgson, *Hakim*, John Davidson.

"SING YOU SINNERS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. *Joe Beebe*, Bing Crosby; *David Beebe*, Fred MacMurray; *Martha*, Ellen Drew; *Mike Beebe*, Donald O'Connor; *Mrs. Beebe*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"SKY GIANT"—RKO-RADIO.—Story and screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Stag*, Richard Dix; *Ken*, Chester Morris; *Meg*, Joan Fontaine; *Col. Stockton*, Harry Carey; *Fergie*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Weldon*, Robert Strange; *Brown*, Max Hoffman, Jr., *Edna*, Vicki Lester; *Claridge*, William Corson; *Thompson*, James Bush; *Austin*, Edwin Marr; *Goodwin*, Harry Campbell.

"SMASHING THE RACKETS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lionel Houser. Original story by Forrest Davis. Suggested by his series of articles "Smashing the Rackets." Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Jim Conway*, Chester Morris; *Susan Lane*, Frances Mercer; *Steve Lawrence*, Bruce Cabot; *Lelty Lane*, Rita Johnson; *Spaulding*, Donald Douglas; *Whiley Clark*, Ben Welden; *Chin Martin*, Ed Pawley; *Mac*, Walter Miller; *Judge Wend*, Frank M. Thomas; *Greer*, George Irving; *Peggy*, Kay Sutton; *Ellis*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Flo*, Edith Craig; *Leonard*, George Lloyd; *Maxie*, Paul Fix.

"TEXANS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser, Paul Sloane and Wm. Wister Haines. Based on a story by Emerson Hough. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: *Ivy Presnall*, Joan Bennett; *Kirk Jordan*, Randolph Scott; *Granna*, May Robson; *Chuckawalla*, Walter Brennan; *Alan Sanford*, Robert Cummings; *Isiah Middlebrack*, Robert Barrat; *Lieut. David Nichols*, Harvey Stephens; *Uncle Dud*, Francis Ford; *Singin' Cry*, Bill Roberts; *Sam Boss*, Clarence Wilson; *Cal Tuttle*, Raymond Hatton; *Slim*, Jack Moore.

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She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

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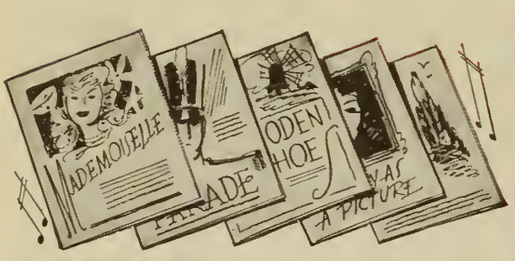

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On the Cover—Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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VOL. LII., No. 11, NOVEMBER, 1938

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BOOS AND Bouquets

Paramount's contribution to the football season, "Touchdown, Army!" romanticizes the Army-Navy game with Robert Cummings, the hero and Mary Carlisle, the gal

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

"WHAT'S wrong with the movies?" people keep asking one another. "What's wrong with the movies?"

I think Bernarr Macfadden in his recent article in Photoplay struck the right chord. Sophistication has been ladled out to the movie-going public in such heavy doses that they have finally sickened of it. The trouble with most movie producers is that they lack originality. They are like sheep following the bellwether.

The decline of the movies—and the public's interest—can be traced to two very interesting and entertaining pictures, "The Thin Man" and "It Happened One Night." The light, frothy manner of dealing with basically important problems and situations was amusing. The public enjoyed it as a change from too much stressing of drama and the sordid situations of gang warfares. And what happened? If one, two or three pictures of that type appealed to the public, the producers reasoned, why not two, three or thirty dozen? They called it the new "trend" and started grinding them out. As a consequence, the public got fed up. What the public wants is stories portraying the life and problems it meets every day, done in a touching way, dramatic but not heavy, with a musical occasionally for variety.

Few wives would see anything to laugh about in finding a tipsy blonde sharing the twin bed with their husband when they come home unexpectedly from a week-end visit with Aunt Carrie. They are expected to split their sides laughing at such a situation in the movies.

And there may be some husbands who would view with aplomb an unknown guest in tails and top hat, sleeping it off on their divan when they walk in from an Elks' dinner in the early hours of the morning. But, if there are any, they are in such a minority that all their combined nickels and dimes would make no impression on the box office. Yet these are the sort of situations which have been fed to the great movie public; the butchers, the bakers, the plumbers, their wives and their doctors and lawyers for the past few years—and the movie directors wring their hands and wonder "What's wrong with the movies?" Why don't they go to see a few. They might find out.

MARIE CALVANE,
Pan American Post Office,
Aruba, Dutch West Indies.

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SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

PRONOUNCED DAN-YELL DAR-EE-YEUH!

I LIKE Danielle Darrieux. They put her in a hackneyed little story of a poor girl striving to turn rich girl via the "easy way" and what did she do? She made me laugh. Now, while I'm no Ned Sparks and not entirely without my own little sense of humor—I'm still a hard customer to crack.

I sat stonily through Claudette Colbert's antics in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"; Constance Bennett's cavortings in "Topper" only evoked a yawn; and Lombard's long red claws inspire more amusement than do her familiar little tricks (booming laugh included). But Danielle Darrieux had me, to express it tritely, in stitches. Something about the sight of that squirming, by-no-means negligible figure pinioned under a window sill made me roar in what I'm sure would have been an annoying fashion had not the rest of the audience been occupied in following my suit—and the ridiculous way she strode about in those incongruous pajamas—and when she uttered grimly, "I can took eet . . ." I could go on for hours were I not afraid of appearing fatuous.

Yes, sir, I like Danielle Darrieux. She's got curly hair, expressive hands, a lovely body, and if she's as convincing a tragedienne (and she is if the reviews of "Mayerling" are correct) as comedienne, then I vote for keeping her here in America.

MARY V. ARMSTRONG,
Alexandria, Va.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00

"MARIE ANTOINETTE"

I AM proud to say that I have seen one of the screen's greatest artistic and emotional masterpieces, the thrilling story of the tragic, sinful, devastatingly lovely Marie Antoinette.

Norma Shearer must have been inspired in order to play that rôle the way she did, for she was not Norma Shearer playing a part, she was Marie Antoinette to the very nth degree, leaving her audience breathless from the emotional magnificence of her characterization.

The whole story of France's glamorous 'Toinette was beautifully and intelligently handled by all concerned, and I feel that this marvelous achievement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer deserves the highest Academy Award for the most satisfying picture of this year—or any year.

SHIRLEY WOLCOTT,
Hollywood, Calif.

(Continued on page 83)

FO[illegible]S

THAT H[illegible]ORLD!

☆ ☆ ☆

"GOING TO THE MOVIES" has become as much a part of moderu life as going to work or going home to dinner. It is a habit that survives wars, strikes, political upheaval and national crises.

The first "movies" were gaped at in much the same way as their contemporaries, the first automobiles. Today nobody stands at the curb to yell, "Get a horse!" at the streamlined versiou of either. The modern motion picture is as far a cry from the nickelodeon "flicker" as the sleek sixteen-cylinder limousine is from its one-lunged ancestor.

This development was possible because "going to the movies", like automobiling, became a national habit.

Why? Why do we "go to the movies"?

It is because the motion picture has taken unto itself some basic functious in society.

Motion Pictures intensify life!

For the younger generation, especially, an evening at the "movies" offers nearer kinship with other people — a greater insight into life — than a visit with neighbors.

The "movies" have given our eyes new ways of seeing. Because a star's face appears before us on the screen in a hundred-squa[illegible] more familiar with her features than with those of our sister.

A portrait of a motion picture audience would show peace in the darkened theatre, happiness . . . freedom from care . . . hands held. As the audieuce reacts to what is taking place on the screen, it shares its feelings — and affirms that man is a social being. It is a group experience that is good for each of us, good for our individualities.

* * * *

Motion pictures are today the chief cultural possession of the average man and womau. Millions who are removed from the other arts find in the film their literature, their expressions of beauty in form and design, their interpretations of the world about them.

While the motion picture theatre is itself a great classroom in which our geueration has acquired matchless knowledge of far regions aud understanding of distant peoples.

* * * *

There is more than a passing connection between the Americau way of life aud Americau leadership in the world of motion pictures.

[illegible] or the "movie" is, by its very uature, a democratic product — the coopcrative effort of the talents of many people. Their work is subject to the approval of the box-office, a referendum as accurate as that of the ballot-box itself.

It is in this public expression that motion pictures have fouud their greatest inspiration — their constant challeuge to new endeavor.

Now, to provide the finest array of productions ever released, the Motiou Picture Industry has mobilized all its skill, all its imagination, all its resources.

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Entertainment, relaxatiou, freedom from care are yours iu overflowing measure, brought to you week after week by the supreme efforts of the Motion Picture Industry to make this fa[illegible] one you will never forget.

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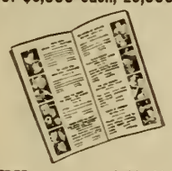

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Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison
PROFESSOR BEWARE
Harold Lloyd, Phyllis Welch
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE
Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor
THE CHASER
Dennis O'Keefe, Ann Morriss, Lewis Stone
BAREFOOT BOY
Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones
ALGIERS
Charles Boyer, Hedy LaMarr, Sigrid Gurie
BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA
John Howard, Heather Angel, H. B. Warner
GATEWAY
Don Ameche, Arleen Whelan
I'M FROM THE CITY
Joe Penner, Richard Lane, Lorraine Krueger
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION
Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen
THE CROWD ROARS
Robert Taylor, Maureen O'Sullivan
MR. CHUMP
Johnny Davis, Lola Lane, Penny Singleton
KEEP SMILING
Jane Withers, Gloria Stuart
PAINTED DESERT
George O'Brien, Laraine Johnson
RICH MAN—POOR GIRL
Robert Young, Lew Ayres, Ruth Hussey
THE MISSING GUEST
Paul Kelly, Constance Moore

THE TEXANS
Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, May Robson
RACKET BUSTERS
Humphrey Bogart, George Brent
THE GLADIATOR
Joe E. Brown, June Travis
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche
BLOCK-HEADS
Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy
GIVE ME A SAILOR
Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Betty Grable
SMASHING THE RACKETS
Chester Morris, Frances Mercer, Rita Johnson
BREAKING THE ICE
Bobby Breen, Charles Ruggles
DARK RAPTURE
African Jungle Feature
MARIE ANTOINETTE
Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power
SPAWN OF THE NORTH
George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour
SPEED TO BURN
Michael Whalen, Lynn Bari
BOY MEETS GIRL
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Marie Wilson
UNDER THE BIG TOP
Anne Nagel, Marjorie Main, Grant Richards
CAREFREE
Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers
FOUR'S A CROWD
Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland
FRESHMAN YEAR
Dixie Dunbar, William Lundigan

I AM THE LAW
Edward G. Robinson, John Beal, Wendy Barrie
MY LUCKY STAR
Sonja Henie, Richard Greene
SING YOU SINNERS
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Lynn Overman, Evelyn Keyes
THE ROAD TO RENO
Randolph Scott, Hope Hampton
TOO HOT TO HANDLE
Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS
Charles Bickford, Claire Trevor, Jack LaRue
DRUMS
Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson
CAMPUS CONFESSIONS
Hank Luisetti, Betty Grable
FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT
Frank Albertson, Eleanor Lynn
LISTEN DARLING
Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland
THE LAST EXPRESS
Kent Taylor, Dorothea Kent, Barbara Read
TIME OUT FOR MURDER
Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen
FOUR DAUGHTERS
Claude Rains, Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane
WANTED BY THE POLICE
Frankie Darro
GIRLS' SCHOOL
Anne Shirley, Nan Grey
KING OF ALCATRAZ
Gail Patrick, Lloyd Nolan, J. Carroll Naish
MR. WONG, DETECTIVE
Boris Karloff
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore
ROOM SERVICE
The Marx Brothers, Lucille Ball
STABLEMATES
Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney
SUBMARINE PATROL
Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly, George Bancroft
YOUTH TAKES A FLING
Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea, Dorothea Kent

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MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT

This advertisement is "Photoplay's" contribution to the "Motion Pictures' Greatest Year" Campaign!

Bird's Review

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with (lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor) press agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball. Ruth Donnelly and Feld manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (*Oct.*)

★ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade told in music. That's what it is—and perfectly swell, too! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich renegade to ragtime, Alice Faye, a honky-tonk singer and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (*Aug.*)

★ ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-paced melodrama of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the sheer lovely sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr which will get you ga-ga. (*Sept.*)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

Though overly sentimental in spots, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believable and human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show and emerges a child star who will bear watching. Women will go for this. (*Sept.*)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warners

Though Eddie Robinson ostensibly is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical treatise, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, sinister as ever. Director Litvak, Robinson himself, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (*Sept.*)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and justifies the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Jealousy between Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams leads to the murder of (Colonel) H. B. Warner. Who done it? (*Oct.*)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he outwits a gang of museum thieves with the help of *Ace*, the Wonder Dog, and blonde Whitney Bourne. Eduardo Ciannelli grimmer than grim. (*Aug.*)

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

This cinema plug for, and satire on, Hollywood is as happy and hilarious a diversion as the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home roost, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the other) who utilize the baby of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (*Oct.*)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty sordid plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone his drunken stooge doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (*Oct.*)

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this hokum story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carrillo). She regains the use of her legs in time to totter to his sickbed—the picture's a bit sick, too. (*Sept.*)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A rib-tickling take-off on the lads from Brooklyn who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell is the bobo musician who stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Powell's heart's delight. (*Aug.*)

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a champion—in this lusty tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with crooked managers, a drunken father (Frank Morgan), who sells him down the river, and Maureen O'Sullivan for whose love he finally gives up his fistic career. Darned fine. (*Oct.*)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of the "ideal girl" painted by Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone fights to get it back. Margaret Tallichet is lovely as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (*Oct.*)

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

An amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the Northwest Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Sabu (of "Elephant Boy") appears as the little Indian rajah whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Desmond Tester, Valerie Hobson are all exceptional. (*Oct.*)

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wabbly imitation of the gay-banter-Thin-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracking the murderer of a fence who purloins their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (*Sept.*)

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners

In Fannie Hurst's touching, dramatic story of the four *Lemp* girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the dour musician who marries Priscilla Lane is a high spot of the year; Priscilla, who does the finest work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically a "discovery." Important. (*Oct.*)

★ FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners

Errol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedian (hoo-ray) as a press-relations counsel, whitewashing millionaires. Rosalind Russell is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Knowles' paper; Olivia de Havilland is a giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find crack entertainment. (*Oct.*)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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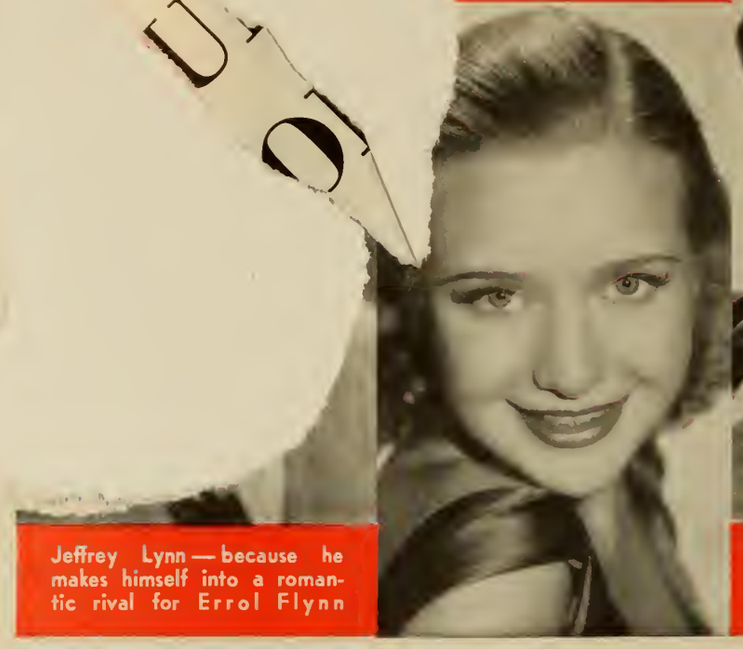
OF THE MONTH

Lana Lane — because her performance in "Four Daughters" promises to build her into another Ginger Rogers



Jeffrey Lynn — because he makes himself into a romantic rival for Errol Flynn

John Garfield—because he's a cross between Cagney and Robinson, and a star overnight

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The real Garden is the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the hard-boiled manager and John Payne as the bandleader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (*Oct.*)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets sidetracked into a shipboard hash someplace. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Ameche is a war correspondent, Binnie Barnes, a grass widow and Gregory Ratoff, a phoney Russian prince. They do get to Ellis Island though! (*Oct.*)

★ GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

Martha Raye's first film as a glamour girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Martha's efforts with a mud pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Whiting, but Jack loves Betty Grable, and Bob Hope loves Martha. They all get somebody. (*Oct.*)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

The latest of the "Gold Digger" musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Snickelfritz Band in it. The slim story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Bali swingsters are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in gay Paree. Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. (*Aug.*)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remains a highly amusing human story. Dramatizing the desire of the business gal for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Bronx to a mountain camp where she meets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a lawyer-to-be waiting on tables for his tuition. Cupid takes a hand then. (*Sept.*)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Maureen O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, meet at a swank wedding. Both pretend to be something they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for yourself. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in. (*Aug.*)

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions; Katie is the rebellious older sister who helps him to escape too much money. (Imagine!) Lew Ayres is miraculous as the drunken young brother. (*Aug.*)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Lynne Overman (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter) and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (*Aug.*)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter is a rich man fed up with false friends. He becomes a tramp hoping to be loved for himself. Marjorie Weaver, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the million. Not so good for the audience, fine for Marjorie. (*Oct.*)

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner is none too funny in this silly story of a fellow who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. Richard Lane and Lorraine Krueger are in the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (*Oct.*)

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers escapes from her snobbish girls' school, hitchhikes West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the bottle. With the help of secretary Gloria Stuart, Jane reforms uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (*Sept.*)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

Imagine Alison Skipworth as Mayor in a racketeer-ridden city. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what

(*Continued on page 89*)

The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story. direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

JL Warner

JACK L. WARNER, *Vice-President*
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.

Frank McHugh

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Lenore Coffee
Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture

A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.

Movie stars who are trying to gain weight have one axiom they follow as often as they possibly can. "Thin girl" Jane Wyman puts it into practice on the set between scenes

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

THIN GIRLS—You have to be thin in Hollywood because the camera adds at least ten pounds to your figure, but many a star has found to her sorrow that extreme slenderness results in loss of vitality; nerves jangle and life becomes a rat-race. We've been hearing a lot about how to reduce, but gaining weight is even more difficult than losing it. People sympathize with a fat woman, anyway, but what sympathy does a thin girl get? Absolutely none. People feel that she's lucky to be so thin and gaze at her with envy as she eats her potatoes and whipped cream and yet never gains a pound. They give a scornful snort when she moans about how exhausted she is.

So what are you going to do about it, you and you and you—thin, tired girls who wonder just how long your nervous energy will keep you going and why it is that you simply can't keep your bones covered with enough flesh to give you those curves that fashion and health demand?

Pondering this vital problem while wandering vaguely around Warner Brothers Studio, I caught sight of Ann Sheridan, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise, all talking at the same time. In between sentences Bette was drinking a malted milk; Olivia was carrying on her share of the conversation lying flat on her back on the floor with her eyes closed.

"What goes on here?" I asked.

"Sit down," said Bette. "We're having a quiet little argument. You see, we're all trying to put on weight, and we all have our different methods. Me, I swear by malted milk. I've gained three pounds already."

"Just the people I am looking for," I said. "What are the rest of you doing?"

"I'm resting and relaxing all over the place," spoke up Olivia from the floor.

"My theory is exercise to build you up and, if you encourage me, I'll do my calisthenics right here," said Ann.

"Personally, I drink milk at every opportunity," was Anita's contribution.

"And we all get a lot of sleep," finished Bette triumphantly.

"Do I!" said Olivia. "I don't even go out any more when I'm not working except on week ends and then I'm always the first one to go home. I try to get at least eight hours sleep a day, and ten when I can manage it. The hard part is learning to relax, though, so that you can sleep or rest. And I find it so difficult to do."

There *is* a definite art in learning to relax, and there's nothing more important to the girl who is trying to gain weight. Even going to bed won't do you much good if you lie awake worrying, as keyed up as a violin string. Above all, don't just start to worry because you're afraid you can't relax and get to sleep.

Begin by systematizing your routine of living, and you've won half your battle. Have your meals at the same time every day. Don't eat your lunch at twelve today and then work so hard that you don't leave your office until two-thirty tomorrow.

Before going to bed at night take some relaxing exercises. Do them very slowly, as Olivia does, because, when you're trying to gain weight, the important thing to remember is to do everything slowly. Be sure, however, to see your doctor first, so that you're certain there's nothing organically wrong with you and that you're underweight only because you're run-down and tired.

THIS exercise is excellent to relax the muscles and nerves of your whole body and has the added advantage of being good for your posture. You stand with your feet about eighteen inches apart, with your arms hanging at the sides. Then, inhaling deeply, you raise both arms over your head and stretch high. Lift your chest and stretch all through the middle, holding your abdomen in and your head high. Then exhale slowly and sort of fall forward. Your arms should dangle almost down to the floor; you should be completely bent at the waist; your knees should be bent and your head should hang. If you are in this position, you're completely relaxed. Then unbend slowly to the starting position. Do this exercise about half-a-dozen times and then have a lukewarm bath.

Stay in the water at least fifteen minutes. Take this opportunity to smear your face with a good cream and leave it on while you're soaking in the tub, thus helping your skin as well as your nerves. After this, get right into bed and drink a glass of warm milk, or malted milk, if you prefer. By this time you should be as relaxed as a newborn babe and go right off to sleep.

After you've learned the secret of relaxing—the art of not thinking of anything at all and just unfolding all your muscles so that you're

(Continued on page 75)

Ann Sheridan (top) believes in "easy exercise" for the slender, while malted milks solve Bette Davis' weight-gaining problems

PARFUMS DE CARON

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Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE...IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!

SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY

PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

and

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Favorite love story of the month starring two discoveries: Richard Greene . . .

. . . and Arleen Whelan. What saved their romance could happen only in Hollywood

Tyrone Power, photographed with Miss Waterbury on her arrival in New York, could give a certain author a lesson on "How to Win Friends," etc.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

PORTRAIT of an Editor Thinking Out Loud . . . I wonder if Warner Brothers were at all influenced by PHOTOPLAY's editorials on making simple, homey pictures about real people when they made "Four Daughters" . . . I'd like to believe they were . . . certainly this is a departure from the usual Warner blood-and-thunder plot which they produce so superlatively . . . though they've done this lovely, gentle story superlatively, too . . . John Garfield's discovery alone would have made it worth while . . . but the whole thing is perfect. . . .

Funny how some people can get by with breaking all the rules . . . take Ronald Colman . . . he never does any of the things that are supposed to be necessary for success in Hollywood . . . never goes places, never gives parties, never gets talked about, seldom grants interviews, rarely signs autograph books, doesn't spend his money, never bothers with publicity; but he's been a major star for fifteen years now and "If I Were King," his next epic, is rumored to be the finest thing he's ever done . . . if you could see him as he is off screen with his skin tanned mahogany and those dashes of grey at his temples I believe you'd agree with me that he is easily the handsomest man in Hollywood. . . .

Why do they pick on actors for losing their heads in Hollywood when a solemn, supposedly superintelligent investigating committee for the United States Congress goes so goof-nuts that it comes forth with the frightening (to mice) information that Shirley Temple is a red dupe . . . what happened they couldn't discover the genuine Communists in the town? . . . everybody in Hollywood knows several big shots who claim such allegiance. . . .

Does it look a bit more than mere coincidence to you that Fred Astaire, after having snubbed it for a couple of years, suddenly got palsy-walsy with the press, just before "Carefree," his newest production, was released . . . and do you suppose the flop of his "A Damsel in Distress," the picture he did without Ginger, as opposed to the success of the pictures Miss Rogers did all by her pretty self, could have had anything to do with this. . . .

MY Favorite Love Story of the Month (starring two—count 'em two—Cinderellas): Not so very long ago there was a young, handsome but quite poor young actor in London who was discovered by a talent scout and brought, unexpectedly, to Hollywood . . . and at the same time there was a young, beautiful but quite poor young girl in Hollywood working as a manicurist . . . she, too, was discovered by a talent scout and brought to the same studio where the young actor was working . . . their names are, as perhaps you've guessed, Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan, for you may have heard that those two are utterly and completely in love . . . what I do not believe you've heard is that the movie business has done everything it could to stop those kids being in love . . . it really isn't good business for starting stars like that to have eyes for no one save each other . . . Twentieth Century-Fox tried to give the handsome Greene lad the usual romantic build-up by having him photographed in glamour spots with glamour ladies . . . but while the boy tried to do just as he was told when he was on the studio time, when he was free he was always with Arleen . . . but what saved their romance would only happen in Hollywood . . . it was the fact that neither of them clicked quite as big as was expected . . . young Greene may build up since it is easier, what with the shortage of leading men, to build up a male personality . . . but the pretty little Whelan, for all her charm, just seems to lack the great dramatic spark . . . slated for the lead in "Jesse James" she was replaced by new-discovery Nancy Kelly . . . success would probably have separated them as it did Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor, or Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power . . . the happy ending to this is that these setbacks have only drawn the two lovers closer . . . you can expect the wedding bells to ring out any day now . . . and what is a girl's career compared to her finding her ideal love and isn't it the true stuff of which romance is made to think that fate picked them up, unknown and half the world apart, to bring them together for just one another? . . . . *(Continued on page 75)*

"It's the New Tunic-Length and, of course, the Fur is 'FEDERAL'

. . . . . I know, because the FEDERAL name is stamped on the leather side of each pelt"

In this season when silver shines so importantly in evening wraps . . . on woolen coats and suits . . . in gay, little jackets . . . it is comforting to know a sure way of finding a superior silver fox. Simply look for FEDERAL, stamped on the leather side of the pelts. Only fur of exceptional beauty and *lasting* loveliness may be featured under this name. Notice the luxuriousness of the coat shown here—how smartly the skins lend themselves to the new softer manipulation . . . the smart tunic-length . . . the flattering detail of sleeve and neckline. Only one of many charming winter fashions in FEDERAL, featured by smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

The big motion-picture companies have combined to encourage theater attendance during the Greater Movie Season, offering prizes totaling $250,000 in a gigantic quiz contest. Photoplay urges you to take part in the contest—and contributes this thought: every time you go to the pictures, why not find someone to take along, someone who can't afford to pay his or her own way? The pleasure that you get will be so much greater —because of the pleasure that you give. Pictured (right) is a replica of the booklet which will be given away at theaters

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

WHO'LL TAKE HER IN?

HOW DEANNA DURBIN HURDLES

Millions of young people all over the world are eager to learn her secret—here it is!

BY JENNIFER WRIGHT

THE miracle of Deanna Durbin is no accident.

In just three pictures, Deanna has scored one of the greatest triumphs of any child star in Hollywood's history. She has won her amazing fame in the very middle of the dreaded awkward age—the early teens—which crippled the careers of every screen prodigy on record before her, from Baby Marie Osborne, Baby Peggy and Virginia Lee Corbin through Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green. Which hangs today like a threatening thundercloud over the brilliant tops of Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Freddie Bartholomew and every youngster in the business.

The studios make pictures frantically before the storm descends. Deanna sings in the rain.

She is the only one ever to do this. She is the only young star in Hollywood who has ever been able to face with a merry, fearless laugh the gangling clumsiness, the shy self-consciousness of adolescence. Indeed, a town jealous of its sophistication and savoir-faire eagerly acknowledges her as the most perfectly poised, fresh and charming person it possesses.

All that is the miracle of Deanna Durbin. And it is no accident. I found that out after I had been with Deanna two minutes.

I discovered it when I told her what I had come for.

I wanted, I said, to learn her secret. If she had one, I said, there were millions of young people all over the world who would be eager to learn it. Early adolescence was no joke. It was sometimes tragic—too often torturous.

Frankly, I had small hopes of a sound answer. Self-analysis at fifteen is rare.

Deanna looked me straight in the eye. Her eyes are variable—sometimes they are a bright blue, sometimes grey, sometimes hazel. But they are always clear, frank and intelligent.

"I think I know what you mean," she said at once, "and I think the answer is, 'Be your age.' If you try to hold on to your 'little girl' years when you're really growing out of them, you look foolish. If you try to be grown-up before you really are, you're just as silly. But if you can manage to look and act like just what you are, there's nothing at all to worry about. It's mostly," concluded Deanna, "a matter of common sense."

"And it's funny," Deanna went on, "your mentioning that subject. All morning I've been doing that very thing on the set. In 'That Certain Age' I'm supposed to be infatuated with Melvyn Douglas. So, to impress him, I dress up in my mother's evening gown, put on her jewelry, paint my face, do up my hair and parade across the room."

"What happens?" I asked.

Deanna laughed. (She doesn't giggle, she laughs.)

"*He* laughs, of course," she said. "So will everybody else, I think, when they see it. That's why they put it in the picture. You see, when you're pretending to be something you're not, you're really just giving a comic performance."

THE "Awkward Age"

Deanna didn't escape every physical failing of the teens. She was taught to dress her hair in a more becoming manner (note contrast, far left, in Deanna as she is today and as she was before stardom); she learned that exercise and clothes are important in smoothing out immature bulges and bumps.

Deanna avoids the comic performances that ordinarily go with the awkward age—on either the young or the old side. She does it by the way she acts, the way she thinks, the way she has her fun, the way she picks her friends, trains her mind, develops her talents and the way she builds her body. She does it by the clothes she wears, even the modest make-up she uses.

And it is all hinged, as Deanna says, on common sense, a commodity as free as the air. Any young girl with reasonable attractiveness and intelligence can be just as poised and personable. Deanna is sure of that.

"Of course," qualified Deanna, "being in the movies and working with older and talented people make me especially lucky. My best friends are my directors, Norman Taurog, Henry Koster and Edward Ludwig. But there are older and talented people everywhere, aren't there? If you just make friends with them."

But most young people, I pointed out, are shy and embarrassed around older people. They are self-conscious.

"That's where my singing has helped me," said Deanna.

"It has given you poise?" I asked.

Her answer was not what I expected.

"It has given me *something to talk about,*" Deanna said.

"Shyness comes from nothing to say. When you're with older people and you can't talk to them about anything interesting, naturally you're embarrassed. But if you study anything worth-while—whether it's music, painting or books—anything, you'll always have something to say that will interest people."

DEANNA has studied singing since she was eleven. She still studies it every day with her teacher, Andres de Segurola. But singing isn't all. She reads everything she can lay her hands on. This past year, in spite of the terrific amount of time her pictures have taken, she read "Gone With the Wind" twice, "White Banners," "Northwest Passage" and a dozen other contemporary books, besides her favorite reading, Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. That seemed a little adult for a fifteen-year-old girl to enjoy, so I asked her if she really liked it.

"Yes," Deanna said honestly, "I do. Mr. Pasternak [her producer] gave me a set for Christmas. It contained a lot about Shakespeare's life and times. I read that part first. Then, after I knew what he was like, I wanted to read everything he wrote. There are two ways," said Deanna, "to learn anything. An interesting way —and a boring way. I like the interesting way."

She told me about her recent trip to Washington. Like every other schoolgirl who ever visits the national capital, Deanna took in the standard sights—the White House, Capitol, Supreme Court, Lincoln's Memorial and so forth. But she didn't just breeze through. She investigated the interesting side lights of every place. She told me how the Bureau of Investigation worked. She described, in colorful words, how she stood beside the sorting machine and watched the hunt for a murderer narrow down to his fingerprints.

"Just think," breathed Deanna, "I was right there when they really caught him!"

If Deanna sounds a little old, a little serious and intent for her age, it is because she grew up around older people. Her sister, Mrs. Heckman, is considerably older than Deanna, and has always been her closest friend. Much of Deanna's little girlhood was spent in her sister's house.

But, with her unusually keen perception of the dangers of her trying age, Deanna consciously avoids being too much in the company of grownups. She is anxious to avoid being a "little old lady."

Recently she entertained with a party, inviting a crowd of kids her age to her home. They were her old public schoolmates and a number of youngsters—all her age—who have worked in her pictures—Helen Parrish, Jackie Moran—and her particular girl friend, Adelaide Craig.

They danced, and as a concession to grownupness Deanna had them all come in formal clothes. But when they got down to real fun they acted their age. They peeled the Big Apple to Deanna's collection of swing records!

DEANNA has three evening gowns, or "formals," as her generation calls them. None is very décolleté or daring. None is made of clinging satins or striking colored prints. She sticks to white—piqués and crisp white organza—with square plain necks and as few frills as possible. In all her clothes, Deanna has conscientiously studied how to avoid the common mistakes of the in-between age—too many frills, or too severe, sophisticated lines.

She has always had a basic taste for tailored, simple clothes. Her favorite knockabout costumes now are slacks and culottes. But when she first came to Universal there were a good

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PLAIN GIRL IN

It's the garden variety "girl from back home" —a bit of organdy in a sea of satin and sequins—who gets the rush from Hollywood males

BY DIANA

DRAWING BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

I wowed them—all the scenes leading up to a "boy gets girl" finale were enacted for me, while filmtown's glamour gals gazed on, green with envy

PUT it down to luck. Nice, dumb luck. Someone happened to say, with the easy nonchalance of not being taken seriously: "If you are so curious about Hollywood, why don't you go there?"

So I went. Just like that.

I consoled myself that I'd see the studios anyway, and all that California scenery. Well, I saw the studios. And the Pacific beating against the sandy shore of Santa Monica was as impressive as its brother Atlantic at Jones Beach on a cloudless day. But it wasn't what I saw that counted. It's what I *was*.

For three weeks, lacking two days, no debutante on Park Avenue, no most popular girl at college, not even Loretta Young herself had a madder, gladder, more joyously rushed schedule. All the scenes leading up to the "boy gets girl" scene of a movie were enacted—for me. Not under Klieg lights, but under that bigger and better sun of Hollywood, those starrier-than-any-other Hollywood skies. I was—in the jargon of movieland—a "hit." I "wowed" them. Though no one looking at me from the true perspective of the rest of the United States would have recognized it, I was "a glamour girl."

And why? Simply because I had plenty of beaux. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner, supper—yes, even a couple of breakfasts at drive-in hamburger stands; night clubbing, swimming, riding, basking in the desert sun; previews at Grauman's Chinese, jam sessions at the Famous Door—all to the exhilarating accompaniment of pleasant masculine voices murmuring in my ear. Voices speaking animatedly, intimately, persuasively. Voices lowered so the words would be for me, and me alone. The voices of Hollywood's legion of woman-starved males, lonesome men, men who appreciate more than anything else the common garden variety of girl who isn't seeking anything in Hollywood but a gay vacation—the girl who hasn't come to Hollywood to go into the movies.

True, they weren't the men whose names make the neon lights—although I did lunch, casually and impersonally, with Tyrone Power. But they were men connected with that fascinating business of movie-making: the assistant directors, photographers, scenario writers, publicity men, agents—all the hordes of free and unattached men whose daily contacts with the great of Hollywood have given them an enormous ennui with Exceptional Ones.

Hollywood is overpopulated with attractive, discontented males longing for feminine companionship of the sort they remember having "back home." Girls who aren't struggling, like the men themselves, to "get the breaks" in that crowded, competitive field of pictures. Girls who aren't coping with masseuses, hairdressers, dressmakers, publicity experts, day after day, week after week, until their life is so full of moviedom there is no room for simple, everyday existence. Plain girls, unprotected by the brittle armor of too-perfect attention to their faces and figures, nice girls—neither remarkably talented nor breathtakingly beautiful—are at a premium in Hollywood. They stand out like a bit of organdy in a sea of satin and sequins.

HOLLYWOOD is the happiest hunting ground in this country for the normal American girl who wants to be popular with men for the sake of being popular. It's a wondrous oversight on the part of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, usually so vigilant in pointing out the advantages of a California holiday, that this condition never has been publicized.

When I went to Hollywood, I didn't even have a small red-leather date book in my possession. After two days, I bought one and thereafter was busy jotting down engagements until the pearl-gray evening when I broke the traffic laws to make the outgoing Super-Chief at Pasadena. I was the belle of the ball—I, who never thought I looked like Myrna Loy or Norma Shearer, until a publicity man told me I resembled one in character and the other in appearance. (And that, only after he was reasonably sure I nourished no ambition to emulate either!) And I'm certain my allure, like 100,000 other girls' who simply haven't gone to Hollywood to prove it, was my contrast to the sleek, slim-hipped, perfectly-groomed, beautifully-coiffed, anxiously-alert damsels who are, or would like to be, in pictures.

Hollywood is full of beautiful women, as you have often heard. It is true. You see them everywhere, behind the department-store counters, in the lunchrooms, in beauty parlors and hat-check cubicles Girls who firmly believe, if they were given the chance, they could outdo Garbo, shame Lombard, beat Colbert at her stuff. But these girls aren't setting the male population of Hollywood by its ears. Reason: they are all part of the same thing.

To stand out, you must be different. In Hollywood, that's being natural. No girl who is seriously concerned with getting along in the movies can be "herself." She is too busy. She *has* to give her life to her career—or lose it. Probably she thinks it is worth while. Maybe it is. But breathes there the man who doesn't enjoy feeling he—and not a career—is more important to the girl of the moment?

There is a surplus of conventional Hollywood types in Hollywood. The girl who would draw your eyes on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard merges into background on Hollywood Boulevard. She may know all the tricks of looking dramatic, dynamic, but so does everyone else—and even perfection gets monotonous. When one more perfect girl appears on the hori-

PARADISE

zon, she's like another Rolls Royce or Packard in the parking place of a millionaire's sumptuous estate. Oh, for a comfortable Buick or Dodge or Ford!

Shortly after I arrived in movieland, I ran into a girl I knew back home—a beautiful girl who makes her living posing for photographers for illustrations in advertisements. She had come to Hollywood "for a spree," she said, but also to look around and see if there might be an opportunity to get into the movies. After a boring two months, she was going home.

"I have more fun there," she told me. "Hollywood's not so hot."

Now there is nobody who could look at Phyllis and me, together, who wouldn't admit right away that she has it all over me as far as eye can see. She's tall, and I'm five feet, three and a half in stocking feet. Her hair is that shade of chestnut with golden lights in it that photographs honey-blonde. I'm brunette and I don't use brilliantine to make my tresses shine. Her eyes are blue, fringed with long dark lashes which she makes up to look even longer than they are. My eyes are brown, and my lashes are my own. When Phyllis walks, you can visualize a sparkling background of gleaming draperies, the scent of perfume, soft music. I wear flat heels and stride as if I were going someplace.

She wears one-thread stockings, the sheerest in the world, and her nails are always impeccably, dazzlingly red. I stick to three-thread hose because they last longer and my nails, while perfectly manicured, are the faintest possible pink.

Phyllis reads the magazines because they are part of her business; novels and biographies bore her. I read every volume sent me by the Book of the Month Club and look up words in the dictionary. When Phyllis opens a newspaper, it's at the amusement page. I read the front page first. Phyllis dreams of success, meaning fame and money and a brilliant match. I'd like to think I would "top" her in all three, but my own good sense tells me it probably isn't in the cards.

Get the idea? Phyllis is Hollywood material, even before she sets foot on the sacred sod. No one would think of contracts when he looked at me. And you've no idea what an advantage *not* belonging gives you! That is, if you are interested merely in making a hit with the people who do belong.

There are a good many of us, really, who don't want to go into the movies. Everybody realizes that—except Hollywood itself. The long queue of aspirants to film fame has given most Hollywood men the idea that there's a secret hope to become a star in *every* girl. If Hollywood is right about you—take my advice: don't let it show. There is nothing which bores a man in the movie business more than listening to a would-be actress' pinings. He's sensitive on the subject. He winces when he sees it coming, as if you were going to tread on his corns. Rather, forget your hopes, never crystal clear anyhow. Concentrate on the romance and the gaiety of the present—it's good enough. Yearning for a movie break does something to your personality, puts too much art in your remarks, too much grace in your movements. You must seem to be "only looking, thank you" to put Hollywood men at their ease.

"You laugh," confided one of my erstwhile admirers, recently divorced from a promising feature player, "as if you had never been taught to do it."

It was a compliment of the highest order. I became with that remark authentically a visitor.

At first, of course, they don't believe you are real, despite your unostentatious look. They have seen so many gags on the part of struggling hopefuls who jealously count their contacts in order to learn the ropes, that they think there must be method in your madness of being yourself. How they shrink from finding beneath your nonchalance the soul of a movie-crasher!

All the girls who would "belong" go right to work as soon as they hit Hollywood, fitting themselves into its meaningless mould. They not only try to look alike, talk alike, but they also go to the same places, do the same things —all for the sake of being seen as part of the

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THROUGH THICK

JACK OAKIE

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you, too, may diet!"

—is the advice Oakie gives

BY HIMSELF

I THINK this is going to be a sob story. I think maybe it could be entitled: "The Man Who Lost Happiness Along With Fifty Pounds" or, maybe: "Oakie's Lament." Of course, it's true that I used to look like Man Mountain Dean and that now, after getting rid of those fifty pounds (mostly from around my middle), I remind myself of Tyrone Power. (Although, strangely enough, I haven't heard anyone else mention the resemblance.)

It is also true that hostesses don't gasp, anymore, when I sit down on their Chippendale chairs . . . and that I can wear those four nifty suits I bought in 1933 and then outgrew in certain strategic spots, which gratifies my thrifty soul, just recovering as I am from paying another installment on my income tax.

Nevertheless, I am finding my joy at being svelte—not to say streamlined—not altogether unalloyed. As the days go by and I get more and more used to looking like a human being instead of a hippopotamus, I find myself proportionately aware of the somber and profound fact that every silver lining has its cloud and all ointment its fly.

Not that the history of my feat of losing fifty pounds in six weeks is without its Great Moments . . . like the one when I stepped on the scales at the end of my first day of dieting and exercise and found three of my 210 already gone . . . and when I came home from Del Monte where the losing process took place and everybody stared and said, "Oakie, is this you or is there a Jack Oakie, Jr. we never knew about?"

And yet. . . .

IT all began, this saga of mixed blessings and adulterated joys, when I returned to Hollywood from the Dallas Fair last spring stuffed full, not only of rich Southern cooking which had added an extra five pounds to my two hundred plus, but sudden boredom at having to go through Pullman doors sideways and being scarcely able to see, anymore, whether or not my shoes needed shining. I looked at myself in the mirror (a large mirror) and said to the monstrosity that met my eye: "You fat lug. You overstuffed dim-wit. You look like a boxcar."

I remember also that, outdoors, it was a fine day and the swimming pool and tennis courts were there waiting for me and here I was, too fat and loggy to enjoy them. This cinched the matter. Then and there, I decided to do something about it.

I did. The next day I went to a doctor and had him prescribe a diet and exercise regime. Then I got into my car and drove up north to Del Monte and began my six weeks of what you might call intensive slenderizing. Of course, I could have done it at home, but I didn't relish the figure a bloke on a diet might cut in my friends' eyes. After all, a guy's got his pride.

So, as I said, I went north. The first thing I did there was to burn a certain bridge. I called the waiter who would serve me at mealtime to my bungalow and laid down the law.

"I may countermand, later, what I am going to say to you now, but if I do, ignore it," I told him. "The thing is, I want you to feed me what is on this diet schedule and nothing more. Get it? *Nothing more,* no matter what I may tell you later. Now, remember!"

"Very well, Mr. Oakie," he said, "I'll remember."

That was all, but I had a feeling he would take me at my word. I was right.

Next, I looked up Bill Kynock, the golf professional at the Del Monte lodge, and made a similar proposition to him to help with my "slenderizing."

"You gotta make me stick to it," I said, and he promised to do just that.

The following morning, or rather about the middle of the night, my phone rang. Swearing considerably, because I am a guy that likes his sleep, I answered it. It was Bill.

"Time to get up," he announced.

"Whaddye mean get up?" I yelled. "Is the place on fire?"

"No, but we're golfing . . . like we planned last night."

"Aw, that was last night," I said. "I've

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AND THIN

JIMMY STEWART

"Nuts to weight-gaining diets," says Stewart, as he resigns himself to his fate—or does he?

BY KAY PROCTOR

IF you want to get bopped on the nose by Jimmy Stewart—and he packs a healthy bop in that right of his—just start telling him about some marvelous new system for gaining weight. I guarantee you action.

Why you should want to get bopped on the nose by him is neither here nor there; it takes all kinds to make a world. Look at the scads of screwballs who think it a divine achievement to possess a piece of Bob Taylor's shirttail or get a dirty look from Clark Gable. The phenomena educed from star worshipping sometimes are wondrous indeed to behold.

It is a touchy subject with Jimmy, the matter of ways and means of adding a few pounds to

that long, lank frame of his. And for a magnificent reason. For the past fourteen years everybody and his dog have thought it their bounden duty to give Jimmy a little firsthand advice about it, and he has been taking it. There's the rub. He's been taking it! And how! The wonder is he is alive to tell the tale.

As far as he is concerned, it is a closed subject now and forever hence. He is calmly and quietly resigned to his fate of being six feet three and nudging the scales at a measly 150 pounds. Which was his weight when he first arrived in Hollywood back in 1935 and Papa Louis B. Mayer out at Metro did a double take and hinted it might be a good idea if he put a little meat on the Stewart bones. (Papa Mayer is reconciled to it now, too, what with the performances Jimmy has been turning in and the way he has been knocking the fan-mail department galley-west!)

"I'll tell all just this once," Jimmy told me over the luncheon table. "Then maybe people will realize my pitiful plight and stop giving me their sure-cures." He shook his head mournfully. "And to think there was a time when I sought their advice, actually asked for it! Little did I know the ingenious tortures man could inflict on a fellow man!"

We had less than an hour for lunch. Nonetheless, in that short time Jimmy tucked away a man-sized lunch of soup, lamb chops, potatoes, asparagus, two rolls, pie, coffee, and a glass of beer.

"And don't tell me I'll never gain weight if I bolt my food," he chipped. "I've tried that one, too. Thorough mastication, I believe they call it. No good."

Thirteen years of his life were blissfully free of the curse, it seems. They were the first thirteen. He was an average eight-pound baby and Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart were pretty excited when he arrived one May 20th at the family home on Seventh Street on Vinegar Hill in Indiana, Pennsylvania. He was, in fact, on the chubby side.

"Fat little rascal," Mr. Stewart told friends who dropped in at his small-town hardware store to offer congratulations on his first-born. "Quite a boy! Stop by the house and see him."

The years rolled along and Jimmy's weight kept apace, although his mother often did say she declared to goodness she didn't know how he kept an ounce on him the way he took those steps. The "steps" were the fifty-four leading from the street to the front door of the Stewart house and Jim "took" them three at a time going up and five at a time going down. Once he took them all at one time going down but nothing much happened except a couple of barked shins and a sore sitter-downer. Which proves nature's padding was sufficient at that time, anyway.

Then it happened. He had just turned thirteen. All of a sudden he started to shoot up. In one year alone he outgrew three new suits. Mr. Stewart's patience had worn a lot thinner than the third suit when Mrs. Stewart broached the matter as tactfully as she could that Jim once more had outgrown his clothes.

"I did not get the fourth suit," Jimmy said. "Indiana simply was treated to a view of a few more inches of my wrists and ankles."

THE trouble, however, was that he did not fill out as he shot up. It was purely one-dimensional growth.

Whereupon, Mrs. Stewart swung into action and Jimmy got his first dose of weight-gaining remedies. Mrs. Stewart's prescription was oatmeal—a big hot bowl of it—every morning for breakfast.

Now, as Jimmy said, there is nothing wrong with oatmeal. It is a fine, healthy food. Some people like it very much indeed. Unfortunately, he is not one of those people.

His daily protests at breakfast were of no avail.

"My goodness, Jim, you don't want to look like a rail, do you?" his mother would answer.

She was right. He didn't. In fact he was pretty sensitive then about his appearance. (He is no longer sensitive, he says; only conscious.) It is an interesting commentary, at this point, that the kids in the neighborhood discreetly refrained from tagging him with the usual descriptive nicknames of "Slats," "Skinny," "Bean Pole" or even the mild "Slim"; he was handy with that bopping right of his even then.

Well, the oatmeal cure didn't work, for all the bowls of the abhorred stuff he consumed. All that developed was his loathing for it which exists to this day.

The track coach at Princeton came forth with the next advice. Milk. With meals, after meals, before meals and in between meals. That didn't work either, perhaps because as fast as he

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A MAP OF HOLLYWOOD

BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

You've read about them and you've heard about them. Now, that famous artist, Russell Patterson, shows you with amusing illustrations just where the stars work and where they play. Where they buy their clothes and where they get their culture. With this chart clutched in your hot little hand, you can't fail to find those world-famous spots in that Garden of Eden known as Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD BOWL
CHINESE GARDENS
REPUBLIC STUDIO
WARNER STUDIO
UNIVERSAL STUDIO
AIR PORT.
SANTA ANITA PASADENA
DISNEY LOT
MAGNINS
CLARA BOW'S IT CAFE
RAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
THE BEACHCOMBERS
FRANKLIN AVENUE
KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL
SARDI'S
CORNER FOR ACTORS OUT OF WORK.
HAYS' OFFICE
BOULEVARD.
A DRIVE-IN
SEVEN SEAS
ROOSEVELT HOTEL
CHRISTIE HOTEL
HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB
AL LEVY'S
WILCOX
PLAZA HOTEL
CAHUENGA
AMERICAN LEGION STADIUM
RADIO CITY
N.B.C
C.B.S
CENTRAL CASTING
CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIO
THE VENDOME
LA CONGO
MITCHELL LEISEN'S SHOP
COLUMBIA STUDIO
HAL ROACH STUDIO
HOWARD GREER'S
THE BOWLING ALLEY
SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD.
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO
BLACK-FOXE MILITARY INSTITUTE
R.K.O. STUDIO
PARAMOUNT
N.B.C
LA BREA
HIGHLAND
WILSHIRE COUNTRY CLUB
VINE
LUCY'S
POLAR PALACE
WESTERN
BEVERLY BOULEVARD
GILMORE STADIUM
PAN-PACIFIC AUDITORIUM
FARMERS MARKET
THIRD AVENUE
PERINOS
AMBASSADOR HOTEL
AND COCOANUT GROVE
BULLOCKS WILSHIRE
ZEBRA ROOM
TOWN HOUSE
WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.

Spencer Tracy, in the rôle of Father Flanagan, introduces Whitey Marsh (Mickey Rooney) to his future friends

His keen understanding of youth's problems made Father Flanagan a real friend to Jimmy and Andy Caine and helped them over the hurdles

THE STORY BEHIND

BY MONSIGNOR E. J. FLANAGAN

(Father Flanagan of Boys Town)

The kindly founder of a haven for homeless boys reveals the inner workings of his famous community

WHITEY MARSH (Mickey Rooney) slumped down from the Boys Town bus and glared at the vast sweep of prairie, the golden fields of ripening grain. From his sneering lips rolled a long tirade of fluent Brooklynese. He didn't want to be a farmer. He was a smart guy. He wanted to get back where guys were smart. He had no mother, no father, and now his brother had been sent to prison and he was alone and homeless. Then Director Norman Taurog, in charge of the "Boys Town" company on location at Boys Town, shouted, "Cut!" and Mickey was a different person.

"How'd you like that, Father?" he asked, and I assured him that he was the greatest thing that had ever happened to Hollywood . . . or Boys Town. And that the performance he had just "turned in" would undoubtedly make film history. He looked at me suspiciously for a mo-

His magnificent performance in "San Francisco" made Spencer Tracy an obvious choice for the rôle of priest in "Boys Town." The statue, beside which Mickey stands (left), is "The Spirit of the Homeless Boy," sculptured by one of the youths at the home

"BOYS TOWN"

ment; then a grin lightened up his face. "Okay," he shouted, and the next minute was romping with some of my boys. It was difficult to say which of the group of romping youngsters were boy-actors, imported from Hollywood, and which were my own youngsters. And I had a disturbing thought.

But for the grace of God, Mickey Rooney—instead of the popular and idolized motion-picture star he is today—might well be a *Whitey Marsh.* Suppose that, as a small boy, he had been left homeless and alone as so many of my boys had been left. What would have become of him?

BUT then I had a happier thought.

The heights which Mickey had reached in this world, I felt, are heights within the reach of any one of my more than two hundred youngsters. Perhaps they will choose different professions in which their success is not so spectacular; nevertheless, the opportunity to succeed is here and my boys, in the past, have grasped that opportunity.

And suddenly I was proud of Boys Town. But especially was I proud of America, a land which could foster such a township as this—a land in which such opportunities could exist for the rich and the poor alike. And I thought of *Whitey Marsh,* the character about whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has built its picture, "Boys Town." *Whitey,* left alone when his brother is sent to prison, comes to Boys Town, scornful of the township, its citizens and the priest who founded it; yet stays to find a new viewpoint, a new faith in life.

In the forty-five hundred boys who have passed through Boys Town in the past twenty-one years, there has been many a "Whitey Marsh" and, today, I know them as successful citizens in many communities, citizens who are making their contributions to a society they might well have learned to hate, to a world that, once, had little time for them or their likes. I should like to tell PHOTOPLAY'S readers about a few of these boys. But first, I should like to tell them about Boys Town.

AS its name implies, Boys Town is an actual, legally incorporated township ten miles west of Omaha on the Lincoln Highway. It is governed, as are other Nebraska townships, by a mayor and six city commissioners, the only difference between it and other Nebraska townships being that its officials as well as its voting citizens are all under eighteen years of age. Elections are held twice a year under supervision of the Douglas County Electoral Commission and the duly elected officials are charged with the responsibility of giving good government to the more than two hundred voters who will have another opportunity at the polls within six months.

The seriousness with which these lads take their government is amply evidenced in the pre-election activity. Then, trading and bargaining become fine, political arts. Candidates give up their desserts to prospective voters. Campaign workers "do their stuff" whenever groups gather and, in the dormitory rooms at night, slates are made and remade, votes gathered and lost.

Boys Town was founded, primarily, to afford a haven for homeless boys regardless of race, color or creed; regardless of whence they came. And from the day it was founded, until the present, there have been but two qualifications for citizenship there—first, that a boy be homeless and, second, that there be room for him. Unfortunately, last year we were forced to turn away more than seven hundred boys because of lack of accommodations. One of my fondest hopes is that, when the motion picture is released, we shall be able, through the many new friends it will make for us, to enlarge our township so that I shall never have to say "No" again to a homeless lad who comes to me seeking shelter and guidance.

To Boys Town have come boys deserted by their parents, boys from homes broken by death or divorce and, in a surprisingly large number of cases in recent years, from homes so poverty-stricken that parents were unable to care for their children. No boy leaves Boys Town unless it is to better himself. Either he is adopted by people who are able to do more for him than we can at Boys Town, or he goes to a job upon which he can make a decent living with promise of promotion.

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THE QUINTS—

HILARIOUS HEADACHES OF HOLLYWOOD

Five little moppets who can be as temperamental as they please and make the movie-makers like it

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

WHEN the news reached Hollywood, a few years back, that the five Dionne sisters were going to live—and grow up into beautiful princesses—most everybody gave five rousing cheers.

Here, it seemed, was a "natural" for the movies; a five-star-final scoop, a situation just made for lens and mike, and the quintessence of good fortune.

"What could be simpler?" most everybody asked. "You just write a story about these children and shoot it. Then you cash in."

Well, somebody wrote a story, and Twentieth Century-Fox made it into a picture. The quintuplets were infants then, and there was little, if any, trouble. The play was a box-office smash.

Two years later, somebody else wrote a story, but the babies were two years old then; and the picture was a little more difficult to make. Norman Taurog, the director, knew exactly what he wanted, but he couldn't get his message into the minds of the five two-year-olds. So he was compelled, more or less, to give the moppets their own way.

Now Fox has made a third picture—and under what difficulties!

You wouldn't believe how many headaches those five young darlings can inflict.

The quints are growing up, you see. And Hollywood's problem has grown with them.

In the Empire Hotel, in North Bay, Ontario, a few miles from the hospital buildings at Callander, I met a couple of dozen men from Hollywood who were suffering from an acute case of "quint headaches."

They were making a picture to be called "Five of a Kind"; they had been shooting for weeks; and, though they had achieved great results, they were eager to get away from it all, to get back to Hollywood as soon as they could.

Said Frank Perrett, spokesman for the group: "We like the country; we adore the quints; we admire Dr. Dafoe; we think we have a swell picture. But—so help me—what headaches!

"For instance, we've not been allowed to work more than one hour a day with the babies. Dr. Dafoe is taking no chances on their becoming tired. There has been no sun, so we had to shoot only interiors. And we've had to shoot all the interior stuff in light of not more than one hundred amps. Your dining room, in case you're interested, is much better lighted than that.

"In Hollywood we'd use thousands of amperes to light these scenes. But this isn't Hollywood. Intense light might hurt the children. So we've had to learn to use a hundred amps and like it."

"Can you make clear pictures in that light?" I asked.

"Crazy as it seems, we can and do," Perrett admitted. "Maybe Hollywood has been wasting millions of dollars a year for lighting we don't need. Maybe the quints have taught us something that will save us a fortune. I don't know. Maybe it's only such an expert as Dan Clark who could take clear pictures in such light.

"Dan shot the first few scenes in that light with grave doubts. He shot them because there was nothing else to do. But when the negatives reached Hollywood we got word the stuff was practically perfect—as sharp and clear as could be.

"So, we hurdled that headache only to have the imps, themselves, give us an even bigger one. The children, you see, continually rewrite the story! It's lucky we brought Lou Breslow, one of the authors, along with us. Otherwise we might be up against it."

"How do you mean—rewrite the story?" I wanted to know.

"Come on out to the set," Perrett said, "and I'll show you."

THE crew was working on an interior—a tiny room that seemed to be full of people, a room that looked something like a clinic, inasmuch as everybody was dressed in a white surgical gown, and everybody's nose and mouth were covered with surgical gauze.

No, not everybody, I noticed at second glance. The quints were there, unmasked. So was Jean Hersholt. He was sitting at a table. The quints appeared to be waiting on him.

"Everybody who goes into that room," Perrett explained, "must first have his throat sprayed. Dr. Dafoe is taking no chances on germs. And everybody but the actors must be masked and robed—that means the camera men, too."

I lingered for a moment, watching Hersholt and the children, then felt Perrett nudge my ribs.

"Sorry," he said, "but you better come away before the babies see you. If they spot you they'll forget what they're supposed to do They'll stop and stare and yell hello to you. They may even rush forward to greet you. They don't know they're working. They think they're playing a game with Hersholt. And if they bust up this scene—and we have only one hour a day—you see?"

I sat in Dr. Dafoe's office until the hour was up. The doctor was there, and Joe Moskowitz of the Fox New York office, and Nora Rouselle, the children's pre-kindergarten teacher, and Marion Byron, who plays the rôle of a nurse in the picture.

Herbert L. Leeds, the director, and Lou Breslow, the author, came into the room for a minute between takes. They removed their masks, sat down to smoke a cigarette or two, and talked of the progress made thus far.

"They're going great today," Leeds said. "They've given us some wonderful stuff."

"And they're still rewriting me," said Breslow. "And how!"

"In this story," Leeds explained, "Jean Hersholt takes the part of Doctor Luke. 'Docta Loot,' the quints call him. He's just come home after a hard day. He's tired and discouraged and hungry. He asks Emilie for a cup and saucer.

"Now, in the script, Emilie is supposed to run to the cupboard like a good little girl and get the cup and saucer for him. And her sisters are supposed to get the sugar and the cream, and to pour the coffee, and to bring him all he wants to eat.

"We had explained the action to each of the children, and thought they understood perfectly. These are very intelligent youngsters. You have to tell them only once what you want them to do and then they do it—in their own way. They follow cues better than a lot of grown-up men and women in Hollywood—but, of course, they don't learn any lines by heart. They say their own lines—"

"And sometimes," put in Breslow, "they are a lot funnier than the lines I thought up for them."

"Well," Leeds went on, "we started the cameras rolling and Hersholt asked Emilie to bring the cup and saucer. Emilie didn't understand because she didn't know the English words. But

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BETWEEN SCENES

IN ACTION

Jean Hersholt's presentation of five cocker spaniel pups, the first dogs the Quints had ever seen, is one of the high lights of "Five of a Kind"

The Case of the HOLLYWOOD

A murder and a movie star, an undercurrent of romance, an overcurrent of mystery—all of which add up to this—a fast-moving thriller packed with action and suspense

I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when Mildred Parker, secretary to Lawyer William Foley, met with a mysterious accident. I was selected for her position because of my voice. Foley judged all people by their voices.

My first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening in person to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I went, found the door of the house unlocked. Since there was no answer to my "Hello," I went in. Cold terror gripped me as I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star, bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

As I reached for my brief case, which had fallen to the floor in the course of events, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce Eaton's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a big desk, his head slumped over his chest. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the place went out.

I'd been anxious enough to get into the house; by now I was twice as anxious to get out. I found the stairs and was halfway down when a bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief.

PROPPING my brief case against the wall, I flung open the door. There stood Frank Padgham, alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. For five seconds he didn't move. I was sorry that I couldn't see his expression. I started to tell him why I was upstairs, then stopped abruptly. I couldn't tell him about Bruce Eaton. He suggested that I go out and wait in his car while he investigated. On my way to the car I remembered my brief case. I ran back and got it.

There was a drugstore at the corner. I went into a telephone booth and looked for Bruce Eaton's name in the directory. He wasn't listed. Then I remembered the name of his agency. As luck would have it, someone answered the phone. I told him if Bruce Eaton wished to get in touch with the girl who had removed his gag to call Miss Bell in the law office of William Foley and then slammed up the receiver.

I was halfway back to the house when an automobile swung around the corner. The tires screamed at a too-sudden application of brakes. I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling me. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life. I climbed into his car and told him what had happened. He instructed me to go into the drugstore, tell the clerk that I was too nervous to telephone and ask him to notify police headquarters that a dead man had been found in the house. He explained that I was not to telephone myself as he didn't want me to give my name.

I followed his instructions. He had his car in gear when I jumped in and we drove on. I handed the brief case to him. He stopped the car, opened the case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes. I stared incredulously.

The brief case was empty!

Morning brought the newspapers and gave me the first really definite information I'd been able to obtain about what had actually happened.

Police, it seemed, having been notified by a drug clerk that the body of a murdered man was awaiting them in one of the more expensive homes in an exclusive Wilshire district, had sent a radio car to investigate.

The house had turned out to be the property of Charles Temmler, a wealthy, retired contractor. The police found the front door of the house unlocked. A main light switch near the heater on the back porch had been thrown, plunging the entire house into darkness. Using flashlights, the police climbed the stairs to the second floor, where they found a dead man seated at a desk in what was evidently an upstairs study.

From letters in the man's pockets and cards in his cardcase, the police tentatively identified the body as that of one Carter Wright, a man who had been employed by Mr. Temmler as chauffeur.

Death had been practically instantaneous, caused by a bullet fired at close range from a .38 caliber automatic.

In another upstairs bedroom, the police had found evidence which led them to believe a man had been tied and gagged. Two handkerchiefs, moist from saliva, and which evidently had been used as gags, had been found on the floor. A sheet had been jerked from a bed, torn into strips and tied in square, businesslike knots. Later on, apparently, this man had been liberated by some person who had cut through the strips of cloth with a sharp knife. There was no clue whatever as to the identity of either of these two persons. Police were testing everything on the property for fingerprints and, it was understood, had found several very good "latents" which they considered of more than ordinary significance.

I WAS particularly interested in seeing myself as others saw me, for the clerk in the drugstore had given a description of the woman who had reported the murder. This young woman was the subject of an intensive and widespread search. I read the description with interest.

Dark chestnut hair, rich, warm brown eyes, very full red lips, a smooth satiny complexion, average height, approximately 116 pounds, possessing a superb figure and naturally graceful in her actions. She disclosed even, regular

ILLUSTRATION BY MARIO COOPER

SCANDAL

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Substitute Face," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

teeth when she smiled, was probably about twenty-four and, according to the clerk, carried herself with an air of distinction, a conscious recognition of her own beauty and the power it gave her over men. He thought she might be in pictures, because of her beauty, although he was quite certain he'd never seen her face on the screen.

After reading that, I was inclined to forgive his smirks. He'd evidently been completely hypnotized. He hadn't been able to describe a single article of clothing I was wearing—only to give a glowing, but nevertheless general and vague description.

I had breakfast and went to the office, opening the door with the key Mr. Foley had given me. I was the first one there. There was quite a pile of mail under the door and, because Mr. Foley had given me no instructions about opening mail, I stacked it in a neat pile on his desk.

I set my own desk in order, with stationery taken out of the drawers, cleaned my typewriter keys and rubbed the platen with alcohol.

While I worked, I kept thinking of the events of the night before. Had Bruce Eaton taken that agreement? Had Mr. Padgham opened my brief case under cover of the darkness in the corridor? There had been an interval, while he was groping for the light switch, when he *could* have done it. As for the rest, I decided not to worry. I'd gone into the thing as Mr. Foley's secretary. Mr. Foley had instructed me what to do. Mr. Foley was a lawyer. After all, it was up to him to take the responsibility.

I opened the drawer to take out my shorthand book. I couldn't find it. Hastily, I searched every drawer in the desk. My book was gone!

The door opened and Mr. Padgham entered the office. He was flustered and pretty much excited.

"Where's Foley?" he asked.

"Mr. Foley hasn't come in yet," I told him.

He came across the room to stand in front of my desk. "What happened to *you* last night?"

"What happened to *you?*" I countered. "I waited in the automobile, expecting you'd be right down."

"You weren't there when I got back."

"Well," I told him, "I was gone only for a minute. I had no idea you'd run away and leave me."

"I didn't run away and leave you," he said. "You ran away and left *me.*"

I took refuge behind a secretarial mask. "I'm sorry," I said, with the impersonal politeness which a well-trained secretary gives to a client in the office.

He studied me with his selfish, glittering, deep-set litle eyes and I could see that my attitude bothered him.

"How did you get home?" he asked.

I laughed lightly. "After all, Mr. Padgham, I get home by myself every night. It's quite simple for a woman to find her way around the city alone."

"Have you," he asked, "read the morning papers?"

"Yes."

"Ycu understand then, what it was you saw last night?"

"Certainly."

"You haven't . . . well . . . I gather from the description given by the drug clerk that *you* were the one who notified the police."

I smiled serenely up at him. "Why, of course, I notified the police, Mr. Padgham. Isn't that the proper thing to do when one stumbles upon the body of a murdered man?"

"It may be proper but . . . but, well, is it advisable?"

"I thought it was," I said.

"I'm not certain that Mr. Foley will like it."

"We'll leave that matter entirely up to Mr. Foley," I said.

He leaned impressively forward until his cheeks were so close I could smell the odor of shaving lotion. "You'd better be pretty careful not to offend me, Miss Bell," he said. "You understand that I *could* tell the police who instructed the drug clerk to put in that call."

"Why certainly," I said, making my eyes large and round with simulated hurt innocence. "Aren't you going to? I am. I'll tell them I ran down to the drugstore to telephone, while you went into the house to. . . ."

HE straightened as though I'd jabbed him with a pin. The color left his cheeks momentarily, then returned, darker than ever.

"Miss Bell," he said, "under no circumstances are you ever to tell a living soul that I was in that house."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "it's up to you to keep the police from finding out *I* was the one who talked with the drug clerk. Because, if they questioned me, I'd have to

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She got to her feet and pointed angrily at Mr. Foley. "I thought I could count on you. I thought that's what an attorney was for."

"GIVE IT ANOTHER CHANCE!"

The Intimate Story of Alice Faye's Marriage Trials

They eloped between quarrels—and the intervening year has not been without doubt and uncertainty for Alice and Tony. But now—

BY BARBARA HAYES

SHE'S Mulligan stew in a golden dish—an honest, straight-talking Irish girl who brought her beauty and her warm rich voice from a New York Hell's Kitchen tenement to this pink and white satin dressing room, with its scent of Tabac Blond clinging faintly to the frills. A purist decorator would have done that room in Kelly-green linen but Alice Faye is now too great a star for anything so uninvolved. And anyway she likes it as it is.

She thinks it's beautiful. She lounges there, occasionally these days, on a pale and fuzzy chaise longue, reflected in many mirrors—she lies there, on the verge of her first wedding anniversary and in the midst of her first separation from Tony Martin, and realizes with a kind of pleased astonishment that she is still married to Tony, after a year of uncertainty.

Twelve months ago she would not have believed it. But twelve months ago she wouldn't have been there at all, because then she did not lounge, ever. She walked. She trotted. She ran, galloping from sound stage to rehearsal to radio broadcast to party to still gallery to set. She worked hard, as she has always worked, for what she got.

The life of Alice Faye one year ago was still a kaleidoscopic thing, impossible and frantic and brilliant and muddled. Her own personality reflected it, so that when I talked to her for the first time I caught only a hodgepodge portrait—a confusion of ideas and pictures which meant nothing.

Only one thing, one genuine heart-warming impression, edged through the jumble: a spark of rollicking hearty humor which said, "Oh boy, am I in a mess. And am I loving it!"

With that spirit in her voice she told me, finally, "I'm married two days and I hardly know the guy. I don't know what's going to happen any more than you do. Tony and I went off to Yuma between fights and I don't see any reason why we won't go on battling. Only this—" her jaw went square, determined—"I'll make it last if I can—or as long as I can."

Now, many months later, she told me, from the chaise longue, "It'll last now. It's changed in the last months. Tony and I are happy now, for the first time."

She made this second prediction with justified triumph. There were so many things that, with an ordinary person, would have made such an outcome impossible.

There was working together the first two or three months. "That should have finished us," Alice admitted. "I still don't understand why it didn't. You see, both of us had been used to freedom, to spending long hours alone when we felt the need of silence, to seeing other people whenever we liked. Then, quite suddenly, we were forced to be together every second of the day and night.

"You can't imagine what it's like, waking up with a person beside you in the morning as a starter; then sitting across the breakfast table from him; then working together on the set. He used to have to make love to me for a scene and while he was reading his sentimental lines I was thinking that he'd had a grouch that morning, or the toast had been burned, or we'd disagreed about the political situation.

"And then lunch together, and the afternoon, and dinner, and then a party, and then the night . . . I tell you, there were times when I thought if he grinned in just that way again—the way I had always loved before—I'd have to brain him and take the consequences. And he felt the same way about me."

THEY survived the making of "Sally, Irene and Mary," somehow. But the experience left its mark, a jagged scar on their nerves and a not-to-be-forgotten blemish on what should have been the happiness of their first weeks together.

In solemn conference, after an interminable period of angry recriminations interspersed by haughty silences, they agreed never again to work in a picture together. That, felt Alice, was the crux of everything; and thus the future must necessarily stretch smoothly ahead, their problems translated to minor matters of everyday living.

Whereupon, Alice was assigned to the lead in "In Old Chicago"—and the whole thing started again, on another and far more important plane. Because that way lay stardom for the blonde child with the husky voice—stardom of the first magnitude, with all that stardom means. Fingers of light drawing brilliant streamers in the sky when her pictures opened. Autograph

(Continued on page 68)

Vibrant phenomenon in a town that is a dealer in prodigies is the Viennese LaMarr, superb femme fatale of Wanger's "Algiers" and probable future film foil of the great god Gable. A Continental Cinderella who begged her way into American films as a script girl, she today commands the attention of master producers and all movie-minded people—just tribute for this girl named Hedy who has so triumphantly lived up to her name

Streamlined Lane, pampered darling of four older sisters and a nation-wide public. The admiration of the former began the day Priscilla made her bow in provincial Iowa; of the latter, when she confirmed Warners' suspicion by proving a "find" in "Four Daughters." Hard-working opportunist, she is a trouper born, keeps her eye on the future, her feet on the ground

Fryer

WHEN THEY WERE GLAMOU

Culver

BOYS AND GIRLS

Top row, left to right:

Mary Boland: once John Drew's serene heroine; now the prominent screwball screen mother of screwball screen families
Billie Burke: in 1910, idol of Broadway; today, a fluttery film matron, the real-life mother of a twenty-two-year-old daughter
Basil Rathbone: a suave lover who thrilled post-war flappers, he makes the modern gals gasp at his too, too dastardly deeds
Alice Brady: once a coy ingenue; more recently, graying Mrs. O'Leary, film mother of glamour boys Ameche and Power

Bottom row, left to right:

Eugene Pallette: in the silents, a "good-looking, superb lover"; now Friar Tuck, rotund epicurean friend of "Robin Hood"
Frank Morgan: twenty years ago, a "well-knit" male idol; currently, the shrewd screen sire of today's idol, Bob Taylor
Helen Westley: a burning young actress of the post-war drama; now the forbidding film aunty of "Rebecca," Shirley Temple
John Barrymore: the young scion, famous for his profile; today, big box-office as the disgruntled old King Louis XV of France

Culver

A "believe it or not" angle on a few beloved screen veterans, presented with a view to the past and the present

Prize bait for the dog buyers was Lord Buffington, who caught Warren William's eye

Another eye-catcher was corset dress designed by J. Kelly, sported by Pres. D

TAIL WAGGERS GIVE A PARTY

Hollywood, in top hat and tails, goes to the dogs at the Beverly Hills—and everybody has a wow of a time

A "love me love my dog" pose by Messieurs Dick Powell and George Murphy

FOUNDED in England, the Tailwaggers Association, a club devoted to the welfare of dogs, has rapidly become a pet project of the West Coast stars. With President Bette Davis holding the leash well in hand, the club has been freed from debt, has contributed a large sum to the Seeing Eye Foundation and is planning at present to build a charity hospital for canines. By-product of the charity work is the gay social life that the Tailwaggers lead while raising the necessary funds —as, for instance, this dinner dance and cotillion at the Beverly Hills Hotel for which Tailwaggers and their friends turned out en masse, even to the tune of $100 or more. Which meant a heyday for the canine crowd, a gay time for the guests, more amusing pictures from PHOTOPLAY to you.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Eating up the profits were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell (the former Virginia Valli)

Big names of the past: Pickford and Barthelmess . . .

And still another eye-catcher—the new Shearer bangs, worn to hide the aftereffects of Norma's "Marie Antoinette" hairdress

. . . and of the present—Joe E. Brown with Beverly Roberts

Edgar Bergen and Shirley Ross. Edgar donated a pedigreed pooch that capable McCarthy auctioned off

Representing the Seeing Eye organization which trains dogs to lead the blind was Dr. Clyde Wilson

A momentary outside interference in the B. Taylor-B. Stanwyck duo

The movie technicians have outdone nature again—with a man-made windstorm. Staged on the artificial twenty-acre desert of Zanuck's $2,000,000 "Suez," the simoon is created by the combined forces of Hollywood's wind machines, twenty-eight in all. Workers wear goggles and masks, but players Annabella, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young face the forty-mile gale unprotected, martyrs to the Zanuck cause

SANDSTORM IN

"SUEZ"

You may have thought that Hollywood gave its spectacular best to the hurricane, the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake. But Hollywood had a rabbit in its hat—it offers you now this simoon in "Suez"

Victor over the glorified Gable in an extra girls' popularity poll—Fred MacMurray of the high-flying "Men with Wings" company. Not a movie star, but a man with a job to do, he foregoes the tricks and temperament of the glamour boys, cashes in instead with his hale and hearty air, his rhythm on the sax. Slated as one of the best bets in the Paramount studio, he is, at heart, the boy from Kankakee who works for a living, hunts for pleasure and is true to the one girl in the world—his wife

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Sorry we can't give you more space, but, if this won't work, a blank piece of paper will do the trick

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View of Sally Blane and her knitting clicking with Cesar Romero and the Allan Jones (Irene Hervey)

A different type of yarn, spun by Allan and Cesar for Irene and Messrs. Murphy, Montgomery and Milland

BRING YOUR KNITTING

Singing star of M-G-M's "The Shining Hour"—Joan, with her namesake niece

Maybe this is one reason why Joan has kept the cameras out—strong-armed Mr. Murphy goes to town on a little white wool number

The females knit; the males just sit — and kibitz, per usual. Left: Ray and Joan

A Sunday afternoon institution of three years' standing—Joan Crawford's knitting parties. "Private, keep out" is the watchword, but Photoplay's Hyman Fink, pocketing a ball of wool (and his camera) crashed the gate—and here are the first pictures ever published of an event unique in Hollywood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Cal Yorki

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

That wily G-Man of our own FBI (Fan Bureau of Information) tracks down all the intimate chatter on your West Coast Idols

It was a special occasion the night Tyrone Power beaued Norma Shearer at the Victor Hugo, but Ty didn't know until—further details, top item

Birthdays—Cheer Up, Everybody Has 'Em!

TYRONE POWER—playing the field these days—walked into the Victor Hugo the other night with Norma Shearer on his arm (see picture, right). After they'd dined and danced a little, a mutual friend came over to the table.

"Hello, darling," he said to Norma. "Many happy returns to you."

"Thank you," she said, looking as confused as the poised Miss Shearer ever looks.

A little later, while she was powdering her nose, Ty went barging over to the friend's table.

"Look here, is it *really* Norma's birthday?"

"Sure! You don't mean you didn't know?"

"She didn't even mention it," Tyrone admitted. "Why, I'd have made this a really big party!"

Which, perhaps, is why the unpredictable first lady of Hollywood didn't tell him.

Temple's Got Trade Secrets

IF you need any final indication that Wonder Child Shirley has really grown up at last, you should sit next to her some evening at one of her previews. Time was when she viewed her shadow on the screen detachedly, chortling with glee over the funny scenes and looking very sad when her film image displayed grief.

Now, like any one of the other Hollywood veterans, she shifts nervously about in her seat, watching critically.

"I shouldn't have done that," she whispers to her mother. "I could have read those lines faster. It drags." A moment later: "That routine needs one more break before George (Murphy) gets on the table."

Don't be sad, though. The evolution was necessary. With or without obvious technique, Shirley's still a trouper.

Unholy Wedlock

WE caught up with Mickey Rooney on the set of "Boys Town" and cornered him in his dressing room. He'd just finished a crying scene and was wiping his red eyes and blowing his nose.

He was in a complaining mood, too. "You know what?" he said indignantly. "My own publicity office just called over and wanted to know the truth about all this stuff that I'm—" he choked with emotion—"that I'm *married*. Secretly! ME! Did you ever hear anything so Mickey Mouse?"

"Well, you're old enough," we pointed out.

"It'd have to be in the Hall of Records, wouldn't it?"

"Not in Mexico."

Mickey snorted in exaggerated disgust. "So I get married. So can I ever see her? So do I ever have any *time* for a secret wife? Don't be Junior High School."

The door opened and his mother poked a smartly coifed head in. "Listen to me," she commanded. "You're not going to get married until you're at least twenty-five!"

He threw his arms up in the air in typical Rooney fashion and slumped dramatically into a chair.

The director and one of his co-starring team of "Sweethearts," dine with their off-screen sweethearts. Left to right, Mrs. Van Dyke, Woody, Nelson Eddy and Ann Franklin

It's comeback year for two lovely stars of the not-too-distant past. Pert, redheaded Nancy Carroll, above with Van Smith, is appearing in "There Goes My Heart" and Helen Twelvetrees, right, with Publisher Herbert Krancer, is turning her blonde curls movie-wise after too long an absence

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

It's the Gypsy in You, Ameche

"I SHOULD have listened to that fortune teller," Don Ameche says. "She warned me not to make that European trip this summer because of sudden illness, and now, look, I had to lose my appendix right in the midst of the fun.

"Say, if that fortune teller ever tells me to look out for a blonde, I'll run like a turkey every time I see one.

"I'm beginning to believe all this."

Will Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson split up? When Bette left for Nevada some weeks ago, that became a much discussed question in Hollywood. It is too early for announcement as we go to press, but Cal York's giving odds that the answer is "yes".

Reflections on Hollywood's Troubled Waters

NEVER-SAY-DIE Darryl Zanuck is going to make overnight stars out of newcomers or crack trying. Remembering his success with Ty Power, Don Ameche and Sonja Henie, he introduced Simone Simon and that wasn't so good; then came Arleen Whelan.

She was all set for the femme lead in "Jesse James"—a terrific break—when "Gateway" was previewed. Then she was removed and another brand-new gal, Nancy Kelly, was set in the spot. Twentieth-Century Fox employees, properly primed, announce Nancy's the greatest find since Crawford. Maybe Darryl has struck it rich again. . . .

The "Dead End" kids entered a competition in which the director of their latest pictured offered fifty dollars to the quietest boy. No one was quiet, so the prize was split. Bobby Jordan and Billy Halop, two of the bonnie bratties, are doing nip-ups over Judy Garland, by the way, but she's highly unresponsive.

The reason: a boy who isn't in the motion-picture business. . . .

Way back in Lunnon Town, during the years when Richard Greene knew to a ha'penny the sum jingling in his jeans, he shared an apartment with a fellow named Dennis Green. They were good pals. Now Richard has arranged to get Dennis over here, screen-tested and signed to a contract.

The point is, Dennis is too good—and a menace to any Hollywood leading man. Ah, Damon, ah, Pythias. . . .

Add successful culminations to romance: Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde (he rescued her after an auto accident months ago); Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler (news of marriage came from London); Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot (they say she's a sensitive soul and that he loves it). . . .

Franchot Tone in every Glamour-Saloon in town, always stag, never smiling.

Ginger and Bitters

THEY call her the out-of-step, instep girl and they mean Ginger Rogers who can trip the light fantastic like no one's business but just can't seem to catch the rhythmic beat of Hollywood.

A group of people were discussing Ginger one day, trying to discover why she played the Hollywood game so poorly. "And she's so good at tennis," as one lady added, apropos of nothing.

A writer told of having an appointment with Ginger in the RKO dining room. Presently, in came Ginger with a group of studio friends and proceeded to have lunch. An hour later, she nonchalantly walked over to the writer's table and said, "I have only about five minutes. What was it you wanted to know?"

And with a jolly, friendly mother like Lela, Hollywood can't get it all straightened out in its mind. And wishes it could.

Pretty Marjorie Medford greets Photoplay's publisher, Bernarr Macfadden, at a California air terminal after his cross-country flight

Martha Raye, Paramount's new glamour girl—and doesn't she look it with her new "up" hair-do?—gives her 17-year-old sister, Melodye, her first glimpse of Hollywood night life which includes, among other things, an introduction to Mexican firecracker Lupe

Night life—'teen version! Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper celebrate the completion of "That Certain Age" with a dinner party, given by Director Ludwig, and a movie afterwards

Betty Bryant, popular singer, chats with two infrequent night-club visitors—Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson (Frances Farmer to you)

Re-House with the Powells

THE Dick Powells just can't seem to make up their minds about a place to live. The last time we talked with Dick he had just moved out of his swank bachelor's paradise on Toluca Lake and had bought a house for Joan and himself in Beverly Hills.

"This," he said proudly, "is it."

Then the couple saw "Bringing Up Baby" and fell in love with the house featured in that picture. Coincidentally, they had a baby themselves.

So now they have captured the plans of the house RKO built for the Hepburn picture and are going to build it for themselves as soon as they can sell the Beverly Hills place. If someone gives them a canary they'll probably move to the Catalina aviary.

Flynn Fun Comes High

THEY call him the irrepressible Irishman in Hollywood, but to others Errol Flynn is the one remaining link between the glorious carefree days of the old devil-may-care Hollywood and the big business town of today.

With the agility of a mountain goat Errol leaps into one escapade after another, but his latest has the entire town in stitches.

It seems Errol and Patric Knowles had gone to pick up Lili Damita (Mrs. Flynn) who was visiting in a local apartment building. After the boys had waited what seemed to them too long a time, they decided to bring Lili out in a hurry, so, seizing a street hose, they located the right window, turned on the water and the flood was on. Needless to say, wandering Lili came a-running—fast. *(Continued on page 74)*

WALT DISNEY'S GREAT NEW PLANS

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Disney sketches the living models for what is now nearest his heart—"Bambi"

Illustrations from C. Collodi's "Pinocchio," courtesy of Ginn and Company.

Illustrations from Felix Salten's "Bambi," courtesy of publishers Grosset & Dunlap (by arrangement with Simon and Schuster).

"Pinocchio," the delightful children's classic of the poor puppet whose nose grew longer with each lie, will be released next fall. The voice of Jiminy, the Talking-cricket (below), has been cast and it's a "name" you know well

Who'll take the place of Snow White and her dwarfs? A deer—a puppet—a cricket? Here's the lowdown!

A FEW months ago a slim young fellow with a jaunty mustache rimming his boyish grin stood before the president of Yale University and received the degree of Master of Arts. The next day he repeated the process at Harvard University.

Newspapers, commenting on the extraordinary and significant occurrence, remarked that Walt Disney needed a haircut. His suit, they further stated, was the only one at the ceremonies that was out of press.

To these calumnies the creator of Snow White, Dopey and the immortal Dwarfs, Mickey Mouse, Minnie, Donald Duck, Pluto, Clarabelle Cow and hordes of international screen idols amiably replied that he was sorry about the haircut. He hadn't had time to get one. He said his suit had been pressed before the ceremony but he guessed it just must have wilted in the heat. He said he deeply appreciated the honors, though, and he'd try to live up to them.

Then he got on a train and went home to Hollywood because he had a lot of work to do.

At practically the same time, two dappled fawns, rescued by a Maine ranger after a forest fire, were speeding on another train to the same destination. They arrived at the Disney Studios almost the same day as Walt did.

Most of us, with such brand-new high degrees from such old and respected seats of learning, might have had small room left in our giddy brains for anything else. But Walt Disney promptly forgot all about the academic laurels still pressing his brow when he heard the two fawns had arrived.

He left the new honors, literally, at home in the closet. He rushed over to stand all day watching the new deer frisk and bound in the runway his studio had built.

The degrees, after all, belong to yesterday. But the two baby deer were living models for what was now nearest to the Disney heart—a new feature he is producing.

WALT DISNEY does not live in the past, but in the future. He does not rest on his laurels because he cannot rest. That "Snow White" has broken all existing records, box-office and audience, that it has become the wonder picture of the world, that a London theater offered to book

(Continued on page 70)

The Shadow Stage

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

THAT team is back again, as light on their talented feet as ever. This time, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire don't have quite the material to work with, but they do their best. And it is good. Fred is a psychoanalyst who tries to use psychology on Ginger to induce her to marry his pal, Ralph Bellamy. Instead, she falls in love with her doctor. When, by hypnosis, Fred sets her free of all inhibitions, the riot begins. Through it all soar the lovely melodies of Irving Berlin's latest score and to this delightful music the Astaire-Rogers feet twinkle in the best dance numbers they have ever created.

Bellamy does his usual good work as the frustrated lover, and Luella Gear is effective, too.

BUTTRESSED with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, this is an example of how the simplest plot can carry all the elements of suspense and satisfying romance. Peter B. Kyne's sturdy story of the California redwoods adds up so—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl.

Wayne Morris is the high-minded youth determined to keep his forests intact for future generations to love; Claire Trevor (lovely) is the girl with a past whom he reforms; Charles Bickford is the millionaire lumberman who thinks dead men are breakfast food until he comes in contact with Wayne's furious flying fists. Old-fashioned but good.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

You Can't Take It with You	Carefree
Three Loves Has Nancy	I Am the Law
Boys Town	Valley of the Giants

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

IT'S just an ordinary college picture—until the plump little Sonja Henie gets on the ice. Then the screen becomes magic. For her ballets, for her exhibition skating, and for these things alone, "My Lucky Star" rates as acceptable cinema. Once more Cesar Romero is a playboy caught by a gold-digger, Louise Hovick. To get money from his father to pay off, he sends shop-girl Sonja to college, where she is to exploit clothes from Papa's store and thus increase Papa's business. She meets Richard Greene there. It's winter. She skates. There are complications when Hovick reappears. See it for Sonja.

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Edward Arnold in "You Can't Take It with You"
Lionel Barrymore in "You Can't Take It with You"
James Stewart in "You Can't Take It with You"
Ginger Rogers in "Carefree"
Fred Astaire in "Carefree"
Franchot Tone in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
Janet Gaynor in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
Robert Montgomery in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
Edward G. Robinson in "I Am the Law"
Laurel and Hardy in "Block-Heads"
Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star"
Joe E. Brown in "The Gladiator"
Lew Ayres in "Rich Man, Poor Girl"
Mickey Rooney in "Boys Town"
Spencer Tracy in "Boys Town"

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

AT least the best thing Frank Capra has ever done, this is everything you could want from a motion picture. The adaptation from the great stage play is an improvement; the show is magnificently cast; production, direction, and every other phase of cinema creation is excellent.

Here is the story of a family who, in the midst of this mad world, do as they like and live happily. *Grandpa Vanderhof,* sympathetically played by Lionel Barrymore, just decided one day not to work any longer and retired to lead a family consisting of Spring Byington, who writes plays; an iceman who delivered ice one morning and stayed nine years; a ballet-dancing daughter; her husband who makes fireworks in the cellar; and any number of other wacky people. Jean Arthur is the only slightly conventional member of the family; she's in love with James Stewart, son of a munitions tycoon, Edward Arnold. Arnold, in completing a deal, wants *Grandpa's* house; and thereon hangs the tale. In the ensuing mess (because *Grandpa* won't sell), everyone ends up in jail, and Barrymore convinces Arnold that "you can't take it with you when you go."

Stewart and Miss Arthur make a romantic pair and Barrymore is up to his high standard, but the finest portrayal is Arnold's. Mischa Auer gets laughs, Donald Meek is amusing, Spring Byington, Ann Miller, Harry Davenport and all the others are excellent. It is a field day for the character actors. There is something gentle in the philosophy expressed which will send you forth loving your fellow man—but you will be weak from laughter. You must not miss this.

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

A POWERFUL tribute to one man's ideals and the heartbreaking obstacles that stood in the pathway of those ideals is brilliantly pictured on the screen in "Boys Town," one of the finest pictures to come from Hollywood.

The story, simple and touching, tells of one man's faith in boyhood and the amazing institution that grew out of that faith, with no effort toward preaching or moralizing. Father Flanagan, a courageous priest of Omaha, Nebraska, is the man. The self-supporting institution known as Boys Town, a community inhabited and governed solely by unwanted or homeless boys who worship as they please, is the direct result of his belief that "there is no such a thing as a bad boy." Beginning with a handful of street waifs, Father Flanagan started his home. On almost every side he met discouragement but, his faith still undiminished, he carried on and today, twenty-one years later, his institution remains a monument to that faith.

Spencer Tracy, playing the rôle of Father Flanagan, gives a restrained and brilliant performance. He is the only actor the real Father Flanagan would permit to portray him on the screen. Tracy puts forth all the spiritual conviction and dramatic feeling that the rôle calls for. Second honors go to Mickey Rooney as the incorrigible Whitey, who bitterly holds out against the kindly father until finally faith and trust win him over. The clash between the two is an emotional experience that won't soon be forgotten. Praise goes to Director Norman Taurog and the splendid supporting cast, which includes Henry Hull, Bobs Watson, Gene Reynolds and many others. *(Continued on page 88)*

WE COVER THE

Flash! Love and ladies take a back seat on the sets this month in favor of virile action and the kiddie motif

BY JACK WADE

"GENTLEMEN and Children First" is our own private slogan for Hollywood this month.

What with "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" and all the rest of the Hollywood super-sales phrases currently lodging in your hair via press, radio, screen and billboard, we thought we ought to toss one at you just to keep up with the times. Besides "Gentlemen and Children First," even if it is in reverse English, neatly sums up the new picture situation we discover en tour of the Hollywood sets.

For instance, out at Warner Brothers, where we start ferreting out studio fact and fancy, the first stage we invade is "Dawn Patrol." Not a femme in a fuselage. War, death, heroism, glory. But no gals!

Errol Flynn, very unglamourboyish with his hair mussed up and grease smeared on his handsome cheek, is leaning on a desk working up a "mad-on" when we

We uncover an interesting fact behind the joint appearance of Frances Farmer and husband Leif Erikson in the film, "Escape from Yesterday"

Barbara Stanwyck takes another crack at comedy in "The Mad Miss Manton" and it's the gals who hold the center of the stage in the scene on the opposite page. But in "Dawn Patrol" (above), that tense World War drama, there's nary a woman (except a lovely visitor) to distract Messrs. Crisp, Rathbone, Flynn and Niven

Mickey Rooney, teamed with Wally Beery in "Stablemates," recalls another famous side-kick of Wally's

STUDIOS

arrive. Opposite him, Basil Rathbone stands like a tall, dark icicle. They're both in officers' uniforms. It's inside the flyers' barracks and what we witness is a battle of masculine wills.

When Errol starts to wiggle his jaw muscles fast enough, Director Edmund Goulding yells "Action!"

"Dawn Patrol" is tense, terrific drama about a squadron of flyers in the World War. One by one they wing away, clear-eyed, joking, to their deaths in the dawn. The one who suffers most is sensitive flight-leader Flynn. It's a rendezvous-with-death thing, and powerful. But no love.

David Niven, Barry Fitzgerald and Donald Crisp are sitting around waiting their turn at the lens. A tall, handsome kid stands near by. He's Rodion Rathbone, Basil's son, in his first part, his first picture with his dad. He'll call himself John Rodion on the screen, he tells us.

We're about to leave when somebody behind us says hello—and in a *feminine* voice! It's not right! We whirl around and see Olivia de Havilland, with one of those awful peasant-washer-woman scarfs around her pretty head.

"You're out of bounds," we tell her. "No women allowed."

"I know," she smiles, "but I'm not working today and I just had to come see Basil. We haven't had a good visit since 'Robin Hood'." In less time than you can say "Robin Hood," Basil, Errol, Barry, Donald, Edmund Goulding and all the booted and khakied males are flocking around her like bees around a blossom. Men without women—yeah! Just wait till one shows up! We find ourself shoved over into an arc light. "Why don't you go see my picture?" smiles Livy sweetly. "It's on Stage Nine."

"Might just as well," we growl. So we do.

It's "Wings of the Navy" and again we see it's tailored for males. Olivia, it's true, is in the picture, but she just trips through looking sweet and pretty and worried about the whole thing, while George Brent, John Payne and the U. S. Navy work out the drama.

COLUMBIA always has one big picture on the fire. This month it's "Girls' School" with Anne Shirley, Nan Grey, Margaret Tallichet, Kenny Howell (the "Jones Family" boy), Noah Beery, Jr. and such a roundup of young Hollywood hopefuls as you've never seen. Ralph Bellamy and Gloria Holden are the main grownups.

Ralph tells us about the picture and from what we gather it's another one of those repeater plots. "Girls' School" isn't too far away from "Girls' Dormitory" — except that it's laid in America and it hasn't Simone Simon.

The whole story of "Girls' School" takes place in one day. Nan Grey, a wealthy little sophisticated snob, gets herself in a jam with her beau. Anne Shirley, a poorish, scholarly monitor tells on her. Nan's anger, Anne's remorse and involved consequences of this simple situation affect the whole school, parents and faculty.

Columbia raked Hollywood to cast "Girls' School." Hundreds of young girls were tested for coveted parts. One, Jean Lucius, was yanked right off a stool at the drugstore on Columbia's Gower and Sunset corner and given a job, to become the latest Cinderella girl in town.

"Stablemates" is the first M-G-M set we head for, because we want to see that lovable elephant, Wally Beery, back again after too long a time traveling over the world with daughter Carol Ann. Wally is teaming for the first time with Mickey Rooney, a little pal who's just as mighty an acting atom as Wally's old side-kick, Jackie Cooper, if you ask us. "Stablemates," in fact, recalls that unforgettable pair at once, because if they needed another title they could just call it " 'The Champ' at the Racetrack," and they wouldn't be far off.

It has the same heavy tug at the tear ducts. The same big erring-boob-little-worshipping-guy partnership. Wally's a discredited horse doctor and race-track stumblebum. The law's after him for performing an illegal operation. Mickey's a stableboy. Adversity brings the two together; luck gives them a sick horse. Wally makes the horse well. The horse wins the big race; Wally, discovered, goes to jail; Mickey goes on to school and the finer things. Get it?

The scene we watch calls for Wally and Mickey to hop in an old Model-T Ford and chug off the stage. Wally takes off his specs. They crank the thing, quivering like a plate of jello, and Mickey and Beery hop in. "Okay," yells Sam Wood, "let 'er go!" Cameras roll and Wally pushes in the pedal. But instead of going forward, the jaloppi roars back past us, scattering grips and props and extras and ripping the pins out from under a backdrop which crashes down on the bucking lizzie and its startled crew.

Nobody's seriously hurt. Only Wally, looking like a naughty schoolboy, stands scratching his head. "Gosh!" he murmurs, "I guess I forgot which one to push—those darn things always did fool me."

Mickey looks supremely disgusted. And we look for the door.

"LISTEN, Darling," is our next stop. Again the kiddies run the show. Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland and little Scotty Beckett plan their widowed mother's romance in this one, à la the "Three Smart Girls" idea. Mary Astor's the mother, about to marry miserly Gene Lockhart. The kids no like Gene. So they kidnap Mary in a trailer and set about finding a more ideal foster pop, who turns out to be Walter Pidgeon. It's mostly comedy but with a sprinkling of tears, and, of course, some songs for Judy.

We break in on one of the songs, "Ten Pins in the Sky," as Judy does it with Scotty Beckett in her arms. She's already recorded the melody, but now she sings it again with a silent camera and unless you listen pretty close you can't tell which is Judy and which is the record.

Throughout the number rain patters on the trailer window and dazzling flashes of man-made lightning blind the whole set.

While the rain pours and the lightning flashes, Judy warbles. The take is perfect. And then, out of the shadows, a big black dog who looks like a Shetland pony bounds up on the set with a happy "woof!" and starts to lick Judy's face.

"Cut!" cries the director. "Now what the—?"

"It's my St. Bernard puppy," explains Judy sheepishly. "He's—he's a little big for his age, but he's just a baby and likes to be loved. I had him tied up in my dressing room, but I guess he got loose!"

But that's one puppy who's very much in the doghouse—along with Judy Garland. The unforgivable set sin is to spoil a good take.

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, usually just bubbling with brand-new movie making, we run across the lowest production ebb in the history of the studio. Two pictures shooting. For the first time in our experience there's nothing new for us to see at TC-F. Darryl Zanuck, it seems, came back from his European vacation and set all shooting schedules back a week or two so he could personally check up on every picture about to roll.

So, on to Hal Roach's to catch Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Patsy Kelly and Company in "There Goes My Heart."

So you thought Hal Roach made just Our Gang kiddie-comedies and Laurel-and-Hardy feature insanities, did you? Don't forget, Roach made "Topper." What's more, he'll make eight big pictures this year, including a sequel, "Topper Takes A Trip."

"There Goes My Heart" sticks to the Roach tradition of fun, though. Hal isn't going to stick his neck in the rare air of the heavy "drayma" and get it cracked lustily by the critics. He knows his limitations.

WE thought we'd run into the picture, "St. Louis Blues," at Paramount, but they switched leads at the last moment and are holding up production past our bedtime. Shirley Ross was booked for the lead, but Dorothy Lamour was hanging around without anything to do so they slipped her into that spot. We find Shirley on the set of "Thanks For The Memory" with Bob Hope, which makes sense to us. Nobody but Shirley and Bob plugged that song to the top spot in the nation's fancy.

The picture's very title suggests a musical, but, when we find Shirley stretched out on a couch reading a book, she assures us with mock hauteur that she's a dramatic actress now. Just one brief chorus of the song, "Thanks For The Memory," worms its way into the final reels of the picture.

We finally tear ourselves away for a look at Frances Farmer in her first picture since she shook the dust of Hollywood from her determined tootsies months ago.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Edith Head designed this bottle-green and beige herringbone tweed suit for Joan Bennett to wear in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad." The green note of the tweed is repeated in the Lyons velvet trim of the long topcoat, the cashmere sweater and suède accessories. The stitched velvet acorn cap is also of green. Too bad you can't see the heavy, long silk-fringed tassel that falls to the shoulder. Joan is now filming "Trade Winds" for her home studio, Walter Wanger

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

"Escape From Yesterday," we decide, deserves our more serious attention. The first thing Frances tells us, seated calmly on a wooden toolbox and done up in a classic white gown with her hair in golden braids, is that the newspapers have done her wrong.

All those things she is supposed to have said in New York about hating Hollywood and never going back to vulgar Hollywood, screen and stuff, are, Frances swears, a lot of salami. All she said is that New York and the stage were nice places and she likes them. The press drew their own conclusions—that anyone who cared for New York must hate Hollywood!

What Frances doesn't tell us about "Escape From Yesterday" is this: it's a rather small, unimportant part for her. But she wanted to do it because the picture's an important break for her husband, Leif Erikson. Yes, they're together in this and Leif has the biggest part.

He's the son of Akim Tamiroff, a Russian cossack cattle rustler in Kansas, if you can picture that. Frances is a Russian refugee night-club singer.

While Frances and Leif sit on the toolbox and hold hands (they're still cooing), we watch Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman (two mighty fine acting gentlemen) run through a tense prison scene. They say about two quiet, sullen lines apiece, then they go at each other like tigers in the narrow bunk cell. Lynne is killed. It's so realistic it makes everybody shudder. But at the "Cut!" Lynne gets up off the floor, winks and inquires calmly, "Is there an undertaker in the house?"

Bob Burns and his "Arkansas Traveler" company elude us on location. So we step around the corner to RKO, "The Mad Miss Manton" and Barbara Stanwyck.

It's worth all Photoplay's prestige to get on this set. The reason: Barbara is working with her doctor and nurse standing by. A severe attack of laryngitis laid her low and after a week at home in bed the medico said she might make pictures if they'd treat her like a delicate child.

The only time Barbara ever tried comedy before, the picture expired like an infirm turkey.

But Barbara made up her Irish mind that after "Stella Dallas" and "Always Goodbye" she had had her quota of tears, so she asked for another crack at comedy. "The Mad Miss Manton" is it.

No picture could give her more of an about-face. "The Mad Miss Manton" will be broad, sometimes slapstick. Barbara, instead of bidding for her usual sympathy, will appear as a glamour girl, loaded with a flock of Parisian gowns, $50,000 worth of furs and jewels enough to dress Cartier's window. Instead of from across the tracks, she's a giddy member of the upper crust, a Junior Leaguer and a playgirl!

The story makes Henry Fonda a serious-minded newspaper reporter quite disgusted with the frivolities and exhibitionism of too-rich society girls. He sets out on a one-man crusade to rip them to pieces in print. But he really doesn't know what he's after, because he's never met a real playgirl—until he runs into Barbara.

They meet in the same room with a murdered man—and from then on it's a rollicking murder mystery with cops, killers and mystery men—and love burgeoning through it all.

Right now, you'd never know anything ever ailed Barbara. She's whirling around with Hank Fonda on the dance floor of a movie night club, dressed in a shining, black-beaded dress. The orchestra plays gaily. Vicki Lester, Whitney Bourne and Frances Mercer trip beside her with their escorts. One of the escorts, a tall, fine-looking chap in white tie and tails, catches our eye. His features seem faintly familiar. We're interested and ask several extras who he is. No one knows.

Finally one of them says, "Him? Oh, that's Byron Stevens. He's Barbara's brother."

Ruby and Byron Stevens. Brother and sister. In the same family. In the same town. In the same business. On the same set.

One a great star. The other—"another dress extra." Funny place, Hollywood, isn't it?

Hundreds of girls were tested for Columbia's "Girls' School." A few lucky ones (left to right): Martha O'Driscoll, Peggy Moran, Marjorie Deane, Marjorie Lord, Jean Lucius

ON THE AVENUE

Loretta Young, attending one of Hollywood's swankiest midseason fashion showings, was snapped by Photoplay's Hymie Fink. Her beige tweed cape ensemble is trimmed with nutria, the fur which also styles her chic chapeau. The belt, shoes and bag (tucked beneath Loretta's arm under her cape) are of brown alligator — that so important accessory leather. Loretta will soon appear with Tyrone Power in "Suez," a 20th Century-Fox production

Andrea Leeds, photographed en route to luncheon at Hollywood's famous Brown Derby. Her modish costume, created by Vera West, is of black woolen with luxurious trim of silver fox. The dress, pencil-slim, features classic neck and sleeve draping (see sketch above). A perky bow gives the felt hat a piquant air. Andrea, who has just completed "Letter of Introduction" for Universal, is currently filming "The Last Frontier" for Goldwyn, her home studio

Jones

Winter sports at Sun Valley, Idaho, claim the ardent enthusiasm of many Hollywood stars. Jean Parker anticipates thrilling ski rides in this picturesque costume of heavy navy woolen, gayly embroidered in red, green, yellow and blue — the colors featured in her mittens and socks. At B. Altman & Co., N. Y. and W. M. Hoegee Co., Los Angeles. Jean is now appearing in Paramount's "The Arkansas Traveler"

Walling

Virginia Bruce's uniquely designed woolen skating costume (right), selected from her wardrobe for the Hal Roach production, "There Goes My Heart," masquerades as an ultra-smart traveling suit. The Puritan yoke, collar and hemline band of mustard strikingly contrast its rich brown coloring—the quilled antelope hat is of the same golden hue. Note the smart crocheted yarn gloves styled with chamois palms and the capacious knapsack bag over her shoulder

Evans

PASSEZ VOS VACANCES EN
St MALO

Vital shades of mulberry, green and coral dramatize this chic brown sport suit worn by Phyllis Brooks, currently appearing in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Straight, Place and Show." Mulberry and green alternately stripe the jacket—coral colors the suède band on the brown felt hat and the cashmere sweater. This costume was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Phyllis carries her topcoat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin

Woods

Ann Sheridan (right) also wears a costume that is a smart example of the vogue for high-lighting dark colors with vital shades. Her trimly tailored black wool frock (note the all around pleated skirt) has a hip-length jacket of claret red trimmed with Persian lamb. Ann's cuff-brimmed turban is of black felt. Warners' "Angels with Dirty Faces" is this attractive player's newest film

Welbourne

PHOTOPLAY'S *Fashion*

The vogue for gayety in coat colorings is recorded in the fitted, double-breasted model of Teal Blue Keniston Tweed, a luxurious, durable casual fabric (upper left), modeled by Shirley Ross of Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory." The beaver collar may be worn up or down. An open vent gives nice tailor detail to the back. The striking single-breasted reefer (center) of Norse Blue Keniston Tweed has lapels faced with matching velvet, which also fashions the ascot and edges the novelty pockets. Brown velvet trim lends striking contrast to this autumn beige wrap-around town or sports coat in Keniston, upper right. The narrow belt is of brown leather. A Tuxedo collar of skunk trims the coat of this three-piece suit of Wineberry (an unusual wine shade) Keniston Tweed (right). The collarless cardigan features novelty pockets, narrow leather belt and metal button closing—the skirt, a center front unpressed kick pleat. This suit and the coats on this page are available in sizes 12 to 20 in a wide variety of colors

WHERE TO BUY THEM

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

Club STYLES

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION Copyrighted Design

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

Mary Carlisle, playing in Paramount's "Touchdown, Army!" models "Skylark" (above), that classic indispensable well-dressed women swear by and Roxford does so well. Note the new look of the brim, sharply turned up in back to outline your head, and the universally becoming plateau crown. In navy with grosgrain brightened by a row of gay scarlet stitching "Skyscraper" (upper right), a dashing new high-riding Byron with a silhouette brim, sharply turned up on one side to show the hair, is the name of this hat Miss Carlisle wears. Topped off with a pheasant quill long enough to tickle the sky, the hat comes in mink beige, newest of the beige family, modeled in the soft fine felt for which Byron is famous

Even the classics are going up. "Swing-Hi" (center right), a stimulating new one from Byron worn by Judith Barrett, is coffee-brown, a new brown with a lot of brightness. New, too, is the bonnet crown. The brim is a downright beau-catcher — just pull it down over your eyes and go to town. Miss Barrett's next picture is Paramount's "Illegal Traffic" Another honey of a tailored skyscraper is "Tall Story" (lower right), worn by Miss Barrett. Roxford's roll brim hat is a delightfully feminized version of the heretofore exclusively masculine fedora crown. Perched well forward over one eye with your locks piled high, it's a perfect complement to the tailored suit you'll be wearing all winter under your fur coat

Joan Bennett, appearing with Jack Benny in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad," chooses this coat of Laskin Mouton (a processed lambskin) for spectator sports and general utility wear. Edith Head designed the natural Kasha frock that she wears beneath this coat. Miss Head's sketch (above) reveals its clever jacket detail of self-fabric cord binding and frog closing. Joan's casual beret, pouch bag and gloves are of rust suède

Walling

TAKE YOUR OWN!

HOLLYWOOD—While the postman goes for a pleasure stroll and the chauffeur takes a spin on his day off, what do you suppose the movie players are doing in their spare time?

Right! They're making movies.

At their pools and parties, in their nurseries and rumpus rooms, at mountain hideaways, valley ranches and on studio sound stages, 16-millimeter cameras are recording the real story of Hollywood life. The productions are scarcely what you would call "stupendous" or "colossal," even if they do have million-dollar casts. For the most part they're definitely—even conspicuously—amateur.

It's an amusing fact, and one that has been the subject of many a ribbing reel, that veteran screen actors are likely to be as self-conscious as anybody when they face a small camera informally. Generally they smirk or wave. Caught in action—playing a game, picking flowers or doing anything—they'll mug and overact with the zest of an ordinary ham.

Also they'll burlesque, in pantomime, their professional trademarks. Harpo Marx may sink to the ground and twang the spokes of a bicycle wheel. Eddie Cantor rolls those eyes. Hugh Herbert mouths a silent "woo-woo." Martha Raye makes a face or two, then hoofs a measure for a close-up of those newly publicized legs. Bing Crosby does an imitation of Bing Crosby. Jack, the Sturdy Oakie, beats his chest—and coughs. Clark Gable waggles his ears and Carole Lombard visibly enunciates a wisecrack, generally preceded by the subtitle, "Is there a lip reader in the house?"

This is amateurism and they make the most of it. Only rarely will anyone work out a scenario, coax a group of friends together and shoot a connected picture. Hollywood celebrities usually make miniature movies for precisely the same reasons that millions of other people do—to record the development of their children, to make animate albums of their trips and parties and friends and just to have fun.

THE stars have one exceptional opportunity—to shoot on the sound stages and outdoor location sets. Many of them, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Basil Rathbone and Gary Cooper, to name a few, have partial duplicates of the more spectacular pictures in which they have played. And all in color.

Nearly all studios have rules forbidding amateur cameras on the sets, but stars and directors alike continue to use them. "Sometimes," Rathbone confessed, "I've even persuaded 'juicers' to put a little more light on some scene I wanted to catch with my camera. I hide under tables and climb up on the catwalks and probably am a great nuisance, really.

"I'll never forget 'Romeo and Juliet,' which had such marvelously rich sets and costumes and yet wasn't filmed in color for the screen. Metro tried to enforce its no-camera rule on that one, but at least a dozen were used. There was one embarrassed studio policeman whose job it was to confiscate the movie cameras. He galloped after Leslie Howard one day and it was better than a Keystone chase to see *Romeo* dodging all over the ballroom and finally hiding his camera where the cop couldn't find it."

Miss Hepburn's secretary or stand-in operates her camera while she's actually in a scene. Tyrone Power and David Niven get in everybody's hair when they bring their amateur movie machines to the sets. Virginia Bruce, Margaret Lindsay, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Stewart, George Raft, Louise Hovick, Errol Flynn and Jack Benny are other on-the-set color-movie enthusiasts.

Read about Henry Fonda's unreleased masterpiece—"The Siren of Skull Gulch"

You'd think it the last hobby a movie star would pick, this business of emoting for an amateur camera. It's time you got in on the fun

Jean Hersholt took eighteen magazines of film when he went to Callander, Ont., with the Twentieth Century-Fox crew producing the current Dionne quintuplet feature, "Five of a Kind." Incidentally, he also has collected clippings of films in which he has appeared during his twenty-five-year career. These have been reduced to 16-millimeter size. Included is his first screen test—which happened to be the first test ever made.

Jon Hall photographed almost the whole of "The Hurricane" on half-size film. Also, being a star-gazer himself when he became the hero of that picture, he photographed all visiting celebrities. Some of the latter got quite a start when they saw a stalwart young man, encumbered only by a sarong and a movie camera, loping toward them.

Neither Clark Gable nor Robert Taylor makes movies at the studio, but the former takes full records of his hunting trips and a good many shots of Miss Lombard.

Taylor mostly photographs outdoor action of his and Barbara Stanwyck's horses and the cattle work on the Porter Ranch in the foothills near his home.

Whether wandering or working, the itinerant Errol Flynn usually is sniping away at something with his movie apparatus. A few months ago, when Flynn and Lili Damita were guests of John Vietor, Jr. at Palm Beach, a 16-millimeter impromptu featurette was made with a cast that couldn't be reassembled by the richest Hollywood studio. Howard Hughes produced and directed. Flynn was an American Indian who, with bow and arrow, stalked Atwater Kent, Jr. through the luxurious Vietor estate. Kent was a villainous white man who had stolen the redskin's sweetheart, Lili Damita. Other players were Paulette Goddard, Woolworth Donohue, Prince George of Russia, the Edward F. Huttons and Mrs. Marshall Dodge.

Flynn's pursuit of Kent was frustrated when he was ambushed by a stout Tom Collins which had been hiding behind a tree. Miss Damita saved herself, though, by galloping away on Donohue and obtaining diplomatic immunity from Prince George. Somehow the whole thing ended, but happily, in the swimming pool.

APPARENTLY everybody in Hollywood who has a child is making a sentimental film record of its growth and development. Pat O'Brien, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Harold Lloyd, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Richard Dix, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are some of the busiest photographers. Their films, invariably in color, are carefully edited and titled. A popular stunt is the photographing of a child in an almost identical pose at regular intervals over a period of years. Short clips of these shots, spliced chronologically, show a youngster actually growing up in a few minutes' time.

Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart are 16-millimeter fans, but their supreme effort in comedy production was made while they were living together. That picture, tentatively titled "The Siren of Skull Gulch," introduced a tremendous cast with faces of the characters shown on a divided screen along with their names and rôles. But these people—Hollywood stars, tramps, cooks, milkmen and street cleaners—never were seen again. Fonda was the photographer and Stewart played all the parts. As the cowboy hero, he'd shoot the villain; then, in villain's costume and make-up, he'd tumble off a roof. Again, by artful cutting, he might be shown as a salesman, ringing a doorbell, being admitted by a colored maid (himself), greeted by the lady-of-the-house (himself) and being chased out by a returning husband (still Mr. Stewart).

LOUISE HOVICK, who is Mrs. Robert Mizzy, who was Gypsy Rose Lee, queen of burlesque and zipper-stripper of the Ziegfeld Follies, probably shoots more 16-millimeter film than anybody else in or out of Hollywood. It has been estimated that Twentieth Century-Fox could suspend production for a month if it might release the actress' own movies. And these would be pretty good entertainment, too.

The Mizzys have a knack for finding amusing adventures, such as their transcontinental motor trip of a few months ago, with Louise's studio dressing room as a trailer. It was hot in the desert, and Miss Hovick had to dunk her eight dachshunds in assorted flavors of cold soda pop to keep them alive. In Dallas, Texas, they stayed for a few days in the main city park where, guarded by policemen and roped off from the amused citizenry, Mrs. Mizzy cooked meals and hung out her washing. All such incidents are recorded in deathless celluloid.

She has a film record of the Follies, color-photographed by her husband and with all the best jokes told in sub-titles. Her best, though, is a trailer to end all trailers. Staggeringly elaborate, it originally was supposed to advertise something, but she gave up that idea and offers it on its own merits as an epic. It's packed, as the titles admit, with Gals, GALS, *GALS!* It's also packed with Bobby Clark, Fanny Brice and—Gypsy Rose Lee.

SCREEN tests offer another practical field for miniature movies. All of the studios are receiving reels from ambitious actors and talent supervisors are surprised that they haven't yet found any promising material through this medium.

For the guidance of animators at the Disney Studio, 16-millimeter pictures in slow motion are taken of people and animals in action. Adrian, of Metro, takes his own color movies of costumes he has designed for stars. At least two Hollywood technicians have established prosperous businesses as minnie-movie photographers of weddings and civic and commercial events. For that matter, Mary Astor used to photograph some of the surgical operations performed by her former husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe.

Lew Ayres, still one of the busiest amateurs, began his comeback a couple of years ago by collecting a group of earnest but obscure players and filming a gloomy but technically remarkable 16-millimeter silent feature called "The Disinherited." It won paying jobs for almost every member of the cast and for Ayres a chance to direct "Hearts in Bondage." Since then he has been busy as an actor, but even his recent triumph in "Holiday" has not dimmed his ambition to be a director.

Beautiful

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE University Players had established their theater, their co-operative tearoom and their orchestra at Silver Beach, near Falmouth; and there, for a few months, the turbulent spirit of Margaret Sullavan found exceptional happiness. She worked hard—painting sets, waiting on tables in the tearoom, learning lines, rehearsing, acting. She received ten dollars a week, and board, and it was luxury. It was freedom at last.

Sometimes, when her afternoon stint was through, she walked along the beach in the early twilight, reminding herself that this was the liberty she had always wanted; this the escape from the sharply raised eyebrows of a family and friends whose opinions were rooted in the Old South and whose rules for living were deadlocked with those of Maggie Sullavan, the rebel. Then, during the quiet time before dinner, she sat on the sand with her knees drawn up to her chin, and in her heart found wonder at the daring that had made her defy all tearful arguments, all shouted commandments, all custom, all precedent, and leave the quiet-spoken, well-bred land of her thoroughly dull childhood for the quick-paced North. Sitting there, she observed Margaret Sullavan from the perch of detachment, sometimes with astonishment, always with a congratulatory smirk on her thin, wise face. She thought complacently, *they can't stop me now. . . .*

BUT they did. They stopped her easily, if temporarily, with relatively less effort than, only a few years before, they had made her promise not to tunnel under the back fence into the neighbor's garden. But that would be later, after the kind and capable Charlie Leatherby had left no doubt in her mind that she was essentially an excellent actress, capable of controlling the hearts and attention of any audience; after she had fallen in love, wholeheartedly and for the first time, with a kid named Hank Fonda—he of the lazy speech and the eyes of candor.

She met Fonda the first day she arrived at Silver Beach, since he was a fellow student of drama and tearoom, but that was unimportant; she was excited, he was bored, and she lost the thought of him a minute later in the mysteries of her first tour backstage. Two weeks later she sat in the front row of the little theater and watched him play with astonishing finesse and sincerity a rôle obviously unfitted to his personality. Maggie who, then as now, acknowledged intelligence as her god, noted that it was by sheer intelligence that this boy was creating from voice and gesture a character he could not possibly know.

This fascinated her. She saw him that evening across the smoke-filled dining room of a little cabaret near Falmouth and breezed over to his table in the forthright manner her school mistresses had always deplored. More than that, she addressed him first and directly.

"You were fine," she said. "I liked what you did with that rôle."

Hank lounged to his feet, observing her with the light of sudden discovery in his eyes. A casual movement of his hand summoned a waiter.

"Joe," he said without taking his eyes from Margaret's face, "throw some of your excellent milk into a glass for the lady. It's fresh," he told her.

She grinned. "You malign me. If you start off by insisting on my being a lady I shall never marry you. Never."

"Don't let's be sophisticated, Sullavan," he replied. "I like you too much."

She pulled a cigarette from the pack on the table. "Maybe I'll marry you after all," she told him, reflectively. . . .

During the rest of that summer, then, Hank walked beside her along the beach at sundown.

CONTINUING THE STORY OF MARGARET SULLAVAN'S REBELLIOUS LIFE

Maggie (circled with Josh Logan, now a director, and Hank Fonda) found new freedom with the University Players

For one year Maggie "conformed." She made her debut and was the belle of the season (right). But the next year, Norfolk was to get a shock

Brat

Fellow students of the drama—Henry Fonda and La Sullavan — when romance was abudding

Turbulent, wilful—even today Margaret Sullavan shakes her fist at the fates

Sometimes, when it was warm enough, they swam in the surf and lay afterward in the sand, smoking and reading lines to each other. In these hours the harsh cacophony of ambitions and schemes that sang almost always through her mind was still, substituted by the drawling lazy voice of the boy beside her who somehow seemed to catch from living only the laughter it offered. She found that whereas her thoughts were a battleground of conflicting ideas and emotions, his were constructed after a clear fashion, so that a curtain there was automatically drawn before the unpleasant, and that which was intrinsic in youth or achievement or a kind of beauty was set forth to be gloated over. He was nonetheless sincere and almost naïvely honest.

She could not remember, after the first month, when she had not been in love with him.

They made no plans, which was fortunate, since in the fall the group recessed and the players went back to school or to work. The week before the finale came, Cornelius Sullavan wired his daughter the train fare home. "We expect you at once," the accompanying message warned.

She went to bed early that night, a kind of dramatic resignation in all her movements; but she couldn't sleep. At last she got up, threw on a pair of slacks and walked distractedly down to the beach, with a vague idea that she must see it for the last time in the moonlight, cup in her memory somehow all the sensation and nostalgia it reflected, for future use. She felt like crying and swallowed angrily to squelch the impulse.

Suddenly she began to laugh instead. A mad idea had come to her—if she dared, she might crowd into the next winter as much excitement and as much pleasure as she liked; and next summer, when this same warm breeze drifted again across this beach, she might come once more to Falmouth . . . to the little theater, to Hank.

What do I mean, "If I dare?" she thought then. *Of course I dare! I've been forgetting*—She turned and trotted, with purpose, back to her cottage.

The next day she went to New York with the money Cornelius had sent, took a cheap room, and started out to get a job. She was very certain. In any case she had enough money left to last a couple of weeks, and with her experience, with the notices she had been getting, Broadway should be a pushover.

And she was right, in a sense. At the end of the two-week period she had two offers: one to play an ingénue in a road company, one to be a voice, off-stage, for a Guild play. She decided on the latter. It paid less, but the prestige —for boasting purposes—was greater.

That evening she came floating up the many stairs to her room, pushed open the door with her elbow because of the celebrant groceries with which she was laden, and confronted her father, who was waiting, irritably, by the window.

"I think you'd better start packing," he said. "We're leaving at eight."

Maggie put down her bundles deliberately, one by one. Then she faced Cornelius. "I'm sorry," she told him. "I'm starting a play Monday."

He spoke very quietly. "I'll meet you on your own ground, Margaret. You believe in freedom and modern thinking and intelligence and—strength of purpose, of character. You've shouted that over and over and you've a right to your attitude. Yet you ignore the fact that strength is implicit in meeting responsibility, in personal integrity. Sincerely, you owe a certain debt of—shall we say love for love given?—to your mother and me. We ask a year of your time to finish what we've started. If you won't give us that, you're being intolerant on every score; you're running out on an obligation." He picked up his hat and stick from the table. "I assume you are a bigger person than that."

For a long moment she looked at him, white-faced. "All right," she said finally. "All right."

THE next year is a magnificent madness to her in retrospect. She had promised to make her debut and, furious at being outwitted and at her own weakness for yielding, she made it—frantically, desperately.

If they wanted a debutante they should have, by heaven, a debutante—until their tongues hung out from weariness of her, until they begged for relief.

So she had in the dressmaker and ordered enough clothes to last a dozen girls a dozen seasons. She clothed her thin boy's body in the most feminine of organdies and she practiced the traditional silvery laugh until her throat ached. She did her straight hair in silly ringlets and for twelve months she bowed in reception lines, danced furiously into the dawn, flirted prettily with boys in gardens. No half measures.

She stole, with the most malignant purpose, five men from five of her fellow debs and left the poor fellows panting, one after the other, whilst the discarded females burned her effigy with incantations in secret. Weary of this play

(Continued on page 81)

WHAT IS "The Darrin

1. Once known as just plain "The Neck"
2. Where touring Kansans gape at stars' pictures
3. Night-club proprietors prefer to eat here
4. Flower shop run by mother of famous Selznick boys
5. Darned good funerals at a reasonable price
6. A speak-easy has a face lift—the swish Troc
7. Custom-built cars—in the old bottling works
8. Where ladies shop in abbreviated shorts
9. And for rare paintings—an art gallery

It's the spirit of Hollywood carrying on; the transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane; a complete history of Hollywood and many of the people in it

BY SARA HAMILTON

YOU CAN FIND "THE STRIP" ON THE HOLLYWOOD MAP ON PAGE 20

"Strip"?

FROM blacksmith's shop to frog's legs dinners. At four dollars a wiggle.

From cowpaths to star sapphire lane. In a few short years.

From nutty hamburgers to the Trocadero. At twenty-five bucks a Troc.

The Strip! That fantastic fever blister of Hollywood. Shopping lane of the stars. That bit of swank that begins with a mortuary and ends with a bridle path and bruised rear ends. A strip of land, polka-dotted with chinchilla wraps from Paris and headache tablets from the local drugstore. A jewel box roadway that connects Hollywood with Beverly Hills, while millions of lights in the city below wink and blink and nod. In numb bewilderment.

The spirit of Hollywood carrying on! That gay, irrepressible, unaccountable spirit that exists nowhere else in the world and cannot be downed. That may one year break out in a place called Malibu, then slow down to normalcy only to ignite in some other part of the city.

And this year it's "The Strip"—the only place in the world where the word means a shopping lane and not an undress act. Where shoppers strip to shop and shops change hands every other Tuesday. Where ladies in abbreviated shorts stand before jewel-box windows of uncut emeralds, bandanas over their heads and an itch in their palms.

The Strip! Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt because thieves break through and steal everything anyway.

IT began with a cow. Only heaven knows what will end it. Flossy, a rich brown and white (luggage tan and eggshell to Hollywood) was wont to wander down a path, between an orange grove on the north and a lemon grove on the south, to nibble the rich green grass on what (as heaven is my judge) turned out to be a Colonial mansion, now home of hot dogs, on the Hollywood end and Gloria Swanson's twenty-room manse A.B. (After Beery) on the Beverly end.

In her journeys to and fro in search of contentment for her faucets, Flossy wore quite a path for herself, little dreaming that a mere handful of years later a long, low, agonizing contraption bearing a gentleman called Clark Gable would go whizzing down the old cowpath, macadamized within an inch of its life, fanning the breeze with his ears as he whizzed.

Flossy is but a memory in Hollywood today, but a lively memory. For instance, there's the inebriated star who recently lurched from the Trocadero door to behold an overplump, overdressed actress in a brown caracul wrap and a fantastic headdress.

The star took one look and, clutching his forehead, cried, "My God, Flossy's back."

THE transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane is a complete history of Hollywood and many of the people in it. It's all there in the story of this bit of land. A hard cider beginning and a champagne ending, all written in the history of The Strip and the stars who strip it.

For instance, there's the same small-town, wrong-side-of-the-track beginning in many a star's life that characterizes The Strip. Once a part of Sherman, a village sandwiched between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, it was called—oh, shades of stars who were once called Mulligan, Cassin and Bloomestein—just "The Neck." Plain old "The Neck," where most people claim pain. The Adam's apple of "The Neck" was a blacksmith's shop on a prominent corner where certain male citizens of Sherman gathered in the evening for a chat and a bit of gossip concerning the "gol durn movin' pitcher stars" that went ridin' by.

Belonging to the county, "The Neck" was the shortest distance between two joints and hence its narrow, dusty roadway received most of the travelers from Hollywood to Beverly Hills. Directly behind the small frame shops, unpretentious stores, hamburger stands, bottling works and the potteries (a little local industry seemed not out of place) that lined the roadway stood the modest homes —some plain houses, some nice houses, and a few shacks with goats in the back yards.

And then one night a momentous thing happened. A frame house (that clung to the back of "The Neck" like a carbuncle and had eventually become a speak-easy called, of all things, La Boheme) was raided. Like a flock of frightened sheep, the customers, among them one Billy Wilkerson, took to the cellars till the local constable moved on.

And in that cellar that night was born the idea that thundered around the world, bringing on jewelers from

(Continued on page 84)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

(Continued from page 28)

hounds, a thousand head of them, herded around her wherever she went. More fame than ever. More money than ever. More work, more demands on her time, more everything.

This for Alice, whose husband worked in the same studio in occasional featured spots where a good-looking singer was needed.

Joan and Franchot had faced that same situation, as had Joan and Doug, Jr. and with the same outcome. Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster had faced it in their turn, and, in their turn, confessed that career differences and marriage form a bitter precipitator of jealousy when mixed.

When Alice took the train to New York last winter, for the opening there of "In Old Chicago," her marriage to Tony was at an end, to all intents and purposes. It had not been only religion, only working together, only her enormous success as opposed to his lesser triumphs; in addition there had been their several temperaments, their personalities at opposite poles.

Tony: young, gay, insouciant, incapable of worry; he loved to play, to laugh, to dance. Hollywood, nightclubs, bright lights were new to him, and he to them, and he took them big.

Alice. . . .

But you must know her story, before you can know her.

ALICE was born into the House of Leppert twenty-three years ago—a hearty-lunged, long-legged infant whose howls shook the paper-thin walls of the cheap tenement building and startled Grandma Moffit, nearly eighty but still going strong, out of her felt bedroom slippers. Pop was a policeman. Her mother worked until she started to work. Also there were two brothers to help clutter the already cluttered rooms. There was a policeman's salary with which to provide. They just managed.

Thus, against the steaming backdrop of the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood, small Alice evolved through the early, post-War years, hoarsely shouting to make herself heard over the babble of stronger voices, doubling up her fists on occasion when the alley brats she scorned got tough, going to vaudeville shows for amusement and to city parks on Sundays for a breath of that queer-smelling stuff called fresh air. She quit school at thirteen, took dancing lessons, cajoled a stage casting director into thinking she was older than her age, and went into the chorus.

She need not have done that. The Lepperts, weary but bighearted, would have seen her through high school, anyway. But a magnificent hatred for poverty and all it implied drove her forward. A world that held glamour—the glamour of jeweled women, of penthouses, of long motors—beckoned her irresistibly.

The years in the chorus were what they were. There was backstage, the smell of cheap perfume in the dressing quarters. There was her income, which defiantly she lived on, a sturdy sense of integrity refusing to let her exchange personal freedom for a Duesenberg. She knew, somehow, that she would do better than that, on her own; and when Rudy Vallee heard her voice on a record, offered her a singing spot in the *Scandals* show, and later hired her to sing with his band, she understood that she had been right.

The important thing is that at that time, while she was still very young, Alice was given all the things which, to Tony Martin, were still new and still exciting years later, in 1938.

Then, she stood at countless microphones in countless supper clubs, on countless roofs of skyscrapers. Below the stand on which she stood, a moving pattern of white tie and black broadcloth shoulders, of slim figures glittering with sequins, of slick hair and orchids. Her life then was a mass of sensation: the sound champagne makes in pouring, the muted cry of midnight trumpets, the slam of expensive car doors—and the way Rudy looked when he smiled. . . .

She fell in love with him, in a hero-worshipping sort of way, and he was kind to her On one winter night they drove furiously through rain and mud, intent on reaching an engagement spot in time, and the car turned over. After three weeks in a hospital, with the greatest surgeons in New York busy over her, Alice emerged, mended and, miraculously, still beautiful, so once again there were the microphones to sing into, and radio, and, as a finale to the months labeled "Rudy Vallee" in her memory, there was Hollywood. And, at last, Tony.

By the time she met Tony she had outgrown the Vallee-Webb divorce, in which her name figured. Charley Leppert, her father, had died in a New York hospital. The motion-picture public had remarked, "She looks like Jean Harlow, only she sings." Twentieth Century-Fox had signed her. Money had rolled into her bank account so that diamonds from Cartier now glittered at her throat and satins lay lightly next to her grateful skin.

She had these things, having lived much—if not so long—in getting them. Tony, exactly her age, seemed to her a naïve and delightfully refreshing youngster, handsome and eager, needing love. She gave it to him because she needed him, too—but with a faintly maternal smile. . . .

Alice Faye came back from New York and the opening of "In Old Chicago" a star. To make her status doubly secure, the studio gave her the feminine lead in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." A year ago, she realized, she would not have been ready for that rôle, for even as late as then the blatant voice of Hell's Kitchen still crept sometimes from the carefully quiet tones she had learned to use.

But now she was ready. On the last day of shooting she knew she had given the finest performance of her career. She knew, too, that in doing it she had neglected Tony, forsaken what efforts her marriage demanded of her.

To me she said, "I didn't give Tony half a chance. If we'd really broken, it would have been my fault."

Yet, estranged and a little bewildered, they walked out onto the terrace of their apartment one evening and faced each other.

It's over, Alice thought wearily. *It's over and it's my fault. I've made a mess of the only thing I've ever cared about in the world.*

"No," she said aloud. "I won't let it be over. Tony, darling, we've no right to let our own foolishness queer a thing as big as our marriage—as big as our love for each other. We've got to give it another chance."

He lit cigarettes for both of them. Then he said, "We'll give it every chance." He looked at her, his eyes saying what the modern etiquette of expression wouldn't let him tell her in words. "You're—the only thing that matters to me. You know that."

"We've never really been alone together," she said. "We've never even had a chance to know each other. Let's go where Hollywood can't get at us. Let's go to Honolulu. Now."

HONOLULU was the test. "I knew if that didn't work, we'd have to give up," Alice said. "That trip represented a section of our lives together as we would have to live it later, when we were through with pictures. It meant really being husband and wife, without work or anything else to interfere."

She paused and grinned. "The second day out, I knew. The guy's terrific. It's going to take more than the things I told you about to get my marriage into the headlines.

"I've never been so happy in my life. Not just now, of course—he's away and there's nobody to come into my room when I'm dressing, nobody to throw a shoe at, nobody . . . I tell you, I'm actually staying home at night and twiddling my thumbs."

She began to laugh. "Imagine. Alice, staying out of the bright lights! Why, even when Tony's here, we've taken to inviting people over, having a couple of Daiquiris, and playing backgammon. I'd no idea you could have fun in your own living room."

"That's not all," I suggested.

"No," she agreed. "Well, we're arranging. We're going to build a little place in the Valley, like any other settled Hollywood couple, and keep the home fires burning and stagnate respectably. If—"

"Never mind," I said. "You've conquered so much, achieved so much, in twenty-three years. You can manage this."

"Maybe I can."

She got up, paused, and let her fingers trail slowly across the soft surface of the cushioned chaise longue. She looked at me. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. *"Isn't it lovely."*

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

GIVE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 80.

1. It pays to be versatile. This man has a four-way writer-actor-director-producer contract with 20th Century-Fox:

Gregary Rataff **Gene Markey**
Mike Ramanoff **George Sanders**

2. Two of these actresses are married to agents:

Jean Chatburn **Irene Dunne**
Myrna Lay **Maggie Sullavan**

3. This actor is very embarrassed to discover that he has become a setter of feminine styles, since his costumes in a recent picture have been adapted for feminine wear:

Errol Flynn **Basil Rathbane**
Gary Cooper **Joseph Schildkraut**

4. Before she entered dramatic school and became the great star that she is now, this actress used to be a hat model:

Greta Garbo **Claudette Colbert**
Constance Bennett **Joan Crawford**

5. Love interest is usually an integral part of any picture, but this one is being made with no romantic interest of any kind:

Men with Wings
Submarine Patrol
Hearts of the North
Dawn Patrol

6. Studios have a language all their own. "Free ride," for example, means lunch on the company. One of these expressions is the name for a sound mixer's apparatus:

Federal jab **Tea cart**
Jackey wall **Blaap**

7. After her first picture in Hollywood, this star told reporters in Chicago that "Hollywood is a bore":

Hedy Lamarr **Franciska Gaal**
Danielle Darrieux **Andrea Leeds**

If Lili Damita is a leader of feminine styles, is Errol Flynn the embarrassed actor mentioned in question No. 3?

8. The first Hollywood actor to have a motion picture shown by Royal Command in England was:

Charles Chaplin **Spencer Tracy**
Fredric March **Clark Gable**

9. He leaped to fame after just one picture and his latest movie deals with the California redwood forests:

Tyrone Power **Wayne Morris**
John Payne **Lew Ayres**

10. She has three dogs of her own and was recently elected president of the Tailwaggers Foundation of America:

Bette Davis **June Lang**
Joan Bennett **Dixie Dunbar**

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ITS ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS AGAINST CHOKED PORES, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND SOFT. I ALWAYS USE IT!
LUX TOILET SOAP
9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Walt Disney's Great New Plans

(Continued from page 48)

it as a permanent attraction, that it moved one usually saturnine columnist to hail it as the greatest gift to the world since the Armistice—all these are vastly less important to him than, for instance, the new method he has found to eliminate "jitters" from his human figures.

The extravagant tributes of President Conant of Harvard, ". . . a magician who has created a modern dwelling for the muses . . ." and of President Seymour of Yale, ". . . originality characteristic of genius . . . creator of a new language of art . . . achiever of the impossible . . ." are not so sweet to his ears as the melody of a new score that rings right for a sequence he is planning.

LIKE all true artists, Walt Disney knows that it is fatal to look back.

So the triumphs of "Snow White" rate very small pumpkins beside the problems of three other features in the make at the Disney studios—"Pinocchio," "Bambi" and an untitled animated portfolio of classic musical favorites which Leopold Stokowski will conduct.

"Pinocchio" will finish first, so it will be Walt Disney's next gift to an impatient world—sometime around next fall. Recent rumors in Hollywood put "Bambi" ahead of "Pinocchio," but they arose, and falsely, from a characteristic Disney gesture. A few months ago Walt scrapped $250,000 worth of work on "Pinocchio." He couldn't, nor could his workers, see the characters clearly enough yet, he said, so he guessed the best thing to do was to start all over.

"Pinocchio" (pronounced Pin-okey-o) stems, of course, from Italian Collodi's delightful children's classic, written in the late 1800's.

The story should be well enough known to omit its telling. But to explain its attraction for Walt Disney you have only to imagine what his artists and animators will do to two big adventure sequences. In one, *Pinocchio* plays hookey from school with his truant playmates and lands in Bogey Land. The other and greatest challenge to Walt Disney's artistry is an undersea sequence. After escaping from Bogey Land, the sadder but wiser *Pinocchio* discovers that poor old *Geppetto* has somehow been swallowed by a whale. He sets out to find him and the search leads to the bottom of the ocean where *Geppetto* has made himself at home in a cozy corner of the whale's stomach. The marine motif, as a background for *Pinocchio's* adventures, is challenging Disney's staff to effects that he hopes will make "Snow White" pale by comparison. Animators are working now on a brilliant storm-under-the-sea scene.

AS in all Disney features, a dark-horse character looms as the likely picture-stealer. At this stage *Dopey's* "Pinocchio" counterpart seems very likely to be *Jiminy*, the cricket. From a hint in the original story, Disney has invented *Jiminy*, a supercilious fuddy-duddy, dressy dude in silk hat and flopping green tails who hops about after *Pinocchio* like a conscience, clicking good advice in his ear at crucial moments of temptation. In the end, *Pinocchio* becomes a better little boy for it all and is rewarded with a real-flesh body by the *Blue Fairy*—thanks to *Jiminy*.

The finest talent in motion pictures is now so interested in Walt Disney's work that it is volunteering its services to Walt. From now on, casting of voices looks more like a matter of selection rather than search. Cliff Edwards has been cast as the voice of *Jiminy*, the cricket. He is the only "name" so far definitely cast, although many people are being auditioned. John Barrymore wants badly to do a Disney voice and Helen Hayes has said that she'd love to, too. Right now Franklin, one of the screen's finest directors, is working with Walt on "Bambi," minus pay, simply because he is so deeply and genuinely interested. Franklin was, in fact, the one who suggested Felix Salten's tender nature story to Walt.

IT is no secret around the Disney lot that "Bambi" is Walt's favorite and pet of the two productions now in work.

"I don't care," he has said, "how long 'Bambi' takes. It has to be done right. This is one picture we won't rush."

Already reels of sixteen millimeter film, plates of still photographs and pads of sketches have brought the mountain beauties of Big Bear, Chico, the Big Trees and mountain regions of California into the studio. Disney's artists have been in the woods for weeks, personally filming and sketching. It is perhaps the only way a cartoon company can go "on location." So far the research, sketching and building of models have concerned only the backgrounds and scenery, which indicates how much time Walt Disney is spending on that phase of "Bambi." Although, since the deer arrived, squads of artists headed by Walt himself traipse across the street where the runways stand to squat and stare for hours at the infinite grace of their movements and the tiniest expressions of their wild personalities.

For "Bambi" is essentially the saga of a deer's life cycle, with its drama, romance, adventure and poetry. It starts with the birth of *Bambi* and his inheritance from his father, a noble stag, of the princedom of the forest. It is about the dangers and delights of his life until he, too, passes on the baton to son that this whole nature-picture of the forest is woven.

Both "Bambi" and "Pinocchio" will be produced in color, of course, and both will be rich in music. Disney musicians are already hard at work on the score and lyrics.

THE third big project of Walt Disney's is, in a way, more daring and crammed with more exciting possibilities than either "Pinocchio" or "Bambi." The idea of combining good music with animated cartoons really just grew, Topsy fashion, although it can be traced, actually, back to Walt Disney's childhood.

When he was a kid in Missouri, Walt wasn't interested in good music. When he went to concerts he fidgeted; he was bored. Recently he remembered that and wondered why. He decided it was because he was forced to keep a straight face. He never got a chance to laugh. "I would have liked it," he told himself, "if they had just let me have some fun with it."

So, with the conviction that the screen was growing riper and riper for good music, Walt engaged Leopold Stokowski to conduct "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" starring Mickey Mouse. It was to be a short.

One day Leonid Massine, the Russian Ballet dancer, visited Stokowski at work. He said he thought "The Petroushka Suite" by Stravinsky would adapt itself nicely to a Mickey Mouse animation. Soon eager kibitzers from all over were suggesting other popular classics which they thought would be swell. Before Walt knew it, the idea had snowballed to feature length. An animated sequence will go with each piece in the portfolio of five more now planned. Among the works considered are Ravel's "Bolero," Debussy's "Claire de Lune," Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Flight of the Bumblebee" and "The Entrance of the Fauns" by Pierne. Just imagining the color, movement and cartoon "business" that those suggest has the whole studio lying awake nights.

SINCE "Snow White" captured the world's fancy, Walt Disney has been flooded with suggestions from Hollywood and all over the world about what to produce. The suggestions are always well-meant—but few of them are practical.

He is always searching for ideal subjects for features. But they have to be just that—ideal, for each, when once undertaken, means a year's work by Disney's whole studio and a sizeable chunk of cash. "Snow White" cost $1,500,000.

Since "Snow White's" success Walt has been forced to be very cagey about his production plans. The minute it is hinted that he is interested in any story the price skyrockets. The impression, not only in Hollywood but everywhere else, is that Walt Disney is personally a very rich man. Nothing could be more untrue.

"Snow White" is expected to gross around seven million dollars before it is played out. But the money is slow to come in and, when it does, it is not all Walt's by any means. The Disney studio is owned by Walt and his brother, Roy Disney, and their wives. But it has always operated on a bonus plan. The more money the studio makes, the more also do its employees.

The great profits of "Snow White" will pour everywhere else but into Walt's private pockets.

WALT has always put his profits back into his business. He is doing that with the harvest from "Snow White." Often the money he puts in vanishes in futile experiments, constant and costly strivings to achieve perfection, such as the $250,000 he recently dropped on "Pinocchio" advance work. Contrary to general opinion, many of Disney's short subjects, especially his most artistic ones, make little profit; often they take a loss. "The Old Mill," which won the Academy Award last year, cost more than it brought in.

Besides all this, Walt Disney is busy preparing for the time, coming sooner or later, when the world's demands on his studio will prove too great for its comparatively tiny size. The other day he bought a tract of land out in the San Fernando Valley where, when he can afford it, he will build a new, larger and more efficient studio. Ground will be broken soon, but the studio will go up gradually over a period of two years. Walt Disney pays his way as he goes and he can't afford to build a new workshop all at once. Even if he could, he'd think he couldn't. That's the kind of a chap he is.

THE NEWEST STAMP ACT!

THE latest romance-bound question: Janet Gaynor's mother has put her stamp of approval on Gilbert Adrian, Hollywood designer, and Janet's number one beau.

"He is one of the most charming men I have ever met," Mrs. Gaynor told friends, and hinted a marriage between the two would receive no opposition on her part. Adrian, himself, makes no secret of his adoration for "bright as a button" Janet; so, even as you read this, the Gaynor-Adrian nuptials may be completed.

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Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

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Edith Head, Paramount designer, combines business with pleasure on a Paris tour

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

Paris says:—long waistlines, short flared skirts, fitted bodices, tweeds combined with velvet, warm colors

JUST received a cable from Edith Head, Paramount's renowned femme designer now combining work with pleasure on a Paris tour.

On the eve of her departure from Hollywood Edith and I had a long chat and she promised to cable answers to my several fashion queries—to let me know whether Paris has accepted the high hairdress for general wear; if the trends there differ from those of Hollywood; if "doll" hats are here to stay, or just a passing fancy, if she found any exciting hints for Christmas gifts, and most surely to confirm rumors that Paris styles have been influenced by the 1900-1904 costumes she created for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Zaza."

I never really expected her to find time for more than a card bearing the famous inscription, "Having wonderful time—wish you were here," so you can imagine how thrilled I was when her cable arrived—now I can hardly wait to share it with you.

DEAR GWENN: Haven't forgotten my promise to cable high lights of Paris fashion collections but don't forget what I told you about the Zaza influence before leaving Hollywood Stop

Paris is all agog about Zaza clothes giving full credit to Hollywood and Claudette Colbert Stop

Shoulder yokes bishop sleeves long waistline with fitted flattering beltless detail bloused bodices grand for most figures fitted hips with skirts flaring below stress grace and how Stop

Also in this Zaza trend lots of ornamentation or flounces at knee line on floor-length skirts Stop

Charming shirtwaist and skirts for dinner dresses can wear with hats Stop

Braid and embroidery galore lace and ribbon trimmings loads of jewelry mostly massive Stop

Hair up in pompadours piles of curls and fringe bangs Stop

I like the high hairdress if worn appropriately for instance in town cars and for dining dancing etc at the opera but not at the movies or over a typewriter it just doesn't seem right Stop

If your readers want to wear it tell them many French women wearing turned under long bob which pins up easily at night Stop

Skirts here short and not too many pleats more slim skirts with slight flare Stop

Suits popular especially for dinner and theater fur trend extravagant with decided absence of fur coat which does for all occasions suggest women used to such coats substitute fabric coat with fur cuffs or thin fur lining Stop

Tweeds combined with velvet similar suit Joan Bennett wearing in "Artists and Models Abroad" with velvet touches on pocket bindings covered buttons and brief collar green velvet on tweed Stop

Paris likes leather as much as Hollywood which makes me glad I did several leather daytime costumes for Gail Patrick in her new film "Disbarred" Stop

Hats fascinating but doll hats decidedly modified in size and angle on head Stop

Warm exciting colors of fruits stones and good quantity of black highlighted by flashing colored stones Stop

Metal belts bracelets necklaces for black or colored dresses make ideal Christmas gift suggestions as do gloves of chartreuse cyclamen or deep red purple blue orange either short or long Stop

Such gifts suitable for anyone this year as can use to complement plain dresses Stop

Shoes less intricate but carefully designed and chosen as to costume as well as to purpose for instance walking shoes have lower heels and platform soles more or less relegated to resort but completely out for evening as you and I anticipated Stop

Important return of capes for all times of day and night some for evening with hoods bordered in fur Stop

Velvets and metallic materials popular but not for daytime Stop

Thin wools heavy crepes lots of tucking and flat bows of matching fabric on both dresses and coats also on felt hats Stop

All in all Paris styles more dramatic but remind readers to consider the difference in the lives women lead over there Stop

Am off to do more scouting and arrange some exclusive materials for forthcoming Colbert film to follow Zaza Stop

Will see you soon and bring you beautiful new belt from Paris and several other gadgets give my love to Hollywood

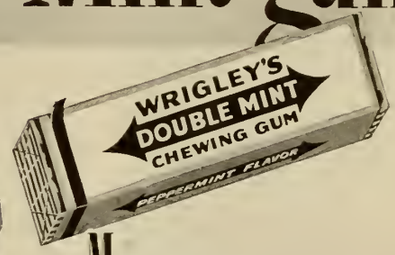
Edith Head

HOPE you enjoyed reading Edith's news.

I was especially interested to note what Edith said about the high hairdress. To us "career girls," who realize that we can't smartly and practically be fantastic by day, her sentiments are consolation in that they assure us that in our coiffure decision we have not been completely outdistanced in fashion's "rat" and "curl" race. Guess this is female gossip aplenty for this time, so, until next month, Adios!

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR DOUBLE MINT GUM BY JAMES DOOLITTLE, HOLLYWOOD

You..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum



MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Women of discrimination choose this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. The daily chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

What you wear also enters the picture as exemplified by Hollywood's fascinating star ***CLAUDETTE COLBERT*** and proven again in her new Paramount success, "Zaza." The becoming Suit Dress Miss Colbert models so smartly, *left,* is by Hollywood's great fashion-creator, ***TRAVIS BANTON***—designed at Double Mint gum's request.

You can make this flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress in any color or material most becoming by purchasing ***SIMPLICITY*** Pattern 2902. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern or write Simplicity, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City. All women want smart clothes and know they set off smile and loveliness of face. Millions agree healthful, delicious Double Mint gum helps bring *extra* attractiveness to your smile, making your whole face *doubly* lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy it today.

Healthful, delicious *DOUBLE MINT GUM* benefits teeth. Also, it aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves and helps give you a pleasant breath. Buy some today.

S-171

I GOT A SMILE OUT OF THE BOSS!

Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

And so did the tenants. But Flynn claims it was worth the price it cost him.

Weigh Below Par

THERE'S a fine old gag that if you work hard enough you won't have to diet to get thin—and that's true of several stars this summer. This is no sob thing, asking you to feel sorry for people who are being paid fortunes for their exertions, still—

We were sitting in Claudette Colbert's garden, chatting with a house guest the other early afternoon when Claudette staggered in weakly from the garage. She'd left the set because she couldn't stand up any longer after ten days of doing the cancan for "Zaza"—and because she hadn't any stockings to wear for the scene.

They'd been ordered three weeks in advance and, after the long practice and rehearsal, Claudette's shapely pins (still the most beautiful legs in Hollywood) were an inch thinner.

Cukor, sending her home, remarked to an aide: "Please announce that to be fashionable, Milady's legs must be an inch thinner this season."

And the male leads of "Gunga Din" are having weight trouble, too. It's a blasting 118 degrees F. at the location site and they must rush around attired in heavy woolen uniforms. Cary Grant lost twelve pounds the first two weeks. It's a field day for tailors, anyway.

But Her Power Line Worked!

THE tenant of apartment number ten in a downtown Los Angeles apartment building phoned up the manager in a fury.

"This faucet leaks again and I'm not going to put up with it. I'm going to complain to the owner immediately. Give me his name and phone number at once.

"Well, lady, I can give you his name but I haven't his phone number unless you phone him at the studio. You see, Tyrone Power owns this building."

There was a stunned silence for all of two minutes.

The voice that came back over the wire was thin and fluttery.

"You mean—I—I'm living in his building? I'm Tyrone Power's tenant? Well, look, I love every drop out of that leaky faucet. And please don't say I complained. Boy, wait till my bridge club hears this.

"Oh man."

And the receiver went BANG on the hook.

Dime a Dozen

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, fighter and screen actor, fumbled at the door of a movie agent's solid mahogany office door and finally scared up the courage to enter.

"Hello, Maxie," greeted the agent. "What can I do for you""

"I want to buy an actor," Maxie announced.

"You which?" the agent said, leaning forward in his chair.

"Well," explained Maxie, "it's like this. Al Jolson, Dick Powell and all the actors are buying fighters and I thought, being a fighter, I'd buy an actor, for a change."

To this day the agent can't be sure if Maxie is kidding or is in earnest.

Flash!

WHILE Herbie Kay, orchestra-leader husband of Dorothy Lamour was playing in Texas, Randy Scott was the approved escort.

While Tony Martin, orchestra-leader husband of Alice Faye was playing through the East, Franchot Tone was the official escort.

Tweeds for Twerps

PHYLLIS BROOKS' eighteen-year-old brother thinks his sister's beau, one Cary Grant, the best guy in Hollywood, and not without reason.

It seems for a long time Bill had admired Cary's clothes, especially the tweed suits, so one day Cary figured a way to present some of his wardrobe to Bill without the boy's resenting it.

"Listen, Bill," Cary said, "I've got to get rid of some of my suits to get new ones and I'm planning a little sale. Would you like to see the things before I tell anyone else about them?"

Bill's eyes practically popped out of his head. "Say, would I?" he said. "Lead me to them."

Cary had them carefully laid out on the bed and over chair backs. Each was carefully price-tagged. Some (the best) marked five dollars, some two-fifty and so on. Bill had a Roman holiday—and all priced within his budget limit.

Don't ever try to tell Bill Cary Grant isn't wonderful to let him in on a bargain sale.

Lew Ayres—His Column

"STRANGE about Lew Ayres," people are saying today in Hollywood. "Funny about the way he's been up and down the ladder of fame so many times. His rôle of *Cousin Henry* in 'Rich Boy, Poor Girl' was so marvelous."

Yet those same people never bother to find out about the real Lew Ayres.

We visited Lew on his hilltop home the other day and discovered many surprising things—in fact, amazing is more the word.

He lives on the highest hill in Hollywood because years before he fell in love with the spot. As soon as he felt he had enough money, he bought the site. On it he built his modest white home and swimming pool. And here he moved with one middle-aged man to look after him.

The servant had gone off on a two-weeks vacation the day we drove up. There sat Lew, all alone, by the pool. He showed us through the homey, comfortable place, pointing with pride to the five sprinklers in the cement near the front porch where the hose could be attached. "I had them put there so when I'm old I can sit on the porch and water the lawn," he said, smiling but meaning it.

"Aren't you horribly lonely?" we asked, visions of swimming parties among the younger set and gay doings flashed before us.

"Oh, no," he shrugged. "I have my music. I like to compose a little, you know, and I like to read and sun bathe and swim here alone when I'm not working."

We talked then of his career that began so auspiciously with "All Quiet on the Western Front," made almost ten years before. Suddenly it was borne in on us that a change had come over Lew Ayres. From the sullen, sulky lad, fresh from "All Quiet," to this mellowed, kindly, tolerant boy on a hilltop.

"Well, it's about five now," he said, glancing at the sun. "Mind if I just go on with my watering? I like to sprinkle my lawn about this time every evening."

Some people, I suppose, will always remember Lew Ayres as the unforgettable glamour lad of "All Quiet."

Others will think of him only as the husband of Ginger Rogers.

To me, Lew Ayres will always be remembered as the lone star on a hilltop, who likes to be home every day along about five because it's the best time to water the lawn.

Russia's Rainbow—

CHUCKLES are flying through the Hollywood air at the latest Gregory Ratoff story. It seems Ratoff, proud of his Russian birth, dubiously eyed a visitor to his set.

"So?" questioned Ratoff, "you are a Russian, eh?"

"Yesss, a Russian," was the reply.

"White or Red?" demanded Ratoff.

"I am a Yellow Russian," said the visitor.

Ratoff gestured wildly. "A yellow Russian? And vat is a yellow Russian?"

"I am a yellow Russian," shrugged the visitor, "becus I am afraid from everyone."

McCarthy Would!

THERE'S no living with Charlie McCarthy, so claims Edgar Bergen, since the blasé dummy was invited to place his footprints among the great in the Chinese Theater foyer.

And here's a comical bit that took place at that imprinting. John Stahl, a marvelous director noted for his sternness and hard-driving manner, was present at the affair with Bergen and McCarthy. While Bergen was conversing with a friend, Stahl quietly slipped over and picked up Charlie. He turned him this way and that way attempting to make the dummy move and live.

Charlie endured this embarrassment in utter silence, for Bergen was talking to a friend.

Stahl's fussing with Charlie however, went on until suddenly Charlie spoke up.

"It's no use, Stahl. I'm just not in the mood, so cut it out."

Abashed at the unexpected retort, Stahl quickly laid down the dummy and walked off.

A MAN YOU'D LIKE TO MEET

He would be the last to say that he could take Will Rogers' place in your affections—but he might — according to IRVIN S. COBB, the famed humorist!

BOB BURNS OF VAN BAZOOKA...

In December PHOTOPLAY

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

in a state of peaceful blankness—you've taken a great step forward in your effort to gain weight.

You'll find that movie stars who are trying to gain weight follow this axiom as much as they possibly can. Jane Wyman, as well as Olivia, is generally flat on her back resting between scenes.

"Resting is very fine, indeed," said Ann, "but you can't do that all the time. You have to take some exercise, too, to build you up. Of course, you don't have to go in for something strenuous like tennis or handball or you'll waste away to a shadow; but something nice and easy like croquet, for example, does wonders for you. It keeps you supple and graceful and I'm crazy about it."

HERE are two splendid weight-gaining exercises:

Lie on your back with your legs straight, your feet together and your arms straight down to your sides. Bend both knees up to your chest, then stretch your legs in the air with the soles of your feet facing the ceiling. Keep your knees straight and let your heels sink slowly to the floor. The difficult part is keeping your knees straight. Do this only about twice at first, as slowly as you can.

Another good exercise is this: stand with your feet apart and your hands clasped together above your left shoulder. Then you fling the arms forward and downward toward the right toe, bending your trunk, but keeping your knees straight. Straighten your body and return the arms to your left shoulder. Be sure and keep your hands clasped all the way through this. After you have done this three times, starting from your left shoulder, repeat the exercise three times from your right shoulder.

BETTE finished her malted milk and I asked her how many glasses of it she drank a day.

"At least three. One in the middle of the morning, then again in mid-afternoon and before I go to bed at night. But I never drink it while I'm keyed-up. I take it between scenes or while I'm resting so that I'm relaxed and then I sip it slowly."

Try following the routines that these girls have set forth and in a very short time you'll probably have gained much-needed weight, feel healthy and well, have a better disposition, and will have helped your looks tremendously. Who could ask for more?

A fattening, healthful diet will help along the good work, and I have one that is practically guaranteed to put pounds on you and increase your state of well-being.

You'll need it to supplement the routines given in this article; so if you'll write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I'll be more than glad to send it on to you.*

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 11)

HOW to Make Friends Dept. . . . my favorite twelve-year-old was visiting me when Tyrone Power happened to telephone one day . . . at the mention of his being on the wire she started dancing up and down with excitement . . . I asked, "Ty, would you mind saying, 'Hello, Nancy' to a little girl who is having jitters at the mere thought of hearing your voice?" . . . not only did this star say "Hello" but he went into a real conversation . . . a Power fan was born therewith, of course . . . which isn't so very important, I'll admit . . . but what I like about this little anecdote is its revealing that a young man who has an entire world of women swooning at the very thought of him is still so unspoiled that he will take the time to make an unseen, unknown youngster happy . . . Gable is one of those guys who instinctively does the right and kindly thing and with no gestures about it either . . . I saw this happen once . . . he came swinging out of the Metro studio gate in one of those terrific big high-powered cars of his when he got stopped by a red light and noticed a boy of about ten standing on the corner, his whole dazzled soul visible in his eyes . . . the great man swung open the car door . . . "Want a lift, kid?" he asked, very casually . . . the boy was in that car faster than you can say Marcia Mae Jones . . . the impossible had happened . . . he was sitting beside the great god Gable in his chariot . . . boylike, he was too proud and shy to admit any of this or to even acknowledge that he recognized his host . . . Gable didn't bring up the subject of names either . . . just took the kid home after a very he-man conversation full of baseball, deep-sea fishing and the like en route. . . .

On the other hand, scenes like this happen . . . it was during the filming of one of the biggest of next winter's pictures . . . I won't identify either the picture or the players involved because the yarn revolves around the actor who I think is the worst ham in all Hollywood. . . .

The stars of the picture are two of the biggest personalities in the business today and the ham is playing a second lead in the production . . . on this particular day three visitors from the Far East were brought on the set . . . the stars were both charming . . . they asked the visitors how they liked California and about the war in China . . . that is, they did the popularity-winning thing of talking to the visitors about subjects which made them, rather than stars, the big shots . . . everything was in the groove until the ham came along and was introduced . . . one of the visitors, being a charming person himself, said, "Oh, yes, so you're Mr. Blank" . . . the ham pulled himself up to his tallest possible height which isn't so very tall after all . . . "So even way out there in your little country you've heard of me, eh?" he said. . . .

OUR Own Question Dept. (to which we know the answer, so help us, but see if you do) . . . can you guess which star it is with whom David Selznick has a pact that she can kick him at high noon in Bullock's-Wilshire, the department store, if any but an unknown girl plays *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind"? . . .

Now I'll ask you a question . . . what on earth do you suppose made Carole Lombard give out that silly statement about loving to pay her taxes . . . what's that girl trying to do . . . prove she isn't human?

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

From the Tropics
TO YOUR FINGERTIPS!

Glazo brings you flattering new nail polish shades of fascinating beauty... created by fashion experts...inspired by the subtle and exquisite colors of lovely tropical flowers!

Your hands take on a new and romantic allure when you wear these enchanting Glazo colors!

TROPIC—A smoky ash-pink tone found in a rare and gorgeous oriental Hibiscus.

CONGO—Captures the deep and luscious orchid-rose tint of the Kia-Ora petals.

CABAÑA—From the exotic Persian Tulip comes this gay and vibrant rusty-red.

SPICE—The tempting, rich burgundy color of an exquisitely shaded Amazon Orchid.

See Glazo's new tropic shades at any drug counter. Choose *your* color *today!*

Other Glazo fall and winter fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, large size 25¢

GLAZO'S NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking. Contains wax. It is a perfect foundation for polish—makes it last longer. Gives added beauty and gloss. Only 25¢.

GLAZO
NEW TROPIC SHADES

How Deanna Durbin Hurdles the "Awkward Age"

(Continued from page 15)

many departments of dress where she could stand improvement. When they were pointed out to her, she never forgot. She is now definitely clothes-conscious.

Clothes are important in helping to smooth out the immature bulges and bumps of the awkward age. No one realizes this more than Deanna. What she has learned about said bulges and bumps she was eager to tell me, because, as she said, "Not every girl would have the chance to find out."

For instance, the awkward points of a teen-age girl are quite likely to be her feet, her shoulders, her too-short waist and her too-big waistline. Deanna found that by wearing two-toned shoes it softened her foot lines, made their size indeterminate.

The short waist and thick midriff vanished via optical illusion when she adopted the rule to wear always a small belt or some trick waistline gadget to gather her in. Her shoulders evened out with padding.

If you will remember Deanna in her past pictures or notice her in her next, you'll note that little jackets or flat hanging jerkins are usually a part of an outfit in which she looks particularly nice. These are deliberate camouflages of a growing girl's weak points.

IT is amazing to look at portraits of Deanna Durbin taken only a year or so ago and then face her today, as I did. The contrast suggests one of those "Before and After" advertisements. The old pictures we looked at even made Deanna smile.

Her bob was short and too babyish, with frizzy bangs. It was out of keeping with her intelligent eyes. I could imagine how out of keeping it must have been with her mature voice and advanced personality. Her hair was curled indiscriminately and looked it. On the other hand, her make-up was too heavy. Between the two extremes, half of the striking beauty of Deanna's bright, personality-brimming face was almost lost.

I glanced at her as she sat across the table. Her bob is now long and dusts her shoulders. It is curled back discreetly from her face and falls in long waves, curled up at the end. It is soft, natural and pleasing.

Deanna explained: "They found I had a little natural wave in my hair. It came out best in a long bob. All the curling that's in it now is to encourage the wave along its natural lines. I think the lesson is—take advantage of your natural good points and develop them."

Deanna does that. Because her hair is soft and glistening after it's brushed, she strokes it religiously. Her studio hairdresser wishes all the stars were as easy to pull in for a hair-do as Deanna. Because she likes her eyes best when they're blue, Deanna's favorite dress color is blue. Because her skin is flawless and glowing, she uses the lightest application of lipstick and powder.

"I like shiny noses," smiled Deanna.

Her jewelry box holds only her wristwatch, two charm bracelets and a small gold locket. She wore her first French heels to a party given a while ago for a studio executive.

Obviously, Deanna has skipped the health upsets so often reflected in the muddy and discolored skins of adolescents. The reason, however, is pretty hard to hand out. Because Deanna eats anything she likes and that anything often includes steak, spaghetti, cake, gum drops, chocolate ice cream and a whole lot of other things, not particularly designed to clear a youthful complexion.

"I'm about the best customer the hokeypokey man has," confessed Deanna with a swell grin. The "hokeypokey" is the sweets vendor who trundles around Universal lot jingling an enticing bell. It never fails to lure Deanna out from her set.

"I suppose," she observed, "I'm just too busy to *let* anything make me sick!"

But Deanna takes care of herself with the unpretentious levelheadedness that is the keynote of her whole young character. Often when she's making a picture she goes upstairs to bed right after her supper, reads a brief while and goes to sleep. When any illness does attack her, a cold or such, it settles—as you might expect—in her throat. Then Deanna sensibly enough puts herself in rigid Coventry. She won't talk to anyone and she doesn't want anyone to talk to her.

I FOUND recurring, as I talked to Deanna, a significant phrase. To so many questions Deanna answered simply, "I haven't time." She hadn't time to learn to sew or cook. She never takes little vacation trips that are so dear to Californians. No time. Even the boys—she hadn't had time to think or worry much about them.

She said it each time with no tinge of wistfulness or regret. She doesn't feel that her busy days are robbing her of her normal youth. In fact, I suspect that Deanna is grateful that work, development and progress are crowding out the doubts, confusions and adolescent torments of her age. For she said, "I'm awfully lucky to be busy in such an interesting way." The moral for other girls might point to finding an interesting way to keep busy. Or at least to finding something you want to do and doing it with all your heart.

For some of the deepest pangs of the "teen age" come from a goading indecision as to what shall be done with life. Deanna escapes all of that when she says simply, "I want to be an opera singer." It is hard to know your own mind so young and Deanna's great talent has made her decision easy. There is little doubt, however, that her *direction* is one of the biggest boons to her peace.

But Deanna does not use her career as an excuse to shirk the responsibilities that come with growing up.

Her maternal instinct is well developed. She loves kids and, to Mrs. Durbin's despair, is always bringing them in from the street and washing their faces. But she still has her dolls, too. She's conscious of boys all right, but they don't bother her. She goes to the movies or to parties with them when she wants to. She doesn't go to night clubs or dance halls because she herself doesn't care to; she doesn't think it's time yet. There is no family ban against it. No one tells her when to be in; no one has to.

She is too mature herself to be "crazy" about older men or to get wild crushes. Although she admitted she liked it when Melvyn Douglas, during the filming of "That Certain Age," said she looked nice in her new dresses. It didn't surprise me that Deanna's favorite movie star is Spencer Tracy.

Marriage is far off and very vague in this young star's busy mind, but her ideals of marriage and a home have been greatly influenced by her sister, Mrs. Heckman. The Heckmans are in only moderate circumstances, but their home is stable and they are completely happy. Money, in this respect, does not seem important to Deanna. Her mother told me that Deanna would be satisfied if she could have a home as happy as her sister's.

Deanna has no allowance. If she needs anything and wants it, she buys it herself. She has access to her money. Usually she has little use for it, but she can spend as much as she wants to.

It's indicative of her common sense make-up, though, that her dog, Tippy, has no pedigree, is not even a pure breed and cost her exactly two dollars.

DEANNA feels the responsibility when she entertains. She doesn't like to sing at private gatherings. It embarrasses her; it seems as though she is "showing off," a feeling she never gets with large audiences. But she will sing, as a sort of *noblesse oblige*, and graciously, if she thinks everyone wants her to.

One afternoon when she was in Washington, Deanna received the local newspaper critics. Critics, after all, are only human. They found Deanna a major attraction; some stayed pretty late.

But, although Deanna had some important plans for the evening, she remained the smiling hostess until the last person had gone. She sang, too.

Not long ago one of Deanna's friends came over for a swim in Deanna's pool. She ventured out beyond her depth and, unable to swim, began to go down. Deanna is not a fine swimmer and the girl was larger than she was, but Deanna knew something had to be done, so she dove in at once and pulled her to safety.

That courage, responsibility, direct action—and common sense—are what enabled Deanna Durbin to face without flinching her first important audience on talent night at the Trocadero. It took her before an intimidating microphone on Eddie Cantor's radio show. It brought her face to face with her first camera lens in "Three Smart Girls." It allows her sixteen-year-old shoulders now to support the responsibility of the success of Universal Studios.

It, too, is what today lifts Deanna Durbin over the hurdles of the awkward age with an absolutely unprecedented grace and ease. It enables her to look out on a new grown-up life with fearless, eager eyes. And to welcome it in a forthright manner.

"One of my teachers said once, 'Do your best—don't be afraid—and there's nothing to worry about,'" said Deanna, rising. Sound advice to pass on, I thought, as I shook her hand and reluctantly yielded her pretty face to the cameras.

On her way out, Deanna bent and whispered something in her mother's ear.

When she was gone, Mrs. Durbin smiled.

"She asked me to tip the waitress," she confided. "When her pictures are finished, Deanna always has gifts for the people who work with her, but I have to hand them out. Deanna doesn't think it looks right for a young girl to give gratuities to older people."

The idea, somehow, was a pleasant thing and I liked Deanna for it as much as for anything I had heard. It was becoming to her years. It was just another way in which Deanna had practiced so successfully what she preaches —"Be your age!"

Plain Girl in Paradise

(Continued from page 17)

Hollywood scene. So, if you deviate from the routine of Vendome lunches, Trocadero dancing, Saturday at the races, a week end at Palm Springs, you are "special." And that's what you want to be—for a successful holiday.

I remember the office I walked into the second day I was there toward the end of the Santa Anita racing season. It happened to be a Friday. A tall, bespectacled fellow in the publicity department said I could visit one of the lots the next day, to see a famous star in action, but added: "Oh, but tomorrow's Saturday. You'll be at the races."

"No, I won't," I told him, eager for my glimpse of a favorite.

"Why not?"

Sheer dumbness prompted my reply: "Why should I?"

The young man looked over my head and met the knowing gaze of his officemate. Then, with a gesture of self-abnegation, he said: "Would you like to go to the races with me?"

I hesitated for a moment, thinking quickly of the alternative prospects.

"I think I'd rather visit the lot," I said candidly. "I never go to horse races at home. Why should I do something here that I could do at home, if I wanted to? I can't visit a studio at home. So let's go there."

"Okay, lady," said the publicity man, and he was grinning. "I'll save a lot of money if I take you on the lot."

He didn't—for Saturday night we dined together, and I wore an orchid on my shoulder, and we danced until three and arranged to drive to San Bernardino the next day, which must have cost much more than betting at Santa Anita would have cost. But the young man seemed to feel it was worth it.

I was, he told me solemnly, "a breath of fresh air." He saw nothing funny in that expression in the land of fresh air and sunshine and artificial women.

THEY do tell you things, when you are an ambitionless visitor. Take down their back hair and confess their sins and the sins of others; the racy gossip of a city where there is the longest and most dazzlingly painted back fence in the world, over which more chitchat passes than in any other one spot known to man, with the possible exception of the Court of Louis XIV. (And I'd pit Sardi's on a rainy night against even Louis' salons!)

Who doesn't enjoy getting, at first hand, "just between you and me—" what even Hollywood columnists can't print? What So-and-So did at Palm Springs the time he went there incognito; how Such-and-Such lost her job at the height of her power; why the famous co-stars refused to make another picture together; how the matinee idol happened to marry before he became famous. It's fascinating hearing—but you wouldn't hear it if they thought you knew anybody to whom to tell it.

Then there are the more intimate things. Why a man couldn't get along with his wife, who was oh! so different from you, of course. Surprising, the number of men in Hollywood who are legally and physically unattached, but who have had the experience of one or two marriages, each epitomized in a nice roll of parchment from Reno, somewhere in a bottom desk drawer. Divorced men, they say, don't make the best of husbands. I wouldn't know. But they do make the pleasantest of admirers, the most flattering holiday-squires. And that, mind you, is the objective—that and that alone.

It's very pleasant to be told you are all manner of nice things; it's revivifying, ego-building, more refreshing than a dozen sea voyages taken in the company of other nice girls and a minimum of eligible males.

It gives you a pleasant glow around the region of your heart, fills your head with fresh pictures of your own personality, which has the effect of making you more like those self-portraits than you were before you heard about yourself from a Hollywood man's lips.

But you mustn't take it too seriously. Not the least of your charm lies in the fact that you won't be there long enough to turn up, eventually, at Central Casting Bureau, using a fellow's name as an "in" at the studio, repeating the things he's told you in confidence where it might do him some harm or—faux pas of faux pas—hold him to his declarations.

It must be carefully established at the outset that you are as transient as a trailer-inhabitant. You have a home somewhere else. You might even have a job. You have come to Hollywood for a vacation and, when the vacation's over, you'll depart, leaving behind nothing but a dream. A dream which might possibly be renewed at a later date, but then also for a stipulated, regular period of time. You won't be a dream walking around the street some blue Monday, a dream with a long memory.

It is much easier to "show the kid a good time" when you know she'll be on her way a week, two weeks or three, from now.

NOT that marriages aren't made in Hollywood. They are. But they're suspect. The regular, employed citizenry of Hollywood is pretty cynical about marriages, having seen so many go on the rocks and with a louder noise than wrecked marriages make anywhere else. That may be because so many Hollywood men marry girls "in the business," girls whose own careers conflict with their husband's greater or lesser ones.

Or perhaps it may be because the plain, American girl, sans movie hopes, is bored with the Hollywood existence which centers around the industry, after she has lived there awhile. It could also spring from the fact that "a breath of fresh air" loses its tingle when you breathe it every day and the hothouse fragrance of the authentic glamour girls then becomes the "different," attractive thing.

Anyhow, marriage wasn't the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of my Hollywood holiday. I came home. And—lo and behold—the same thing happened, in reverse, right on home territory.

"Diana's been to Hollywood. Tell us all about Hollywood, Diana!"

And then you speak, and speak freely—who knows from whom you collected your items of information? Who cares? You have been in Wonderland. The brilliance clings to you in the mundane surroundings of home. You are as different as satin and sequins in a sea of organdy.

"I don't see how they let *you* get away!" says a pleasant non-Hollywood voice.

All in all, it's well worth while for the plain American garden-variety girl to visit Hollywood.

"I've *lived* an extra month this year"—

Like so many women, Janice believed menstrual pain had to be endured. As regularly as her dreaded days came on, she stopped "living"—gave up all pleasure to give in to suffering.

Then, a year ago, a thoughtful friend told Janice about Midol; how it relieves functional periodic pain even at its worst, and how it often saves many women even slight discomfort.

Now Janice is "living" again—not just part of the time, but twelve full months a year. Letting Midol take care of unnecessary menstrual pain has restored to her a whole month of wasted days!

MIDOL is made for women for one special purpose—to relieve the unnatural pain which often makes the natural menstrual process so trying. And Midol is dependable; unless there is some organic disorder requiring the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it. Why not give Midol the chance to help you? It acts quickly, not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Ask for the convenient, inexpensive purse-size aluminum case at any drugstore.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

A SWANKY STREAMLINER to California

THAT REALLY GOES TO TOWN

[SAVES YOU $$$, TOO]

Santa Fe

The gay new

El CAPITAN

AMERICA'S ONLY ALL-CHAIR-CAR TRANSCONTINENTAL STREAMLINER

● Here's the gleaming little streamliner—gay as Hollywood itself—that has put new thrills and barrels of fun into western economy travel!

With the speed of the swiftest de luxe streamliners, Santa Fe's *El Capitan* whisks you between Chicago and Los Angeles in just 39¾ hours . . . gives you more time to play around in California.

ECONOMICAL

You save money, too, because the fares between Chicago and Los Angeles on this jolly windsplitter are only $44.50, one way; only $75, round trip!

You'll get a world of enjoyment out of the new beauty and downright comfort of *El Capitan*—the West's *only* all-chair-car transcontinental streamliner ● You'll like its modern stainless steel coaches, with their spacious dressing rooms; the delicious low-cost Fred Harvey meals in the unique lunch counter-tavern car; the special car for women and children; and the trim graduate nurse, her free and friendly service available to mothers with children and all others aboard.

ALL ABOARD!

El Capitan leaves Chicago Tuesdays and Saturdays; Los Angeles, Tuesdays and Fridays.

THE SCOUT DAILY ECONOMY TRAIN

● This popular Santa Fe transcontinental train, also dedicated *entirely* to economy travel, departs daily from Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles ● Swift, modern, air-conditioned, it carries new stainless steel chair cars; roomy sleepers; club car for sleeper passengers; Fred Harvey diner, serving delicious 90c-a-day meals to all; and also provides the service of a registered nurse ● There is no extra fare.

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1207 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send *El Capitan* and *Scout* booklets, and fares
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Name .....
Address .....

1938 IS A SANTA FE YEAR

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 27)

tell them the whole truth, wouldn't I, Mr. Padgham?"

He cleared his throat and returned to his pompous manner.

"Of course," he said, "there are times when a . . . er . . . ah . . . prevarication is sometimes not entirely unwise."

"You mean *lie* to the *police?*" I asked, keeping my eyes big.

He was about to say something more when Mr. Foley came in.

Mr. Foley nodded to me, and I thought from the look on his face that finding Mr. Padgham there irritated him. He said, "Come in, Padgham. Please see that I'm not interrupted, Miss Bell."

I saw that he wasn't interrupted, to the extent of stalling off two telephone calls and a person who looked like a salesman.

The telephone rang and, as I picked up the receiver, a masculine voice asked, "Is this the office of Mr. William C. Foley, the attorney?"

I launched into my speech. "I'm very sorry, but Mr. Foley isn't available. If you'll leave your number, I'll have him call. . . ."

"I don't want Foley," the voice said. "I want his secretary."

"Oh," I said, inanely.

"Are you she?"

"Yes."

"Hold the line, please."

I felt suddenly weak. I had to prop my elbow on the desk to hold the receiver to my ear. There was no need to tell me who it was. I knew.

I could hear the rustle of motion at the other end of the line as the receiver changed hands. A masculine voice which stirred me as does music from a pipe organ said, "I am trying to get in touch with a young woman who left a message for me. I am *very* anxious indeed to talk with her."

I tried sparring for time. "Do you know her name?" I inquired.

HIS voice became sharply authoritative. "A young woman," he said, "telephoned one of the principal Hollywood agencies last night about leaving a message for a gentleman whose name she mentioned. She stated the party could get in touch with her through you. Please understand that this is a matter of the greatest importance. . . ."

"Yes," I said, "I understand. I know the party."

"That's better," he told me. "I'll be at the Royal Hawaiian Café in Hollywood at twelve-thirty. Please ask this young woman if she'd care to have lunch with me. . . ."

"Oh, but that's way out in Hollywood!" I exclaimed. "This party works. You'd have to come in to Los Angeles to see her."

"All right," he said. "I'll drive past any corner you name at any time you mention."

"Make it Fifth and Spring," I said, "at ten minutes past twelve. I'll . . . she'll be on the northwest corner."

"All right," he said. "Now remember this. I'll recognize her. If this is on the up-and-up, it's all right. If it isn't, there's going to be trouble."

"There won't be any trouble," I said.

"Very well," he said, crisply. "Now please take a message for this party. Tell her it is absolutely imperative that she say nothing whatever to anyone about anything which happened, and, if she found any of my property, she's to keep it until she can return it to me in person. Can you get that message to her?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Thank you."

He had no more than hung up when Mr. Foley pressed my buzzer.

I GRABBED a new shorthand book and entered the office. Mr. Padgham had gone. The boss motioned me to a seat. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," I said.

Abruptly, he said, "Don't trust Padgham."

I kept quiet.

"I wanted to see you," he went on, "before you'd talked with him. How long had he been here before I arrived?"

"About ten minutes."

"What did you tell him? Anything?"

"Mr. Padgham," I said, "of course realized that I must have been the one who telephoned for the police."

"Did you tell him it was at my suggestion?"

"No."

"Did you tell him that you had met me out there?"

"No."

"Did you accuse him of taking those agreements from your brief case?"

"No. I don't think he did. I thought so at first, but now I don't . . . well, I don't think he would have done it."

"Why?"

"Because the person who took them must have been someone who wanted to know what was in them. Mr. Padgham already knew."

A look of relief came over his face. "Thank heavens, you have sense," he said. "What *did* you tell him?"

"As I explained to you, when I left Mr. Padgham's automobile, I went down to the drugstore. He assumed this morning that I'd gone to telephone the police. I let him act on that assumption."

Mr. Foley stared thoughtfully at the carpet for a second or two, then said, "Don't ever trust yourself to the mercy of a grandstander."

"Is Mr. Padgham a grandstander?" I asked.

"A grandstander and a fourflusher. That type of man always thinks of himself first, foremost and always. He'll sacrifice anyone in a pinch . . . You have, perhaps, noticed the way he talks?"

"Yes," I said. "He usually hesitates in the middle of a sentence and then comes out with a big word which he seems to roll over his tongue with all the satisfaction of a mother cat purring over her kittens' bath."

MR. FOLEY threw back his head and laughed. "I'm going to remember that. That's priceless."

"Is that," I asked, "what you wanted me to notice about his conversation?"

"Yes," he said. "The sincere, straightforward man of action usually chooses short, crisp words. He never uses a long word when he can express himself with a shorter word.

"Your truly erudite man uses polysyllabic words because they're necessary to mark the subtle differentiations of his meaning. But the man who uses polysyllabic words as a verbal grandstander, simply for the purpose of impressing himself with a soothing idea of his own importance, has no loyalty for anyone other than himself. Padgham talks along until he gets near the middle of the sentence and then pauses to find the most impressive word he can think of. Mind you, he already has the thought of the sentence, already has it clothed in everyday words, but he hesitates so he can substitute some longer word which will sound more impressive. When he pronounces it, he slows down the tempo of his diction slightly, so as to make the word seem longer than it really is.

"Don't ever let him get anything on you. If the going gets rough, he'll toss you out to the wolves."

"If it's not being presumptious," I asked, "did Mr. Padgham explain anything to you about his contract?"

"He did," Mr. Foley said dryly, "and I have come to distrust his explanation."

Abruptly I asked, "Do you always get your secretaries at that same employment agency?"

"Yes. Why?"

"And pick them in the same way?"

"Yes. Why?"

"It occurred to me," I said, "that someone has been particularly interested in finding out the terms of that agreement. The accident which crippled your secretary was deliberate—as the detective pointed out. Someone tried the same trick on me last night. Fortunately, I escaped. I think Miss Blair was in the car. And she certainly thought she was going to be your new secretary. If you had employed her instead of me . . . Well, you can see how simple it would have been for her to have taken your dictation, then telephoned her accomplice. . . ."

"But what's in that agreement," he interrupted, "that the whole world couldn't see?"

"I don't know," I told him, "but I do know it's something. Last night, someone stole the agreement. This morning, my shorthand notebook with all the notes is missing from my desk."

HE stared at me and was just starting to say something when the door from the reception room opened and a fleshy woman in the late forties came sailing into the room, talking before she'd crossed the threshold.

"I'm looking for Mr. Foley, the lawyer," she said.

Mr. Foley gravely inclined his head and indicated a chair. "I am Mr. Foley," he said.

"And I'm Mrs. Charles Temmler. You know, it was in my house the body of Carter Wright was found by the police last night."

Mr. Foley's eyes indicated that I was to remain and listen. "Yes, Mrs. Temmler," he said.

"Carter Wright had been employed by my husband as chauffeur and discharged for dishonesty," she said, dropping into the proffered chair.

"Indeed," Mr. Foley said, inviting her to go on; and go on she did in a big way. She talked with an effortless ease and breath-taking rapidity, the words bouncing easily off the roof of her mouth, apparently originating no farther down than her throat.

"My husband," she said, "had some very important papers and for reasons best known to himself placed them in a safe-deposit box in a rural bank. Carter Wright stole the key to that safe-deposit box and had it with him at the time he was murdered. I want to avoid any publicity, but that key is *my* property and I want you to get it for me."

"Why," asked Mr. Foley, "did you come to me?"

"Because," she said, "I happened to know that, before Carter Wright was discharged, he'd been in correspond-

ence with a man by the name of Padgham and Mr. Padgham sent Carter Wright a telegram in which he said he would employ you to draw up an agreement, that you were one of the very best and most conscientious attorneys in the country. I just happened to remember your name and, not knowing any lawyers whom I could trust, I came to you."

"Most flattering," Mr. Foley agreed, "but suppose Mr. Padgham's business with Carter Wright should have had something to do with that safe-deposit box—mind you, I'm not saying that it does because I don't know—but I'm merely outlining the possibility. You can readily see that, as an attorney, I would be placed in an impossible position."

"Oh, but that key has nothing to do with Mr. Padgham's business!" Mrs. Temmler exclaimed. "I'm certain it hasn't."

"Do you know the nature of Carter Wright's business with Mr. Padgham?"

"Oh, yes. It had something to do with acting. Carter got to thinking he was an actor. He was a very excellent chauffeur until he started in training with a theatrical crowd—not real actors, but amateurs. He entered the Little Theater plays and had some flattering press notices—I'll say they were flattering! They flattered him to death and he hasn't been worth anything since."

"BUT," Mr. Foley objected, "even if I agreed to represent you, I couldn't do anything except go to the police. The coroner took charge of Carter Wright's personal effects, everything that was in his pockets or. . . ."

"But that's what I *want* you to do! I want you to go to the coroner at once. But you mustn't tell him whom you're representing."

Mr. Foley smiled. "I'm afraid I couldn't get hold of a key to a safe-deposit box unless I explained matters fully—and even then the police would open the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the estate inheritance-tax appraiser."

Disappointment flooded her features. She said, impatiently, "Mr. Padgham said in his telegram that you were a very *resourceful* attorney."

Mr. Foley said, sympathetically, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler, but I'd have to be more than resourceful to get possession of that key . . . In whose name is the box registered, yours?"

"Well," she said, "you see. . . ."

"Yes?" Mr. Foley asked, as she hesitated.

"It's rather a peculiar situation," she said. "The box is registered in such a way that whoever has possession of the key has access to the contents of the box. It's an arrangement . . . well, Mr. Foley, I suppose it's illegal, but you mentioned something just now about the state inheritance-tax appraiser. He's always supposed to be present when the safe-deposit boxes of dead persons are opened, isn't he?"

"A representative of his office," Mr. Foley said, glancing significantly at me.

"Well," she said glibly, "that's the reason we rented this box the way we did. It's rented under an assumed name. My husband told the banker he was negotiating an agreement with another party covering the possession of certain notes that had to do with a very valuable invention. The notes were too valuable to be delivered in the ordinary course of business and so my husband had arranged to give the purchaser the key to this box when the money was paid over. The bank was to give this purchaser, or his legal representatives, access to the box whenever he showed up with the key."

"That," Mr. Foley said, "is highly irregular."

"I know it's irregular. That's why my husband chose this country bank at Las Almiras. I don't suppose they have more than half a dozen safe-deposit boxes in all. And my husband signed a blank power of attorney which the banker agreed to fill in with the name of any person who might appear with the key."

"Then the box actually *does* contain notes relating to an invention?" Mr. Foley asked.

She said, "Well, there are *some* notes there, yes; but those are just a blind. There's currency in the box."

"Where's your husband now?"

"He's in New York."

"Why don't you have your husband wire the banker that the key has been stolen and withdraw any authorization to enter the safe-deposit box?"

"Because my husband doesn't know it's been stolen."

"How does that happen?"

"He trusted the key to me . . . Can't you see? That's why I'm so anxious to get it back. He'll think I was having an affair with the chauffeur. I must get it back without anyone knowing."

MR. FOLEY said, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler. There's nothing I can do. The entire affair sounds rather . . . well, rather bizarre. Incidentally, Mrs. Temmler, if the police have found any such key they didn't mention it to the

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, boarding the Conte Di Savoia from Genoa to Cannes, were greeted by old friends, Gladys Swarthout and her husband (smiling behind her), Frank Chapman. Back of the Duchess, who is as glamorous as ever, is Herman Rogers. Miss Swarthout returns soon to Paramount

Freshness
...wins fame for Dixie Dunbar and Old Golds, too!

Her Freshness Charms

A twinkling dancing star, Dixie Dunbar charms movie-goers with her freshness. Only a youngster now, Dixie won New York night club crowds when still in her teens. Then Hollywood claimed her and today her fresh dancing talent is a feature of that smash hit "Alexander's Ragtime Band".

YOU can't blame a Hollywood star for worrying about going stale. For all the talent in the world won't hold a star's popularity . . . once the appealing charm of *freshness* fades.

That's true, too, of a cigarette. And many a talented cigarette, that leaves the factory with all the promise in the world, is a stale "has-been" by the time it reaches the smoker's lips.

Tobacco freshness is such a fleeting charm that it must be guarded every minute against its arch enemies . . . dryness, dust, or too much moisture.

That's the reason for Old Gold's double-sealed, double Cellophane package. It forms a double protection for the matchless flavor and fragrance of Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos. You can't buy, beg, or borrow a stale Old Gold. Always, Old Golds are double-mellow, delightful in flavor, fresh as the minute they were made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Copr., 1938 by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

• "Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft ... as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

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Another thrilling new Coty make-up discovery! Rushing torrents of *air* blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and warmth. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

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Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

newspaper reporters. They're keeping it as very much of a secret."

"Oh, they've found it right enough," she said.

"You're certain?" Mr. Foley asked.

"Quite. They *must* have found it. Carter Wright had it with him. I know he did."

"Do you know who killed him?"

"No, of course not."

"Do you have any suspicion?"

She said, "Well, my . . . No, I won't say that . . . No, I haven't even any suspicion."

Mr. Foley said, with an air of finality, "Mrs. Temmler, I think you should go to the district attorney. Tell him your story in detail. Ask him to see that your identity is guarded."

She got to her feet and pointed angrily at Mr. Foley, "I thought I could count on you for help. I thought that's what an attorney was for."

"A lawyer," Mr. Foley said, "is obligated to co-operate with law enforcement, not to conspire to thwart it."

"Bosh," she said, as she sailed through the door. "That's a perfectly Mid-Victorian outlook on life! I thought you were resourceful."

The slamming of the door punctuated her departure.

I knew that Mr. Foley would be looking at me, and, for the life of me, I couldn't bring myself to meet his eyes. Should I have told him about that key to the safe-deposit box? There it was in my purse right this minute . . . But it was Bruce Eaton's property. He'd said so himself. He'd told me I wasn't to mention it to anyone. I was to return it to him personally.

Mr. Foley said, "If you're interested in voices, Miss Bell, make a note of that woman's. Don't ever trust the judgment of a woman who forms her word sounds on the roof of her mouth. You can trust the *integrity* of persons who talk that way, but you can never trust their *judgment*. If you follow their suggestions, they'll always get you into trouble."

"It impressed me," I said, "that she was lying."

MR. FOLEY laughed. "Of course, she was lying. That stuck out all over her. The question arises as to where the truth left off and where fabrication began. Doubtless I could have discovered it, if I'd taken the trouble to cross-examine her, but I didn't want to have any connection with her in any way."

"Why can't you trust people who talk with the roofs of their mouths?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Foley said, "but you can't—not in ninety per cent of the cases. Such people may have imagination. Usually they're quick, intelligent and highly versatile, but you can't trust their judgment. If you want someone who has good mental perspective—which is, after all, a necessity to judgment—pick someone who talks with his diaphragm. Persons who talk with high-pitched rapidity and seem to push the words out from no farther back than the roofs of their mouths are not to be trusted so far as suggestions are concerned. They'll get you in the damnedest messes—and then leave you holding the bag."

I wanted to get away, wanted to be where I could think things over. After all, I was working for Mr. Foley. He'd been simply splendid to me, and . . .

"I'm going out," he said. "I'll be in the office for a few minutes just before one o'clock and then I'm going out and will be out all afternoon."

"Yes, Mr. Foley."

"If you don't have any particular plans for lunch," he said, "you might wait until after I leave at one o'clock, then you can take the afternoon off."

I felt myself color. "Oh . . . I. . . ."

He glanced at me sharply. "You wanted to leave at twelve?" he asked.

"I have a luncheon engagement I'm very anxious to keep," I said.

"Some day," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I'll tell you about the little trick of vocal expression which means that a woman's thinking of the man of whom she's very, very fond . . . Yes, Miss Bell, by all means, leave a little before twelve if you want. You've had rather a strenuous time of it so you don't need to come back at all this afternoon—and I hope you have a very nice luncheon with a very fascinating young man," and he walked out of the door leaving me standing there, blushing like a schoolgirl.

I FELT self-conscious standing on the corner with the hordes of luncheon-goers streaming past me. I wondered what they'd think if someone had pointed me out and said, "There's the little secretary waiting on the corner for Bruce Eaton to come and take her to lunch." I could fancy their pitying smiles, the manner in which they'd exchange glances.

My heart thumped wildly as a big, blue automobile slid in close to the curb. It was he!

At that moment, someone recognized him. I heard the name "Bruce Eaton" rush through the crowd like wind through mountain treetops. People stopped, turned to stare. One or two women snatched bits of paper from purses and crowded forward for autographs. The traffic cop blew his whistle.

Bruce Eaton smiled at me and raised his hat.

Feeling that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams, I pushed forward. He opened the door and I found myself seated beside him. The grinning traffic cop came forward, waving the crowd back with one hand, motioning for Eaton to go on with the other. Eaton slid the gearshift lever back into place and the big automobile, its powerful engine running as smoothly as a sewing machine, shot across the street, while open-mouthed spectators stared at the star—and at the young woman who had been whisked out of Humdrum into Romance.

"So it really was you, after all," he said.

"What was?" I asked.

"The young woman who telephoned my agent. I was afraid it was some sort of a racket."

My laugh was nervous. "I was afraid . . . oh, skip it."

"After the way I treated you last night," he said, "I suppose you expect almost anything from me. I'm sorry, but circumstances made it necessary for me to act as I did. I'm hoping you'll give me the opportunity to explain."

"You don't need to," I told him, "because there's nothing to explain. After all, you're not entirely your own agent, you know. You have your studio to think of as well as your own career."

"That's a mighty sensible way to look at it," he said, flickering his eyes from traffic to look at me.

"I always try to look at things that way."

"You're too good-looking to be sensible," he laughed. "That is, I mean, most beautiful women become very much a law unto themselves. Being sensible comes with considering problems from the other's viewpoint. Beautiful women rarely do that."

I DIDN'T have any answer to that. I wanted to be calm and sensible and I was quivering all over. I could have simpered and perhaps led him on to flattery—perhaps not. He impressed me as saying what he meant, meaning what he said.

When I didn't answer, he lapsed into silence, driving on through traffic, leaving me free to study surreptitiously the profile which I'd admired so much on the screen.

He was just as he appeared in pictures, magnetic, handsome and intensely masculine, not in the hard-boiled, coarse, two-fisted way, but with a certain mental virility which, to my mind, was largely responsible for his screen success.

While we were waiting for a traffic signal, he turned to me and said abruptly, "How about that property of mine? You have it?"

I started to hand over the key and then changed my mind. After all, I had to talk with him about something and banter about that key was better than bromides about pictures. And then he *might* lose interest in me after he got the key.

"I'm afraid," I told him, "you'll have to identify it. After all, you know, a finder is responsible for the property until he's surrendered it to its rightful owner."

He was silent.

"Go ahead and describe it," I invited.

I saw then that he was silent because I had hurt him. Evidently, down underneath that vigorous exterior the man was sensitive.

I laughed and said, "I'm only joking, you know."

"Well," he said, "where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"My stickpin."

"Your *stickpin!*" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Yes. I lost it last night in the scuffle which immediately preceded my . . . er . . . predicament."

I fumbled in my purse, took out the long, flat key.

"Then just what is *this?*" I demanded.

He barely took his eyes from the road. "Looks like a key to a safe-deposit box. Where did you get it?"

No movie scenario ever demanded more action and quick thinking on the part of Bruce Eaton than the events that were to follow that tête-à-tête luncheon. Don't miss the next thrilling installment of Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery — December PHOTOPLAY.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 68 with these correct ones:

1. Gregory Ratoff
2. Maggie Sullavan, Jean Chatburn
3. Gary Cooper
4. Greta Garbo
5. "Dawn Patrol"
6. Tea cart
7. Danielle Darrieux
8. Charles Chaplin in "City Lights"
9. Wayne Morris
10. Bette Davis

(Continued from page 65)

at last, she went out for a drive on an autumn afternoon and hooked the town catch, wearing his fraternity pin to a ball given by his ex-fiancee that night.

He was a gay young man, only son of a great name and a great fortune, and he was addicted to speed in open cars and to jazz and to the ringing fantasy he seemed to find in a tenth Martini, or a twelfth Rock and Rye, or in the bottom of the special flask he carried in a special pocket tailored into his jackets.

There was this, over which she had no control. She shut her eyes to it, as she had deliberately blinded herself during these months to many things: to the summer past, to the sharp memory of a beach and a boy and his voice saying, "Someday, Maggie. Someday."

She had not heard from Hank.

And it was winter, and the man she would marry said, "June, Maggie?" and she said, "Yes." And she danced some more, and "Among those present was Miss Margaret Sullavan, lovely debutante daughter of . . ." And there were the nights when she was too busy or too tired to remember. And there were the nights when she had to remember; and the spring came, bringing with it finally, shatteringly, his letter.

"I know you will come," Hank had written. Simply, without exhortation or argument.

She could hear her mind click into another gear as she read the sentence; and quite suddenly the period just ending assumed a distant perspective, became a strange episode in her life for which there was no explanation. Maggie offered her regrets to her bewildered fiance with a kind of polite detachment. She didn't even bother to argue with her family.

THERE was the second summer at Silver Beach, then, and whereas before she had been a nineteen-year-old girl finding new excitement in first love, now she was all of twenty—and she had a whole dreadful year of confusion behind her.

Wherefore Hank seemed to her more than ever wonderful, for his sharp intelligence and his solemn wit. She was frantically in love with him now, and now, because of this new intensity, they quarreled more often and more seriously than before. Each quarrel meant a magnificent reconciliation, a potpourri of emotion, and more excitement for Maggie . . . it was sometimes she, therefore, who cast the first verbal stone that set them off.

That fall there was no wire from home. She went to New York unhindered. The road company of "Strictly Dishonorable"—not a very good play—was getting ready to go out and needed an understudy for the female lead. They told Margaret she could have it at sixty-five dollars a week. She worked them for seventy-five dollars, learned the entire part the first night, and set blithely forth on her career.

The company played Norfolk the second night out.

She arrived in town in terrific jitters, had dinner with her unsuspectingly joyous family without telling them about the situation. She was safe for the nonce, since Cornelius was in bed ill; but the next morning the papers printed that their own Maggie, herself, would play the matinee on Wednesday. And, to the malicious triumph of her fellow debutantes, she did, before a capacity house. In the middle of the first scene her entire family, wearing brave Sullavan faces, straggled staunchly down the aisle and sat *en forte* throughout the entire piece, even through the scene in which she was forced to undress on the stage. Under the circumstances they could do no other.

They never mentioned the affair afterward to Margaret, of course. And she left on the evening train, shaking her fists at the fates and her chuckling stage manager. But somehow it was a decisive episode; the lot of her future was irrevocably cast with the theater. She had made her choice, not in the privacy of her mother's drawing room but on a public stage before the assembled townspeople; and in a way, after she was through with fury, Maggie Sullavan discovered she was immeasurably glad.

THEN, as if by signal, her life went completely kaleidoscopic. Things happened to her with such speed that she had neither the time nor the ability to deal with them except intuitively; she knew that this approach, rather than her usual unhurried intellectual survey before action, would be the origin of blunders. But there was no alternative. She was incapable of dodging anything that whispered of progress or of excitement.

While she was playing in Philadelphia, the P. T. Intime (Princeton Theatre Intime) wired her, asking if she would come to Princeton for a piece they were producing. She accepted, as a matter of course. For a week end she played to a convivial and noisy audience and on the final night discovered that there was a Shubert man—one Elmer Harris, a playwright—in front. She was horrified. She felt ill, anyway, and with this drunken house she knew her performance would be relatively bad.

Nevertheless, two days later a wire from the Shubert office asked her to come to New York, to read a part. It could not have come at a worse time. She now had laryngitis in addition to the vague illness for which she could find no excuse and no remedy. Even so, she took the first train to the metropolis and in a husky, deep croak read the lines that were handed her.

"Sounds like a sore throat," commented one listener.

"You're crazy," said Shubert. "This is another Ethel Barrymore voice. She's hired."

Maggie went back to Philadelphia and immediately had acute appendicitis. She had the appendix out and wired New York there would be a slight delay.

Two weeks later she was up, learning to fence, rehearsing for the starring rôle in "The Modern Virgin," and frantically driving through fog without a coat so as to encourage the laryngitis.

She was so successful that after the opening all the critics repeated Shubert's opinion and, in addition, raved about her ability as an actress, even

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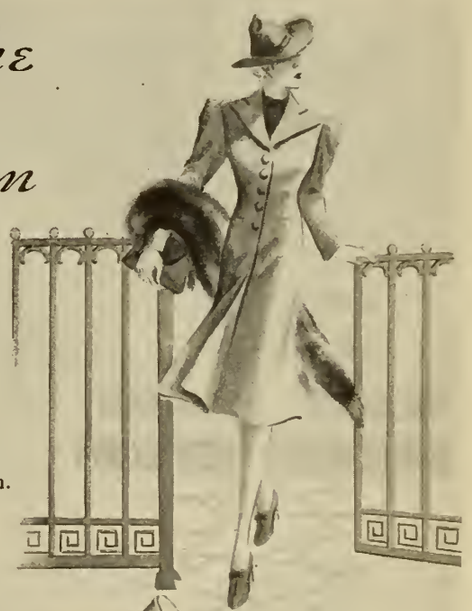

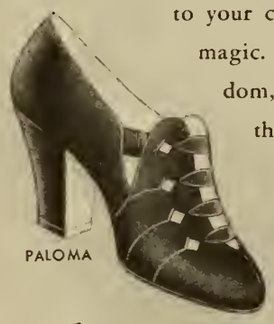
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MEET MR. GABLE

BY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

WOMEN like Gable—children like Gable—animals like Gable and perhaps most complimentary of all, men like Gable.

What is the secret of his charm? Is it his good looks, his keen mind, his quick smile or what?

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of *Physical Culture* and probably one of the best character readers in the world, has long admired Clark Gable but until recently he had had no opportunity to know him intimately.

Then, a few weeks ago, while in Hollywood on one of his numerous trips, the great publisher and the great star learned really to know each other. During the course of their visit together they discussed many things.

And when the visit was over Mr. Macfadden's liking and admiration for Gable had increased materially—truly a man and a sportsman after his own heart.

In *Physical Culture* for November, Bernarr Macfadden tells you all about his visit with Clark Gable and reveals the true reason for the Gable popularity. His article "Meet Mr. Gable" lives fully up to its title. When you have finished reading it you will feel almost as though you know Gable personally. Not only tremendously interesting but a deep and revealing character study, Bernarr Macfadden's analysis of the world's most popular male star will hold your absorbed attention from opening to closing line.

ALSO READ

American Girls are Different (International Marriage Problems) • Lovely to Look At (Beauty Culture) • It Takes Backbone to be Healthy (Women's Exercises by Helen Macfadden) • Little Old Lady (healthy, active and happy at 107) • Do Reducing Fads Cause Sterility? • 100,000 Pneumonia Victims Every Year • Perfect Teeth for Your Child • Diabetic—or Just Overweight? • I Refused to Go on Relief, and a score of other helpful articles, features, and departments in the November issue of the great personal problem magazine. Get your copy today and each month thereafter. An excellent habit to acquire.

•

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Big 40th Anniversary Number

though they panned the show. It closed miserably in two and a half months but it left Maggie a new possession: reputation.

She swaggered up to Silver Beach for the summer. Hank was there and after the first week of renewed love—after the first seven days of remembering—they drove madly to town and got a marriage license. The next day they quarreled bitterly over a minor matter, fumed at each other for a while, made it up, quarreled again—and thus the summer passed and the days cooled into September of 1931 and, alone as always, the Sullavan again stormed into New York, this time to star in "If Love Were All," which, if possible, was a worse play than any of the others.

She was unhappy, not because of the fact that she seemed destined to work in one flop after another—after all, she was a critical standout in each and the money was pouring in—but because of an indefinable sense of loss and loneliness which was centered in the lanky boy she had left at Falmouth.

He wrote her, finally, that the group would have its first winter season this year, and the news coincided, as if by direction of the fates, with the final curtain of the tired "If Love Were All." This time Maggie packed for Baltimore with her mind made up.

SHE married Hank Fonda, finally, on Christmas day, while snow blew along the streets of Baltimore.

She left him, sadly and with the utmost confusion of emotion, less than one year later—after a winter of breathless happiness, alive with color and beauty and laughter; after a summer of separation, while he was in summer stock and she stayed in New York for a number of plays; after a short autumn during which they discovered that the essential differences in temperament that had delayed their marriage so long now made it impossible for them to live together.

On that last afternoon she stood, hatted and furred, at the door, looking at him. He sat staring silently at the rug. "Damn it," she said, her voice huskier than usual, "you can't say real things except in banalities. We've got to be friends, darling, like in the song."

He looked up at her, and quickly down again. "Always, Peggy."

She went out, slamming the door in a kind of impotent rage at events and at herself. New York towered around and above her, suffocating, merciless, brutal. She couldn't think and more than ever before in her life she wanted thought, clear, concise; to adjust in her mind this first colossal failure.

There was a little time before her next play and she had plenty of money saved. Through the turmoil of anger and disappointment one persistent idea nagged at her; to go as far away as possible, to escape from the scene of the life she had built—and seen destroyed.

It was the one sanity. Obeying it blindly, she bought a ticket for South America and sailed on the first boat.

The first night out she escaped from the cabin stuffy with flowers and climbed to the highest point she could find on the forward deck. Before her stretched a rolling endlessness, glittering under the light sky; and the monotony of the seascape left her mind clear for personal consideration. The dim reproachful figures of her conventional Southern ancesters approached and had their say: "What silliness is this? What vulgar modern way to treat your sacred marriage vows? Shame! *Shame. . . .*"

Fiercely her own mind made answer. It couldn't work, we'd be miserable—Maybe it was right to stay in Norfolk and roar and scream with boredom, but I wouldn't, and if it was right to stay with Hank and ruin both our lives then I will be wrong and like it. Only it can't be wrong. . . .

Night after alternate night—the others she spent dancing furiously for hours with the gay young men she had met aboard—she went to the same place high by the forward giant stack and argued with herself, desperately trying to adjust to her new circumstances, rationalizing the fact that she had let so great a thing as her marriage fall to ruin. Once, long after midnight, a blasting thunderous sound deafened her for a moment and after her heart had stopped bounding about she realized the ship was saluting another liner, passing the other way. She could see its lights and the sleek white outline of the hull across the dark water.

For a moment, then, she thought she knew the answer. If she could be like that ship: detached, imperturable, with a destination and a schedule, organized and efficient and—untouchable, she need never feel like this again.

Maggie went down to sleep that night with a new quiet in her heart.

The long vacation did her good. When she came back to Manhattan at last, to take a rôle in "Dinner at Eight," Hank and her broken marriage had lost some of their power to hurt her.

SHE came into the wings, after the second scene of the last act, still smiling, in character. A little scattering of applause sounded in front, for her exit. The smile became a grin.

Her maid beckoned from the dressing-room door. "Telephone," the girl said with her lips.

Maggie picked up the receiver with one hand and fumbled with an involved clasp with the other. "Hello," she said.

"Los Angeles calling. . . ."

"Put 'em on," said Maggie.

But it was Hollywood calling. They had a picture called "Only Yesterday." They had seen her work on the stage, had liked her. If she were interested—

"No!" she said, tearing at the clasp.

The voice was suddenly very brisk. "Twelve hundred and fifty—a week. And a contract. Two pictures a year, New York and the stage in between. Have you thought it over?"

Her hand was motionless on the clasp. Her long silence cost Hollywood a little over six dollars.

Then she said, "I—couldn't very well refuse that much money, could I?"

And it was the spring of 1933, and Hank was gone and love was gone and there was nothing—nothing whatever—to keep Maggie Sullavan in New York.

"All right," she said, "I'll come."

Hollywood called her "difficult" when she refused to play its game. But this stormy, impetuous daughter of the South is one star it hasn't changed. Concluding—The Story of Margaret Sullavan's Rebellious Life—December PHOTOPLAY.

WHY? should you get December PHOTOPLAY? For one thing—She has a temper like a buzz saw; he has recreations she can't share, but Frances and Joel McCrea are Hollywood's happiest couple—Why?

WHAT MAKES LOVE TICK? by Lupton A. Wilkinson

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

$1.00 PRIZES
WHO'S RIGHT?

I'VE just finished reading a recent issue of your PHOTOPLAY and of all the moronic interviews the one with J. MacDonald and G. Raymond was the most moronic. It reaches the height of—or should I say depth of—something or other. For heaven's sake why don't some of these stars come down to earth. Heaven only knows that some of them couldn't pass the fourth grade. What has any of them ever accomplished. Will they be immortal? Can one of them reach Mme. Curie's level? Yet they are assured and smug and vain. I could act rings around a lot of them, but as I'm not beautiful or striking or glamorous, neither do I have a foreign accent, I'll never reach the screen.

I like the movies very much and am a regular customer, but I'm for better movies and less talk about Dotty Dimple. Movie magazines are the ban(sic) of my like. Honestly those ghost writers should make fortunes just writing stories with the line of bull they throw in the movie mags. Print this bit of eulogy in your magazine, or don't you dare?

MISS GRAYCE TOROSIAN,
Johnson City, N. Y.

Nothing like a good dare to start out a morning! Our readers will be interested in the letter which follows this.

DEAR Jeanette and Gene Raymond—you two gave PHOTOPLAY a grand article. And somehow I believe you will make a go of what seems to be the impossible for a whole lot of Hollywooders.

Just why it should be so terribly difficult to stay married in Hollywood is something that a mere onlooker like myself can never understand. You two seem to think you are not much different from John Jones and Mary Smith living in Midwest Anystate. Gosh! You will probably be tarred and feathered by your starry friends for such heresy. But, oh my, what a relief it is to know you actually feel that way. You people can't be screen stars. You get married in a church like anybody else instead of eloping to Yuma after announcing it over the radio. You take a wedding trip instead of working on and on. You can't be real. You live simply and enjoy being with each other. Hooray for you. And long, long may you continue to be different from the average star and just like us common folk.

MILDRED MUNDAY,
Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
RIDE 'EM COWBOY

I NEVER knew that PHOTOPLAY was so popular until somehow I got lucky and won first prize in "Boos and Bouquets" in the last March PHOTOPLAY for a letter which I wrote about lovely Miss Loretta Young. Well I did not have time to cash my check before I was diluged with so many letters my head swum. They was from people (mostly women) who congratilated me and asked if I wouldent write them a bit about cowpunchers life in Wyoming and please send them a picture of me.

I commenced to answer all of the questions what was asked me, but I got writters cramp right away so I decided to spend some of my prize money for a second hand old typewriter as I was always wanting to operate one of them things. Befor I had got practiced up so I could write a perfect letter I had got letters from every state excepting Maine. But as letters are still comeing in at intervils maybe Maine won't let me down.

My geography has been helped no end as all the girls told me about themselves as well as there surroundings. Gosh, but it sure was interesting reading. A young lady in Johannesburg, South Africa, asked if there was any "bioscopes" where I lived. I thought at first it was some kind of reptile but I since found that "bioscopes" was what us Americans call picture shows.

One thing them letter writers had in common was they all read and like PHOTOPLAY emensly and they all raved about Loretta Young, and also they like Western movies. I sure would appreciate it much if a couple of lines was printed in PHOTOPLAY which says that "Tex" Brunton appreciates the letters he has got from PHOTOPLAY readers and that he will get around to answering them all eventsualy. I sure did like Loretta Young in "Three Blind Mice." I seen it thru twice. She sure is swell.

"TEX" BRUNTON,
Casper, Wyoming.

MATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

Correct answers to the pictorial game appearing on pages 42 and 43

1 and 12:	"Maytime"	Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald Harrison Ford, Ethel Shannon
2 and 15:	"If I Were King"	Ronald Colman William Farnum
3 and 19:	"Stella Dallas"	Alan Hale, Barbara Stanwyck Belle Bennett, Jean Hersholt
4 and 20:	"Sally, Irene and Mary"	Alice Faye, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil
5 and 14:	"Robin Hood"	Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn Douglas Fairbanks, Enid Bennett
6 and 13:	"Prisoner of Zenda"	Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman Lewis Stone, Alice Terry
7 and 11:	"Romeo and Juliet"	Norma Shearer (with Leslie Howard) Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne
8 and 16:	"Tom Sawyer"	Tom Kelly, Jackie Moran, Mickey Rentschler Antrim Short, Jack Pickford, Robert Gordon
9 and 18:	"Holiday"	Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn Ann Harding, Robert Ames
10 and 17:	"Camille"	Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor Nazimova, Rudolph Valentino

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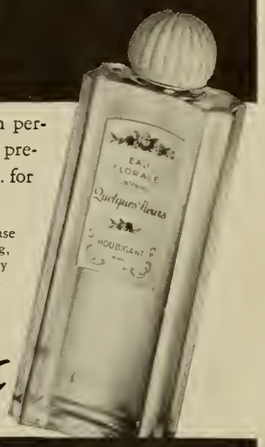

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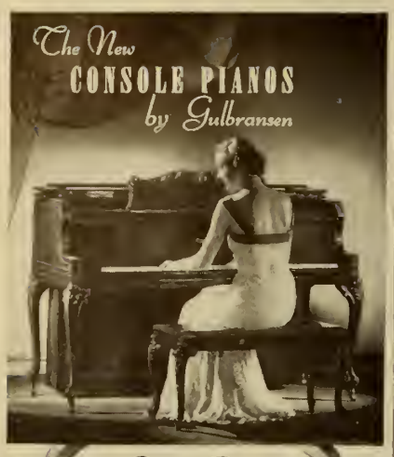

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LIFE REPORTED THE STRAPLESS BRASSIERE

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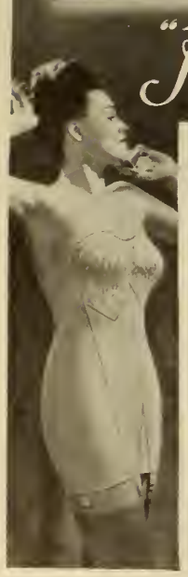

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What Is "The Strip"?

(Continued from page 67)

Paris, art dealers from Vienna, beauty experts from London, Paris and Buenos Aires to establish, on this weird little strip of land, shops of such elegance and beauty they have no rivals anywhere. It was in the cellar of the "speak" that night that Billy Wilkerson, entranced by the rare coolness of the place, decided here was the spot to store the precious wares for his swanky Hollywood café called The Vendome. What was more natural, then, than that Wilkerson should open a night club above the stored wines and the whole shebang became the renowned Trocadero.

Not since the old Russian Eagle (once a colorful café whose best customer had been Rudolph Valentino) had Hollywood seen such a spot as the Trocadero, with its elegant wine list, its rare foods (at even rarer prices), its oyster bars, its chefs from Delmonico's and later the Waldorf, its captains from the Continent and its movie stars from the good old Middle West all dressed up and tighter than two drums. Whoopppee!

In rapid succession two more things happened. George Hurrell, now Hollywood's best-known photographer, rented a studio on The Neck and The Neck was widened, scrubbed behind the ears to permit miniature shops, swanky restaurants, art galleries, shops of suède, of jade, or ivory to spring up.

But again, typical of nouveau riche Hollywood and its nouveau riche inhabitants, too much elegance happened too soon. For, like the swanky folks with the old pappys who tread the white carpets in sock feet and chew Old Plug like a horse does hay, reminders of yesterday still cling to the glittering boulevard, now definitely termed The Strip. And therein lies the charm of the place—and the charm of Hollywood and the people in it. That closeness to the earth earthy that all the Chanel No. 5 cannot drown out. That blending of back yard and clothesline wash with Georgian fronts and marble balustrades.

Where else, I ask you, can one purchase a bit of suède from Voris, a robin's-egg sized ruby from Flato's, a high colonic, a psychic reading, a custom-built car and a darn good funeral at reasonable prices, and all in the same block? Where else but The Strip?

ONE day came an event in the life of The Strip that will go down in history as the great onward sweep of agents to The Strip. Agents—theatrical, hysterical, radio, operatic, fantastic, big, small, middle-sized agents—all madly dashing for dazzling white-fronted offices on The Strip. On came the William Morris', the Orsatti boys, the Sam Jaffes, the Hal Cooleys, the Zeppo Marxs, the Tom Fixdales, the Bing Crosby family, all bent on outdoing the other agents in high-class swank. Limousines whammed to a stop before gorgeous-fronted buildings, while slack-clad stars (with sable coats over the dungarees, have no fret, little one) flew in and out of buildings like mad, as agents flew in and out among the clients, even madder.

Why there was a time, and well can I remember it, when at the trembling of the earth natives knew an earthquake, no less, had lit in their midst. Today, they're not so sure. It could just as easily be the Orsatti boys and their clients, the Ritz brothers, in a conference.

And, oh-gentlemen, what is a story on The Strip without those strip conferences. Where twenty-two telephones in one suite of offices ring to the tune of "God Wants Me For A Sunbeam"; where secretaries break out in sobs any hour of the day or night; and a high-priced star demands his agent secure him rental for the use of his gallstones.

"I had 'em all through the picture, didn't I?" he wails. "They paid Gable for the use of his car, didn't they? All right, no one's going to use my gallstones and not pay."

Where one agent retires, in the midst of bedlam, to his barber chair erected in the shower and there the barber shaves away while water trickles merrily over the whole goddam proceedings, so help me.

THE STRIP! Where everything is dated from the robberies. "Let's see," a friend muses, "when did Mary break off her engagement to Mrs. Smith's husband? Was it right after the Roach jewelry robbery or the bank stick-up?"

The Strip! Where stars erect buildings for relatives and tenants. Where, outside the Crosby building, Larry Crosby greets brother Bing with a vague nod of remembrance and Bing greets brother Everett with a faraway wondering look, and Everett greets Larry with a frozen pineapple glance, and Pa Crosby, glancing over the whole situation, wonders how one small frog in one guy's throat could bring on such an aftermath as this. "I Surrender, Dear."

The Strip! Where one can eat in any language under the sun. Little Hungary with its strumming guitars. The Cock'n' Bull with its steak and kidney pies and Errol Flynn between the crusts. The Bublickki with Vodka, White Russians, and Stan Laurel getting married again to Illiana between sour cream servings and borsch sprees. The Bali with native drinks and Bruzz Fletcher stingers. The Villa Nova with Italian spaghetti and a real oven outside, smack on The Strip's front, for baking hot bread, so help my Aunt Agnes' liver trouble!

Lamaze, once a pottery shop where a lot of potting still goes on within. Where the silver stars in the faded blue awning are more anemic than the reduced stars who enter. Where Marcel, the proprietor, greets one and all with a happy smile and a four dollar dinner charge.

The Strip! Where the night clubs stick to the letter "C," so the dishes and silver initialed in "C" can be shifted from one spot to another in a hurry. The Clover Club, the Club Continental, the Casanova, The Century Club, twinkling in and out like the grinning Cheshire cat, with the "C" marked cutlery one night turning up two blocks east of the Asia Bazaar (where everyone buys silk shirts), and the next night gleaming for dear life on tables five blocks past the Porter Blanchard Silver Shop. Where night-club proprietors and performers go down to Frances—Fine Food and eat their meals anyway.

THE STRIP! The only place the stars can shop in comfort or be photographed by Hurrell, before Bill Haines' gorgeous Georgian front, with no interruptions for autographs. There are no passersby to ask.

"No birds were flying overhead
There were no birds to fly."

Where Eddie Cantor took one popeyed look at the empty pavements and, grabbing up his ash trays, closed out his antique shop and moved somewhere else. Where people passed.

I doubt also if anywhere in all the world there could be a janitor such as The Strip's. A whiz-bang, snappy lad who leads an orchestra, does a Russian dance and sings "Flat Foot Floogee with the floy-floy," between sweepings. Twenty-four, handsome, and movie-struck (even the janitors catch it), singing Billie Page came down from Seattle to Hollywood to get in Movies and ended on The Strip, sweeping out. At night he leads his orchestra, runs out for a bit of vacuuming, dashes back for a Russian whirlagig, runs out to help carry out an agent gone beserk, goes back for a song and returns to finish cleaning up race track forms that litter The Strip like snow in "Way Down East."

Billie's wife and two assistants aid in the melee that averages the singing janitor from six hundred to seven hundred dollars a month, to say nothing of taking out in trade slacks from Mariani, sport coats from Davis, tonsils from Doctor Smith and a promise of a knockout funeral from a local undertaker.

THE STRIP! Where directly behind the swankiest row of shops stands a forgiving little church with inhabitants strolling in and out, in and out, for the soul's sake. And where the clock on the mortuary bears no hands, but whose pendulum swings to and fro, to and fro over the one word, *Service*.

Darrin from Paris, in the old bottling works. Fashion designer of luxurious automobile bodies in whose back shop sit Chester Morris, Dick Powell, Clark Gable, day after day, watching their old cars become tomorrow's killer-dillers. Where the long, low, breath-taking car body of the Countess di Frasso's swankiest Rolls Royce is being transformed into bewitching lines while, not ten feet away, a hen is laying an egg in an old brown chicken coop, Model "T."

And next to Darrin's home of swank, on the bench before the corner drugstore, sit the old-timers, shirt-sleeved and gray-haired, oblivious to the whirring and passing of limousines with their revealing glimpses of furs and jewels and glamour and elegance, discussing again, in voices dimmed with age, the amazing ups and downs of the McKinley administration.

They say, as Hollywood flits by; "Yes sir, them was the days."

Apartments, new and terrific, cling to a hillside, too dumbfounded to slide into unconsciousness.

Night settles down on The Strip! Below, in the city, myriads of lights twinkle and shine on The Strip. The jewels of Flato sparkle and gleam, catching the reflection of a jeweled perfume bottle in the Art de Beaute (Beauty Parlor to you, Toots). Furs, rare paintings, art objects, gowns de Beaute, potted plants on the outside walls of the Normandy towers belonging to agents waft an air of ultraelegance over it all.

And then, as it was ever thus in Hollywood, down from the hills comes the same old skunk that's been coming down nightly since Flossy was a bawling calf and over the whole ultrarefined magnificence he wafts his tail in complete and utter disdain, leaving behind an odor that will linger for many generations to come.

The Story Behind "Boys Town"

(Continued from page 23)

A secondary reason for the founding of Boys Town was my implicit faith in boys. I had—and after twenty-one years, I have had no reason to alter it—an idea that there was really no such thing as a bad boy. Boys whom we term "bad" are really, I felt, boys who have been misunderstood. And so, many of the boys who live in Boys Town come to us via the juvenile courts. They are called "delinquents." If any such word is needed—and such a word has no place in the philosophy of Boys Town—I should prefer the word "Pre-delinquent."

A boy in his formative years is not delinquent. Neglected, misunderstood, unguided, he might easily become delinquent. But, until his character is fully formed, he is not a delinquent. I know from experience that a little understanding effort will keep him from ever becoming a delinquent.

At Boys Town we attempt to give the youth a full, well-rounded education for life. There is a fully accredited grade and high school, athletics and games under a competent director, musical training—band and choir—and trade education. I do not believe that a man will choose a life of crime unless he is unable to make a living honestly. The latter way is so much the easier way. So, at Boys Town we maintain a print shop, a shoe-repair shop, a carpentry and woodwork shop, a dairy and farm, a landscape gardening course, a dry-cleaning plant. Each boy is required to spend so many hours per day in one or other of these trade shops. Some follow these trades when they leave. Others follow them long enough to get through college or the university. But at any rate, with these trades mastered, they are not dependent upon charity when they leave, for they are able to earn their own way.

THIS is, of course, but a bird's-eye view of our unique little community. Like any other community, Boys Town is what its citizens make it. Let's meet a few of these citizens, past and present.

First, meet the Caine Boys—Jimmy and Andy. These two youngsters, but seven and nine years of age at the present time, came to Boys Town from a southern mountain region via the court in their home county. Their family was poverty-stricken, lived a long way from a school, neglected the children. Eventually, the court stepped in and sent them to us at Boys Town.

When I think of these two youngsters during their first months at Boys Town, I marvel at the change that has come over them. At first they were unsocial, suspected everyone and had nothing to do with any of the other boys or myself. In front of the administration building are two tall trees and Andy and Jimmy spent most of their time up in those trees. It was impossible to get them down. Persuasion, bribes, candy had no effect. So, we let them be.

Not many days passed before they began edging closer to the recreation field where the shouting of other lads at play told of their enjoyment. It wasn't long before I actually got a smile out of Jimmy. And then one day we became fast friends. The two youngsters had found enough nerve to enter my office. "We're a'thankin' yuh, Father," said Jimmy, who was acting as spokesman. "We're a'thankin' yuh for what yuh done. But there's somethin' a'missin'."

"Why, Jimmy," I assured him, "you tell me what's a'missin' and, if it's possible to get it, I'll promise you I will."

"Way down home," Jimmy went on, "used to be a calf we'uns took care of. It was our'n 'n we're a'missin' of th' little fellow." And Andy nodded a grave assent to all that Jimmy had said.

"Maybe there's a calf down at the barn," I told them, knowing that usually we have two or three. "And, if there is, I'm going to give it to you two fellows. And you might as well start taking care of him today." So we went down to the dairy barn and, as luck would have it, there was a calf. I told the dairyman that that calf belonged to Jimmy and Andy from that day on. And it does.

BUT one of the most inspiring cases of all those which have passed through Boys Town was that of George S——. George came to Boys Town when he was but a tiny lad. His father was dead and his mother, unable to care for him, brought him to me, asked me to do what I could for him. George was a bright, ambitious youngster whose keen mind grasped problems with an alacrity many adults lack. And he went ahead rapidly in school skipping grade after grade.

The day he finished high school, he came to my office.

"Father, I want to be a lawyer." Before I could say anything, he continued. "I know it costs a lot of money to go through a university, but I'm going to do it. I'll get a night job and study in the daytime."

"That's fine, George, and I know you'll make good. I'll do everything I can to help."

"No, Father. I don't want you to help me anymore. You have more than any normal man could take care of without bothering about me. So I want you to let me do my own worrying." His eyes filled up. "And I want to thank you for everything you've done. You've been wonderful."

Well, George went to a well-known university here in Nebraska. He worked at all sorts of odd jobs to pay his tuition and earn his room and board. He visited me often, but not once did he ask for aid.

When he graduated, I learned that he was the second youngest student ever to be graduated from that university and he was admitted to the Nebraska Bar as the youngest attorney ever to pass the examination. Today, he is connected with one of the most prominent law firms in the Midwest in an important capacity although he is still in his early twenties.

I COULD go on, indefinitely, telling of boys who have made good. I could tell of our last mayor, now a professional baseball pitcher and property of the St. Louis Browns.

I could tell of a former boy who is now editing his own weekly newspaper in Milwaukee; of another who is manufacturing and selling his own burglar alarm.

I could tell you of boys who have killed and, paroled to me, are now occupying important posts in several communities; of America's youngest bank robber, still at Boys Town and one of its finest citizens. I could tell you of a youth, left with me years ago, who is today in an important executive post with an internationally known firm of harvester manufacturers and distributors. There is hardly a town in the United States that I visit today but that at least one person comes up to me and says, "Remember me, Father? I'm Johnny Jones and I used to be at Boys Town."

And I always thrill to the knowledge that one of my boys has made good, that our effort to give opportunity to the homeless boy is not a wasted effort. And I thrill, too, at such recognition as this now given us by M-G-M.

When the motion picture, "Boys Town," was first proposed to me, Producer John Considine, Jr. of M-G-M told me that he had heard of Boys Town before, but that it had been an article by Ed Doherty in Liberty magazine that had really given him the picture possibilities inherent in this city of little men. This article told of cases which had come to Boys Town, colorfully and in a manner to attract attention of picture producers.

However, I was frankly dubious. I thought: "Perhaps they plan to make another orphanage picture after the pattern of 'Oliver Twist.' And that I do not want."

But Mr. Considine assured me that he had every intention of making an epochal picture and one which would ease the path of the homeless boy.

The meticulous research work which followed this statement of policy convinced me, for researchers spent days poring over records of Boys Town, talking with its citizens, past and present, taking pictures and getting the real "feel" of Boys Town. Much of the picture was actually made here at Boys Town where M-G-M sent one of the largest companies ever to go on distant location.

I CANNOT help but believe that "Boys Town" will make motion-picture history, first, because it has a message of real social service, based upon fact. And second, because everyone connected with it—from men who juggled the lights to the producer—had his heart in it.

Spencer Tracy, who is the film Father Flanagan, became the idol of "Boys Town" in the two weeks he spent on location there. He took to his heart the two hundred citizens who dogged his footsteps and they, in turn, took Spencer to their own little hearts. He held special shows for them, ice-cream parties, tousled their hair and autographed pictures for them.

The juvenile members of the company—Mickey Rooney, Bobs Watson, Gene Reynolds, Sidney Miller, Tom Noonan and the others—enjoyed their two weeks as citizens of "Boys Town," built some real, adolescent friendships with my boys.

If the company stayed longer on location than at first planned, it was largely because these youngsters—when they were wanted for scenes—were off playing with young Boys Towners.

But it remained for Norman Taurog, who directed the picture, to tell me in a single Hollywood word what he thought of it.

As he stood on the station platform waiting to catch his train back to Hollywood, tears came to his eyes and his voice choked.

"Father, I thought this would be a great picture when I came out here to make it. But, after spending these past weeks with you and your boys, I know it will be—" he stopped and struggled for words, then grinned as he selected the word he wanted—"Super-colossal!"

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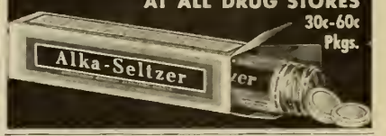

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Through Thick and Thin—Jack Oakie

(Continued from page 18)

changed my mind."

At that I hung up the receiver and turned over. Silly business, this reducing I thought . . . although maybe I'd give it a try sometime.

About now, however, there was a big pounding at my door.

"Lemme in," Bill's voice demanded. "Lemme in or I'll bust the door down and come in!"

So there was nothing for it but to crawl out and unlock the door.

"Come on," Bill said, "let's go."

WE went out to the links and got our clubs and then began to run around the course, batting balls as we went. Yeh, I said run. This wasn't regular golf. We ran the whole eighteen holes, working up a good sweat, before Bill relented and said yes, we'd go in to breakfast.

"Morning, Mr. Oakie," the waiter said, smiling. "I'll have your breakfast for you in a jiffy."

"What's on the menu?" I asked him.

"*Your* menu says black coffee, orange juice, one boiled egg and rye crisps," he told me.

I made a lordly gesture. "Skip the diet this morning, Gus," I directed. "I'll begin it tomorrow. I'm hungry now. I'll have ham and eggs, white toast with plenty of butter, hot ca—"

But he interrupted me. "Pardon me, Mr. Oakie, but don't you remember? Last night you told me to stick to your prescribed diet, no matter what you said later. So it wll have to be just that."

Well, I knew I was licked and so I ate that measly snack of a breakfast while Bill guzzled the items I wanted.

Funny, though. Pretty soon, after we had started out for a real game of golf, I began to feel swell.

We played golf all morning and by noon I was hungry enough to eat a horse. I tackled my waiter friend again. "You can just add some creamed finnan haddie to whatever my diet list calls for," I told him, tentatively.

But the stubborn so-and-so shook his head. "No, Mr. Oakie," he said firmly, "you're to have pineapple and cottage cheese salad without dressing and orange juice."

"But heavens, man, I'll starve!" I howled. "I tell you my stomach is cutting up something awful from emptiness."

He looked at me—not at my face, exactly, but at the rest of me. "Oh, I *hope* not!" he murmured.

Well, as I mentioned before, a guy's got his pride.

NEXT, I went rowing—on a rowing machine. Have you ever tried one of those instruments of torture? Well, if you believe in the good old doctrine of flagellation, you might try it sometime.

On this first day, I was near to collapse when Bill decided I'd had enough and sent me to the steam room for a work out and a steam bath.

Once out of all this, I'll admit I felt like a million dollars. Even the dinner I had—lamb chops, sliced tomatoes and rye crisps in contrast to Bill's roast chicken and all the fixings, which I am crazy about—dampened my spirits but little.

And when, that night just before I went to bed, I stepped on the scales and found I'd lost within a fraction of three pounds, I began to see some sense in the whole thing.

From then on it wasn't so hard to pile out at 5 A.M. and go through another day's schedule exactly like that first day's. There was always the weighing process to look forward to. After that first big jump, the decrease was a little slower, but still sure.

Incidentally, the matter of my clothes, designed to accommodate my original 210 pounds, began to prove a little embarrassing. I had seldom worn suspenders, but when my pants began to hang on me something like Jackie Coogan's in "The Kid" I bought a pair. After all, to lose his pants un-mans a man, if you get what I mean.

WELL, in due time, I came home to Hollywood and when people pulled those cracks about wondering if I was my son, I felt pretty swell. You know—dashing. I thought of rushing down to the studio and asking Pan Berman to give me a romantic rôle for a change . . . one of those parts in which I win the girl after some heavy love scenes. Bob Taylor gets away with those, all right. Why not me? I thought to myself.

However, at my agent's advice, I changed my mind. "Your figure may be all right for romance, but what about your face?" he said.

Tactless fellow, my agent. No finesse. But I suppose maybe I do have too many freckles for real masculine beauty, even though I have got my hair which is more than—Oh, well, skip it. I never was one to get personal over other fellows' misfortunes.

Anyway, I went back to work at the studio in "The Affairs of Annabel," wearing those 1933 suits I mentioned, which fit perfectly, and feeling fine when people raved about my slender physique.

And then, one night, I went to dinner at my mother's and she had sherry *schoen-kuchen* for dessert. Now sherry *schoen-kuchen* is a sort of cream-puff thing, light as a feather, filled with sherry-flavored *blanc mange*, or whatever you call it, and topped with whipped cream. It melts in your mouth.

"You're the best all-around cow hand on deck," remarks Producer Sam Goldwyn when he meets up with the star of "The Lady and the Cowboy" on the lot. But Gary Cooper has heard "Goldwynisms" before and seems skeptical, to say the least

Well, at first I declined to have any, and, as I sat there watching Mother taking one forkful after another, I tried to be indifferent. "After all, what's a little *schoen-kuchen* compared to fifty pounds of fat gone?" I told myself. And then, suddenly, I looked at it in another way. I guess the wish was father to the thought, all right, but at the time all that occurred to me was: "Well, what IS a little *schoen-kuchen* to fifty pounds of fat gone? It won't bring them back again. Why stick to lamb chops forever?"

"Whoops!" I yelled as the idea took hold of me. "Cook, bring *me* some *schoen-kuchen!*"

Mother looked a little disapproving, but when I sank my teeth into that first bite, I forgot to feel guilty. Ambrosia? I'll say it was! I had two helpings and, if I came away from the table feeling a little stuffed for the first time since Del Monte, I ignored it.

Certainly, one slip in my diet wouldn't change my waistline too much.

THAT'S what I thought. But the *schoen-kuchen* incident proved to be a sort of entering wedge toward upsetting all my firm resolves. The next day I ate some other little things not on my prescribed list—some mashed potatoes and gravy, for instance; cream in my coffee.

Well, this went on for three or four days.

Then came the reckoning. On the night of the fourth day of diet violation, I stepped on the scales (which I had been avoiding betimes) and was smacked full in the eyes with the bad news. 165 pounds, the thing read. I had gained five pounds.

Weakly, I sat down and faced the future. Lamb chops and a reasonable-sized torso? *Schoen-kuchen* and the proportions of a boxcar? The choice was up to me. Exercise didn't seem to count for much, one way or the other, I saw, except that it kept me fit. The thing was, to eat or not to eat.

I considered a long time and vanity finally won. I decided, once and for all, that I'd rather be hungry and svelte than well-fed and paunchy. As I say, I've got my pride.

But all this is back of my contention that every silver lining has its cloud. I'd like to combine slenderness and sherry *schoen-kuchen* but I know, now, that it can't be done. It can't be done because life is like that. You've got to take the bitter with the sweet and the dross with the gold. You've got to resign yourself to the fact that there is a price on everything.

So now I'm making it a habit to cultivate other unfortunates who, for one reason or another, are also on a diet. At present, I see a lot of a certain trio who really are worse off than I am, dietetically speaking, which makes my own cross easier to bear. One has stomach ulcers; one has gallstones; one the gout. When we lunch together we have a rousing time with our lamb chops. Sometimes we even go so far as to have a cocktail apiece—a delicious little concoction of milk and raw egg. . . .

And, when we do that, we drink a brave toast to others luckier, so far, than we:

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you, too, may diet!"

Through Thick and Thin—Jimmy Stewart

(Continued from page 19)

would put on a pound, he'd jump or race it right off doing high hurdles.

"By the way," I asked him ever so innocently, "do you have a picture of yourself in track shorts?"

He caught on much too fast. "No," he grinned, "and it would be over my dead body that you'd get one!" Oh, well, it was just an idea.

From Princeton he took himself to the New York stage. It was there that he tried the cream and seltzer method. All you did was to pour a half pint of cream in a tall glass and fill it up with seltzer water. To be taken three times a day before meals.

"So I did that for three months," Jimmy related. "It darned near killed me. Did kill my appetite. You should try it sometime. So—I lost five pounds."

THEN on to Hollywood and the bout with the eggnog. That was a one-shot gamble. He was batching it with Henry Fonda, John Swope and Josh Logan when he first arrived. Hank was on the thin side, too, and together they decided to try out the never-fail system of the morning eggnog. Beat up the eggs stiff, add a small glass of brandy, and drink.

They followed directions explicitly but something seemed to be wrong.

"Can you taste any brandy?" Jimmy asked Hank.

"No," Hank answered.

More brandy was added but still no taste of it could be discerned.

"Do you suppose we're doing this right?" Jimmy asked. "The instructions didn't say how small the glass should be." So, after another anxious consultation, another shot of the amber liquid was stirred in.

"Taste like anything to you now?"

A beatific smile spread over Jimmy's face. "Yep," he decided judicially, "tastes like another one!"

Next day, when they had chased their respective hang-overs into a grave, they stepped on the bathroom scales. Hank had lost a pound and one half and Jimmy had parted with two. It was the last time they tried *that* system, although both admitted it had its points.

IT required more than all the above, however, to get him down. He ate a flock of health food that resembled kibbled dog biscuit; he took seal oil internally and shark oil externally. He worked on whale blubber. He poured enough extra-thick malted milk down his gullet to float a battleship.

It all added up to a nice round zero.

"And so I've decided I'm just naturally thin and nuts to the whole thing," he concluded in disgust.

I said I didn't blame him; my brother had been terribly underweight and felt the same way until he tried the trick of using avocados for butter.

In a flash an avid gleam appeared in Jimmy's eyes.

"What kind of avocados?" he demanded. "How do you do it?"

Well, maybe you won't get bopped on the nose after all.

The Quints—Hilarious Headaches of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

do you think she was stumped? Not for a second.

"She drew herself up like a little queen, turned to her nearest sister. 'Yvonne,' she said, 'you do it.' Yvonne turned in the same manner and passed on the royal command, 'Marie, you do it.' Marie said, 'Cecile, you do it.' Cecile said, 'Annette, you do it.' Annette had no one to pass the buck to except Emilie. Then I said 'Cut.'"

Leeds, who speaks French, explained what he wanted done and started the cameras again. Emilie flew to the cupboard and took down a cup and a saucer. Cecile tried to take them away from her. There was a tussle. The china was almost dropped, but somehow Emilie managed to hold on to her treasures and to set them triumphantly before 'Doctor Loot.' The others clustered around, pouring in the sugar and the cream. All but Cecile. Cecile sulked.

"Now there's a scene I couldn't have written," Breslow said. "Nobody could have written it. And the way Marie kept pouring that cream in the cup—until it overflowed—that was real slapstick."

THEIR cigarettes finished, Leeds and Breslow had their throats resprayed. They replaced their masks and went back to finish the hour's work. When they came back, Leeds was smiling.

"We shot that scene about eight times," he said.

"In the last take, Hersholt was at the table when the quints rushed in. He started to eat again.

"'Poor Docta Loot,' Emilie cried. 'He must be very hungry, eating eight dinners.' Then they all got their little heads together and cried in chorus, 'Poor Docta Loot very hungry.'"

"They're the most sympathetic kids you ever saw," Breslow exclaimed, "and utterly unpredictable, these babies. You got to keep changing your story to suit them."

It was Monday when I saw the quints again. The sun was shining at last.

All the apparatus was in place under the trees when I arrived at the quintuplets' estate.

The kiddies came running out of their play yard, resplendent in green Alpine costumes, with hats to match atop their curls. They waved fat little hands to me, crying out a baby hodgepodge of words. Later Miss Rouselle explained she had told them my name and what they were saying was—"Allo Meestair Dodo. 'Ow do, Meestair Dodo."

Director Leeds had five puppies for them, five awkward, lovely, brown, disinfected cocker spaniels. Hersholt presented them to the children, handing them out of a basket. The little girls stood on the steps of the nursery, too stricken with wonder to move. They had never seen a dog. They had never seen a pet of any kind.

They moved back as Hersholt advanced toward them with his basket and started to scramble.

Then something got the better of Yvonne. Maybe it was curiosity. Maybe it was love. Maybe it was just pure courage. She went down one or two steps and put out a hand to feel the soft hair of the puppy. Then she felt the dog's wet tongue on her hand. She squealed with delight.

Eventually Annette and Marie ventured to touch the dogs and then Cecile was induced to try. But Emilie would not, could not, go near any of the pups. She came down the stairs with her sisters, but shuddered violently and clung to Hersholt in seeming terror when the puppies came too near.

Leeds shot the scene with the five girls and the five dogs over and over again. Sometimes Emilie would run defiantly out of the scene. Once she stood at the head of the steps and dramatically berated her sisters—pointing a finger at them and screaming shrill words that seemed to have no effect at all on anybody but Cecile. Cecile left the pups and went up the steps to Emilie, perhaps to comfort her.

Yvonne, Annette, and Marie seemed to love the dogs. The way they picked them up, hugged them, and then let them drop—as though they were toys that couldn't be hurt—would have given any director a headache. Yvonne, for instance, picked up two pups at once, almost strangling them in her fierce desire to prove her affection for them; Annette sat on one little dog and didn't realize it until the animal yelped.

"Yes," Leeds says, "it's been a lot of fun working with these children, even if it has meant a lot of troubles. It's been good for us to learn a new technique of lighting, to learn how to take advantage of brilliant ad-libbing and to cram everything into one hour's shooting.

"I knew it was going to be a hard job when Darryl Zanuck picked me to direct this picture. I suppose he picked me because I can talk to the quints in their own language. They speak nothing but French, you know, though they do understand a few words in English.

"I imagined myself rehearsing the little ladies again and again and again. Well, it was harder than I expected, in spite of the fact that the children proved much more intelligent than I had hoped; in spite of the fact that they needed so few rehearsals.

"It's been a constant headache working in a tiny dim-lit room, running into new difficulties at every turn.

"But—you know something?—I'll have a worse headache when I say good-by to Yvonne, and Emilie, and Cecile, and Marie, and Annette. And I hope to come back here next year, when Twentieth Century-Fox makes the fourth picture."

The young director turned to his wife and smiled.

"Think you could stand coming back again?"

"I'd love it," Mrs. Leeds replied.

"You see," she confided to me, "I fixed the children's hair for a certain scene in the picture, so, naturally, I came very close to them. And, like everybody else, I've come to adore them. They're so real, so sweet, so healthy and beautiful and bright and everything!"

Perrett put in a word.

"In a few days we go back to Hollywood. I wonder how it'll feel to work fourteen or fifteen hours a day again. I suppose it will take some time to get readjusted to that. Well, there's a headache everywhere, if you only look for it!"

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 40)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

THIS is a pleasant farce, bringing Janet Gaynor to you again, offering Bob Montgomery in his old-time rôle as a sophisticate and presenting Franchot Tone at his best. It's the story of a best-selling novelist, played by Montgomery, who goes on a lecture tour to escape the honorable but unwanted intentions of Claire Dodd. He meets naïve Janet in a small town. She's been deserted at the altar by Grady Sutton but he returns by the time both Bob and a playboy publisher, Franchot Tone, have fallen in love with Janet. It is then Bob's task to dispose of his rivals, which he does very neatly.

Miss Gaynor is very lovely and plays her rôle with a sense of humor. The dialogue is particularly good and has a novel twist when Montgomery's personal thoughts are flashed as titles while he speaks.

Tone is amazingly good, after his rather feeble efforts of the past few months.

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

LET Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this picture which was obviously made for their delight alone, as not even a fond parent could put up with the vapid dialogue and the awkward acting of the adult principals without laughing at the wrong moment. The kids, however, who compose the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Marilyn Knowlden and Bradley Metcalf) are as happy as bird dogs and the story, which is one of those Tom Sawyer vagaries about crooks and haunted houses and the comedown of a smart-aleck brat, might teach your child some consideration for Ma and Pa.

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

THE lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one chooses the straight path and the other goes the primrose way. And yet, through a twist of circumstances, both girls land in prison. Ronald Reagan, a young attorney, falls in love with Jane and finally unravels the web in which the young lady has become entangled. Both girls give excellent performances.

THE ROAD TO RENO—Universal

HOPE HAMPTON looms as a new screen personality who sings delightfully, looks beautiful and displays a measure of charm. The story is a novel satire on easy divorces and the cast, capable and strong, adds sparkle to every situation.

Set on a ranch in Nevada, the story tells of Miss Hampton's attempts to divorce her rancher husband, Randy Scott, because he objects to her stage career. Once in Nevada, Miss Hampton decides Randy is a desirable husband, after all, and plans not to divorce him. But Randy, just to teach his wife a lesson, divorces *her*. From then on, if you can still remember who's married to whom, the piece is highly amusing comedy.

Glenda Farrell knows how to add punch to her every scene and Alan Marshal grows more likable with each picture he's in. Helen Broderick is always fun.

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"GIVE 'EM DEWEY!" is Hollywood's new clarion call—and here you get him, or, at least, a film translation of him, in the person of Edward G. Robinson. There's a lot of punch all the way through this, as well as some nice satire, with plenty of righteous indignation against the racketeers to get you all worked up. Eddie is a professor on his sabbatical who takes over the job of cleaning up a city ridden with graft and rackets. People are afraid to help him, so he brings into the force some of his honor law students and a group of idealistic deputies. Then things pop in a fashion which at first you will find hard to believe, until you remember the tongue-in-the-cheek approach.

Robinson has never been more at home in a rôle. Suave and politely forceful, he trots about expertly, allowing certain scenes to go to Otto Kruger, as the vice baron, and to Wendy Barrie, who dances the Big Apple with Eddie. Nevertheless, it is his picture.

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

YOU who are particularly proud of Bobby Breen, will like this picture. With the aid of Charlie Ruggles, phony antique dealer, Bobby runs away from a strict Mennonite colony, joins an ice-skating palace in order to get enough money for his mother, Dolores Costello, so they can return to their farm. Irene Dare, child figure skater, helps the picture tremendously, as does the excellent performance of Ruggles. The Mennonites won't see this anyway, so Bobby is safe.

BLOCK-HEADS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

BACK at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick for all it's worth in a story which is dull in spots and lively in others. Laurel, who has remained behind in the trenches twenty years without realizing the war is over, finally visits his old trench pal, Hardy, who has married Minna Gombell. Of course, the fun is immediately on. Patricia Ellis is completely wasted here. It's the best Laurel-Hardy comedy yet.

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

IT'S Tommy Ryan, a young newcomer to the screen, and Bruce Cabot, in his rôle of police officer, you'll remember best in this mild little movie of law and order versus crooks. Young Tommy hates law enforcers until Cabot finally wins him over and the lad emerges as a bright ambitious boy. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with Cabot.

THE MISSING GUEST—Universal

WHAT goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors are slammed with no one in sight and thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, goes about murmuring blithe and witty (supposedly) sayings while solving a murder mystery. Of all the nonsensical movies, this takes the biscuit. Still, if you like spooks and ghosts, this may appeal.

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

SECOND of the roving-reporter series has Michael Whalen again scoring as the flip-crack reporter who solves murders with the greatest of nonchalance. Harold Huber, a night-club owner with a passion for practical jokes, is a riot. To round out the entertainment, Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully. Here is a snappy new serial, fresh as paint, and one bound to catch on with the fans.

FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

DEFINITELY aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this picture rises no higher than its aims. Laid in Hollywood, the story deals with a stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder and escapes through the aid of Eleanor Lynn, the girl who loves him. Adrienne Ames is good as a scheming actress. Not much here to cheer over.

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A STIRRING little action picture, second in the sports' adventure series, dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Arthur falls in love with Joan Valerie, sister of race-driver Thomas Beck. Cajoling Henry Armetta *(papa Gambini)* to buy a racing car, Arthur insists Beck ride in order to avenge the murder of his father by track racketeers. The Gambini family steal the show.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A SURPRISE awaits those unsuspecting customers who expect just another little movie and find, instead, a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, the poor girl, and ends with the whole

Two Hollywood pretties go a-Troc-ing, one with her hair down, the other with it up. Jane Hamilton (left) casts an admiring glance at Joyce Mathews' becoming new hair-do

family on his hands. Lew Ayres, as complaining *cousin Henry*, is priceless and Lana Turner, it turns out, knows how to act as well as look button-cute.

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

IT'S Jane Withers, of course, who is Always in Trouble, and this time she's in deep water with a family who gets rich overnight and can't take it. When they all become stranded on an island, inhabited by smugglers, Jane manages not only to bring her family back to earth, but to foil the smugglers as well. Eddie Collins is funny. Robert Kellard and Jean Rogers are the romantic pair.

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

IT'S Gene Autry to the rescue when real-estate sharks take over a deserted ghost town, under pretense of obtaining a new electric power line. Carol Hughes, who does little more than look pretty, and Sally Payne, who is very funny, open a beauty shop in the town; Smiley Burnette is amusing as Autry's singing aide. There are plenty of cow-boy heroics and songs that will please western fans.

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

THIS amusing little college picture has a most refreshing twist in that it does *not* have a football game, but rather deals with a group of students who institute a plan of "flunk" insurance and then have to put on a show in order to get enough money to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus girl co-ed, William Lundigan the freshman leader and Ernest Truex is good fun as the stodgy professor who suddenly goes jitterbug.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

THE *Jones Family* again—in one of the fastest and most amusing of the series. In it, June Carlson wins a radio contest, Spring Byington herself goes on the air and swindlers move in on her. The whole *Jones* clan rallies to her support and strange and wonderful things happen until you're practically hysterical. The usual cast includes Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane and Russell Gleason.

THE GLADIATOR—Columbia

THIS time Joe E. Brown wins $1500 in a bank night, goes back to college and tries out for the team. The man he boards with, an eccentric professor, injects into Joe, as an experiment, a new chemical serum that gives superhuman strength. Then the fun starts. If you're one of Brown's fans you'll love this. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help along the action—and the antics.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

ONE would suspect this of being an epic if occasionally it did not descend to the worst quickie depths. The story concerns Hank Fonda and George Raft, boyhood friends in an Alaskan fishing village. Hank's carrying on with his father's schooner, but Raft wants quick money and lets vicious Akim Tamiroff lead him astray. Dorothy Lamour is Raft's girl friend. She also likes Hank. Thus she is Torn Between Two Loyalties. Raft's trained seal, Slicker, is worth the price of admission. There is some beautiful photography and many exciting moments, but on the whole this is a muddled, cumbersome film.

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

IF you're looking for an evening of good entertainment, you'll find it in this collegiate film. John Barrymore, in the rôle of Governor, refuses to give the run-down State U. much-needed funds. But, when he realizes he can aid his career by adopting a football team, he takes over the college. A musical-comedy band, a female football kicker and a campus night club are enough to make any college prez tsh-tsh at such goings-on. Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide romantic interest; Joan Davis and Jack Haley, comedy—it's still Barrymore's picture.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this roundelay of fun. (*Sept.*)

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Universal

Despite the gruesome title, this is a breezy small-scale mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the unknown murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (*Aug.*)

★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

All the elements of a fine picture, comedy, drama and pathos are here, plus guess who? Charlie (such a sly cuss) McCarthy. Andrea Leeds is the aspiring ingenué who has a letter to an aging matinee idol, Adolphe Menjou. Before he can bring her promised stardom, tragedy stalks, but she has fallen in love with George Murphy before the climax. Swell. (*Oct.*)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Little Miss Temple skips happily between an orphanage run by Jane Darwell, and a boarding-house for broken-down vaudevillians run by Edward Ellis, and keeps your interest in her delightful talents sparkling throughout her latest picture. George Murphy's dance routines are expert; Phyllis Brooks is the light love interest. Another bull's-eye for Shirley. (*Sept.*)

★ LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

There's no indication that the "Dead End" brats have gone "rahfeened" in Hollywood. Back at their tough tricks, they focus all your attention on them in this heart-rending story of a middle-class family's impoverishment and subsequent decline to crime Reform school again points a moral, but even if you know the story you must see these amazing youngsters do their stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ LORD JEFF—M-G-M

An appealing story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney battling each other for acting honors the whole way. Take the family. (*Aug.*)

★ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his triumph. His true-to-life adolescent yearnings over Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford will renew your youth. The rest of the *Hardy* family are intact, too: Father Lewis Stone, Mother Fay Holden, Daughter Cecilia Parker. Everybody go. (*Oct.*)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (*Oct.*)

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

We are told that June Lang and Lynn Bari are going to romp through a series of pictures of which this is the first. Here, the gals, bent on adventure, become stowaways, get involved in a jewel robbery. (Boy, is that a plot?) Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes support. (*Oct.*)

MR. CHUMP—Warners

Johnnie "Scat" Davis very ably carries the whole load of this little amusement about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Alas, it works on paper, but not in dollars and cents. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the femmes. (*Oct.*)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dragging film, not the best of the *Moto* series. Peter Lorre this time prevents the destruction of Great Britain's fleet by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her delineation of a crook's "moll." Just another movie. (*Oct.*)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

A faithful rendition of an American classic. You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor widow (Fay Bainter) who takes in boarders, and the antics of her family (Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Jackie Moran and a delightful tot, Donnie Dunagan) when their livelihood is about to be taken from them. James Ellison is the girls' beau. (*Oct.*)

MY BILL—Warners

The big idea in this business of motherhood and sacrifice is that Kay Francis (of all people) is the doting mama of four kidlets ranging from adolescent, bratty Bonita Granville to little Dickie Moore. Dickie is O.K., saves the family fortune and the picture, too. (*Sept.*)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with an attempted assassination of steel king Henry Wilcoxon, this mystery is handled by suave Peter Lorre, Oriental detective, in top style. Mary Maguire is the love angle. If you like *Moto* films. (*Aug.*)

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

This will bore you with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is the society reporter who solves the mystery of the disappearance of the town's leading citizens. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is villainish. (*Aug.*)

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

If you enjoy suspense well seasoned with slapstick, here you have it. Stuart Irwin plans his usual dopey-dope rôle as the husband of a Latin dancer, Joan Woodbury, who marries him to escape deportation. Gangsters step in to complicate the sit-yee-ashun. (*Sept.*)

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

After all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies, and, amazingly enough, its gags seem a little bewhiskered with age. He plays a professor of Egyptology, decides he's the reincarnation of *Nefaris*, gets mixed up with the police, has a light romance with pretty newcomer Phyllis Welch. You'll see it because it *is* Lloyd's. (*Sept.*)

PRISON NURSE—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hoosegow. Marian Marsh and John Arledge are around. Pointless. (*Aug.*)

PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI, THE—Hullinger Prod.

A highly interesting pictorial summary of the life of Mussolini. Whether you are for or against Fascism you will like Edwin Ware Hullinger's unusual shots of the dictator at home with his family, at work and at play. Good current history. (*Aug.*)

★ RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Universal

To introduce Danielle Darrieux, their new French star, Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of mistaken identity. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle's favor, and Helen Broderick the friend in need who sets out to get her protegé a rich husband. Mlle. Darrieux' charm surpasses the ballyhoo. See for yourself. (*Aug.*)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

Sincerity and simplicity give charm to this Gene Stratton-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905. Jean Parker is lovely as the swamp girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Main and Betty Blythe, the silent queen, do nicely. (*Sept.*)

★ SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

For the second time this year Margaret Sullavan and soldiers make a marvelous combination. Jimmy Stewart is the gangling, idealistic cowboy whom Maggie, a hard-shelled chorine, marries when he's sent overseas because she wishes his dream of her to remain unbroken. Walter Pidgeon is her jealous manager. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

Capitalizing on the excitement incident to aviation headlines, this turns out to be an anemic run-of-the-mill flying picture crammed with pseudo-thrills. Chester Morris and Richard Dix are the two pilots, of course, in love with the same dame, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly pretty. So-So. (*Oct.*)

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

A thinly veiled character study of Prosecutor Dewey of New York (who said "no soap" when asked permission to use his name), this takes Chester Morris into gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Bruce Cabot and Frances Mercer. P.S. The racket is smashed. (*Oct.*)

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (acting) duty and he certainly did! The story concerns the members of a county council and the reaction of their personal loves on their public acts during a political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall's wife) are all excellent. Don't miss this. (*Sept.*)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Rowdy fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet is sold to the mounted police; Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a

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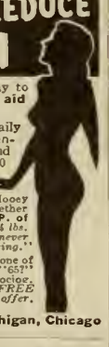

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EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pimple-blemished skin? Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the blood stream . . . that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly pimples to break out.

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bunch of crooks. Surprise, surprise, the horsey wins! *(Sept.)*

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of ye old Mack Sennett days. The boys are mousetrap salesmen who journey to Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with composer Walter Woolf King. The singing is pleasant but doesn't save you from the doldrums. *(Aug.)*

★ TEXANS, The—Paramount

The marvelous hokum of Indian raids, stampedes, blizzards and dust storms which beset a Texas family on a trek to Kansas with 10,000 head of cattle after the Civil War, is spectacularly effective here. Joan Bennett and Randy Scott are too, too dewey-eyed to make their romance exciting but May Robson as the grandma is splendid. *(Oct.)*

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver in the prize package of all the recent stories of modern maidens' efforts to bag a rich husband. Maybe you don't admire the type, but you'll find the way they reconcile wealth and love highly amusing. *(Aug.)*

TIME OUT FOR MURDER—20th Century-Fox (formerly "Meridian 7-1212")

The plot revolves around the New York telephone exchange which gives the correct time. It all fits in with a newsman's idea of who committed what murder when. Michael Whalen is nicely competent as the journalist; Gloria Stuart plays hob with his heart *(Sept.)*

★ TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—with not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screwy Hollywood writer looking for a screen romance; love comes in real life through Dorothy Lamour. Tito Guizar's songs, the Ensenada Singers, the comedy of Bob Burns and Martha Raye—all are elegant. *(Aug.)*

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of James Stephenson by analysing the horoscopes of the suspects. At this point the action in the picture lies down and dies—but if you want to check on your own astrological character (who doesn't?) you might like this novelty. *(Aug.)*

★ WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lloyd Douglas' story of renunciation, stuffed with preachments, but the fine acting of Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper will enthrall you. Fay is the good Samaritan who takes over a professor's run-down household, brings Jackie through the pangs of lazy adolescence, eggs Claude Rains on to bigger and better inventions. Worthwhile. *(Aug.)*

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William her obstinate district attorney husband who discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder. The cast is fine, the material stodgy. *(Sept.)*

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated and charming trio in this modern tale of divorce and remarriage. Its setting is a small town, always good opportunity for homely comedy and recognizable happenings. Juanita Quigley is the child torn between devotion to both parents. *(Sept.)*

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligently directed and beautifully acted, describing the work done by doctors to fight yellow fever in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Bob Montgomery is the soldier who risks his life for scientific research. Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Alan Curtis and others are admirable support *(Aug.)*

YOU AND ME—Paramount

You have seen both Sylvia Sidney and George Raft hounded by the law too many times to find any freshness in this story of two paroled convicts who marry each other. George backslides to his old gang, is brought up short by the little woman. Peerless photography, but little else. *(Aug.)*

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALWAYS IN TROUBLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Karen De Wolf and Robert Chapin. Original story by Albert Treynor and Jeff Moffitt. Directed by Joseph Santley. The Cast: *Jerry Darlington*, Jane Withers; *Virginia Darlington*, Jean Rogers; *Rogers*, Arthur Treacher; *Pete Graham*, Robert Kellard; *Uncle Ed Darlington*, Eddie Collins; *J. C. Darlington*, Andrew Tombes; *Mrs. Darlington*, Nana Bryant; *Pearl Mussendorfer*, Joan Woodbury; *Buster Mussendorfer*, Joseph Sawyer; *Donald Gower*, Charles Lane; *Gideon Stubbs*, Pat Flaherty.

"BAREFOOT BOY"—MONOGRAM.—Story and screen play by John T. Neville. Directed by Karl Brown. The Cast: *Billy Whittaker*, Jackie Moran, *Pige Blaine*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Valerie Hale*, Claire Windsor; *John Hale*, Ralph Morgan; *Calvin Whittaker*, Charles D. Brown; *Martha Whittaker*, Helen MacKellar; *Kenneth Hale*, Bradley Metcalf; *Hank*, Frank Puglia; *Blake*, Matty Fain; *Julia Blaine*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Ben Blaine*, Henry Roquemore; *Pop*, Roger Gray; *Sheriff*, Earle Hodgins; *Jeff Blaine*, Johnnie Morris.

"BLOCK-HEADS"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Charles Rogers, Felix Adler, James Parrott, Harry Langdon and Arnold Belgard. Directed by John G. Blystone. The Cast: *Stan Laurel*, Himself; *Oliver Hardy*, Himself; *Mrs. Gilbert*, Patricia Ellis, *Mrs. Hardy*, Minna Gombell; *Billy Gilbert*, Billy Gilbert; *Mr. Finn*, James Finlayson.

"BOYS TOWN"—M-G-M.—Based on the institution founded by Father Flanagan. Screen play by John Meehan and Dore Schary from an original story by Eleanor Griffin and Dore Schary. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: *Father Flanagan*, Spencer Tracy, *Whitey Marsh*, Mickey Rooney; *Dave Morris*, Henry Hull; *Tony Ponessa*, Gene Reynolds; *Peewee*, Bobs Watson; *Moe Kahn*, Sidney Miller; *Freddie Fuller*, Frankie Thomas; *Paul Ferguson*, Jimmy Butler; *Joe Marsh*, Donald Barry.

"BREAKING THE ICE"—PRINCIPAL-RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Mary McCall, Jr., Manuel Seff and Bernard Schubert Froman. Original story, Fritz Falkenstein and N. Brewster Morse Directed by Edward Cline. The Cast. *Tommy Martin*, Bobby Breen; *Samuel Terwilliger*, Charles Ruggles, *Martha Martin*, Dolores Costello; *Irene*, Irene Dare; *William Decker*, Robert Barrat; *Annie Decker*, Dorothy Peterson; *Henry Johnson*, John King; *Mr. Small*, Billy Gilbert, *Mrs. Small*, Margaret Hamilton, *Kane*, Jonathan Hale; *Farmer Smith*, Spencer Charters, *Janitor*, Charlie Murray; *Mr. Jones*, Maurice Cass.

"CAREFREE"—RKO-RADIO.—Directed by Mark Sandrich. The Cast: *Tony Flagg*, Fred Astaire; *Amanda Cooper*, Ginger Rogers; *Steve Arden*, Ralph Bellamy; *Cora Cooper*, Luella Gear; *Butch Connors*, Jack Carson; *Dr. Powers*, Walter Kingsford, *Head Waiter*, Richard Lane; *Miss Adams*, Kay Sutton; *Elevator Operator*, Jack Arnold; *Golf Pro*, James Finlayson; *Mrs Fletcher*, Grace Hayle, *Elevator Starter*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Information Clerk*, Rita Oehmen; *Judge Travers*, Clarence Kolb; *Roland Hunter*, Franklin Pangborn; *Cop*, Edward Gargan, *Truck Driver*, James Burtis; *Sponsor*, Harry Bailey; *Harrison*, Harold Minjir, *Doorman*, Charles Coleman; *Dignified Man*, Jack Rice; *Radio Engineer*, William Corson; *Maid*, Hattie McDaniels.

"FRESHMAN YEAR"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson. Original story by Thomas Ahearn and F. Maury Grossman. Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast. *Dotty Wright*, Dixie Dunbar; *Professor Peabody*, Ernest Truex; *Bob Potter*, William Lundigan; *Marian Stuart*, Constance Moore; *Jay Hill*, Stanley Hughes; *Dave "Tex" Hodges*, Frank Melton.

"FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Story by Richard Wormser. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. The Cast: *Mall*, Frank Albertson; *Ann*, Eleanor Lynn; *Nelson*, Allan Lane; *Poole*, Bradley Page; *Eileen*, Adrienne Ames; *Captain*, Jonathan Hale; *Tenwright*, Russell Hicks; *Monks*, Paul Guilfoyle.

"GIRLS ON PROBATION"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Crane Wilbur. Directed by William McGann. The Cast: *Neil Dillon*, Ronald Reagan; *Connie Heath*, Jane Bryan; *Tony Rand*, Anthony Averill; *Hilda Engstrum*, Sheila Bromley; *Gloria Adams*, Susan Hayward; *Jane Lennox*, Dorothy Peterson, *Dave Warren*, James Nolan; *Kate Heath*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Mr. Engstrum*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mrs. Engstrum*, Esther Dale; *Terry Mason*, Larry Williams; *Judge*, Henry O'Neill; *Craven*, James Spottiswood; *Storm*, Pierre Watkin; *Todd*, Joseph Crehan, *Marge*, Lenita Lane; *Ruth*, Carole Landis; *Magazine Boy*, Dickie Jones.

"GLADIATOR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Charlie Melson and Arthur Sheekman. Adaptation by James Mulhauser and Earle Snell. From the novel by Philip Wylie. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: *Hugo Kipp*, Joe E. Brown; *Man Mountain Dean*, Man Mountain Dean; *Iris Bennett*, June Travis, *Bobby*, Dickie Moore; *Professor Danner*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tom Dixon*, Robert Kent; *Mrs. Danner*, Ethel Wales; *Coach Robbins*, Donald Douglas, *Coach Stetson*, Lee Phelps; *Speed Burns*, Eddie Kane; *Dr. DeRay*, Wright Kramer.

"I AM THE LAW"—COLUMBIA.—Story based upon Liberty Magazine serial by Fred Allhoff. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Alexander Hall. The Cast: *John Lindsay*, Edward G. Robinson; *Jerry Lindsay*, Barbara O'Neil; *Paul Ferguson*, John Beal; *Frankie Ballou*, Wendy Barrie; *Eugene Ferguson*, Otto Kruger; *Tom Ross*, Arthur Loft; *Eddie Girard*, Marc Lawrence, *Berry*, Douglas Wood; *Moss Kuchell*, Robert Middlemass; *Inspector Gleason*, Ivan Miller; *Leander*, Charles Halton; *J. W. Butler*, Louis Jean Heydt, *Mrs. Butler*, Fay Helm.

"MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Betty Burbridge, Luci Ward. Original story by Bernard McConville. Directed by Joe Kane. The Cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Frog*, Smiley Burnette, *Helen*, Carol Hughes, *Patsy*, Sally Payne; *Scanlon*, Ivan Miller, *Brady*, Edward Cassidy; *Bowdie Bill*, Lew Kelly; *Abbott*, Howard Chase; *Buddy*, Albert Terry, *Larry*, Frankie Marvin; *Martin*, Earl Dwire, *Harmon*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Mrs Chris* Lillian Drew; *Hank*, Al Taylor; *Pete*, Joe Yrigoyen.

"MISSING GUEST, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Martin and Paul Perez. Directed by John Rawlins. The Cast: *Scoop Hanlon*, Paul Kelly; *Stephanie Kirkland*, Constance Moore; *Larry Dearden*, William Lundigan; *Dr. Carroll*, Edward Stanley; *Edwards*, Patrick J Kelly; *Frank Baldrich*, Selmer Jackson, *Linda Kirkland Baldrich*, Florence Wix; *Jake*, George Cooper; *Vic*, William Wayne; *Inspector McDonald*, Guy Usher.

"MY LUCKY STAR"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The Cast: *Kristina Nielson*, Sonja Henie; *Larry Taylor*, Richard Greene; *Mary Boop*, Joan Davis; *George Cabot, Jr.*, Cesar Romero; *Buddy*, Buddy Ebsen; *Whipple*, Arthur Treacher; *George Cabot, Sr.*, George Barbier; *Marcelle*, Louise Hovick, *Nick*, Billy Gilbert, *Dorothy*, Patricia Wilder; *Louie*, Paul Hurst; *Waldo*, Elisha Cook, Jr; *Pennell*, Robert Kellard; *June and Jean*, Brewster Twins; *Ethel*, Kay Griffith, *Sater*, Charles Tannen; *Dean Reed*, Paul Stanton, *Executive*, Ed. Le Saint; *Pilsbury*, Frederick Burton, *Burton*, Frank Jaquet.

"RICH MAN, POOR GIRL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Joseph A. Field and Jerome Chodorov. From the play "White Collars" by Edith Ellis. Adapted from Edgar Franklin's story. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. The Cast: *Bill Harrison*, Robert Young; *Henry Thayer*, Lew Ayres; *Joan Thayer*, Ruth Hussey; *Helen*, Lana Turner; *Sally Harrison*, Rita Johnson; *Frank*, Don Castle; *Pa*, Guy Kibbee, *Ma*, Sarah Padden; *Tom Grogan*, Gordon Jones; *Selma*, Virginia Grey; *Mrs. Gussler*, Marie Blake.

"ROAD DEMON"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Otto Brower. The Cast: *Jimmy Blake*, Henry Arthur; *Jean Rogers*, Joan Valerie; *Papa Gambini*, Henry Armetta, *Tep Rogers*, Tom Beck; *Zepher*, Bill Robinson; *Anderson*, Jonathan Hale; *Hap Flynn*, Murray Alper; *Skid Miller*, Edward Marr; *Bud Casey*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Mama Gambini*, Inez Palange; *Tony Gambini*, Johnny Pironne, Jr.; *Rosa Gambini*, Eleanor Virzie; *Maria Gambini*, Betty Greco.

"ROAD TO RENO, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Roy Chanslor and Adele Commandini. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The Cast: *Steve Fortness*, Randolph Scott; *Linda Halliday*, Hope Hampton; *Sylvia Shane*, Glenda Farrell; *Walter Crawford*, Alan Marshal; *Aunt Minerva*, Helen Broderick; *Mike*, David Oliver.

"SAFETY IN NUMBERS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Joseft Hoffman, Karen De Wolt and Robert Chapin. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The Cast. *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Bonnie Thompson*, Shirley Deane; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Herbert Thompson*, Russell Gleason; *Jack Jones*, Ken Howell; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, Billy Mahan; *Tommy McGuire*, Marvin Stephens; *Tom Stewart*, Iva Stewart; *Mrs. Stewart*, Helen Freeman; *Dr. Lawrence Edmonds*, Henry Kolker; *Mr. Hensley*, Paul McVey.

"SPAWN OF THE NORTH"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Jules Furthman. Based on a story by Barrett Willoughby Directed by Henry Hathaway. The Cast: *Tyler Dawson*, George Raft; *Jim Kemerlee*, Henry Fonda; *Nicky Duval*, Dorothy Lamour; *Red Skain*, Akim Tamiroff; "*Windy*" *Tutton*, John Barrymore; *Diane*, Louise Platt; *Jackson*, Lynne Overman; *Lefty Jones*, Fuzzy Knight; *Dimitri*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Ivan*, Duncan Renaldo, *Tom*, Richard Ung; *Fisherman*, Lee Shumway; *Patridge*, Stanley Andrews, *Fisherman*, Wade Boteler, *Grant*, Guy Usher; *Davis*, Henry Brandon; *Erickson*, Egon Brecher; *Purser*, Harvey Clark; *Fisherman*, Galan Galt; *Cannery Official*, Monte Blue, *Cannery Official*, Irving Bacon; *Davis*, Robert Middlemass; *Vashia*, Adia Kuznetzoff, *Gregory*, Alex Woloshin; *Fisherman*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Fisherman*, Rollo Lloyd; *Fisherman*, Archie Twitchell; *Native Chief-dancer*, Michio Ito, *Dr. Sparks*, John Wray; *First Red's Gang*, Eddie Marr; *Second Red's Gang*, Frank Publia; *Third Red's Gang*, Leonid Snagoff.

"TENTH AVENUE KID"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Gordon Kahn, Adele Buffington. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. The Cast: *Jim "Silk" Loomis*, Bruce Cabot; *Susan*, Beverly Roberts; *Tommy*, Tommy Ryan; *Dayton*, Ben Welden; *Max*, Horace MacMahon; *Turner*, John Wray; *Hobart*, Jay Novello; *Commissioner*, Charles Wilson; *Belknap*, Byron K. Foulger; *Wheeler*, Paul Brayar, *Faber*, Walter Sande; *Egan*, Ralph Dunn; *Jerry Simons*, Julian Petruzzi; *Wacker*, Billy Wayne.

"THREE LOVES HAS NANCY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack, George Oppenheimer, David Hertz. From the story by Lee Loeb and Mort Braus. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Nancy Briggs*, Janet Gaynor, *Malcolm Niles*, Robert Montgomery; *Robert Hansen*, Franchot Tone; *Pa Briggs*, Guy Kibbee, *Vivian Herford*, Claire Dodd; *William*, Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Herford*, Cora Witherspoon, *Mrs. Briggs*, Emma Dunn, *Grandpa Briggs*, Charley Grapewin; *Dr Alonzo Z. Stewart*, Lester Matthews; *George*, Grady Sutton.

"VALLEY OF THE GIANTS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Michael Fessier. From the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: *Bill Cardigan*, Wayne Morris; *Lee Roberts*, Claire Trevor; *"Fingers" McCarthy*, Frank McHugh; *Ed Morrell*, Jack LaRue; *Andy Stone*, Donald Crisp; *Howard Fallon*, Charles Bickford; *"Ox" Smith*, Alan Hale; *"Fats,"* El Brendel, *Creel*, Dick Purcell; *McKenzie*, Russell Simpson; *Hendricks*, John Litel; *Sheriff Graber*, Cy Kendall; *Joe Lorimer*, Wade Boteler; *Mrs. Lorimer*, Helen MacKellar; *Baxter*, Ben Hendricks; *Hewitt*, Addison Richards; *Greer*, Harry Cording; *Specialty*, Jerry Colonna.

"WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: *Barney Callahan*, Michael Whalen; *Judy King*, Jean Rogers; *Snapper Doolan*, Chick Chandler; *Malcolm Hunt*, Robert Kellard; *Nora Parker*, Joan Woodbury; *Joe Marco*, Harold Huber; *Happy Nelson*, Marc Lawrence; *Ralph Simmons*, Sidney Blackmer; *Red Miller*, William Demarest; *Kelly*, June Gale; *Inspector Jeff Collins*, Clift Clark; *Sergeant White*, Edward Gargan, *Charles MacFarland*, Minor Watson; *Sawyer*, Robert Middlemass.

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Robert Riskin. Based on the play by George S Kaufman and Moss Hart. Directed by Frank Capra. The Cast: *Alice Sycamore*, Jean Arthur; *Martin Vanderhof*, Lionel Barrymore; *Tony Kirby*, James Stewart; *Anthony P. Kirby*, Edward Arnold; *Kolenkhov*, Mischa Auer; *Essie Carmichael*, Ann Miller; *Penny Sycamore*, Spring Byington; *Paul Sycamore*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Poppins*, Donald Meek; *Ramsey*, H. B. Warner; *DePinna*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Ed Carmichael*, Dub Taylor; *Mrs. Anthony Kirby*, Mary Forbes; *Rheba*, Lillian Yarbo; *Donald*, Eddie Anderson; *John Blakely*, Clarence Wilson; *Professor*, Josef Swickard; *Maggie O'Neill*, Ann Doran; *Schmidt*, Christian Rub; *Mrs. Schmidt*, Bodil Rosing; *Henderson*, Charles Lane; *Judge*, Harry Davenport.

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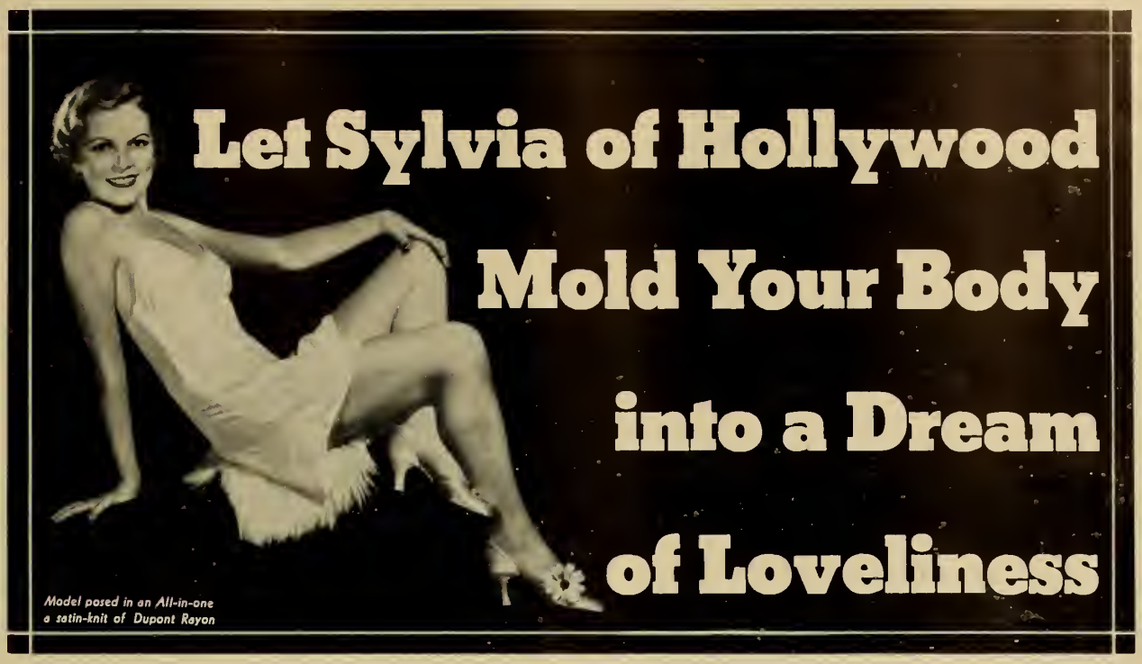

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REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
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SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
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The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

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1. It quickly whisks away food and surface stains that dull the teeth. **2.** Removes dingy film that clouds enamel and harbors bacteria. **3.** Fights dangerous mouth acids that encourage decay. **4.** Removes many of the germs that accompany such acids.

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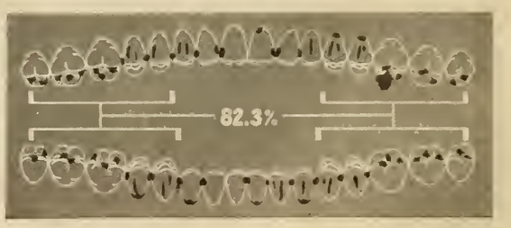

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The LION'S ROAR

With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I shouldn't take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.

The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers". All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

More news about the Fall musical fiesta. "The Great Waltz" is with us anew. Fernand Gravet, Luise Rainer and the greatest coloratura of our time, Miliza Korjus.

I remember when the famous play of that name was running to smash success. It was Broadway's only topic. One of my cubs said yesterday, "Daddy, what did you do during 'The Great Waltz'?"

★ ★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little booklet, "The Screen Forecast", M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!

Just call me *Leo*

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On the Cover—Tyrone Power, Natural Color Photograph by George Larkin of the Macfadden Studio

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BOOS AND Bouquets

Nancy Kelly—newcomer of the month. Can she live up to the barrage of publicity from the studio that made stars of Alice Faye and Sonja Henie, or will she become another of their Simone Simons?

It's Hollywood legend that Darryl Zanuck, guiding genius of 20th Century-Fox, has best luck in developing male stars. So, opposite his latest protégé, Richard Greene, Nancy was cast in "Submarine Patrol," top. Then came the plum of the season—leading lady to Power's "Jesse James"

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES

Beginning with the January issue, prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some readers have not played fair, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many readers have looked upon this as a contest department and thus failed to send in their candid opinions. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning the film industry. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

HOLLYWOOD! A flat little city against a background of hills, all palm trees, sunshine and suburbanlike buildings. It is an artificial place with—surprise—most average human beings. They Rede, Rite and Spel perfectly, and just loooove babies! Giants at gardening, terrors at tennis, sharks at swimming, he-mannish at hiking, rodeolike at riding—I give up. Perfection on a platter!

City of two-tone sports shoes and plaid sports coats; where men are men under their rainbow clothes and smoked glasses and no boy admits to being under six feet in height.

City of golden opportunities and backslaps—shop girl today, star tomorrow; playing for money today, walking the streets tomorrow. Lots of money tumbling in and falling into willing laps; lots of people giving glitter in exchange for it, more still begging for it. A gigantic Monte Carlo—quarter million productions on a roulette wheel! Smiles! They overrun the place. Too perfect teeth between emphasized lips gleaming whitely in the streets, in the studios, in the restaurants. Smiles without meaning, smiles of the face—not the heart. A world in which only the star gleams and shows her home, her clothes, her food, her husband, her lavish garden, her "secrets."

It is a place where people live to be seen and yet manage to live easily; informality in clothes, entertaining, homes, speech; where food is important; where a freak hair-do or a brand-new neckline may put a little-known cutie on the front page and under producers' noses.

Hollywood! Girls in lovely swim suits (without benefit of water); tweed and pipe pictures of rugged manlies, so human they might be your boy friends; dresses so startling and unreal; autograph books, false eyelashes and bare backs; flashlight snapshots, beauty and grooming to order; Yuma elopements; how to be friends though divorced; orchids and furs—Wonder World, dripping glamour, glamour, glamour. . . .

John F. Kenyon,
Brisbane, Australia.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

"THERE IS NO BAD BOY"

M-G-M scores again! "Boys Town" is filled with heart-stirring emotion and human interest. I have followed the careers of both Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney with much interest. I believe that their performances should win the Academy Award for 1938 and set a goal for the other studios. If the officials of studios could have stood in the foyer of the Grand Theater last night and heard the enthusiastic, sincere statements made by the well-represented group of patrons, there would be no doubt about Mr. and Mrs. Theater-Goer's choice of subject matter.

We are surrounded by people who are underprivileged by environment and poverty. We read the press reports of why this man led a life of crime, why this youngster was sentenced to reform school; in every case his life was predestined by an adolescent life in the slums. What do we do about it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. We accept it as part of life's drama.

If "Boys Town" will be an inspiration to some of America's reform clubs, the picture will have served a twofold purpose. A similar project would set off the cap and explode the disillusionment of life for underprivileged boys. More success to these two versatile screen stars who take their parts and live them. Three cheers for Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. "There is no bad boy!"

Fred B. Parker, Jr.
Atlanta, Georgia.

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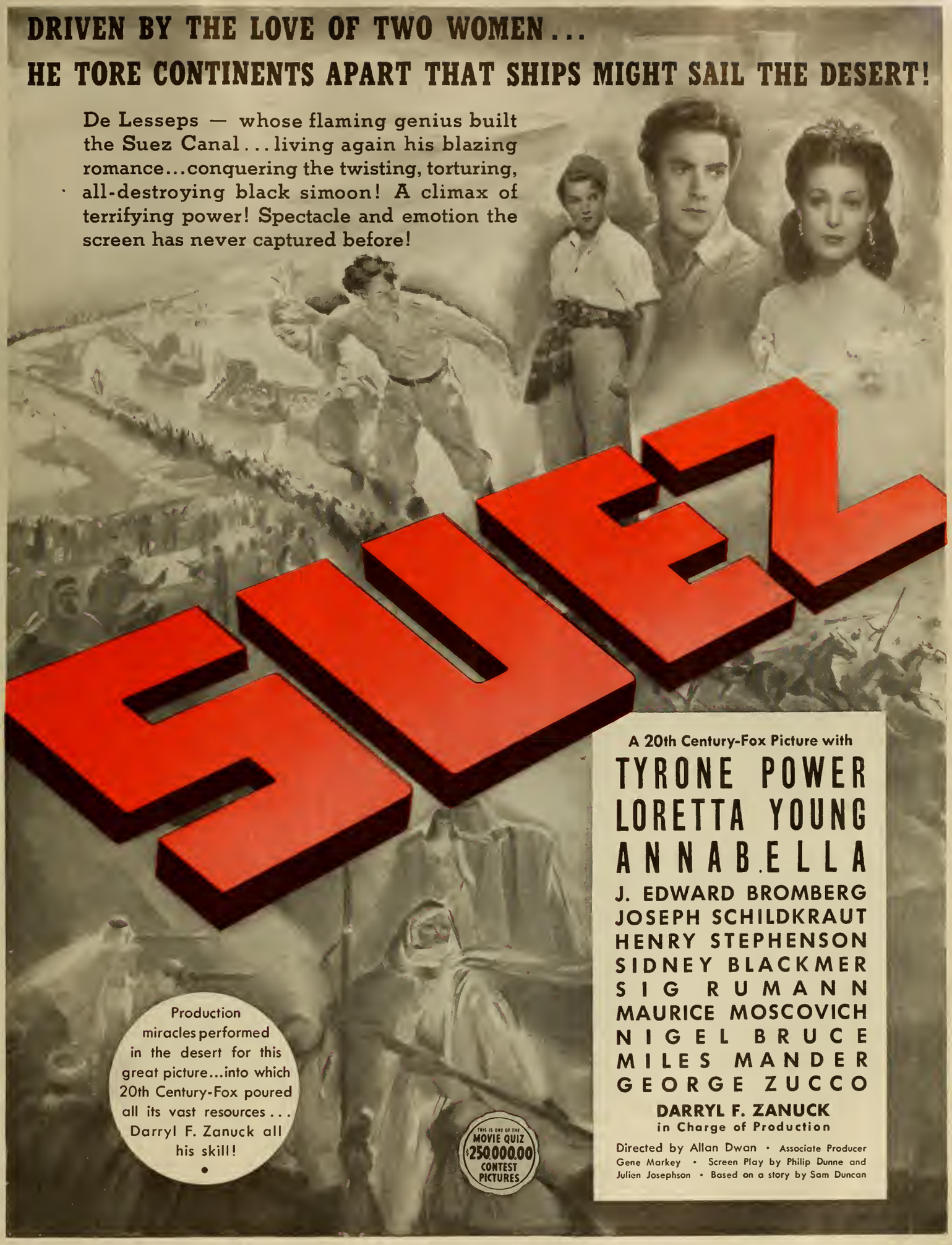
DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN...
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!
De Lesseps — whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal... living again his blazing romance...conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!
SUEZ
A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production
Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan
Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources... Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!
THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

BRIEF REVIEWS

With her flair for comedy, Livvie de Havilland makes a clean sweep of Warners' "Hard to Get"

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

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SHADOW STAGE

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AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with Jack Oakie (lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor) playing press agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball. Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (*Oct.*)

★ ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-paced melodrama of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the sheer lovely sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr which will get you ga-ga. (*Sept.*)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

Though overly sentimental in spots, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believable and human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show and emerges a child star who will bear watching. Women will go for this. (*Sept.*)

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper this time with a family who becomes rich over night and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, foils the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (*Nov.*)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warners

Though Eddie Robinson ostensibly is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical treatise, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, sinister as ever. Director Litvak, Robinson himself, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (*Sept.*)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and justifies the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Jealousy between Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams leads to the murder of (Colonel) H. B. Warner. Who done it? (*Oct.*)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish vagary about crooks and smart-alec brats, as the vapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a parent laugh at the wrong moment. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Bradley Metcalf) are happily chosen and do well. (*Nov.*)

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick with a cleaver. Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years not knowing the War was ended, emerges to visit his pal Hardy, married to Minna Gombell. The fun is immediately on. (Pat Ellis is wasted.) (*Nov.*)

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

This cinema plug for, and satire on, Hollywood is as happy and hilarious a diversion as the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home roost, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the other) who utilize the baby of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (*Oct.*)

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys near Omaha, Nebraska by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan, this depicts the triumph of one man's faith in Providence and human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of *Father Flanagan* and Mickey Rooney runs a close second as the incorrigible *Whitey*. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (*Nov.*)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old figure-skater Irene Dare make her screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen's singing pictures. Bobby, at this point a Mennonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely saccharine as Bobby's mother. (*Nov.*)

★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychoanalyst, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the best dance routines the couple has ever invented, soar the lovely lilting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (*Nov.*)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty sordid plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone his drunken stooge doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (*Oct.*)

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this hokum story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carrillo). She regains the use of her legs in time to totter to his sickbed—the picture's a bit sick, too. (*Sept.*)

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a champion—in this lusty tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with crooked managers, a drunken father (Frank Morgan), who sells him down the river, and Maureen O'Sullivan for whose love he finally gives up his fistic career. Darned fine. (*Oct.*)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of the "ideal girl" painted by Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone fights to get it back. Margaret Tallichet is lovely as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (*Oct.*)

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

An amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the Northwest Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Sabu (of "Elephant Boy") appears as the little Indian rajah whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Desmond Tester, Valerie Hobson are all exceptional. (*Oct.*)

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wabbly imitation of the gay-banter-Thin-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracking the murderer of a fence who purloins their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (*Sept.*)

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners

In Fannie Hurst's touching, dramatic story of the four *Lemp* girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the dour musician who marries Priscilla Lane is a high spot of the year; Priscilla, who does the finest work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically a "discovery." Important. (*Oct.*)

★ FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners

Errol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedian (hoo-ray) as a press-relations counsel, whitewashing millionaires. Rosalind Russell is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Knowles' paper; Olivia de Havilland is a giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find crack entertainment. (*Oct.*)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—no football game! Instead, it deals with a student group who institute "flunk insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus-girl co-ed, William Lundigan, the freshie leader. Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jitterbug. (*Nov.*)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this rises no higher than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (*Nov.*)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The real Garden is the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the hard-boiled manager and John Payne as the bandleader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (*Oct.*)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets sidetracked into a shipboard hash someplace. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Ameche is a war correspondent, Binnie Barnes, a grass widow and Gregory Ratoff, a phoney Russian prince. They do get to Ellis Island, though! (*Oct.*)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the primrose path, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (*Nov.*)

(*Continued on page 8*)

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get —until they get me!

PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"

THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!

HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"

ANN SHERIDAN *as Laury* . . . "I'm Rocky's girl —so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"

Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT · Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff · From a Story by Rowland Brown · Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture · Presented by WARNER BROS.

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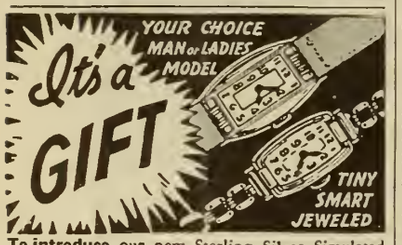

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Rush order. ☐ Lady's Model. ☐ Man's Model.
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(Continued from page 6)

★ GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

Martha Raye's first film as a glamour girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Martha's efforts with a mud pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Whiting, but Jack loves Betty Grable, and Bob Hope loves Martha. They all get somebody. (*Oct.*)

GLADIATOR, THE—Columbia

This time Joe E. Brown wins $1500 in a bank night, goes to college, tries out for the team with the help of a professor who injects him with a new serum which gives Joe superman strength. Then the riot starts. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the hilarity. For Brown fans. (*Nov.*)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remains a highly amusing human story. Dramatizing the desire of the business gal for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Bronx to a mountain camp where she meets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a lawyer-to-be waiting on tables for his tuition. Cupid takes a hand then. (*Sept.*)

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

The first of the fall football collegiate musicals, this is good if giddy entertainment. John Barrymore (swell) is the governor who wages his campaign on the gridiron; Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide the romance; Joan Davis and Jack Haley add the comedy. (*Nov.*)

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'em Dewey" is Hollywood's latest clarion call. Here you get a film translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his usual cyclonic style. Otto Kruger is suave as the vice baron, Wendy Barrie top-notch as a "moll." (*Nov.*)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter is a rich man fed up with false friends. He becomes a tramp hoping to be loved for himself. Marjorie Weaver, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the million. Not so good for the audience, fine for Marjorie. (*Oct.*)

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner is none too funny in this silly story of a fellow who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. Richard Lane and Lorraine Krueger are in the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (*Oct.*)

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers escapes from her snobbish girls' school, hitchhikes West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the bottle. With the help of secretary Gloria Stuart, Jane reforms uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (*Sept.*)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

Imagine Alison Skipworth as Mayor in a racketeer-ridden city. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this roundelay of fun. (*Sept.*)

★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

All the elements of a fine picture, comedy, drama and pathos are here, plus guess who? Charlie (such a sly cuss) McCarthy. Andrea Leeds is the aspiring ingenue who has a letter to an aging matinee idol, Adolphe Menjou. Before he can bring her promised stardom, tragedy stalks, but she has fallen in love with George Murphy before the climax. Swell. (*Oct.*)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Little Miss Temple skips happily between an orphanage run by Jane Darwell, and a boarding-house for broken-down vaudevillians run by Edward Ellis, and keeps your interest in her delightful talents sparkling throughout her latest picture. George Murphy's dance routines are expert; Phyllis Brooks is the light love interest. Another bull's-eye for Shirley. (*Sept.*)

★ LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

There's no indication that the "Dead End" brats have gone "rahfeened" in Hollywood. Back at their tough tricks, they focus all your attention on them in this heart-rending story of a middle-class family's impoverishment and subsequent decline to crime. Reform school again points a moral, but even if you know the story you must see these amazing youngsters do their stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his triumph. His true-to-life adolescent yearnings over Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford will renew your youth. The rest of the *Hardy* family are intact, too: Father Lewis Stone, Mother Fay Holden, Daughter Cecilia Parker. Everybody go. (*Oct.*)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

It's warbling Gene Autry to the rescue when real estate sharks take over a ghost town. Carol Hughes does little but look pretty, Sally Payne is funny, Smiley Burdette is around as Autry's aide. Lots of cowboy heroics. (*Nov.*)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (*Oct.*)

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

We are told that June Lang and Lynn Bari are going to romp through a series of pictures of which this is the first. Here, the gals, bent on adventure, become stowaways, get involved in a jewel robbery. (Boy, is that a plot?) Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes support. (*Oct.*)

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors close with no one around, thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, wanders around murmuring proverbs while solving a murder. Of all the nonsensical pictures, this takes the biscuit. (*Nov.*)

MR. CHUMP—Warners

Johnnie "Scat" Davis very ably carries the whole load of this little amusement about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Alas, it works on paper, but not in dollars and cents. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the femmes. (*Oct.*)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dragging film, not the best of the *Moto* series. Peter Lorre this time prevents the destruction of Great Britain's fleet by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her delineation of a crook's "moll." Just another movie. (*Oct.*)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

A faithful rendition of an American classic. You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor widow (Fay Bainter) who takes in boarders, and the antics of her family (Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Jackie Moran and a delightful tot, Donnie Dunagan) when their livelihood is about to be taken from them. James Ellison is the girls' beau. (*Oct.*)

MY BILL—Warners

The big idea in this business of motherhood and sacrifice is that Kay Francis (of all people) is the doting mama of four kidlets ranging from adolescent, bratty Bonita Granville to little Dickie Moore. Dickie is O.K., saves the family fortune and the picture, too. (*Sept.*)

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

A too mediocre college film, until Sonja Henie gets on the ice—then the screen becomes magic. English Richard Greene (his accent is impossible) is her beau ideal; Cesar Romero is again a playboy caught in the clutches of gold-digger Louise Hovick. See this for Sonja's lovely ballet and for her smiling self. (*Nov.*)

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

If you enjoy suspense well seasoned with slapstick, here you have it. Stuart Irwin plans his usual dopey-dope rôle as the husband of a Latin dancer, Joan Woodbury, who marries him to escape deportation. Gangsters step in to complicate the sit-yee-ashun. (*Sept.*)

PROFESSOR, BEWARE!—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

After all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies, and, amazingly enough, its gags seem a little bewhiskered with age. He plays a professor of Egyptology, decides he's the reincarnation of *Nefaris*, gets mixed up with the police, has a light romance with pretty newcomer Phyllis Welch. You'll see it because it *is* Lloyd's. (*Sept.*)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits you who expect just another movie and find here a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, a poor girl—but proud. Lew Ayres, as the complaining cousin, is priceless and Lana Turner looks button-cute. (*Nov.*)

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action-drama, second in the series of sports-adventure pictures dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Armetta is again the garrulous, lovable *Papa Gambini*. Thomas Beck, Henry Arthur and Joan Valerie round out the cast. (*Nov.*)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal

Hope Hampton looms as a new screen personality who sings divinely, looks ditto. The story is a satire on divorce in a Nevada setting with Randy Scott as the rancher husband who teaches his changeable wife a good lesson in matrimony. Glenda Farrell, Helen Broderick and Alan Marshal are able support. (*Nov.*)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

Sincerity and simplicity give charm to this Gene Stratton-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905. Jean Parker is lovely as the swamp girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Main and Betty Blythe, the silent queen, do nicely. (*Sept.*)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* family in one of the fastest comedies in the series. June Carlson wins a radio contest; *Ma Jones* then goes on the air, swindlers step in, the clan goes to her support and wonderful things happen till you are pretty hysterical. The usual cast. (*Nov.*)

★ SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

For the second time this year Margaret Sullavan and soldiers make a marvelous combination. Jimmy Stewart is the gangling, idealistic cowboy whom Maggie, a hard-shelled chorine, marries when he's sent overseas because she wishes his dream of her to remain unbroken. Walter Pidgeon is her jealous manager. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

Capitalizing on the excitement incident to aviation headlines, this turns out to be an anemic run-of-the-mill flying picture crammed with pseudo-thrills. Chester Morris and Richard Dix are the two pilots, of course, in love with the same dame, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly pretty. So-So. (*Oct.*)

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

A thinly veiled character study of Prosecutor Dewey of New York (who said "no soap" when asked permission to use his name), this takes Chester Morris into gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Bruce Cabot and Frances Mercer. P.S. The racket is smashed. (*Oct.*)

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (acting) duty and he certainly did! The story concerns the members of a county council and the reaction of their personal loves on their public acts during a political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall's wife) are all excellent. Don't miss this. (*Sept.*)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

A high-spirited tale of friendship between two men (Henry Fonda and George Raft) in the days of fierce fishermen feuds in the salmon waters of Alaska, this is sometimes an epic, often an error. Louise Campbell and Dot Lamour are "the women," but Slicker, the seal, steals the show. The photography and fights scenes are superb—so is John Barrymore. (*Nov.*)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Rowdy fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet is sold to the mounted police; Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a bunch of crooks. Surprise, surprise, the horsey wins! (*Sept.*)

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

Cops and robbers are played again with Bruce Cabot, surprisingly on the side of the law. You'll remember Tommy Ryan, a youthful newcomer, who is finally persuaded by Cabot that there is no gain in guns. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with the policeman. (*Nov.*)

★ TEXANS, The—Paramount

The marvelous hokum of Indian raids, stampedes, blizzards and dust storms which beset a Texas family on a trek to Kansas with 10,000 head of cattle after the Civil War, is spectacularly effective here. Joan Bennett and Randy Scott are too, too dewey-eyed to make their romance exciting but May Robson as the grandma is splendid. (*Oct.*)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

All the ingredients in this pie are A-No. 1. It offers Bob Montgomery as an author, his old time rôle as sophisticate, Janet Gaynor as the naïve little country wench whom he falls in love with on a lecture tour. Franchot Tone is a playboy publisher, also nuts about Janet. The dialogue is particularly good and all the principals are at their best. (*Nov.*)

TIME OUT FOR MURDER—20th Century-Fox (formerly "Meridian 7-1212")

The plot revolves around the New York telephone exchange which gives the correct time. It all fits in with a newsman's idea of who committed what murder when. Michael Whalen is nicely competent as the journalist; Gloria Stuart plays hob with his heart. (*Sept.*)

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

Buttressed with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, Peter B. Kyne's rugged story of the California redwoods adds up thus—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and Claire Trevor play their straightforward rôles in character. Worth seeing. (*Nov.*)

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

Second of the roving-reporter series, this again has Michael Whalen scoring as the flip-crack newsman solving murders. Harold Huber, a practical-joke minded, night-club man is a riot; Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully to round up things in a snappy way. (*Nov.*)

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William her obstinate district attorney husband who discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder. The cast is fine, the material stodgy. (*Sept.*)

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated and charming trio in this modern tale of divorce and remarriage. Its setting is a small town, always good opportunity for homely comedy and recognizable happenings. Juanita Quigley is the child torn between devotion to both parents. (*Sept.*)

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

Frank Capra has miraculously transferred the daffy doings of *Grandpa Vanderhof* from the stage to the screen. An appealing love story, a subtle commentary on American life filled with delicious humor, a slick job of casting and acting—what more do you want? Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer—each is beautiful. (*Nov.*)

7 GREAT PERSONALITIES

JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"

PAULETTE
GODDARD
In her talking debut

ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"

BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

Selznick International

presents

JANET
GAYNOR
DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.
PAULETTE
GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with

ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK. *Released thru United Artists*

RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality

MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by J. A. R. Wylie

Dorothy Lamour radiates health and glamour and her beauty routine will help you in your own problems

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Step by step, Dotty takes you on the route that goes to make up the finished product she is on the screen

ONE DAY OF (G)LAMOUR—Have you ever wondered just what is the beauty routine of a glamour girl? That is, all the things she does to make herself glamorous—what she eats, what exercise she takes, how she cares for her skin and her hair and how she applies her make-up? You know certain details about almost every star, but how about taking one and learning everything about her—everything that goes to make up the finished product you see on the screen? Personally, I thought it was a good idea. I hope you do, too, and that this information will be of some help to you in solving your personal problems.

It started this way. Being an incurable set-haunter, I was at Paramount Studios and wandered onto the set of "St. Louis Blues." There was Dorothy Lamour in a (surprise!) sarong. She plays the part of a Broadway actress who can't do anything on the stage but wear a sarong. It seems that she's dying to get out of it, so she manages to land a job on a Mississippi showboat and then all sorts of things happen.

Anyway, Dorothy looked wonderful. The clearness of her skin was obvious even through the heavy make-up she wore; her eyes were bright; her figure was perfect. She radiated health and glamour.

"How do you take care of your face and your figure?" I asked. "How do you keep looking so glamorous? What is the secret? How about telling me everything you do?"

"Don't go so fast. Where do I start?"

"Suppose you start with when you get up in the morning and tell me everything you do during the day, up to the time you go to bed."

"Okay, here goes," said Dorothy, settling herself more comfortably. "You asked for it.

"FIRST thing in the morning, I take a cool shower, never hot, and I taper off the warm water until it's cold. In the winter, I almost freeze to death under the cold water but it certainly stirs up the circulation. Then I give myself a brisk rubbing with a heavy Turkish towel, slap dusting powder all over myself and get dressed.

"Now breakfast. I never diet, although I have to watch my weight so I don't get any thinner. I have a large glass of fruit juice and a cup of coffee. If I'm working, I have breakfast very early, of course, and by ten o'clock I'm hungry again, so then I have something else—another glass of fruit juice, or maybe a cup of warm consommé, or a glass of milk with two egg yolks in it. That's wonderful for you. In the summertime, I have some fruit—a peach or a pear, at ten o'clock."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What do you do to your face in the morning?"

"Well, I wash it with warm water and a bland soap and follow this with a thorough rinsing with cold water. Then I pat on an astringent. After that comes a foundation lotion, which I pat into my skin thoroughly. Incidentally, if you'll try just a dash of ice water over the foundation lotion after it's set, you'll find that it makes the powder stay on much longer. I think brunettes need less make-up than blondes. During the day all I use is a deep rachel powder, a touch of mascara, and lip rouge. The color depends on the dress I'm wearing. And I always match my nail polish with my lip rouge."

You'll note that Dorothy wears no rouge in the daytime. If you are a brunette with clear, smooth skin, you'll find that a brilliant lipstick will accent your coloring and do away with the necessity for rouge.

IT was time for lunch then and we went over to the commissary, where I took careful note of what Dorothy ate. It consisted of a vegetable plate and a cup of tea.

"Sometimes I have an omelet or creamed chicken or something like that," she said. "In the winter I always have a warm dish for lunch; in the summer generally a fruit or vegetable salad."

If Dorothy is hungry again in the afternoon, she'll have something else to eat about four or five o'clock—a cup of tea and small tea sandwiches or crackers.

Continuing on the food question, here's what Dorothy has for dinner. When she is working, it's a very light dinner as she retires shortly after eating. (A gay night life just doesn't exist

(Continued on page 85)

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A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

HERE'S one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile and as fresh as the crisp Christmas air!

Bound in "old gold", handsome as a first edition, this unique book-box of 100 Old Golds costs no more than two "Flat-Fifty" packages.

And what a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette"... and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure! It tells its own tale of matchless flavor and freshness. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!

1

It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.

2

Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).

3

Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM

TUNE IN Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, Sunday nights, starting Nov. 20, Columbia Network.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW *YOUR* HOLLYWOOD?

GIVE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 92.

1. This star recently invested $17,000 in a gold mine, only to discover that it was a phony:

Tyrone Power **Erral Flynn**
Clark Gable **Edward Arnold**

2. To Eddie Cantor goes the credit of "discovering" two of these stars:

Judy Garland **Deanna Durbin**
Bobby Breen **Bobby Jordan**

3. This old-time comedian is making his comeback as Oliver Hardy's new screen partner:

Jack Mulhall **Charles Ray**
Ben Turpin **Harry Langdon**

4. One of these four couples is still happily married:

Jack Oakie and Venita Varden
Frances Dee and Joel McCrea
Margot Grahame and Francis Lister
Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston

5. This actor fought with Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay:

Lionel Barrymore **George Bancroft**
Halliwell Hobbes **C. Aubrey Smith**

6. He is the highest-paid director in Hollywood:

Frank Capra **Frank Lloyd**
Woody Van Dyke **Frank Borzage**

7. This internationally famous dancer will act as technical advisor on the new Astaire-Rogers picture which is based on the story of her life:

Gilda Gray **Yolanda**
Irene Castle **Argentina**

8. This was the first picture to win the Academy Award:

Ben Hur **Cavalcade**
Beau Geste **Wings**

9. She was once a baby star, and is now a leading lady:

Betty Grable **Madge Evans**
Ginger Rogers **Norma Shearer**

10. The child of one of these stars is not adopted; the others have adopted children:

Harold Lloyd **Jack Benny**
Barbara Stanwyck **Irene Dunne**

11. She is a glamour girl, but her real name is Queenie Thompson:

Claudette Colbert **Joan Crawford**
Merle Oberon **Alice Faye**

12. One of these stars will play the title rôle in "Wizard of Oz".

Roland Young **Frank Morgan**
W. C. Fields **Jack Oakie**

13. He's a screen villain, but he raises orchids as a hobby:

Bela Lugosi **Basil Rathbone**
Charles Laughton **Boris Karloff**

Claudette Colbert in "Zaza"

14. This talking picture holds the record for grossing the most money:

"The White Sister"
"Our Dancing Daughters"
"The Sign of the Cross"
"The Singing Fool"

15. During her entire career, this is the only actor who was billed above Garbo:

Ramon Novarro **Herbert Marshall**
Ricardo Cortez **Fredric March**

16. Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter have appeared together in two of these pictures:

"Penthouse" **"The Great Ziegfeld"**
"Broadway Bill" **"Animal Kingdom"**

17. Her first starring vehicle for Warner Bros. on her new two-picture contract will be "We Are Not Alone":

Ann Harding **Irene Dunne**
Ruth Chatterton **Miriam Hopkins**

18. This star recently announced that she had no objection to paying heavy income taxes:

Carole Lombard **Sonja Henie**
Jeanette MacDonald **Bette Davis**

19. Fans rushed at this actress at a preview and jostled her so hard that she fell off the sidewalk, sprained her leg, spent three weeks in a hospital and was unable to do a scheduled picture:

Janet Gaynor **Elizabeth Patterson**
May Robson **Kay Francis**

20. He is an expert cabinetmaker:

Patric Knowles **Joe E. Brown**
Erral Flynn **Edward G. Robinson**

Two kingpin producers, Louis B. Mayer and Darryl Zanuck, with Eddie Cantor

What's behind the revival of "Zaza" with Claudette Colbert and Marshall?

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Miss Waterbury (above) tells of exciting things that are going on under the surface in Hollywood and labels Ellen Drew (left), Fred MacMurray's sweetheart in "Sing, You Sinners," a newcomer to watch

ATTENTION, please . . . there's something going on under the surface in Hollywood that I think, as devoted moviegoers, you should know about . . . I warn you it isn't as colorful news as the discovery of a new star like Hedy Lamarr . . . (and speaking of new stars I think you should keep your eye on that Ellen Drew girl who was in Crosby's "Sing, You Sinners") . . . but this I can assure you . . . what's going on under the surface in Hollywood right now is bound to have a terrific effect on your future happiness in moviegoing. . . .

Movies seem to be about to break forth with a couple of new experiments in the producing of pictures . . . new blood is, at long last (and about time, too) coming into the producing ranks . . . which should mean things fresh and exciting as contrasted to the mass of indifferent-to-bad pictures that have been released in the last year. . . .

Perhaps you hadn't stopped to realize, being naturally more concerned with stars and their doings, that men like Louis B. Mayer, Samuel Goldwyn, Adolph Zukor, naming only three who control major producing outfits, have been Mister Bigs in the movie business ever since it started . . . Zukor, for example, has been in there for twenty-seven years and always as a producer . . . younger men have developed in these gentlemen's studios, like the brilliant and lamented Irving Thalberg and the currently brilliant Hunt Stromberg and Lawrence Weingarten . . . but the Mayers, Goldwyns, Zukors have still remained kingpins, having the final word on all products emerging from their individual studios . . . these men have kept admirable stride with the developments in movies but inevitably they have become less young and very rich and thereby pretty far removed from the problems of the young, who always have and undoubtedly always will make up the bulk of the moviegoing audience . . . you have only to recall the record of the two men who have become producers, outside this group, in the last few years, to see how beneficial a thing the entrance of younger men of power is. . . .

These two new, big producers are David Selznick and Darryl Zanuck: Selznick with his "A Star is Born," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Tom Sawyer" and a dozen other terrific hits; Zanuck with his discovery of Power, Henie, Ameche, Alice Faye and the amazing production record of the whole Twentieth Century-Fox studio for which he is responsible. . . .

NOW Myron Selznick, who is the brother of David and, like him, the son of the pioneer moviemaker, Louis J. Selznick, is about to embark on an entirely new and extremely provocative scheme of picturemaking . . . Myron is one of the smartest businessmen anywhere on earth and, like his brother, his heart and soul are tied up with Hollywood . . . up until now he has been an agent . . . a flesh peddler, as they call them in Hollywood . . . but the brand of flesh he peddles is certainly the choicest . . . Carole Lombard and William Powell are representative of the type of actor he represents . . . the writers and producers under contract to him are of similar caliber. . . .

His scheme for producing, very roughly, will work like this . . . a star, a director, a writer from his lists will work together on a film for which Selznick will act as producer . . . all of them will be on a profit-sharing basis so that while the initial costs of the film will not be so high as they are now under regular studio management . . . and they are now colossal . . . the net income, to all concerned, if the picture is successful, will be as great as ever. . . .

The announcement of Myron Selznick's plans

(Continued on page 83)

When Ronald Colman, as Francois Villon, poet-rogue, hero of Frank Lloyd's crowning achievement, "If I Were King," makes love gallantly, tenderly to beautiful Frances Dee and Ellen Drew, you'll agree with Jimmie Fidler and all the other Hollywood critics that this is the grandest of screen romances.

love . . .

IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your
pearls upon a string
The world a ruby for your
finger ring . . ."

Adolph Zukor presents

Ronald Colman

in Frank Lloyd's

"IF I WERE KING"

with Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone

Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon

Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd

Screen Play by Preston Sturges

From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"Men With Wings".. the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created "Nothing Sacred" and "A Star is Born!"

"Escape From Leavenworth".. Paramount's punch-packed adventure yarn, formerly titled "The Last Ride," is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you've not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn't tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff's top role.

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE when these Paramount Hits Play

Definitely News

The fabric . . . leg-o'-mutton sleeves . . . heart-shaped collar of FEDERAL FOX

Fabric, cut and detail are important, but when all is said and done it's the fur on your wool coat that tells the fashion story. That's why you'll want a collar of soft, deep FEDERAL Fox—its silver beauty is the perfect expression of this lavish winter mode. Slip into a FEDERAL-trimmed coat; see how young and flattering it is, as well as chic. You can always tell this smart fur by the FEDERAL name, stamped on the leather side of every genuine FEDERAL pelt. It's your assurance of lasting loveliness. Look for it wherever you select your winter coat. FEDERAL Fox jackets, wraps and scarfs, and FEDERAL-trimmed wool coats are featured by better stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG • WISCONSIN

WHAT HOLLYWOOD IS THINKING

Photoplay dared Hollywood men and women to answer vital questions on virtue, romance, marital adjustments, birth control, divorce. They accepted the challenge. Here are their answers

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

Promised that their identities would be kept secret, the stars discard reticence to answer as blunt a set of questions as was ever put before them

BY MARIAN RHEA

THIS is a new kind of story about Hollywood. It has nothing to do with the casting of "Gone With The Wind." It is not concerned with Darryl Zanuck's latest "find," nor the sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr, nor the box-office returns on "Snow White." Instead, it describes a remarkable dare which Photoplay made to Hollywood . . . and what happened thereupon.

"We dare you, Hollywood, to put aside your shop talk, your gossip, your glamour tales, your success stories for discussion of something different," Photoplay said. "We dare you to tell us what you think about such human problems as virtue, romance, marital adjustments, birth control and divorce."

And Hollywood accepted the challenge. For Photoplay's benefit (and yours), it discarded reticence, courageously answering as blunt a set of questions as was ever propounded in a filmland interview.

This interview was conducted by means of a questionnaire. Selecting a group representing a large and important percentage of the four hundred stars and other players under contract to various Hollywood studios, Photoplay submitted a copy to each.

"We will keep your identity a secret," Photoplay promised. "In exchange for this anonymity, please be honest."

The result was interesting. More than that, it was enlightening. It revealed a Hollywood that knows its own mind and how to use it.

THE first half of Photoplay's questionnaire dealt with problems of love and marriage.

The first question was: *"Do you believe that all persons should be required by law to submit to a physical examination before marriage?"*

Of the women thus questioned, eighty per cent answered yes; while the men agreed unanimously that all persons contemplating marriage not only should be examined beforehand, but prevented from said marriage if found physically or mentally unfit.

"Tough on the individual, maybe, but fine for humanity," one straight-thinking actor wrote. Incidentally, he is a top-ranking star.

"Such a law would act as a warning to youngsters contemplating 'wild oats'," wrote another.

A third agreed that an examination should be made but suggested sterilization rather than prohibition of marriage as the correct solution.

The comments of the feminine affirmants were much the same.

"Children suffering from hereditary ailments make me want to commit murder," one wrote. "Such a law would lessen these cases."

Many of the twenty per cent who registered against such a plan gave "violation of personal rights" as the reason for their stand.

"The government meddles in personal affairs too much. To force a self-respecting person—especially a woman—to submit to such an examination would be an outrage," one protested.

A second, a famous star still unmarried, offered this interesting comment: "Please! Leave something to our consciences, lest they rot with disuse!"

"Do you believe in sex instruction before marriage?" was the next question. To it, both men and women made unanimous answer: "Yes!"

"It is sensible and vital to future happiness," one star wrote.

"Yes, it should be compulsory and there would be fewer divorces as a result of such knowledge," wrote a second.

"Yes! If sex were less a bugaboo, we'd all be better off," insisted still another.

"Do you condone an indiscretion before marriage in case of real love?" was Photoplay's next question.

Among the women who answered, sixty-two and one-half per cent said yes; among the men, only fifty per cent. Many made comment—varied, vehement, to the point.

"Certainly I condone it!" wrote one important star. "For one thing, frequently there are family and financial reasons which make it wise to delay legalization of marriage."

Another, a young contract player, qualified her affirmative answer.

"I am glad you say 'condone'," she wrote. "Yes, I 'condone' it for someone else, but I wouldn't believe in it for myself. If I cared that much for a man, I should want to marry him. And if he didn't care that much for me—well, all I've seen of these 'without benefit of clergy' alliances have been tragic in the end—for the woman."

A third's answer was: "Tolerate, but do not

(Continued on page 89)

At Last! MRS. CLARK GABLE TALKS

BY SARA HAMILTON

"MRS. GABLE will hie herself to Reno for a divorce so Clark Gable can marry Carole Lombard in a few weeks."

"Mrs. Gable will not divorce Clark Gable so it looks as if the Gable-Lombard romance must wait."

Over the air, in trade paper blurbs and in daily columns, these announcements have been appearing day after day. Whispers and rumors have also added to the case against Ria Gable, wife of Clark Gable.

Feeling there must be a misunderstanding on the public's part, we sought out a friend of Mrs. Gable's.

"Can these stories be true?" we asked. "Is it possible a charming woman like Ria Gable could be standing in the way of Clark's happiness?"

"Come with me," the friend said. "I want you to know Ria Gable and I think you'll find the answer to your questions."

And so, one September afternoon, we found ourselves in the charming Gable home and, in this exclusive story to PHOTOPLAY, the only one ever given to any writer, Mrs. Gable told us this story.

"THE question of divorce has never arisen between us," Mrs. Gable said. "Mr. Gable has never discussed the issue with me, but certainly I am willing to divorce Clark if he so desires."

It was later I learned from a businessman that after the radio announcement mentioned above, it was Clark's lawyer and not Mrs. Gable who objected strenuously to the remarks.

"These rumors, I feel sure, are as obnoxious and unwelcome to Clark as they are to me," Mrs. Gable said. "For that reason, and because I've become tired of the rôle of a so-called meanie, I am ready to make this statement."

Ria Gable, a quiet, understanding, gentle woman, with a dark vivacious beauty and youthful zest for living that keeps her in constant demand by Hollywood hostesses, is imbued with that rare quality that keeps her going on, growing despite heartaches; the quality of giving, of doing for others.

"If you spent an afternoon with Ria Gable," a mutual friend told me after my interview, "you spent it in one of the most worthwhile ways I know, for Ria is a living example of the doctrine of doing for others. She has been my mainstay in time of trouble and I have watched

Since his separation from Ria Gable, Clark has been linked romantically by the press with glamorous Carole Lombard

"The question of divorce has never arisen between us . . . but certainly I am willing to divorce Clark if he so desires," says Ria Gable in the first story she has ever given on their marital separation

her time and again go out of her way to help others."

Such, then, is the woman Clark Gable, a rising, but far from famous young actor, met in New York some seven years ago. At that time Clark had secured his best rôle to date in "Machinal." Mrs. Gable, a well-to-do member of a New York social group, met the forceful young actor one night at a party and the two fell instantly in love.

Ria Gable at that time was engaged to marry a wealthy banker, but broke her engagement to marry Clark, a poor but hopeful stage-struck lad.

Not from Mrs. Gable's lips, but from others, we learned of the physical and spiritual reformation that this woman brought into the life of Gable. Of the belief in self, of the art of gracious living and triumph over defeat her philosophy brought him.

When the play, "The Last Mile," came to Los Angeles, Clark was given his first movie offer. Fearful of defeat and rebuff in pictures after he had gained a foothold on the stage, Clark was reluctant to accept. It was Mrs. Gable who insisted he take the chance—a chance that brought him undreamed of fame.

FROM the first, their temperaments clashed. Emotionally dynamic Clark, manlike, hoarded his outbursts against his disappointments in work and people until his own front door shut behind him. It was then the storm broke.

"I handled the situation very badly," Mrs. Gable said. "I can see that now. Had I to do it over, I should establish our life together on an entirely different basis.

"When Clark, who had every reason to be furious over his disappointments, gave way to bitterness, I should have joined, loudly and vehemently, in his stormings. Instead, I retreated. I didn't know how to cope with the vigorous, lusty, gusty man-fury that would be his. Thoughts of the children or servants would enter, and, with a heart full to bursting, I could only retreat to my room, tears in my heart and voice.

"That was a mistake."

In 1932 the Gables separated, each agreeing to go his own way.

Mrs. Gable and her son and daughter went on to New York. Clark remained in Hollywood to make "Strange Interlude." Meanwhile, the world little dreamed of what had actually happened.

In six weeks time, Clark telephoned, not once, but several times, for Ria to return.

"You are the only woman I love. Won't you please come back?" he begged, and Ria, as anxious as Clark to make their marriage a permanent one, returned.

"There is no one in the world as charming, as sweet and tender as Clark when he chooses to be," Mrs. Gable said. "I can look back over the stormy sessions to some of the happiest days of my life. These, and not the bitter ones, are the memories I choose to carry with me."

THEIR life for some time, then, was a happy one. Clark was the idol of his stepson's heart. The two would spend hours on the floor over the intricate marvels of an electric train or some mechanical toy. The boy actually built his life and dreams around the man.

"But Hollywood is no place for marital happiness," Mrs. Gable said. "There are too many angles against it. Too much grief in work, too startling a transition from obscurity to fame, too many women and false friends to flatter and tear down. It's almost impossible to survive its devastating influence."

In view of all this, it really wasn't much of a surprise when Clark returned from location on "Call of the Wild" and met Ria at the door with, "I want my freedom."

Perhaps Mrs. Gable should have then and there put up a battle for their future happiness together. But too many tears had been shed; too much heartache, despite the intervals of happiness, had worn away the hopes. So she quietly agreed.

The night they parted she told him quietly, "Clark, you're looking for peace and happiness, aren't you? And I want you to find them. But, Clark, you're looking in the wrong places. It can only come to you from within. And only by sitting down quietly and knowing your great restlessness cannot be appeased by new faces, new places, new thrills, but can only come from you, Clark Gable, looking into the heart of Clark Gable, can you find the thing you're searching for. Remember, while you're an idol to a million fans you're still just a man who has to spend the rest of his days with Clark Gable, so get that inner man right, Clark."

Their marriage then was over, definitely and finally. Shortly after, Clark left for South America.

I remember at the time how reporters swarmed the Gable home in Brentwood and how graciously they were received by Mrs. Gable.

"She answered their most pertinent questions," a friend from the studio told me, "as only a great lady like Ria Gable could, and still she told nothing."

FOR several months after their parting, Clark kept returning to the Brentwood home for long chats with the boy, for friendly settlements with Ria; there was no bitterness, no harsh quarrels at that time. All such ideas have since been built up in the minds of people who seem determined to place on this woman undeserved criticism.

"Why can't Ria Gable be as kind as her husband was," a Hollywoodite commented recently. "When Ria was married to a prominent Washington attorney and lived in Washington, her husband consented to a divorce. Why doesn't she do the same by Clark?"

"In the first place," Mrs. Gable told me, "I have never been in Washington in my life or been married to a Washington man. So you can see to what lengths gossip will go in this town.

"I am preparing to visit New York where I have so many friends and, with all this publicity and talk about my unwillingness to divorce Clark, I once again made the offer to Clark's attorney and was told Clark did not want a divorce.

"Yet who believes me? Who believes I am not the meanie of all time standing behind Clark and freedom? I have no reason to take action against Clark unless it is his wish. I am happy this way and if it seems to be his wish to let matters rest as they are, I feel I should agree.

"I have no regrets. I can close my front door now and find peace and solace and contentment.

"At first I was burdened with an unbearable heartache, then I sat down very quietly and mentally went over our lives together. Had I failed Clark when he needed me? Had I been selfish or self-centered?

"I knew Clark had never been forced into social functions unless he chose to go. No friends were invited to our house unless Clark was consulted. Our meals were eaten together at no matter what hour Clark came in from his work. All these things I turned over in my mind and knew that self-condemnation was unfair to myself and to Clark. The heartache disappeared with this realization. I find my life full and happy. My many friends are loyal and kind. There is much to do toward making one's life a rich full one."

It could be so easy for Mrs. Gable to cherish bitterness or resentment, when one has been married to a famous screen idol who continues on and on in popularity. So easy to denounce, and yet such thoughts are far from the mind of this woman. She speaks tenderly of Clark's generosity toward her daughter, who was recently married. Proudly she displays the beautiful ring he gave her a month before their final parting.

No, there is no malice, no pettiness in Ria Gable's heart. Her life stands for as great a service as does Clark's.

We feel, with this exclusive story to PHOTOPLAY, a newer understanding will come to Hollywood who, in misjudging Ria Gable has cruelly wronged Clark Gable as well.

And PHOTOPLAY wishes only the best to a fine actor and sportsman, Clark Gable, and an understanding gentlewoman, his wife, Ria Gable.

HE *Really* MOWS 'EM DOWN!

If Hollywood moguls had only known what they were letting themselves in for when they signed Charlie McCarthy! They found out soon enough!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EDGAR BERGEN is grooming another dummy to replace Charlie McCarthy.

The new little knee pal will be a goofy little guy with a silly laugh and a rustic wardrobe as contrasted to Charlie's suave innuendo and silk hat. Bergen hasn't had him sawed out yet, but he's working on the voice, mannerisms and character.

Edgar Bergen may have a hunch that Charlie's rarin', tearin', rounder days are due to wane soon. He may have decided, with his quiet shrewdness, that the public demands new blood even in ventriloquist's dolls. He may have said about all he has to say with Charlie.

On the other hand, the new dummy may be purely a physical precaution.

Since they've gone in the movies—Edgar and Charlie—there's always the danger that a general revolt of maddened Hollywood moguls will tear Charlie limb from limb.

For the woodenheaded dummy has been making a sap of Hollywood.

Charlie may be fashioned from slippery elm, poison ivy, dogwood or sawdust swept from a barroom floor, as has been suggested on occasions, but his general effect, as far as Hollywood is concerned, is more like cactus—wickedly pricking the bubbles of pose, pretension and pomp that make up the sometimes phony foam of that effervescent town.

Charlie plays no favorites. In his own boastful words he just "mows 'em down."

Hollywood dignity tumbles and glamour washes out before the owlish gaze and smug smirk of the number one breaker-downer in movietown history. The innocent sting of his small-voiced wisecracks penetrates the armor of caste, tradition and Hollywood-holy taboos like tissue paper. The kid's a terror, and that's no pun. It's not even a joke to some people.

THE first day of shooting on the set of "Letter of Introduction" at Universal studios, a sober-faced man with an imposing mane of white hair confronted the cocky, monocled eye of Bergen's Bad Boy. He had been putting Charlie through his camera paces, ad infinitum. It was no use; Charlie was wickedly immune to direction. So the white-haired man said at last, "Oh, go ahead. Do it any way you want to!"

And a voice piped back, small, but not too small, *sotto voce*, but loud enough for everybody to hear—

"Now why'nell didn't you say so in the first place?"

Edgar Bergen looked distinctly shocked. He blushed. The set hung heavy with stunned silence. The white-haired man turned gravely to his assistant, a strong-jawed Irishman.

"It looks like," he said quietly, "we're going to have trouble with this little fellow."

If he had only known!

The white-haired man was John Stahl, most dignified, autocratic, aloof director in Hollywood. His relentless, painstaking set authority has worn down and "broken" such actresses as Irene Dunne, Margaret Sullavan, Claudette Colbert.

The man he spoke to was Joe McDonough, one of the most hard-bitten, iron-handed assistant directors in the business. But Joe could only nod weakly and murmur, "Yeah." Charlie had already been picking on him.

In an hour the news was all over Hollywood. Charlie McCarthy had bearded the lion in his den. Hollywood knew what to expect—and it certainly was not disappointed. From then on, Charlie turned on the heat.

Of course, the insult and innuendo served up by Charlie McCarthy had been sampled by the scorched tongues of Hollywood's great long before he answered the call of the cinema.

On the radio, where, one by one, the luminaries of movieland were summoned by cold cash, Charlie pulled no punches.

Between derisive cackles, he drubbed them lustily in their weakest spots—usually around the head.

Before the world and everybody the impudent little lap-chip called Adolphe Menjou an extra. He said he was slipping. He said the only thing he had was a pair of pressed pants and a mustache and so what?

He calmly assured Alice Brady she didn't know acting from sour apples. He brazenly asked Ned Sparks how much he would charge to curdle a bottle of cream. He wheezed that Carole Lombard had teeth like pearls from a "stewed erster." He sassed Barbara Stanwyck with "honey-chile" and ran down her pretty best boy friend gleefully. He ripped right on down the line through Roz Russell, Marlene Dietrich, Lupe Velez, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold and a double-dozen more. The other day he told Spencer Tracy the Academy was certainly getting careless to hand him a gold acting award, "Oscar."

But Charlie was just practicing up on the radio. It was the movies he was really laying for.

From the moment Bergen hauled him inside the Studio gates, supposedly squelched inside a big black suitcase, a tirade of indignant squeals and protests rent the startled air. "What the blankety - blank - blank - blank!" Charlie screamed. "Lemme out of this thing. Lemme at 'em. I'll show 'em. I'm a movie star—ain't I?" And when Bergen undid the clasps and popped Charlie's red thatch into the rare air of the "Goldwyn Follies" stage, the first thing Charlie did was to yell for a stand-in!

Now, for long, the stand-in situation in Hollywood has been a standing joke. Sometimes on the set there are more stand-ins than actors. Stars have stand-ins, bit players have stand-ins, extras have them. Stand-ins have stand-ins. It's a custom that has grown into a foolish fetish. And it was ripe for a little McCarthy razz.

There was about as much sense in Charlie McCarthy's needing a stand-in as there would be in Deanna Durbin's requiring a voice double. But the hot light, Charlie sighed, would melt the glue in his joints. The rays would make him lose his school-boy complexion. The heat would hand him the dry rot or something. He would gradually disintegrate. So he got "Sturdy Oak O'Sullivan," a pithy little pal, who reposed grinning while Charlie rested—in his chair? Oh no—in the *star's* chair or the director's chair. Because that was another set taboo that it pleased Master Charlie to pick to pieces.

One of the gravest social errors you can possibly make on a Hollywood set is to plunk yourself down between scenes in the canvas-backed seat formidably tagged "Director So and So" or "Miss Gloria Greatstar." To usurp such a hallowed perch is something akin to hopping up on Emperor Hirohito's throne and dangling your legs over the arms.

In "The Goldwyn Follies" Charlie had his own

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REA IRVIN

"Don't look now, Bergen," he whispered, "but I think I picked up a splinter"

It cost Goldwyn plenty when the dancers of the American Ballet found Charlie irresistible

Not even John Stahl, Hollywood's most dignified director, escaped Charlie's heckling

canvas seat, properly tagged *Charlie McCarthy*—but he scorned to use it. Instead, when Andrea Leeds or Adolphe Menjou or Helen Jepson or Zorina prepared to plop down on their sacred set stools they always found a grinning, wooden imp lolling thereon who promptly apologized in such ornate terms of mock humility for his grave and unforgivable trespass that the absurd pretension of the whole thing was embarrassingly plain. Pretty soon everybody sat wherever there was an empty seat and thought nothing about it.

In spite of his biting satires and the wreck he still makes out of reputations and respected Hollywood institutions, Charlie has been the darling of the set from his first movie venture. True, the Ritz Brothers refused flatly to work with him, admitting frankly that would just be asking for it, but Zorina and the ballerinas fell for Charlie like a load of coal—much to the dismay of Hollywood's premier prophet, Producer Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn, with ambitions to make the 1938 Follies extra-super-colossal, had imported the American Ballet from the Metropolitan Opera. Being pretty nearly tops in this country, it was worth its weight in gold. But, when the big ballet number came before the cameras, something went wrong. The girls couldn't seem to get collected, and when they did, their minds obviously weren't on their work. With dollars dribbling away and nothing being shot, Goldwyn ordered an investigation.

THE trail led to Charlie McCarthy. While Bergen innocently sat in the corner and studied his script, Charlie followed each shapely and-er-décolleté ballerina with ogling eyes and a come-hither toss of his irresistible head. They came over, cooing, and production paused, paralyzed!

Instead of wearing itself out in his first picture, Charlie McCarthy's obstreperous high-handedness just got worse in his next picture, "Letter of Introduction."

When they unpacked him on the set the first day, he raucously demanded not only a new stand-in, but also a new wardrobe, a set valet and a stooge! What's more, he got them! To see Charlie McCarthy, a wooden doll, making wardrobe changes, being brushed and groomed by a flesh-and-blood gentlemen's gentleman and fed lines by his stooge, Mortimer, was perhaps the most trenchant take-off on the airy luxury of a pampered movie star ever presented. Hollywood circles rocked with laughter. But Charlie just grinned the more wickedly, and set out to "get" John Stahl and the assistant director.

NOW the champion tyrants of the picture studios are that gruff-voiced, hard-boiled tribe known as assistant directors. A leatherneck top sergeant has very little in the way of hard-bitten orneriness on these gentlemen. A flash of their imperious eyes and extras quail. If you have ever visited a motion-picture set you'll

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Golden Girl

A famous Broadway columnist introduces to Photoplay readers a shiny new Cinderella—the youngest of the Lane sisters—Priscilla

BY LOUIS SOBOL

This fourteen-year-old ugly duckling could hardly have anticipated the applause which followed her portrayal in "Four Daughters"

TIME, which is another name for the Fairy Godmother, waved a magic wand over the oddest Lane—and, lo and behold, the ugly duckling emerged a glorious Cinderella. If you accuse me of confusing my fables, I protest there has been naught but confusion in the career of the Mullican girl now know as Priscilla Lane.

"I'm the girl," said Priscilla, "who looks as if she'd stepped out of a shower and was in a hurry afterward."

Certainly, neither fans, directors, producers nor Priscilla, herself, ever dreamed that the day would come when the gangly funny-face of the Mullicans would become screendom's current Golden Girl.

When she and sister Rosemary accompanied Fred Waring's band to Hollywood for "Varsity Show," it was Rosemary, the beautiful, who lured the fanfare of publicity trumpets and who was cast in the feminine lead opposite Dick Powell. Priscilla was merely the "other sister," thrown into the cast as a nice gesture.

Someone—and, strangely enough, nobody has come forward to take full credit—saw something in Priscilla and, somehow, she was promoted to a co-starring rôle with Wayne Morris in "Love, Honor and Behave." They—the vague They by which we mean studio heads and critics and fans and all else concerned—saw something in Priscilla then, and even more when she played the female lead in "Cowboy from Brooklyn."

Then along came "Four Daughters" and Priscilla, the funny-face, wrapped the picture around her shapely slimness and evoked the huzzas of press and public. "The girl," chorused the vague They, "*has* something!"

I talked with Priscilla both in Hollywood and in New York and I rush to join the swelling They for, unsusceptible as I am, I, too, have become impressed with her fresh-blown wholesomeness, her apparent sincerity and straightforwardness, the depth of emotion in her eyes and her ebulliency. These qualities, which seem so true of herself in personal contact, make themselves evident in her pictures, with or without benefit of directorial guidance.

THE tabloids have reminded us that there is a Chinese saying that one picture is better than a thousand words; but there are four words which, to me, give a better description of Priscilla than a thousand pictures.

She still climbs trees.

"I was climbing them," she confessed, "when Rosemary and Lola and Leota and Martha were playing with dolls and if that Lady Mendl you mentioned once can still stand on her head in her seventies, I can still climb trees if it amuses me—and it amuses me."

The youngest of the Lanes was born to Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Mullican, June 12, 1917, in Indianola, Iowa. Dentist Mullican passed away last year but Ma Mullican is still very much alive and is manager and counsel to her talented brood.

It was Gus Edwards who canceled the Mullican tag when he renamed his discovery, Dorothy, Lola Lane. Thereafter, the other sisters, proud of sister Lola's modest fame, took unto themselves the Lane handle when they stepped into the professional fold.

Rosemary, a year and two months older than Priscilla, has always been closest to her, wheeling her in a brown soapbox wagon when the baby was a toddler. Today, she and Priscilla and their mother occupy a ranch in San Fernando Valley with the two sisters sharing the same bedroom—as well as confidences. Rosemary it was who nicknamed Priscilla "Pat" and who refers to her affectionately as "my dumb chum." Priscilla, in her softer moods, calls Rosemary "Razzy" and "Rosey Glow."

The girls occupy twin beds. Priscilla sleeps without pillows and—"flat on my stomach," she insisted.

"You have such beautiful dreams that way. When I sleep on my back, I have nightmares. I haven't slept on my back since the night my

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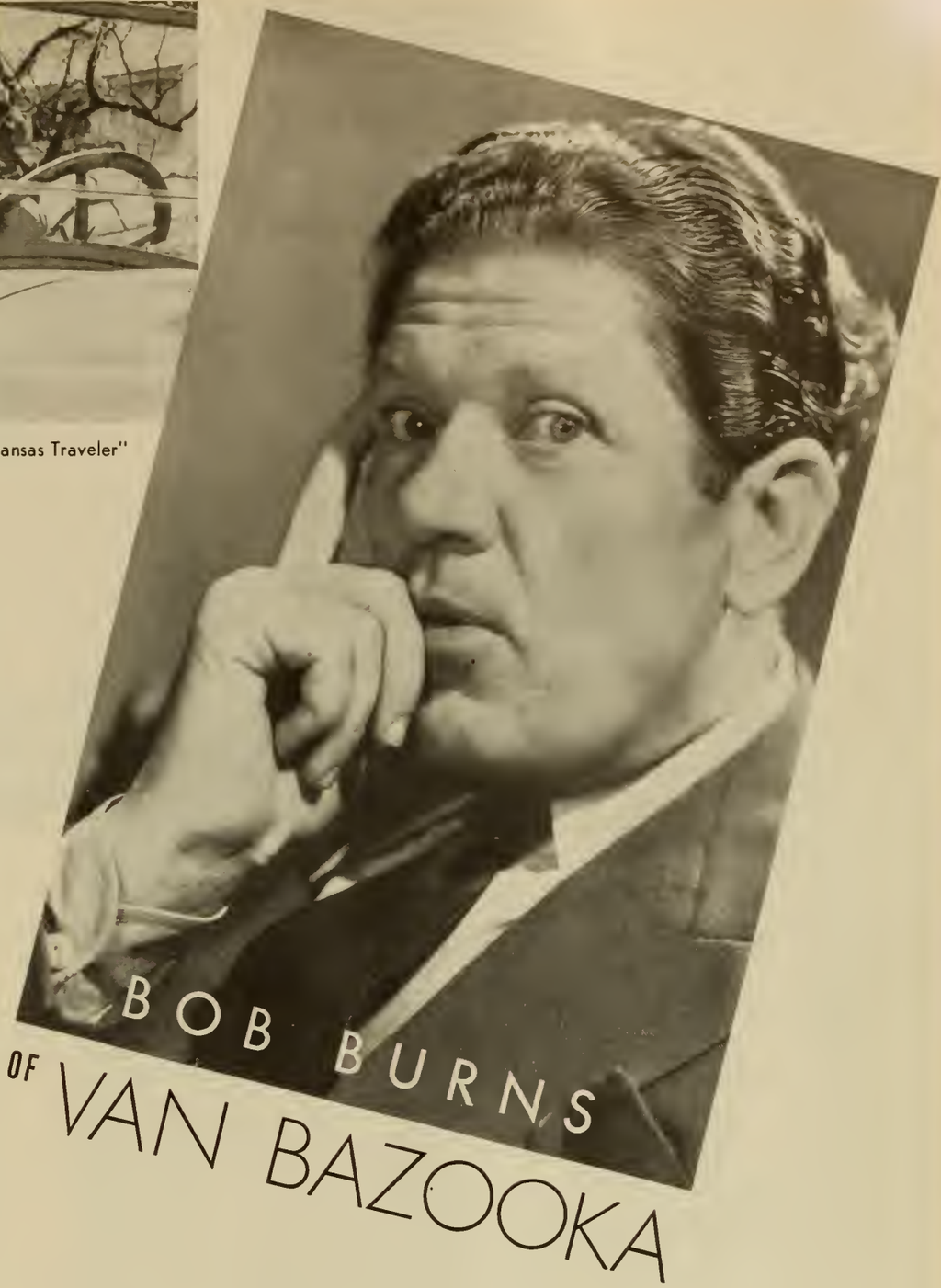
Cut of the same cloth—Burns and Cobb in "The Arkansas Traveler"



BOB BURNS OF VAN BAZOOKA

He's as easy to get along with as an old pair of shoes—and not much prettier, says this famous author—

IRVIN S. COBB

FOR the average movie magazine this would be a different sort of article. Well, it is being written about a different kind of movie favorite.

The subject of it never won any beauty contests—unless they gave out a consolation prize. In an era when the flawless profiles of the latest glamour boys of the screen are being compared —favorably—with the outstanding profiles of past eras running clear back through the standard profile vintages to the John Barrymore period of 1928—which was indeed a great profile year—my hero would never qualify even for honorable mention, since his side view is rugged rather than matchless. You could never call him winsome. Stories of his love-lives would be based on fiction not on fact. Getting married, he has the habit of staying married. He doesn't play polo. Put him on top of a skittish polo pony—probably you'd have to tie him on —and I doubt whether he could hit the continent of North America, using a bass fiddle for a mallet. When they print the exciting lists of current celebrities seen at the latest Hollywood night spots his name is among those prominently not present. Actually, he hasn't made a triumphant tour of the nation although he does pretty well in the matter of unsolicited triumphs whenever he goes back to his native state of Arkansaw for a session with the home folks and a bout with potlicker and corn pones. He is so fond of potlicker that he even likes it on a white vest and he is the undisputed champion corn pone eater of the United States.

Needless to state, I refer to Bob Burns, the Bazooka kid of Van Buren.

A LITTLE more than three years ago I played a part with Will Rogers in the last picture he made, before he went winging away from this earth to keep on flying up yonder beyond the eternal stars. And I have just finished playing a part with Bob Burns in his first picture as the undisputed leading character—"The Arkansas Traveler" as, very appropriately, it is called. I count these two engagements among my treasured experiences since the day I moved to California's most famous town and began to frolic about on the edge of Movieland.

Because when I see Bob playing a scene I think involuntarily of Bill. Don't misunderstand me here. By that I would not have you think that Bob Burns is copying Bill's technique, for he isn't. He is playing himself, not a carbon copy of someone else. And he would be the last to say that in the affections of the American people he is taking Will Rogers' place or that he has inherited the mantle which fell from Will Rogers' shoulders. He is not taking anybody's place in anybody's affection.

On his own merits and within an amazingly short time, he has won his own place as a popular entertainer in the movies, over the radio and through the daily column which he writes for syndication among the newspapers. Therein, it is true, the careers of the two men have run on parallel lines, but it was not by Burns' intent that these coincidences came to pass—things just fell out that way. And the mantle which now he wears before the friendly and approving eyes of the millions is a mantle of his own weaving, absolutely—threaded with a kindly but searching philosophy; embroidered with observation and understanding; fringed with a wholesome and a homely humor; stitched together by the deft hand of one who has achieved the knack, rare among laugh-makers, of being funny without being either spiteful or smutty. And he wears it with naturalness and humility, both of which, or I miss my guess, are entirely characteristic of the man.

YET I repeat that having come to know Burns, I constantly am being reminded of Rogers. Before the camera and away from it, Burns has his share of the honest unaffectedness which was so distinctive a part of Rogers' professional make-up and his private make-up as well. Like Rogers, Burns gets his effects without straining or visible effort. After thirty years of trouping, he still retains the country boy's unspoiled viewpoint just as Rogers retained it—with enormous material rewards. In Burns' present eminence, as also was true of Rogers, there is proof that in an age of sophistication presumably dedicated to the three kinds of crackers—wise, animal and fire—the majority of the American public will pay out their good money to see or to hear or to read after a man who still loves the savor of the soil, and smacks of it in all he

(Continued on page 87)

The marriage of Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson started with everything—mutual interests, background, friends. It has lasted for seven years. It may last a lot longer — or it may be finished now

Few people know the truth about the rift in one of Hollywood's most romantic unions; only one has been authorized to write it—

RUTH RANKIN

WILL Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson decide to make their separation permanent?

With characteristic dignity, with her unbreakable determination, Bette refuses to discuss it publicly, beyond saying, "Our marriage is in the lap of the gods!"

The true circumstances leading to this situation are exactly as follows:

Ham's case is that of a man who has been swamped by his wife's importance. He very nearly lost out, decided he would not and could not go the way of too many Hollywood husbands and give up without a struggle, and is now sparring for time to recover his equilibrium.

Bette's case is that of a girl who would break her heart if her husband was willing to lose his personal identity. She has nothing but respect for a man who will put up a fight, and Ham is putting up a good fight.

And, for once, it is not the usual Hollywood example of two persons who are willing to chuck their marriage in a rush.

For this marriage has not been usual, by any Hollywood standard of comparison, or by any other. It was one of the most romantic unions ever consummated.

The fact that it was a first marriage for both Bette and Ham places it almost in a class by itself on the Hollywood list. That they were college sweethearts and had known each other for six years makes it unique in a community given to swift and not always well-considered alliances.

They started with a background which has been the ideal of all ideals for a happy and enduring life together, even against the frightful odds Hollywood places against marriage, and theirs lasted for seven years. It may last a lot longer; it may be finished now.

But for this long, at any rate, Hollywood has had the most perfect example of a happy union with which to answer skeptics and doubters. In the exquisite beginning and serene course, this union had even more to stabilize it than any of the other celebrated "ideal" picture-colony marriages—the two most famous having been between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.

A MARRIAGE between a picture actress and actor seldom endures. If and when one or the other leaves the screen, the marriage has a better chance—or if one of them is engaged in some other enterprise connected with the profession. And that very fact gives room for hope in the Bette and Ham situation. They have a far greater margin to succeed in solving their difficulty because Ham is not an actor.

If, now, their marriage actually can be ended —this romantic marriage between two persons of exceptional intelligence and will to make it succeed—then the thoughtful mind is justified in wondering if the first marriage of *any* great star possibly can ever achieve a greater degree of permanence.

Bette and Ham started with everything. They had youthful enthusiasm and freshness, an interest in each other which survived long separations after Bette came to Hollywood. They had mutual interests, background, friends. . . .

And then Bette made phenomenal strides in her profession. She became a great actress and a great woman. She was fearlessly outspoken and honest. She was afraid of nothing, with one single exception: she cannot bear to hurt with the truth anyone who is close to her.

She will argue till dawn with directors, producers, writers for what she thinks is just and right, upholding her convictions without compromise, and if her contemporaries are small enough to cherish a grudge thereafter, it is just too bad. For Bette is no doll-faced, spineless yes-woman. Her spine is good durable New England Plymouth Rock and she doesn't like tempering her opinions or equivocating—but she will do it with those she loves.

HOWEVER, to live daily, and harmoniously, with that undefeated will and that "won't" of iron (in the lovely velvet glove), Bette herself says would require a touch of genius. Certainly it is a constant challenge to those who know her and one of the principal reasons they enjoy knowing her. Of all the stars in Hollywood, there is not another so vital, stimulating and well-informed. Or so lovable. But it is a tactical error to "knuckle under" to Bette. She likes people with convictions—and confidence in them. The others she tolerates.

And if she is a challenge to her friends, she is more than that to her husband. "This thing is all my fault. I am not an easy person to live with," she claims, generously.

Bette has concentrated on the improvement of her work and her mind. That has meant avid study and interest in everything under the shining sun. She has acquired a more varied fund of knowledge in the last six years than the average girl encompasses in twenty, and she started out with a college degree.

To Ham, a born New Englander with a definite picture of the ideal wife, she grew outside the frame of that picture; and the frame did not grow with her. Bette simply cannot be

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO BETTE DAVIS' MARRIAGE?

broken to pull meekly in double harness, and Ham, whose people for generations had no other basis of comparison for happy marriage, was frankly baffled and stunned. He had no preparation for coping with a personality that grew like Bette's, and, for the past year, he has simply given up.

If he didn't love her so much, and feel pretty certain that she loved him, and if he didn't have a lot of die-hard in his own temperament, he wouldn't have lasted this long.

FOR Ham is very definitely a person in his own right. He is no "Mr. Bette Davis" and no one has ever even dared imply it. The fact that he has refused consistently to submerge his own identity, as the husbands of so many stars do, is the very item that is going farthest toward helping him win this battle and possibly avoid divorce. If not, at least, to keep Bette's respect and friendship.

But for the past year all the hundreds of things impinging on Bette's importance in the screen firmament have crowded between them with added momentum, forcing him further and further away from her.

She knows it, and says so. Between trying to be alert to Bette's multitude of interests, which alone would require a superman, and build up his own business as an actor's agent, Ham was just plain worn out. He was as near a complete nervous and mental collapse as a man can be.

And Bette had all the impatience with this that any young and extremely vital and healthy person has toward defections in others. Ham had never before been seriously disturbed by her life; why should he be now? He had never been ill—he didn't look ill—why was he acting

(Continued on page 87)

Bette's no doll-faced, spineless yes-woman. If she's a challenge to her friends, she is more than that to her husband

EVEN HIS BEST

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IF I had an atom of sense I wouldn't try to write about Tyrone Power.

For what every writer learns the very instant after purchasing his first batch of pencils and wad of paper is that one writes really well only about people one hates. After all, writing is just gossiping to the world at large instead of to three or four friends in your own parlor, and you know yourself how the conversation sickens and dies when you get around to talking about one of those people about whom you have to say, "Well, I've never heard anyone say a word against her." You really have to be able to pick flaws to get the conversation going really hot, or reveal some deadly secrets.

And so it is with writing, too; yet here I am, sticking my neck out, trying to write a piece about Tyrone Power, against whom I can't say a word.

Despite this almost rabid admiration I have, I can explain him to you. For this I know—and no two ways about it—more misconceptions, more nonsense, more downright lies have been

Ty has a remembrance of things past which serves as his best protection

Alice Faye was a "friend in need"

FRIENDS DON'T KNOW HIM

Have you heard that Tyrone Power is ungrateful, a poseur, a flirt? Then it's time someone who really has his number sets you right about this lad who's wilier than a politician but still young enough to have ideals

published about this young star than almost any other in Hollywood. He has been painted in some quarters as being ungrateful to the people who "knew him when," in others as being a poseur, in still others as being a heartless flirt entirely concerned with breaking lovely women's hearts. All of which stories are nonsense, but which have arisen, I think, from that sort of destructive jealousy people get for personalities they do not easily understand.

Tyrone is no Gable, who is able to make everyone like him instantly. He is no Robert Taylor, with a boyish, ingratiating quality about him. He is, instead, at once subtle and shy, at once realistic and romantic and in him there is a sardonic strain of bitter humor that rarely goes with acting talent.

Take, for example, the reason for "Sing, Baby, Sing," being his favorite tune. When you know the reason for this, you will understand much of the fellow himself. It will, I think, show you why he is now the triumphant success that he is. It will give you the basis for his deep friendship with Alice Faye, and to me, at least, it is the reason for believing that five years from now he will be an even greater star than today, and ten years from now an even greater star than in five years.

Not that I wish to give the impression that Ty bounds out of bed every morning and joyously lilts away on "Sing, Baby, Sing" while bathing.

One reason he doesn't is because he is much too moody a soul not to have mornings when he feels like a wet February and wouldn't sing if a gun were held to his head. The other is that he can't carry a tune even for the short distance between a bed and a bathtub.

But he does encourage his friends to "Sing, Baby, Sing" at him and it gives him a fine glow when he enters a restaurant, preferably an expensive one, and hears the orchestra giving out with it.

Yet the reason for his liking this tune is as bitter a little pill as anyone was ever asked to swallow. That song was the big hit of the picture of the same name and that picture was the first one that Ty was cast in under his Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

His is a complex personality, at once realistic and romantic, but there's reason for his sardonic strain of bitter humor

THE story has been told so often that you undoubtedly remember how he got that contract, so right here I'll only repeat that the contract came to Ty only after weary years of job hunting—when, due to his father's swift and sudden death, if he was to eat at all he had to find work. He was just as talented and handsome a boy then as he is now. He had had acting experience, ever since he had, at the age of seventeen, graduated from Purcell High School in his native city of Cincinnati and had taken a job in a stock company.

After his father's death he went around to all the managers and agencies where the name of Tyrone Power was respected. His father had been Tyrone Power, the 2nd and he was Tyrone Power, the 3rd, so everyone was very polite in that utterly charming and completely defeating way that is possible only to people in the theatrical profession. In Hollywood they have a word for those ultracourteous profitless meetings. They call them "the brush off," meaning you're in and out of some big shot's office before you know what's happened. Ty went through nearly two years of "the brush off," getting thinner and hungrier and learning more and more about the economic facts of life the while. But finally he did get the tiniest bit in a Broadway show.

A talent scout saw him and the Twentieth Century contract resulted. That was, of course, all that he had dreamed of. He was only twenty-two then and his optimism bubbled over. Here was life being served to him with a platinum spoon off a silver platter.

IT was, that is, until he was cast in "Sing, Baby, Sing." He appeared on the set early, anxious to show everyone that the great Darryl Zanuck's faith in him was justified.

He had studied his rôle valiantly and had worked out a couple of bits of business that he believed were distinctive. He couldn't possibly have been more eager or more happy than he was that first day.

Two days later, he was kicked out of the cast —not only kicked out, but told that he might be Tyrone Power, the 3rd or the 9th, but he certainly was no actor and never would be.

Now Ty at that time didn't know Alice Faye at all. She was the star of "Sing, Baby, Sing," you remember. But Alice, alone and unasked. sought out the humiliated, beaten boy, made him come to dinner with her, took him along to a simple restaurant in Beverly Hills that is called "The Tropics" and spent the whole evening talking to him, telling him that he could act, that he would get his chance, that he did have personality, and that, what-the-heck, his life was still before him, wasn't it?

Today, star of Hollywood's biggest pictures, sought after, lionized, Tyrone still eats, night after night, at "The Tropics." The place is

(Continued on page 78)

An amateur shot of Joel and I
youngsters, David and Joel D

WHAT MAKES

In Hollywood's Marriage vs. Career battle, the McCrea formula works like a charm. Here's their secret

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

Frances and Joel are outstanding exceptions to prove the rule: you can't eat your cake and have it, too

Frances, opposite Ronald Colman in "If I Were King"

COMPLETENESS marks the love of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, enriching everyone who knows them. It's inspiring. Under all the circumstances, it's miraculous.

To see Joel romping on the sand with his two small boys, utterly oblivious to the world around, and to see him rise, at the sound of Frances' voice, beaming the No. 1 Special McCrea smile, is to observe two lives Hollywood tinsel has never touched. To see Frances' own smile, watching Joel stride around a room, would make any man say, "Boy, I hope my girl friend feels that way about me!"

Why "miraculous"? Think it over. How would you like to be Joel, working over at Universal at rush speed, with the temperature 101, in "Youth Takes a Fling"? Or how would you like to be Frances, that same day, under forty pounds of brocade and umpteen hundred light watts, smiling a lady-in-waiting smile for rascally Louis XI in "If I Were King"?

In either case, could you come from *that* day to dinner (*if* you got to dinner) pick up the mutual problems of home and two children and keep consideration . . . understanding . . . love . . . burning bright?

If so, you are smarter than dozens of Hollywood star-couples. Make your own list. Swell people all. And they all tried. When even *one* party to love lives the tense, trying life of studio work, with fatigue, discouragement and drawn nerves (those come to even the most successful) domestic bliss may become a laugh o'Reno. When both parties buck the grind—pray for that miracle!

Unimaginative people, prisses or individuals who are good-natured just because they're weak, don't have much trouble getting along. Not capable of great love, how can they lose it? But, in Frances, Joel has a cat-swallowed-the-cream, have-my-own-way type of girl (the quiet kind always fools you) with a temper like a buzz saw. And, in Joel, Frances has an equally self-willed boy who won success early, has recreational tastes in which no wife could share (steer branding, for instance) and whose six-foot-three raises a good-looking face just high enough to draw every feminine glance, and sigh, in every crowd.

There must be a miracle. So what? So miracles have cause and effect. Sure, serene and eager affection is life's greatest prize and what won it for the McCreas (temperament and picture strain considered) ought to work for anybody.

What makes love tick?

Consider these two youngsters who came together under white, bright lights:

Frances, born in Los Angeles (within five blocks of Joel) . . . moves to Chicago as a baby . . . tomboy girl, who climbed telephone poles . . . small success in school except in studies (like French) that fitted her daydream, acting . . . dull job in the want ad department of a Chicago paper . . . rebellious (the quiet kind always fools you) . . . wild decision to go to Hollywood . . . bitter months without work and as extra . . . break in a million: Chevalier's leading woman ill, Frances eating in studio restaurant, Chevalier passes, sees her, says, "That's my leading woman!" . . . swift success.

Joel, born in well-off family . . . movie-crazy but worker by nature . . . delivers newspapers, holds horses for Tom Mix and Bill Hart, operates road scraper at sixteen, runs away from school to work on ranch . . . father persuades him to enter Pomona College because of dramatic school (Bob Taylor's Alma Mater) . . . movies take his smile to their heart . . . wanting to play Westerns, is starred with Connie Bennett in drawing-room drayma.

PRETTY lively ingredients for matrimony! Frances' beauty had made her telephone ring all day and florists' delivery boys buy new tires for their bicycles. (She had quite a crush on M. Chevalier.)

Joel had been much seen in public with Connie Bennett, could have been the town beau if he chose.

The two meet in a picture, "The Silver Cord." Immediately, other people cease to exist for them. One secret of successful love is to fall *really* in love.

Apparent choice between career and happiness arose at once. Remember the English craze? All actors were to improve their fortunes by getting that oh-so-superior English direction and "international" standing. Joel was offered four times his American salary to go to London. Frances was offered double hers.

Joel said quietly:

"There's no assurance our pictures abroad will coincide. We'd be absorbing new excitements, meeting new people, just when we should be learning about each other."

To her closest woman friend at that time, Frances said:

"I think Joel is right. And I know there'll be months when I will desperately want him with me. I'd like to have two children while we're young, and home and with Joel is the place for me."

It didn't count at all that desire to travel had been almost a mania since school days.

That English bubble has long since burst. Many careers went blooie in London fog and the principal fruit was income-tax troubles. Lucky McCreas? Maybe. In screen careers, in love and in life, if you deal firmly, you're apt to win; if you cringe or toady, life turns and plays the bully.

The close woman friend said, "Isn't marriage setback enough? If you're going to take time out for two babies, just write your career off." (After the wedding Joel's fan mail dropped, for awhile, from 3,000 letters a month to 300.)

Frances merely smiled. She knew what career she wanted most.

Master Joel Dee McCrea arrived and shortly afterward Big Joel, in the locker room of a beach club, confided:

"I never had any particular fatherhood ambitions. I always loved children but I thought one was about like another. I'd as soon have adopted a son. Of course, *now*—" That McCrea grin!

HOLLYWOOD forgets quickly, but a year after Joel Dee was born, Frances was offered the lead opposite Francis Lederer in "The Gay Deception." You may not have noticed it, but camera angles had to be figured very carefully in that picture.

Wiseacres bit the dust. Motherhood had done something for Frances, added a new, shining quality. "The Gay Deception" accomplished more than any other picture to give her solid star standing.

David, the second boy, came into the world just too late to see the preview. Zingo! The old problem—Love vs. Career. If a studio can count on an actress for from five to seven pictures a year and has a long term hold on her, money for publicity and exploitation pours out like quips from Sam Goldwyn. But—an "occasional" actress? Not so much build-up. Not nearly.

Dazzling offers came from five companies. Frances, as unshakable as she seems to be meek, answered:

"I'm a mother and a wife. I'm going to work at it. Two pictures a year, at the most. And one year's contract at a time."

This put a whopping decision up to Joel, who hates to worry but will if he has to. He had never before been in such demand. All the top-flight actors were getting smart and free-lancing, letting the studios bid for them. But Joel figured: "There are four of us now. Frances has deliberately cut and maybe weakened her career. My job is to cinch security." He turned down several juicy one-picture deals and signed a long-termer (and no options) with Goldwyn.

"Well, that's not so *(Continued on page 83)*

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

A vivid pattern takes shape as action and suspense reach climax after climax in this year's most thrilling mystery

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Howling Dog"

I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when Mildred Parker, secretary to Lawyer William Foley, was injured in a hit-and-run accident. As Mr. Foley's new secretary, my first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I found the door of the house unlocked. There was no answer to my "hello." Cold terror gripped me as I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star. He was bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

In reaching for my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a desk, his head slumped over. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the house went out.

I groped for the stairs. A bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief. But it was Padgham—alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. I didn't tell him about Bruce Eaton, however. Padgham suggested that I wait in his car while he investigated. Halfway to the car I remembered the brief case which I had propped against the wall when I opened the door to Padgham. I ran back and got it.

I went to the corner drugstore to telephone Bruce Eaton's home. He wasn't listed, but I remembered the name of his agency. I impressed upon the person who answered the phone that it was imperative for Bruce Eaton to call me at the law office of William Foley and then slammed up the receiver.

As I was returning to the house, an automobile swung around the corner. I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling me. Hurriedly, I climbed into the car and told him what had happened. He instructed me to go back to the drugstore and ask the clerk to notify police headquarters that a dead man had been found in the house up the street.

When I returned, I handed the brief case to Foley. He opened it, then looked at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty.

Morning papers brought the first definite information about what had actually happened. Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, a wealthy contractor, had been found dead in the Temmler home. There was evidence of others' having been in the house. I was the subject of an intensive search. At the office I discovered that my notebook had been stolen. Frank Padgham arrived and while he was closeted with Mr. Foley, a call came through from Bruce Eaton. We made a luncheon appointment, at which time I was to return the property which I had found. During the morning, a woman in the late forties came sailing into the office and announced herself as Mrs. Charles Temmler. She explained that Carter Wright had stolen a key to a safe-deposit box in which her husband had legal papers. It was important for her to get the contents of that box. It was registered in such a way that whoever had the key had access to the box. She wanted Foley to get the key from the coroner. He refused, of course, and Mrs. Temmler left in high dudgeon. I told Mr. Foley that I had a luncheon date and he suggested I take the afternoon off.

When I met Bruce Eaton I felt that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams. He was as magnetic and handsome off screen as he was on. He apologized for his behavior of the

The officers were starting toward the bank. I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out. Suddenly, the banker raised his gun and shouted, "Stop where you are, both of you!"

preceding evening and then asked abruptly. "How about that property of mine? You have it?" I started to hand over the key and then changed my mind. In a bantering tone, I told him he would have to identify it. To my utter amazement, he asked for his *stickpin!*

"I PICKED up this key on the floor right after you'd left," I told him, "and when you said that you'd lost something, I naturally supposed this was it. I know nothing about your stickpin."

He pulled the car into a parking place at the curb, took the key from me and turned it over in his fingers, looking at it from all sides. "There's a number stamped on it," he said, indicating the numeral "5," "but no name of any bank. Do you have any idea where this lockbox is located?"

"Yes," I said, "I have."

"Where?"

"I don't think I have the right to tell you."

He frowned.

"You see," I went on, "I fibbed to you. I'm Claire Bell. I work for Mr. Foley. This morning . . . well, anyway, something happened which makes me think that key fits a certain lockbox. I should have told Mr. Foley, but I didn't because of what you said over the phone."

Gravely he handed the key back to me, slipped the car in gear, and said, "All right, let's eat."

He drove me to a little restaurant, a place I'd never known existed, where we had wonderful food and an atmosphere of delightful privacy. All during the meal I could see that he was studying me and I managed to get over some of my tongue-tied awkwardness and chat with him.

As the waiter brought coffee, there was a lull in the conversation, a lull which gradually developed into one of those silences which grow in magnitude until one, in place of casually searching for something to say, frantically calls one tentative subject after another to mind, only to reject it as being altogether inane.

And, as is so frequently the case, this silence was broken by both of us starting to talk at once, but my words died on the tip of my tongue when I heard what Bruce Eaton had to say.

"I'm going to quit pictures."

It was a simple announcement, evidently marking a decision which he had reached after those seconds of silent deliberation.

"You're *quitting pictures!*"

He nodded.

"But," I said, "you can't. Why, good Lord, your public wouldn't let you. You couldn't afford to, you're right at the peak of your earning capacity. You're box-office, you're . . . you're . . . you're everything."

SEEING the sadness of his smile, I suddenly realized what it must mean to a star to forfeit everything that success in the pictures stands for—not that it's usually the result of renunciation, because in most instances it isn't. Fame is fleeting and public favor is fickle. At one moment a man finds himself the recipient of public adulation; cafés consider his patronage an honor; people push and jostle each other, trying to get close enough to get his autograph.

Then abruptly, and within a few short months, he is forgotten, shunned by those who once fawned on him. His brother actors, who are themselves wooing the goddess of Success, cannot afford to contact the aura of failure.

He seemed to be reading my mind. He said, "An acting career is for the most part like a skyrocket. You go up with a blaze of glory, and come down a dead stick. There are a very few who have learned how to *stay* up. Their careers are permanent. They shoot up into the zenith of stars and remain as luminous balloons—character actors who lend a certain dignity to the profession and give a touch of reality to any play in which they appear."

"Are you going to be one of those?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Woodley Page is one."

I nodded.

"And Woodley Page," he went on, "gave me my start. It was through him I was picked from the extras and given my big chance. And now Woodley Page is at the turning point of his own career. Not that the public is tiring of him, because the public will never tire of him as an actor. But an old scandal is about to drag him into the slime of the public cesspool which is aired on the front pages of our newspapers every day. People will read about it with eager avidity. Every man, woman and child in the United States will know of it. There's a sadistic something which makes the public delight in tearing down actors whom it has built up."

"And what has this to do with you?" I asked.

"I," he said, slowly, "can prevent it," and then added, after a moment, "at the cost of my own career. But my career is probably at its zenith. Tomorrow, next week, or next month may start the decline. My fan mail will start falling off. I'll be given parts in one or two pictures which will be mechanical repetitions of some of my former successes. Perhaps I'll be cast in an unfortunate part and . . . but there's no need to portray it by successive steps. You know it—that is, if you know anything about pictures."

I tried to hold his eyes with mine.

"All right," I told him, "your career may be at its zenith, but you're not on the road down. I know a little something about pictures. I think I see them through the eyes of the average fan, but I think perhaps I've analyzed my feelings a little more accurately than the average fan does—or are you interested?"

"Very much," he said, and his eyes showed that he was.

"I come in contact with a world of selfishness," I said. "I'm romantic in my thoughts. I have ideals. It's a struggle to keep those ideals. I meet young men who turn out to be selfish and artificial, young men who have adopted a pose of cheap cynicism because they think that is modern sophistication. The everyday world about me is filled with cheap, sordid realism, a synthetic, cheap selfishness which masquerades as sophistication—I can't keep my ideals living in continuous contact with such an environment.

"I go to a movie. I see you on the screen. You represent the personification of my ideals. I know that you're not real. I know that you're an artificial personage. I know you personally have magnetism, charm and character. I know that on the screen you're appearing in parts which have been created by the brains of many authors. But your personality and charm make those parts seem real to me. The critics with their sneering sophistication say that these plays are box-office, that they're hokum. To me they're not hokum. They're the food which keeps my ideals alive. The parts you take would be meaningless unless *you* took them. If it weren't for you, I'd see only a series of situations written by authors and projected on a screen. The minute you enter the picture, it all becomes real to me. I lose myself in the picture. You arouse my sense of illusion."

"If I go," he said, "there'll be someone else to take my place," and his smile was wistful.

Before I realized what I was saying, I blurted out, "No one can *ever* take your place with *me*." And, suddenly realizing what I had said, felt my cheeks flush crimson.

His hand came across the table to rest on mine. "I'm sorry, Miss Bell," he said, in a voice vibrant with sincerity, "and thanks for giving me faith in myself and in what I stand for at a time when I need it—but there's no alternative. It's either Woodley Page's career or mine."

"What can *you* do?" I asked.

"I can stand between him and what's coming," he said. "I can take the blame."

I TOOK the key to the safe-deposit box from my purse. "Does that," I asked, holding it between my thumb and forefinger, "have anything to do with it?"

He said, thoughtfully, "I think that *may* have a great deal to do with it. It goes back many years, when Woodley Page was a star and when a young woman, whose name I won't mention, was numbered among the first five at the box office. It was at a time when Hollywood hadn't acquired the moral stamina it has now. People were dealing with something new, and, particularly, people didn't know how to take success. They couldn't understand the skyrocket sweep of surging power which jerked an actor up from oblivion to the dizzy heights.

"This actress became involved in a situation from which Woodley Page, who was young, and romantic, and indiscreet, tried to extricate her. Letters and messages changed hands.

"Woodley Page went on to success. The actress made several attempts to come back and

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PORTRAIT OF A MAN WALKING ALONE

A Steele engraving of Nelson Eddy —the bachelor who rates himself a cynic and still reads fairy tales

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

He is built like a heavyweight champion and he likes the pungent odors of a delicatessen.

He is easily deceived by people.

His philosophy is one of compromise and tolerance which finds its root in his grandfather's maxim that circumstances alter cases.

He likes Mexican enchiladas and it is very difficult to borrow money from him.

His highest note is A-natural—very exceptional for a baritone. He dances the tango and rhumba execrably.

He is known as Nelson Eddy.

He never wears white shirts and as a boy he was very self-conscious with girls. He is a bachelor.

His complexion is unusually fair and he eats very light lunches. He is difficult to interrupt in a conversation.

He doesn't play the piano and consequently cannot accompany himself. He dislikes giving interviews and off screen he wears horn-rimmed glasses.

He has no desire to be a gentleman farmer.

He is extremely optimistic and considers "Rosalie" his worst picture. His hair is blond and naturally wavy, imperceptibly gray around the temples since his youth.

He has never read Mary Baker Eddy.

He thinks he doesn't look well in a top hat and he is partial to Colonial architecture.

He is physically robust and maintains an apartment in Philadelphia where he lived for many years. He has never known defeat or failure.

He believes that most people are motivated by sincerity. He never wears panamas or straw hats.

He is not allergic to any kind of food.

He has a violent antipathy for women who use lorgnettes.

He's high-strung and moody . . . likes to dance . . . hates interviews . . . has leonine ease at all large social gatherings

He has no superstitions and has a passing command of French, German and Italian. He drinks champagne only on occasion and actually enjoys his motion-picture work.

His decisions are invariably impulsive. He sleeps soundly and believes that pain and beauty have an equal place in artistic expression.

He dislikes playing cards with women and thinks they play well. He likes to play the ukulele, the "sweet potato" and old folk songs on an accordion.

He smokes cigarettes.

He is easily depressed.

His favorite dessert is vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce.

He never wears linen or Palm Beach suits and has a loathing for second-rate music in any form. He thinks women of today have infinitely more charm and personal attraction than in the days of so-called "femininity."

He has not read "Gone with the Wind" or "Anthony Adverse." He never carries a walking stick and thinks many suicides are justifiable and heroic.

Nelson Eddy thinks that Americans in general do not know the art of gracious living.

He is fond of codfish cakes, caviar and sauerkraut.

He is highly introspective and self-analytical.

He has never carried a fountain pen.

He travels by air only when he is pressed for time.

He is particularly fond of Handkäse—a peculiar, translucent cheese which comes from the Harz Mountains in Germany. He scrubs his teeth alternately with paste and powder. He never gets headaches.

He avoids large crowds and thinks that women, blondes or brunettes, are fundamentally alike. He rises about nine o'clock when not working.

He has great difficulty remembering names and faces.

He never uses a cigarette holder and Raphael's Sistine Madonna has impressed him more than any other work of art. He does not like surf bathing.

He is very quick to criticize.

He has broad shoulders and slim legs.

He worships at the shrine of Chaliapin and has a yearning for those large, luscious Eastern oysters. He enjoys meeting strangers.

He considers the habitual use of big words bad taste.

He expresses a leonine ease at large social gatherings.

He has no feeling for repartee.

His middle name is Ackerman, and his education consists of grammar school, night school and correspondence courses. His grandmother, Caroline Kendrick, was a famous singer in her day. He worked for five years as reporter and copy reader on the Press, Bulletin and Evening Ledger of Philadelphia.

He has to wear make-up on the screen because of his light coloring. He has *never* been married and he thinks motion pictures should avoid subjects of social significance.

He has a deep regret that circumstances have always prevented him from hearing Paul Robeson or Marian Anderson. He has an abnormally developed diaphragm worthy of a giant.

Nelson Eddy forms hasty judgments and exhibits very little interest in governmental affairs.

He has never been in a Turkish bath.

He always shaves before he dresses.

He thinks track meets very dull to watch.

He likes to sing and will on the slightest

(Continued on page 86)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

Introducing the leading light of Hollywood's R.F.D. set—ranchman Taylor, soon to ride his hobby for box-office blue ribbons in M-G-M's glorified horse opera, "Stand Up and Fight"

Graybill

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

HOLLYWOOD THROUGH THE EYES OF A GREAT NEW

One of the most spectacular and unusual photographic angles ever to be presented: Hollywood as caught by the Swope camera

Suppliant: a candidate for stardom storms M-G-M's pillared studio gates

Relaxation: an Albertina Rasch girl takes time off from her movie work

"Personal, please": a sister co-worker takes her turn on the studio phone

HOTOGRAPHER JOHN SWOPE

Photoplay introduces to its readers thirty-year-old John Swope, camera genius, whose pictures, part of a collection soon to be published in book form by Random House, are given an advance showing here. Native of New Brunswick, N. J. by birth and of Manhattan by adoption, he first allied himself with the University Players and that now-famous trio, Jimmy Stewart, Hank Fonda and Margaret Sullavan. This brought about a sojourn in Hollywood where he tried his hand at experimental color film work. Choosing photography as a career but three years ago, he is now the master of a new camera art

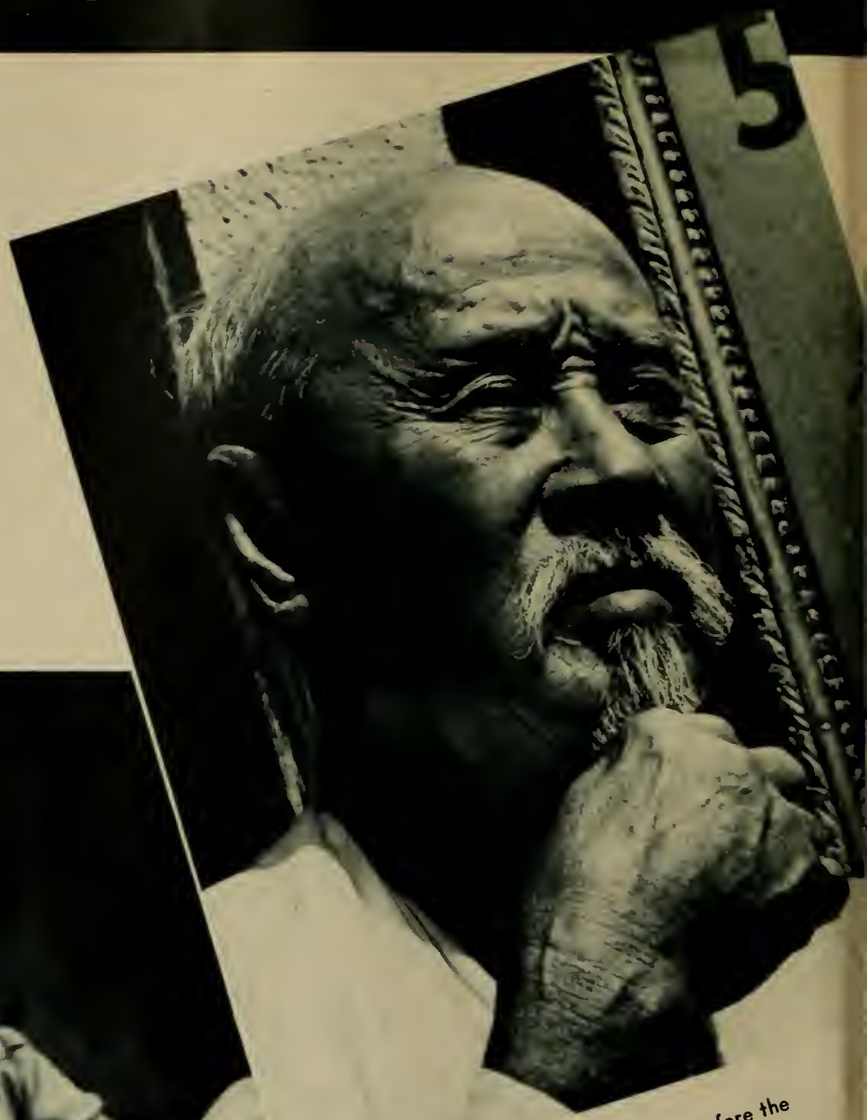
Product of invasion—by invitation—of the home of Hollywood's first lady is this Swope portrait of Norma Shearer

Ritual: the other side of Hollywood—a night scene in an extra girl's apartment

(Continued on following pag

Former housemate of Swope's: Hank Fonda, modeling a bust of his wife, Frances Brokaw

Protégé of publishing firm Random House is lanky blond Mr. Swope, whose book, tentatively titled "A Photographer in Hollywood," is a high light of their winter offerings. A superb collection of photographs of the film colony and its colonists at work, the book strikes a new note in modern photography. Definitely not "candids" are Mr. Swope's pictures (he feels that term is overworked)—but rather are they studied shots of unstudied subjects. Acclaimed now in his field, he remembers what first started him on his career—a boat trip to the yacht races in Honolulu. Learning from his host that there was no one aboard to take pictures, he bought himself a secondhand camera, built a dark room in a forward cabin of the boat and thus started upon an amazing and spectacular career that has netted him both personal pleasure and commercial profit



Portrait of a Chinaman taken before the Tom Gubbins shop in Los Angeles where the Chinamen of the movies are hired

Rhythm: photography becomes a dynamic art with this interpretation of ballet girls at work

Camera feat: a remarkable study of a two-day-old baby. The subject is Margaret Sullavan's daughter, Brooke Hayward, now sixteen months old

Joshua trees at twilight: a view near Palm Springs of weird tree growths of the desert

(Continued on following page

Concluded

HOLLYWOOD THROUGH THE EYES OF A GREAT NEW PHOTOGRAPHER JOHN SWOPE

Sidelight on M-G-M's million-dollar picture, "Marie Antoinette," is this lunchtime shot of an extra worker asleep on the set. Above: John Swope kibitzes on a card game on the set of "Algiers," produces an ace-high picture with noteworthy lighting. Right: a study of sleep—extra girls outlined in the light of the camera

Brains plus the striking beauty of Titian-haired Ann Sheridan have made her a rarity in the City of Lost Hopes—for she is a contest winner who is making good in Hollywood. Known to the folks back home as Clara Lou, this product of the Lone Star State planned to be a Texas schoolmarm until a "Search for Beauty" ended at her door. Now, charting her course straight for dramatic honors, with Bette Davis as her guiding star, she's established herself on the Warner lot as a girl with pluck, perseverance and definite promise

Welbourne

In their new film, Ann Sheridan and Jimmy Cagney enjoy a sentimental respite from those "Angels with Dirty Faces"—the Dead End kids

SHIRL
AND COMPANY

Time out at 20th Century-Fox while its "Little Princess" stages a tailwaggers party for those lucky dogs—her pets! The guest list, a canine League of Nations, includes Miss T's Kerry blue terrier, of Ireland (left); her French poodle and two Chinese Pekes, unawed by their surroundings (above); her favorite "Ching" caught in a shower (right); her Welsh corgi (top, right); and, last, her Afghan hound of Near East ancestry (far right), who really doesn't need to be told to mind his party manners

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

WHO'S MARRIED
1
3
5
4
6
7
9
8
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13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
A guessing game that will give you a few shocks, some surpri

TO WHOM?

nd plenty of fun—a pairing party with Hollywood stars and their better halves as victims

Numbers 1 and 42 are man and wife—which is the only hint you get on these scrambled marital couples. If you care enough, answers are on p. 72

1 and 42 .....

THIS IS LAMARR!

Presenting the reason why gentlemen no longer prefer blondes—

—but the raven-haired beauty from Vienna has met her "match" in Hollywood, and from a most unexpected source

But Look—WHO'S THIS?

With the luscious Lamarr back at M-G-M after her triumph in "Algiers," Walter Wanger needed another glamour girl for his latest picture, "Trade Winds." The search had an amazing finale in his studio's own back yard when his selection for the rôle covered her blonde curls with a black wig—the disguise her part required. Now even Freddie March and Ralph Bellamy must look twice to recognize in this "second Hedy" the winsome youngest of a famous family—the lovely Joan Bennett!

Curls and a caption gave a 1929 femme fatale a new rôle—"Norma Shearer recalls the time when she couldn't be made to go to bed on Xmas Eve"

Another 1929 build-up—"What could be merrier than Janet Gaynor as she inspects the treasures the chimney-climbing saint has brought?"

1923 publicity did its bit for Mae Busch by giving her the title of "A peach in a pumpkin"

For something new, sophisticate Claire Windsor added plenty of sex appeal—1924 version—to her Horn of Plenty

Old Man Santa is out of a job while Lois Moran gives and gives in this exhibit A of snappy publicity in the gay style of 1929

A 1929 "modern Halloween" preferred La Bow in pajamas to witches in black—but Clara was depressed by the whole idea

1928 dateline: "Of course this is a perfectly preposterous picture! Who ever heard of anyone as cute as Joan Crawford sitting under the mistletoe alone?"

Her publicity office elected Nancy Carroll the "ideal spirit of a sparkling 1928 kiddie Christmas"

TAKE A HOLIDAY—

—add one big-eyed starlet, a dash of coyness and a sprig of decoration. Result —the picture is in the papers or the magazines! Photoplay's photo files reveal the history of holiday hokum!

The festive formula, ten years later, offers Gail Patrick & Turkey to prove there's nothing new under the Hollywood sun

MOST-DISCUSSED ROMANCE

Fate took a hand in Janet Gaynor's future, when, on visiting M-G-M for "Three Loves Has Nancy," the red-headed "half-pint" discovered Leo the Lion's Number One stylist in charge of designing her wardrobe. Winchell says a wedding any minute

Willinger

The man in the case—couturier Gilbert Adrian, who confesses, "I'm in love for the first time in my life"

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

This is a "be-a-good-fellow-and-don't-let-her-get-lonesome" date. Edgar Bergen was doing a "best friend" favor for Ken Murray. But, a week later, Shirley Ross eloped with another Ken—Ken Dolan (left)

What's your IQ on the latest Hollywood chatter? When you get caught up with this news, you'll bat 100%

Shirley Wanted Wholehearted Love

WHEN Shirley Ross tossed aside her napkin at the Brown Derby luncheon table and said to agent Ken Dolan, "All right, I will. I agree to marrying you right now," and, to prove that she meant it, promptly eloped to Yuma, there was much speculation as to how her two other suitors, Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen, would act.

"I wonder what finally decided her on Dolan," a friend asked Bob Hope.

"Well, I'll tell you," Hope replied. "Ken Murray had his Oswald and Bergen had his McCarthy. But Dolan had no one to share his heart with, so Shirley got it all."

Double Dealings

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Lana Turner, nightclubbing with George Raft, explains, "It's all right.

"He always waits until I get my school homework done before we leave the house."

Addenda on Corrigan

THE Wrong Way's The Right Way:

He walked up to the studio gate and approached the gateman.

"I'd like to see Mr. Berman," he said, meekly.

"Well, you can't see him here," was the reply. "You'll have to go to the main building."

The young man walked the long block to the Administration offices and repeated his request.

"Got an appointment?" he was asked by the desk man.

"Well, I said I'd be around sometime this morning."

"Sorry, Mr. Berman doesn't see anyone without a definite appointment. He's the boss over here, you know."

"Yeah, I know, but he said to come."

"Well, give me your name and I'll phone his secretary and see if he can see you."

"Name's Corrigan," was the reply.

"Okay, I'll phone—" The rest of the remark died in his throat—"Say, you aren't Douglas Corrigan, the wrong-way flyer, are you?" he stuttered finally.

"Yes, I am," was the quiet answer.

"Well, go right in, Mr. Corrigan," said the awed desk man. "And Mr. Corrigan, his office is straight to the right. Of course you *can* reach it if you go left and circle around."

Corrigan gave him his famous crooked grin and walked out the door and into a purported $50,000 deal as actor for RKO Studios.

So, you'll be seeing him one of these days, in his own movie.

* * *

FROM One Doug to Another:

Hollywood has discovered how Doug Corrigan, who was born Clyde Corrigan, got his new name.

His father deserted the family. The name, "Clyde," reminded his mother too much of the man whom she did not want her son to grow up to resemble. So the boy took matters in his own hands. One day, when he was selling papers on on the street, his idol, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., bought a paper from him, handed him a dime and told him to keep the change. Thenceforth, Clyde became "Douglas" Corrigan.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Douglas Corrigan lunched together at RKO studio, I asked Doug what they talked about. Doug said, "I tried to find out about flying from him and he tried to find out about acting from me. I don't think we got very far."

All's right with their worlds. George Raft, after his umpteenth fight with Paramount, is making pictures again and Bill Powell will be working soon

New Hollywood Note

The sound of John Garfield's voice as he told a group of friends, "They've changed my name from Jules to John, but it won't do any good. I'll be terrible anyhow."

The pessimist in the case being the newcomer from Broadway who stole "Four Daughters."

Simply Wonderful!

IT happened at the Café Lamaze when Deanna Durbin, with her parents, walked in to dinner.

"There's Deanna Durbin," Joan Crawford whispered to Cesar Romero, her escort. "Isn't she wonderful?"

A moment later, Deanna glanced up and saw Joan. "Look," she whispered to her mother, "there's Joan Crawford. Isn't she beautiful?"

At that point, our own Hymie Fink, cupid of the camera, took in the little byplay of events and, leading Deanna over, introduced her to Joan.

Needless to say, Hymie was thanked by both girls, each of whom felt hers was the biggest thrill.

Gable Booms the Hitch-Hike Market

DO you or don't you believe the world reads Hollywood gossip—every little scrap of it? If you don't, listen to this.

Not long ago, a line in a Hollywood column read to the effect that Clark Gable had trained out for Winnipeg, Canada in such a hurry he could get no advance reservations beyond Kansas City. The next day brought on such a flood of offers to "lift" Mr. Gable the rest of the way, it practically sunk the studio.

Bus owners, car owners, plane owners, truck owners, hitch-hikers—all guaranteed to get Mr. Gable to his destination in one week.

In fun, the studio wired the messages to Gable and received this answer.

"I'll take the guy with the skis. He can use

Alice Faye showed up at the Clover Club to give Harry Richman, M. C., a big hand

An aura of parental dignity floats over these Cocoanut Grovers — the Dick Powells

The fine Italian hand of Fix-'em-up Fink made possible this shot of Joan Crawford and Deanna Durbin at the Café Lamaze (see item above)

one and I can use one. Will see you in the fall of '39."

It was signed "Gable."

By Gum! The Marches are Right

AT the preview of "There Goes My Heart," two young ladies were ushered to seats close to Fredric March, the star of the picture, and his wife, Florence Eldridge.

"Good heavens, there's Freddy March," one young lady whispered to the other. "Let's get rid of our gum."

Sheepishly, they removed their gum and carefully wrapped it in their best hankies.

Suddenly, in the midst of a newsreel scene, the girls were startled by a strange crackling sound.

Glancing around, they discovered the cause.

Mr. and Mrs. March were chewing their gum in rhythm to the marching soldiers on the screen.

Jimmy Tells All

"AND how's the love life these days, Jimmy?" a friend asked Jimmy Stewart.

"Oh, swell. Fine. Going along like a house afire. There's only one thing about it, though, that has me worried. My tailor tells me it's either a new tuxedo or no more love life. He claims the old suit won't stand another pressing, so I'll either have to get a new one or give up the girls.

"Gee, I wish I could decide."

And the wide grin let the friend know he was right back where he started from as far as Jimmy's love-life secrets were concerned.

Mother Knows Best

THE Hollywood Theater was jammed with the usual preview crowd. Suddenly, in the midst of a Pete Smith short subject, there came a wild burst of applause from one woman as a small child flashed on the screen for a brief bit.

No one seemed to know what the fuss was about except those close to actress Joan Davis. To them it meant that a mother was applauding her very own daughter's first screen appearance.

Secrets?

'TIS whispered Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are not seeing quite so much of each other —and not because Clark spends all his vacations duck hunting, either . . .

The wives of the merry, mad Ritz Brothers scarcely nod to each other, so the boys have to attend their own previews in separate little groups . . .

While tourists gape and hunt and search for Jack Benny at the local lunch spots, the actor sits at the counter of a Beverly Hills health food store and eats a carrot salad almost every noonday . . .

June Lang, 'tis said, is so washed up with her persistent suitor, A. C. Blumenthal, there's no hope of a continuation of their romance . . .

Despite rumors of quarrels between Conrad Nagel and Joan Fontaine, Nagel still teaches sister Olivia the difficult feat of surfboarding. And right good the two are at it, too . . .

Joan Crawford and producer Joe Mankiewicz are the newest and latest twosome to be dining at the night spots.

Strictly Hollywood

THE sight of Connie Bennett, walking up the packed and crowded aisles of Grauman's Chinese Theater after the preview of "Hold That Co-ed," with tears streaming over her cheeks, washing away the make-up.

"I can't help it," she said to the Don Ameches. "I have laughed till I've cried and don't care how I look. That Joan Davis can reduce me to helpless 'tears of laughter' any day."

Livvie's in Love—But with Whom?

WHO is the man in Olivia de Havilland's heart? All Hollywood is speculating on this question. The town insists the beauteous Olivia is suffering from a cruel hurt and even little Olivia herself freely speaks of the "empty gestures without sincerity" of Hollywood males.

The name George Brent keeps forever popping up in connection with Olivia, but those on the inside say George and Olivia are only true friends. Her heart lies elsewhere.

But where? That's the question Hollywood would like to have answered for them, not just from curiosity but because the town really loves Olivia.

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

RALPH BELLAMY'S friends are gathering around in comforting groups. Just when Ralph finally got going in "A's," his happiness was dimmed by the loss of his home in the Hollywood floods of last winter.

But Ralph set his teeth and started over again. A good part in "Trade Winds" helped to revive his lagging spirits until word came that his Eastern home had been totally swept away by last fall's hurricane.

(Continued on page 67)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Another film elopement—Genevieve Tobin and Director William Keighley (top). When you've read all of Cal York's gossip this month, you'll know the test Charlie Chaplin (center) was put to the night he dined with Paulette Goddard; and what Lana Turner (left) did before she went night-clubbing with George Raft, Dorothy Lamour and Dotty's husband, Herbie Kay

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

★ THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER—Paramount

SLOW-VOICED Bob Burns is determined to carry on the Will Rogers tradition of common-sense philosophy; in this sentimental, often comic story he does a better job than in any of his previous efforts. Paramount has cast him as a tramp printer who goes about the country spreading provincial epigrams. When he discovers that idealistic Fay Bainter, a small-town widow, is about to lose her print shop to crooked politicians, he leaves the open road to rescue her. In addition to this, you are offered Irvin S. Cobb as the village constable, Dickie Moore as Widow Bainter's youngest child and a romance between Jean Parker and good actor John Beal. With such a cast, the film cannot help but excite your tears and laughter.

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

"LET us be mad, let us have fun, *fun,* FUN, and then we will always be happy!" scream Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice in rehearsed unison. That's when O'Keefe, a saxophone player, walks smack into Florence's wedding and grabs her with insouciance from her bridegroom. After marriage, however, Dennis and Flo discover that business sometimes interferes with having fun. She gets jealous, O'Keefe shows manly anger, and Florence whips off to Paris for a divorce. At last Dennis shows up, ready for more fun, and they have it, and that is that. No divorce. June Knight plays the gay little torch singer whose friendship with Dennis contributes to misunderstanding, and Reginald Owen is wonderful as the irate capitalist.

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

MOST moviegoers, no matter how intellectual, are pushovers for a good, rousing, romantic costume picture. Almost every fan likes Ronald Colman, too. Put these together, as in "If I Were King," and you have great cinema. Frank Lloyd has produced this with a long budget; it is perfectly cast and cut to a rapid pace. The sly modern touches adequately save it from being routine and Basil Rathbone, in his characterization of old *Louis XI,* lifts the entire picture into special brackets.

Colman portrays *François Villon,* poet-philosopher-adventurer, who during the siege of Paris plays at being *Lord Constable.* Arrested for robbing the king's storehouses, he is raised from rags and vagabondage by the witty *Louis* for one week: then the scaffold is to be his lot. He sees Frances Dee, beautiful lady-in-waiting, and finds her worthy of his love after his long dalliance with a questionable but loyal lady. *Louis'* generals are afraid of *Burgundy's* troops so Colman blithely distributes all the food to the people, then leads them in the final battle. He handles the rôle capably, with his usual suave charm and presence. Miss Dee is as lovely as ever in a rôle that offers no opportunity. Ellen Drew has an exciting bit as the wanton. But Rathbone, playing with ineffable finesse the humorous, just, congenitally vicious old villain of a king, easily walks off with the piece. His is the comedy, the drama: to Colman are left romance, poetry and the implication of lusty sex. Exciting, spectacular, well acted—what more do you want!

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

CHALK up still another triumph for Deanna Durbin, whose transition to adolescence is here tenderly and beautifully brought to the screen in a story crowded with poignant charm. Universal has wisely bridged the gulf that lies between childhood and young girl-hood and thus makes it possible, by such stories as these, for Miss Deanna to continue without interruption her amazing screen career. The story is natural, appealing, humorous and tragic by turns and Deanna pours into it all the charm and natural ability that is hers.

The delicate problem of a young girl's love for an older man is handled, both in writing and direction, with exquisite finesse. Deanna's crush on the fascinating Melvyn Douglas, a war correspondent, is a beautiful thing to see. The bewilderment of Douglas when he discovers her devotion, the unhappiness of her parents, Irene Rich and John Halliday, the heartbreak of Jackie Cooper who really loves Deanna, are all skillfully evolved. Cooper is magnificent as the lad caught in the throes of young love and right behind him, in acting honors, marches little Juanita Quigley, who steals scene after scene. But it's the sincerity and naturalness of Deanna, whose singing voice improves with each picture, that will linger in your memory.

Producer Joe Pasternak, director Edward Ludwig, and writers Bruce Manning and F. Hugh Herbert are to be congratulated for their almost flawless efforts to make this one of the most amusing and entertaining picture of the month.

★ THE SISTERS—Warners

WHEN the Academy Award Committee gets around to its bouquet giving, we suggest a special extra award for this, one of the greatest emotional dramas of the year. "The Sisters," translated to the screen from Myron Brinig's novel, is a story of human emotions so simply and yet so powerfully told that it hammers away at the heart, again and again striking a responsive chord that says, "These are people I know, saying things I've heard them say, doing things I've seen them do."

The performances of Bette Davis and Errol Flynn are largely responsible for the human quality of this picture. As two people hopelessly caught in a maelstrom of emotions over which they have no control, Bette and Errol turn in two of the finest performances seen on any screen. One of three sisters, and daughter of a small-town druggist, Bette meets irresponsible, happy-go-lucky Flynn, a sport's writer for a San Francisco newspaper. Leaving security behind, she marries Flynn and their struggle for adjustment with Bette's growing strength and Flynn's gradual weakening of character is a battleground of emotions laid bare. It should leave any audience torn with sympathy. Jane Bryan and Anita Louise as the other two sisters shine in their own particular rôles. Each girl gives a clear-cut, carefully drawn performance. Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi as the girls' parents are so humanly real, it's difficult to realize they aren't actually the characters they play. Director Anatole Litvak may count this among his finest triumphs.

★ **DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox**

THESE *Jones Family* pictures have now attained the eminence of A cinema rating, as well as box office. For here is a definite, sincere attempt at catching Americana on celluloid; and it suceeds admirably. The family remains the same, of course, with Spring Byington as *Mother Jones*, Jed Prouty as *Pa*, Florence Roberts as *Grandma* and the usual children. This time *Pa*, helping son with a chemical experiment, blows the house up, and the *Jones* flee to *Aunt Ida's* farm. *Ida* is Louise Fazenda, buxom, coy with a field hand; and she has a hog-calling voice. A corn-husking contest is coming up and *Pa Jones* is cajoled into entering it, but his victory becomes the issue of an election and scheming politicians enter the fray to complicate things.

★ **STABLEMATES—M-G-M**

AS a workout for your tear ducts this is another in the four-handkerchief class. It is hysterically sad, with Wallace Beery, once again in his "Champ" rôle, as the discredited horse doctor wanted by the law for doping racing animals. Mickey Rooney, tough as always, but with a heart of gold, gets a discarded racehorse and picks Beery as a friend when the latter saves the horse. There follows an idyllic period on a farm which is rudely shattered by the film's climax, in which the law catches up with Beery and Mickey's nag goes buckety-buckety into a race, to win. Margaret Hamilton, as owner of the farm, delivers a delightful sequence at a community sing, Marjorie Gateson looks beautiful, and the horse is in stride. The Rooney is quite at home.

PRAIRIE MOON—Republic

HERE again is Gene Autry, singing Western ballads as he rides along the trails, roping, shooting, and outwitting villains all over the place. The West may now be quiet and peaceful, but not when Gene is around—then you can't even take a scenic ride without cattle rustlers and assorted badmen taking pot shots here and there. In this Autry special, Gene becomes guardian to three East Side boys who are almost as tough as the "Dead End" kids. He brings them back to a ranch which is being used as a hide-out by cattle rustlers; the kids don't like either Gene or the western life, but they finally help him round up the crooks. It's hard to explain the charm of Autry's pictures; they're all pure hokum, but they do give you real entertainment.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Sisters — **That Certain Age**
If I Were King — **Too Hot to Handle**
Room Service — **The Arkansas Traveler**
Down on the Farm — **A Man to Remember**
Straight, Place and Show — **Stablemates**
Parade of Disney Shorts

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Myrna Loy in "Too Hot to Handle"
Clark Gable in "Too Hot to Handle"
Walter Pidgeon in "Too Hot to Handle"

Basil Rathbone in "If I Were King"
Ronald Colman in "If I Were King"

Mickey Rooney in "Stablemates"
Wallace Beery in "Stablemates"

Bob Burns in "The Arkansas Traveler"

Joel McCrea in "Youth Takes a Fling"

Errol Flynn in "The Sisters"
Bette Davis in "The Sisters"

Deanna Durbin in "That Certain Age"
Melvyn Douglas in "That Certain Age"
Jackie Cooper in "That Certain Age"
Juanita Quigley in "That Certain Age"

Walt Disney in "Parade of Disney Shorts"

★ **PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio**

The Ugly Duckling—In this series of eight shorts, to be released in the next months, *Mickey Mouse's* father proves again—eight times again—that animated cartoons comprise an ineffable medium for entertainment. "The Ugly Duckling" is the best. You will choke with laughter and tears at the same time; gasp at the lovely color and settings. The Hans Christian Andersen story is followed closely, except Disney improves on Andersen's very funny implication that the swan's egg in the duck's nest might lead *Papa Duck* to suspect his mate.

Mother Goose Goes Hollywood—Caricature of living personalities reaches a new high here. In keeping with the Disney policy of friendly banter without offense, the stars with whom liberties are taken need have no fear; yet the pictures are sharp. Katie Hepburn runs along throughout as *Bo-Peep;* W. C. Fields is *Humpty-Dumpty;* Charles Laughton is the *Captain Bligh* who rides in a tub, rub-a-dub-dub; Laurel and Hardy are the *Simple Simon-Pieman* combination. Hugh Herbert, as *Old King Cole*, is perhaps the best delineation of character.

Donald's Lucky Day—Donald Duck is a messenger boy this time, and anarchists give him a time bomb to deliver. He gets into trouble with a black cat. Again you may shriek against frustration vicariously with the hysterical Donald, whose luck is so bad.

The Practical Pig—You saw it in the funny papers. It's much like the famous "Three Little Pigs" except action is centered around a lie-detector. Awfully good, anyway.

Ferdinand the Bull—For the first time Disney has bought a literary property for use, a fabulously successful best-seller made for children but snapped up by adults. In this the drawings come to life, while a narrator reads the simple story of gentle *Ferdinand*—the pacifist bull— who just wants to sit quietly and smell the flowers. You will remember that sitting on a bumblebee brought him to the bull-fight arena, and to grief. The animators have made much of *Ferdie's* mother. It's one of the finest Disneys.

Goofy and Wilbur—A new character joins the ranks of cartoon people. He is *Wilbur*, a grasshopper, who goes fishing with his pal *Goofy* and lures fish into the net by insulting them. You may find a parallel between this and the leading characters from "Of Mice and Men," but it's done innocently and without tragedy. *Wilbur* is quite wonderful; he gets eaten by a frog, who in turn is swallowed by a heron, who lays an egg. And guess where *Wilbur* is?

The Brave Little Tailor—This was in the funnies, too. *Mickey Mouse* is a tailor who catches flies and by mistake is sent out to capture a giant. His methods are startling, but ingenious. It's a better than usual vehicle for star-of-the-lot *Mickey*.

Barnyard Symphony—The animals all get together and make a terrific racket, which after a while reassembles itself in your ears as a kind of music. Best scene is a flirtation between a pullet and the barnyard cock.

(Continued on page 92)

WE COVER THE

Vincent Price, with two-pix-at-a-time Connie Bennett, makes hot news of "Service DeLuxe"

Our movie-go-rounder proves that "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" with the latest news of circuit-smashers in the making

BY JACK WADE

THE fair-haired boy in all Hollywood at the moment is a dapper, dashing Walter Wanger. Since "Algiers" made him a million dollars and Hedy Lamarr the number-one glamour girl of the screen, the question is—"What will Wanger do next?"

We make finding out the first order of business on our monthly set of merry-go-round, because the predicament of Joan Bennett's favorite producer pretty neatly sums up the situation of Hollywood in general at this point. Wanger had two strikes of uninspired pictures on him when he slammed out the "Algiers" hit. The rest of Hollywood, too, has just climbed out of the worst slump in years with a bunch of circuit smashes like "Marie Antoinette," "Four Daughters," "Boys Town," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Sing, You Sinners," and "You Can't Take It With You."

But the question mark still looms big—"What next?" More Hollywood hits or strike-outs? Can the studios keep up the pace? The only place to answer that is right on the movie sets, right now.

At Wanger's we find "Trade Winds" blowing up what Walter hopes to be a box-office hurricane. When we see Director Tay Garnett giving Freddie March orders with his famous cane, we aren't too surprised to learn that "Trade Winds" really started shooting some three years ago when Tay and a picked Hollywood crew skippered his boat, the "Athene," around the Orient shooting pictures of everything in sight, remember? On the 70,000 feet of bona fide travel film and a Hollywood-concocted, love-adventure-chase story rests the follow-up fate of Walter Wanger productions.

Fredric March is a combination of *Don Juan* and *Sherlock Holmes,* who trails pseudo-murderess Joan Bennett across half the globe in this one. Before he gets his woman he leaves a path of broken hearts in Honolulu, Tokio, Shanghai, Singapore and points East.

You'd never call making movies work if you could see Freddie as we catch him when we arrive, surrounded by cute little Japanese geisha girls with obi bustles and patent-leather coiffures. They hand him cups of saki, fan his fevered brow and croon Nipponese nifties in his ear.

When they finally tear him away from the slant-eyed charmers—and it's a job—we watch a long scene where Master-Mind March uncovers fugitive Joan's trail from Tokio. In the middle, Ralph Bellamy, playing a dumb, thick-headed flatfoot, breaks in with a loud off-stage voice. Every time, right after this, Freddie blows his lines. And every time Ralph kids him.

Finally, after his third blow-up, Freddie falls over in a surprised geisha's lap. "I know what I need," he announces calmly. "More money!"

A yelp comes from the sound-stage door. It's Walter Wanger himself. "More money?" he sputters. "Why I ought to dock your wages!" The situation has all the elements of a European crisis, so we ease out and over to Selznick (Still Gone-With-the-Wind) International, where we're told Carole Lombard and Jimmy Stewart are "Made For Each Other."

We amble right in for a look at Selznick's semi-windup before the eternal main event—"Wind"—as they call it now around the lot.

"Made For Each Other" marks Carole's return to the straight dramatics after a series of eccentric assignments. It presents her as a female scribbler whom fame suddenly snaps by the skirts when she writes a best-seller novel. This pretty well gums up her marriage with Jimmy when success, wealth and adulation change her life. But you ought to know love always wins out in the end. Oddly enough, Carole's script name in this is her real name, Jane Peters.

We watch Director John Cromwell try to get just the right scene out of Carole and Jimmy. It's after they've been married and they're packing for the honeymoon boat. Before every take, a make-up man runs up to Jimmy and wipes the lipstick off his face. Carole is generous with the stuff when she kisses. They're about set to go when the same make-up man yells "Stop!" like a jilted lover at the altar. Carole whirls with a resigned look, "Am I shiny again?" she asks. He nods and fluffs powder all over her frown.

It's very hard, for some reason, for Carole to say "Very nice" with just the right ring to it. The rest of her lines roll out in apple-pie order but the "very nice" is very bad. "Maybe *I'm not* 'very nice'," she finally cracks.

"Oh, yes you are," says Jimmy, "or I wouldn't kiss you."

"You're getting paid for it," Carole comes back very nicely. Any time anyone gets the last word with Lombard!

Carole Lombard, Jimmy Stewart and Director John Cromwell go a little noisy on the "Made For Each Other" set

STUDIO

Practically next door at Hal Roach's anoth follow-up on a former hit is before the camera "Topper Takes a Trip," with the old cast com plete except for Cary Grant, is reviving the fan tastic comedy antics of Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Billie Burke and all, under the Norman McLeod sly touch that made "Topper" so much fun.

If anything, "Topper Takes a Trip" will be twice as insane as "Topper." Where "Topper" had forty special spooky effects of vanishings and rematerializations, the sequel ups it to eighty. People fade away and come back to life with the greatest of ease as poor, henpecked Roland Young fights a Paris divorce suit and gets enmeshed in the connivings of Continental slickers. Even "Asta," the wire-haired terrier, retitled "Skippy" for this, floats about in the void as an ethereal canine conscience. You'll have to see it to appreciate it.

Aside from the metaphysical aspects, the most amazing thing to us about the second "Topper" is that Cary Grant appears in it for two hundred feet and no pay, something unheard of in Hollywood. It seems that to get the picture off in some semblance of chronological sense, a flashback of the first part, where Cary and Connie meet their dooms, was needed.

Since he was much too busy to make it, Cary readily agreed to Roach's clipping out a few feet of the old picture and splicing them in—and no extra charge.

The back lot of Roach's is a hot but realistic Paris boulevard the morning we hurdle sound cables and switch boxes to a spot behind the camera. Roland Young very sensibly sits with Alan Mowbray under a sidewalk awning dipping in a carton of ice cream and ignores any such foolish activity. Everyone else is dripping perspiration, but Roland, in buttoned coat and vest, and woolen socks, focuses his monocle on the morning paper, cool as a Brown Derby parfait. When Connie Bennett strolls up, in dark glasses, he rises, says, "Oh, hello." She nods and passes on.

It's a symphony in *sang-froid* or something.

Even though it is just make-believe for "The Shining Hour," Melvyn Douglas and Joan Crawford have the usual "wedding-bell jitters" which most actors experience before this scene is shot

OTOPLAY

ions

WENN WALTERS

n M-G-M's Technicolor film,
ensemble from her personal
ls the softly draped bodice
onald's cape is of silver fox

Corsage by Halchester, Hollywood

APHY BY HURRELL

sure.

That's the picture—but in real life, Jane, true to form, is strictly nuts about bad man Henry. He's her latest "crush." She asked her mother the other day if she could "adopt him as an uncle!"

The set is swarming with little Mexican kids from Olvera Street when we show up. To them, Leo Carrillo is a *gran' caballero* and Jane is a thing of awe and wonder.

It's something of a feat for the assistant director to pull Jane away from her marble game to shoot a scene. She's regaling all the Mexican kids with her skill. Except one, who refuses to be charmed. We asked him, "Don't you like Jane?"

"Naw," he says, makes a face and a loud raspberry!

But Jane hears and a minute later has him on her lap! Nobody can resist her long.

We check up on a couple of highly touted newcomers at our next two stops—Warners and Universal. John Garfield, the fine young actor of "Four Daughters," gets more than just a chance in "They Made Me A Criminal." He gets several pokes in the nose, for one thing, appearing as a left-handed New York prize fighter who runs away before a murder charge, finds peace, a new life and Gloria Dickson on a California ranch. Claude Rains and that talented actress, Beulah Bondi, carry character assignments.

This is the picture that Warners hope will lift Garfield to the real paying proposition of a first-rank star. It well might, too, we ponder as we watch John, small, but sturdily knit, in a prize ring sequence in the old Jim Jeffries barn near

RY to Universal for a look at Vincent and "Service De Luxe."

Price, a Yale graduate, is another white hope of Hollywood. If you had a chance to see Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina," you'll remember him. He was "Albert." He was also, and still is, six feet four inches tall. His profile is as good as Barrymore's used to be. Chances are you haven't forgotten him.

"Service De Luxe" has a grand idea. It's farce built around one of those "services" in Manhattan that will do everything from mind the baby to buy a discreet present for a chorus-girl sweetie. Constance Bennett is the head of the service; Vincent's her client. She puts across his big business deal and also hers—which, of course, is Vincent.

Director Rowland Lee is directing what looks like a play hour for high-grade morons, when we look in. Vincent, all seventy-six inches of him, is down on his knees in the basement of a house, tinkering with a toy tractor. La Bennett is absent, being over at Roach's on her popularity wave, where we just left her. But Helen Broderick, Joy Hodges and Charlie Ruggles, dignified in tails and a cigar, break in on the tinkering and start to kibitz. Vincent explodes, because he's really making a model of a world-beating invention.

Mischa Auer, looking very gloomy, sprawls limply in his canvas chair strangely labeled "Mischa Pischa." Nothing, he assures us, can make him feel happy. He has found a man taller than himself, Vincent Price, and now he has an inferiority complex!

On our way in to Hollywood and Paramount we make a quick stop at Columbia to get a preview peek at the latest movie family, the *Blumsteads.* Columbia is bereft of big movies this

h but is starting off "Blondie," patterned the comic strip which millions of Amer- are said to digest each morning with their fruit.

londie" is the first of a series, like the *tys* and the *Joneses* at M-G-M and Twen- Century-Fox. It ought to be a little like , too, as Kay Van Riper, who writes the dys, is doing the scripts and Shirley Deane, o acts in the Joneses, has a leading rôle. It ms good to see jovial Arthur Lake, the perenl juvenile, back in a steady picture spot. And towheaded baby in the case, Larry Sims, is ter than a Christmas stocking.

We leave them quarreling over the morning ffee in movie domesticity. "St. Louis Blues" lls. And if Paramount doesn't make someing grand out of a natural title like that, we'll vire our Congressman!

Paramount, however, can manage to have more trouble casting a picture than any other major studio.

Warners battle more with their players, but when you want a real casting mix-up, call around at Paramount.

George Raft was the original choice for the "Blues." But the part called for a master of ceremonies and George thought he wasn't the happy-chappie type. He's just getting back on the Paramount pay roll as a result. Shirley Ross, on the other hand, was dying to do the feminine lead—but at the last moment a writer got the bright idea of making the heroine a Broadway actress famous for her sarong rôles.

When you say sarong in Hollywood, you also say but one other name—Dorothy Lamour.

You're right—it was Lamour who was finally awarded the rôle.

We watch Dorothy and Lloyd Nolan, the lucky young man who walked in when George Raft walked out, sing their way out of jail. "St. Louis Blues" takes place mostly on a Mississippi showboat where Dorothy flees to get away from it all and Lloyd, the captain, conceives the bright idea of dressing her in a sarong so she can get on Broadway, which is just what she's run away from!

So you see Shakespeare can be wrong—the play's not always the thing in Hollywood. Certainly, not in "St. Louis Blues."

In fact, when we modestly inquire where in all the picture does the plot have anything remotely to do with St. Louis or the Blues there is confusion on the set. Nobody seems to know. Finally, after extended research, Dorothy Lamour remembers.

"Oh yes," she says, "Maxine Sullivan sings the part of the 'St. Louis Blues'—over a wash tub I believe!"

But it's still a swell title.

Jean Parker brightens her thistle-colored skirt with a sage green sweater. Leon designed this sweater which is of "Sof-tone" yarn knitted in a novel "wavelet" stitch. Jean is appearing with Bob Burns in Paramount's "The Arkansas Traveler"

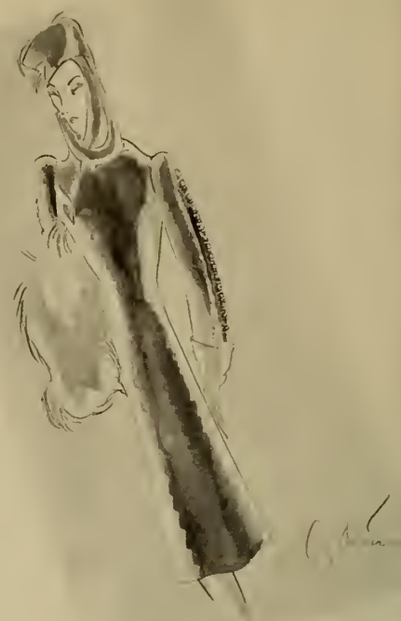
Martin-Smith

Annabella, appearing in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Suez," chooses a yellow sweater to high light her three-button, beige tweed suit that is check-striped in brown and yellow

Kornman

Let dull days come this season, for costumes of happy brightness are here to challenge them: Alice Faye (opposite page), who will soon appear in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "The Girl from Brooklyn," wears a short-jacketed suit of plum woolen, strikingly contrasted by a crepe blouse and suède toque of hard, bright blue. Note the high waistband on the suit skirt. This ensemble was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills

Woods



Glamour and sophistication characterize these two formal costumes so typical of holiday formality. On the left, Adrian dramatizes a svelte collarless princess coat of dark brown wool, created for Jeanette MacDonald to wear in her new M-G-M film, "Sweethearts," with a pillow muff of beige monkey fur and center sleeve, silk-braid embroidery of matching hue. (Adrian's original sketch for this coat is shown above.) He trims Miss MacDonald's Turkish turban of brown felt with monkey fur also, and drapes it with silk jersey

Bull

Joan Crawford's gown of black and white sheer (opposite page) interprets anew the ever-popular shirtmaker influence. Cabochon ruby studs and cuff links formalize its mood of naïveté. The flowing skirt fulness is released from unpressed pleats that are confined at the waistline by a wide girdle. Joan is appearing in M-G-M's "The Shining Hour"

Willinger

Olivia de Havilland's dubonnet frock is distinguished by dolman sleeves, a high, draped neckline and its unusual fabric—heavy rough crepe with an allover candlewick motif. Her matching felt toque boasts the same candlewick treatment. Olivia is now appearing in Warners' "Wings of the Navy" with George Brent

Fryer

Edward Stevenson designed this dressmaker suit of black woolen for Barbara Stanwyck to wear in RKO's "The Mad Miss Manton." Self-cording edges the flared skirt and brief bolero jacket which boasts the dolman sleeve. A dramatic note is reflected in the Postman's bag of black fox. Joseff created the gold and emerald tassel brooch that finishes Barbara's dainty lingerie blouse

Bachrach

Photoplay Fashions

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

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New York

FOUND IN THE SHOPS

Now comes the smart British influence . . . in felts for every fall occasion: Margaret Tallichet, who is currently appearing in Columbia's "Girls' School," suggests the Byron "Teatimer" (above left), a provocative version of the pillbox that tilts dangerously near the top of the nose, with tiny crown, tweaked into a point, looped trim and chou of grosgrain banding. Above right, Margaret Early, appearing in Selznick's "The Young in Heart," takes her cue from the Merrie England of long ago and models "Sherwood," a jaunty Byron felt with a high, dropped-tip crown, a softly rolling brim, a mottled grey quill soaring high. For town wear, Miss Early models Roxford's "Cocktail-hour" (far left), as intriguing a hat as you'll ever see. The brim, high-cuffed in back, turns sharply to a soft roll for the front. The modified stovepipe crown, relieved by a feather pompon and a dashing quill, gives height. Next, Miss Tallichet goes sportswoman, wearing the "Ainstree," trim Roxford sports felt, deftly stitched on crown and brim with contrasting shade, with an audacious badger brush to top off the crown

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OPPEE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN

Youth will step out this holiday season wearing romantic evening gowns. Dorothy Moore, who will soon be seen in Columbia's "Blondie," wears three charming Jeanne Barrie models of taffeta, woven of Celanese* rayon yarn, that you, too, will want to own. Top left, a gown reminiscent of a Southern belle. A shirred band edges the décolletage and joins the deep hemline flounce to the skirt. Above right, a pleated gown with swing skirt and a chic little contrast bolero of velveteen. Right, a Twentieth-Century gown quaintly styled over Eighteenth-Century hoops. Sophisticated black is picturesquely striped with pink

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION Copyrighted Design

* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Three winners—Virginia Bruce, screen favorite—her Safari brown Alaska sealskin coat, fashion favorite—and Copper, her favorite cocker spaniel—start for a brisk stroll from Virginia's Beverly Hills home. Her coat is a knee-length swagger model with flat collar, squared shoulders, bell sleeves and roomy patch pockets. Her pillbox is of matching fur. Virginia, an M-G-M star, is now appearing in Hal Roach's "There Goes My Heart"

The sketch above pictures in detail the sheer beige woolen Irene-designed frock that Virginia wears beneath her coat. The sleeves, yoke and collar are brown woolen

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

Boy Meets Father

THE car drove slowly up the driveway to the ranch and stopped.

"Gee, I hope Daddy's got a new baby calf and a colt and a pig," little Rickey Arlen cried, excitedly. "Don't you, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Arlen. "I hope so."

At that moment Dick Arlen appeared around the corner of the house. The husband and wife who had been separated for weeks looked at each other for a long inquiring minute.

"Come on, Mummy, get out and let daddy show us his new pets. Come on," reiterated the small Rickey.

"Yes," echoed Dick, "please do."

And so these two, with pain in their hearts, wandered about the ranch with little Rickey.

When Joby returned to the car, Dick was still with her. And when she finally drove away, clouds seemed to have rolled away.

Who knows what may have happened by now?

The Look Who's Keeping Dates Department

A HANDSOME gentleman sat in the Vendome Café and writhed. Occasionally he'd glance at his watch and peer anxiously at the door.

"Look," Joan Bennett said to her companion in an excited whisper, "isn't that Edgar Hoover, the famous 'G' man? I wonder who he's waiting for."

Quickly the word spread through the restaurant that "G" man Hoover was impatiently awaiting a lady fair and speculation as to the lucky one ran high.

Then, suddenly, she was there before him. Blonde, beautifully gracious, smiling.

"So sorry to be late," she apologized. "We could hardly get through the traffic."

Mr. Hoover's eyes lit up with an inner glow. "It's quite all right," he replied. "I'd wait all day for you."

"And I'd wait for you," smiled his date.

With that Mr. Hoover and Miss Shirley Temple ordered their lunch.

Sorcerer's Apprentices

IT happened in the Trocadero when Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were in the midst of dinner. A small boy, son of Mr. Hahn, owner of the café, appeared at Charlie's elbow.

"What's your name?" the boy asked, staring hard at the actor.

"Charlie Chaplin," came the reply.

"What do you do?" asked the boy.

"I'm in pictures," Mr. Chaplin replied. "I'm an actor."

"Oh, are you the funny man?"

"Yes."

The boy stared harder.

"Well, make me laugh."

Chaplin blinked twice and looked into the straight honest gaze of the boy.

"Aw, you can't make me laugh," he cried.

"Look," said Chaplin earnestly, "if I ate my shoe would you laugh?"

The boy considered. "Yes," he agreed. "I would."

So one little Master Hahn has a special date with one Mr. Charles Chaplin to view "The Gold Rush" so the small lad can really see Chaplin as a funny man eating his shoe.

Marital Tidbits

WHEN Dick Powell started work on "Going Places" for Warners, he got very excited when a wire was delivered to him on the set just before the first shot was made. It was addressed to "Daddy Powell." He found it to be from wife Joan. It read "Make good for me and the kids—Joan". . . .

During their married life Ann Sheridan and Edward Norris had a devoted colored couple working for them. When they separated recently one of their problems was what to do about the pair. So Eddie took the man servant and Ann took the woman. Now she's househunting for a place to have her housekeeper keep house in.

"Gee, it's nice being a G-woman when it means having lunch with the top guy in the G-man business." Shirley and J. Edgar Hoover have a luncheon date to discuss the latest crime wave

Comedy of Errors

SPENCER TRACY went to the Troc one night with a friend. Seated at a table was a young man. Tracy said hello. "I didn't know you knew Bill Henry," said a friend. "I don't," said Spencer. "That's Dick Cromwell." "O-o-oh, no, it isn't" came the firm answer. "*That's* Bill Henry."

The argument went back and forth. Finally, a waiter was called and asked to bring in a few fans who hang around the front door of the Troc. Spencer treated them to a sandwich and then casually pointed out his friend across the way. "Do you know who that is?" he asked indifferently. "It's Bill Henry," came the answer in chorus. Tracy gulped. "Well, I spent a week on the same boat with him," he said, "and I called him Dick Cromwell the entire time."

All Hollywood is divided into three parts: the dieters, those who don't diet and those who have to listen to the reasons of each group for doing either. Healthy fifteen-year-old Judy Garland eats what she wants — hot dogs, this time — and Mama follows suit

After his whopping performance in "Boys Town," Spencer Tracy is in line for another little gold "Oscar." Spence and Mrs. Tracy spend "maid's night out" at the Trocadero

A Stare Astaire

JUST before he went to New York, Fred Astaire received a bull mastiff puppy as a present from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Three weeks later, Fred returned to Hollywood again. When he opened his front door, he was greeted by a young horse who knocked Fred flatter than the proverbial pancake. When he had recovered his composure, Fred took another look at his pet. He just couldn't believe that a dog could grow so fast in such a short time. Fred rushed to the phone, called Doug and told him of the experience. "That dog gets bigger every time I wink my eyes," Fred exclaimed. "Well, you might as well get used to it," warned Doug. "And he still has ten months of growing to do."

"I asked for a house pet," cracked Fred resignedly, "but I didn't think I'd have to keep him in a hangar!"

"Of Such Stuff . . ."

WHEN Joan Crawford had to carry Margaret Sullavan out of a burning house for scenes in "The Shining Hour," Joan worried for days ahead. She was afraid she might hurt Margaret, who is expecting the stork in a very few months. The day they actually shot the scene, Joan cracked down on her knees first to break the fall and then gently put Margaret on the ground next to her. After several takes, Joan's knees were raw and bleeding. But as long as she hadn't upset Maggie she was satisfied.

The next morning, Joan dragged herself to work. Her legs were stiff and her knees ached. Margaret Sullavan, looking fit as a fiddle, arrived next. "Oh, I feel so good," la Sullavan beamed quite innocently.

"I played three sets of badminton before I came to the studio this morning!"

Hollywood Goes Doggy

THE dogs are certainly having their days in Hollywood! Over at M-G-M literally hundreds of pooches of all types, breeds and pedigrees are being "interviewed" and tested for the important rôle of "Toto," the little dog who is *Dorothy's* pet in "The Wizard of Oz."

Up the street at the Hal Roach Studio, Skippy—or Asta if you'd prefer it that way—has a top rôle in "Topper Take a Trip" and is busy cavorting before the cameras with his usual scene-stealing antics.

At Columbia, a practically unknown K.9 has lapped up one of the best rôles of the year as "Daisy," *Baby Dumpling's* playmate in the "Blondie" series, while at the Colonial Pictures Studios a big appealing police dog has wagged his way to the part of "Sandy," *Annie's* reliable pal in the studio's film version of "Little Orphan Annie."

Tony and his beloved nurse, "Gooly." Above right, Mrs. Mischa Auer

ONE MAD AUER

His eyes are pools of sorrow—but his mind is a capering harlequin that flips the world comic side up

BY IDA ZEITLIN

ONE day Mischa Auer woke to the realization that he hadn't had a new tie in eight years. He walked into a haberdasher's. "I am the law of compensation," he told the clerk. "Please give me a tie. Any tie." Since then the law of compensation has been buying himself a tie a week.

He hired as cook a German who'd thumbed a ride from him. "There's something wrong with that guy," said Mr. Auer's wife after one look.

"Nonsense. You don't understand the Continental viewpoint. He's down-and-out. We have to give him a break."

It wasn't until the cook coaxed him one morning at the point of a butcher's knife to wash the breakfast dishes that Mischa lost faith in his protégé.

He discovered that by rolling grapefruit up and down the black keys of a piano he could get the effect of Debussy's overtones. His Grapefruit Suite in E-Flat has since become a classic. One day weird sounds issued from the living room. His wife popped her head in. Mischa was instructing his grandmother, an accomplished pianist who, for twenty-five years, had accompanied Leopold Auer, his musician grandfather, in the "grapefruit" technique. "Maybe I better try oranges," the discouraged pupil was saying.

"No, oranges are for amateurs. Now once more—so—so—gently—pianissimo— You see? Grandfather would have been proud of you."

With ten dollars in his pocket, and no idea where the next ten was coming from, he'd go to the Cocoanut Grove and have himself a time. When their windows went curtainless for lack of funds, when their bed was an old mattress set up on boards, when they dined off a card table, they still employed a cook and a nurse. "You're a darling who can't cook," he informed Mrs. Auer. "Tony's a darling who needs a nurse. I'm a darling who likes to eat. We'll pay them some day." So Gooly (the baby's version of Julia) would get her salary on Monday. Mischa would borrow it back on Tuesday, saying: "Gooly, you're a sucker and you'll end in the poorhouse."

He's a kleptomaniac about sunglasses. Money burns holes in his pockets, but for some reason it breaks his heart to pay eighty-five cents at a drugstore for a pair of smoked glasses. Leave your own within his reach and they're lost to you forever. "You forgot 'em, they're mine," and he bears them off to a hiding place no one has been able to discover.

He doesn't trust himself with money. He has a business manager who puts him and his wife on an allowance. Mrs. Auer was normal when they married, but has since become happily infected by her husband's germ. He insists that checks brought him for his countersignature be covered except for the signature line.

Long before he made "You Can't Take It with You," Mischa's money theories had much in common with that film

"All those eighty-eights and ninety-nines depress me."

He will never do today what can possibly be postponed till tomorrow or next year. He figures to a split second how long it will take him to make a train and makes it by that split second, calmly watching his secretary's blood pressure mount. His face is a heavy-lidded mask of melancholy, his eyes are pools of sorrow, but his mind is a capering harlequin that flips the world comic side up, because nothing matters.

The tragedy of Auer's boyhood has left one obvious scar. Fleeing from revolutionary Russia with the mother he adored, he found a refuge of sorts in Constantinople. The refugees were herded together under such unspeakable conditions that typhus broke out. Mischa's mother, trained through the war in Red Cross work, took charge. In two weeks she was dead. The fifteen-year-old knew he had relatives in America, but grief and shock drove from his mind all recollection of names and addresses. A ring taken from his dead mother's hand provided passage to Florence, where friends of the family lived. Thence he was shipped to his grandfather in New York.

These are things he prefers to keep to himself. "Every Russian has a story, and they're all bad. Best to shut up about it." What he can't conceal is his dread of being alone. Before his marriage, any one of his closer friends was likely to be awakened by Mischa, strolling into the bedroom at four in the morning. He'd sit down, hold forth in his usual vein and, when daylight broke, take his departure. No explanations of these impromptu visits were ever asked or offered. His friends knew that he was driven by an unreasoning fear of solitude and the dark.

HE and Norma Tillman met in a dress shop. It was Norma's dress shop. They were both lunching with Mrs. Frank Tuttle, and their hostess had asked Mischa to pick up Norma.

"You know how most men act in a women's dress shop," says Norma. "As if the cops were after them. Well, in walks this long, lean, lanky thing, looks calmly around and comes up to me."

"Are you Miss Tillman? I'm Mischa."

"And what am I supposed to do?"

"Go to lunch with me at Tania Tuttle's."

A few days later he phoned. "I'm Mischa. What are you doing Sunday?"

"I have a date."

"I can offer you five. First, I'd like to take you to the tennis matches. From there I'd like to take you to lunch at the Brown Derby. From there I'd like to take you to a cocktail party. From there I'd like to take you to another cocktail party. From there I'd like to take you to dinner at a friend's house. By that time maybe you'll be able to tell if you like me."

She was startled, amused, curious to discover what lay behind this funny guy's sad-looking eyes. When she found out and wrote her parents that she was about to marry a Russian actor, they wailed, "In a country full of Americans, why do you have to pick a barbarian?"

"Tell 'em that's why," counseled Mischa. "A barbarian you don't pick up on every street corner."

Norma had been bred to the theory that you lived within your income, however small. At first Mischa's lordly ways were beyond her. The sinister Orientals, which were all he could get to do, failed to cover the budget. With bill collectors at the door, Norma would wring her hands and weep.

"What difference will it make a hundred years from now?" Mischa would yawn, and go to sleep.

He wasn't as imperturbable as he would have had it appear, but he had a perfect defense mechanism. When upset, he got sleepy. The moment he heard, and by some sixth sense recognized, a collector's ring, he'd tumble into bed and sleep like a fool.

Little by little, she caught his spirit. He was always gay, she was always worried. Therefore, he must be right and she must be wrong. Besides, you had to live with Mischa as you found him or stop living with him and the latter thought never entered her head. Bill collectors and all, she was having more fun than she'd ever known life could offer.

WITH "My Man Godfrey"—and the now-famous gorilla act—came the turn in the tide. The Auers were pleased but not proud.

"I signed a long-term contract with Universal today," Mischa announced.

"Well, don't get any fancy ideas," returned Norma. "You'll be treated with the customary disrespect."

He doesn't work at being a funny man. His humor is casual, carefree and unself-conscious and wells from a seemingly inexhaustible fount. He can do things with his face that would put a gargoyle to shame. Henry Koster was directing him in Universal's "The Rage of Paris," Danielle Darrieux's first starring vehicle in America. He had to steel himself to watch one of Mischa's close-ups.

Take after take was ruined by his own ill-suppressed snorts of mirth. Finally in despair, he covered his face with his hands. "Do it yourself, Mischa. I won't look." But halfway through the take, he was peering like a fascinated child from between his fingers. "I have seen many actors do many things," he apologized, "but this is the first time I have seen a man turning his face inside out."

Mischa Auer's mind is as facile as his features. As the Indian in "The Gay Desperado," he had to streak, catfooted, over a stretch of ground. The director, explaining the action, grew a little involved.

"I want you to put the spirit of all the Aztecs into this. I want you to run like a mirage. No—wait a minute—a gazelle—that's it. Run like a gazelle, Mischa."

"Male or female?" Mischa inquired patiently.

One night he and his wife were driving home from the Cocoanut Grove. "Wish we could take a trip," said Norma idly.

In Mischa's head something clicked. "We're taking a trip."

"When?"

"Soon as the picture's finished."

"Where?" The words *Normandie Avenue* flashed by on a street sign. "Europe. On the *Normandie*."

And they did. It was a red-letter day for Mischa when they went down for their passports. He, the exile, the refugee, who'd never had anything but a Nansen passport, who'd spent three terror-stricken days on Ellis Island before the gates of America opened, was getting his first American passport. For once he lost his composure and, when they shoved the little book under his nose, he signed it: "Best wishes, Mischa Auer."

Curiously enough, it was Norma who had trouble in satisfying the authorities.

"Nice business," Norma grumbled. "You're a foreigner, I'm an American—quarter Indian, to boot. So they send you sailing through and they hold me up."

"Very simple," explained Mischa kindly, for the benefit of all who had ears. "It's because I'm white."

TONY shows unmistakable evidence of being his father's offspring. He, too, has a talent for slipping out from under. In a moment of stress, a certain invisible Bessie was conjured to the rescue. He was being reprimanded. "That wasn't me who did it. That was Bessie."

"Bessie who?"

"Bessie Purex."

"Where is she?"

"There." He waved into space.

Thereafter, Tony became an angel of light; Bessie, the miscreant, shouldered his misdeeds. Then Bessie faded. "Went to Reno," says Mischa. At four, Tony stands on his own feet.

When he gets into trouble, he's banished to the upper regions, known as Siberia. During his exile he becomes Siberia Sam. Mischa is rarely called on to play the heavy parent. "The rôle doesn't suit me." But Tony had acquired a habit of ordering people about and his father was elected to break it. He found Siberia Sam lying comfortably on his stomach, chin cupped in his palms.

"So I give him this marvelous fatherly-advice speech, this man-to-man basis. 'Let me hand you a tip, Tony. If you yell at people, they won't like you. Be nice, and you'll get more.'"

Carried away by his own eloquence, he went on and on. Tony watched him, transfixed. "I'm going over like a million dollars," thought Mischa. At length he ran down. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Tony spoke with finality. "I think nothing of it. Why do you make such funny faces?"

Mischa's idea of the good life is to live in the tropics on ten dollars a year and do his ape act on the waterfront for drinks. Not that he has any current complaints. He's as gay as when the wolf howled at his door, but no gayer. He'll concede that his present existence has its advantages. "For instance, we moved down to the beach. I left the house in the morning, got down to the beach house at night and there were my shaving things in the bathroom. Then I sensed my power. For the first time I felt like my grandfather. Boy, what a racket!"

Universal loaned him to Columbia for the Capra production of "You Can't Take It With You." He felt at home with the screwball family created by George Kaufman and Moss Hart. *Alice*, youngest of the *Sycamores*, said of them: "I know they do rather strange things—I never know what to expect next—but they're gay and they're fun and—I don't know—there's a kind of nobility about them. That may sound silly, but I mean—the way they just don't care about things other people give their whole lives to."

We'll waive the nobility, lest Mischa sue for libel. Just the same, he's a *Sycamore* at heart.

BEAUTIFUL *Brat*

Maggie, the rebel, has changed. She can bear Hollywood now. She can even like it

BY HOWARD SHARPE

At last! Margaret Sullavan has found what she had always dreamed of and yet never dreamed existed

THE gentlest of spring rains traced delicate patterns in the grime of Chicago warehouses lining the elevated trestle over which the Century roared arrogantly toward the terminal. It was offensively soft weather for the occupant of Stateroom A, Car 112; she wanted flood, explosive thunder, destructive violence—a storm, shrieking and furious, to match the one in her heart.

Maggie Sullavan was in a pet. Hair rumpled, stocking seams unaligned, skirt awry, she lay sprawled on the tiny couch and with one Chinese nail made indignant little slits through a sheaf of telegrams she held. Despite the effacement they were still legible. Dated several days ago, they were all from the studio, remarking that her tests were satisfactory photographically except for a mole on her face.

"Arrive sans mole," said the wires, in effect.

Part of Maggie's anger was retrospective. The plastic surgeon she had gone to, in the first place, had called it a wart—her favorite mole, which she had always thought so distinguished; and in the second place he had billed her $500 for its removal.

She hadn't paid him yet, which was just as well. Because the thing was infected and half her face was swollen, pulling her nose to the left. Most of the trip out had been spent in front of the mirror and now she confronted it again, poking her face and wincing.

"I can't stand it," she muttered, scowling. "They lure me away from Broadway with too much money—and now *this*. The final humiliation. . . ."

In her hotel suite later, while the doctor she had immediately called waited, she phoned Western Union. The wire she sent to Hollywood stated tersely that removal of her mole had caused infection and that would delay her in Chicago. It was probable, she added, that she would die of blood poisoning, in which case they had best not take the chance of holding up the picture. "Get somebody else," she suggested.

"That's a lie," the doctor, standing near, said. "I just told you the swelling would be gone by tomorrow or the next day."

"I know it." She did not smile. "I need the extra time because there's something important I must do here."

Maggie Sullavan didn't explain, although, in all truth, she might have added, "I have to divorce my husband."

SHE remembered the afternoon, some months ago, when she had got out of a cab in front of Bergdorf's and run into Alice—*dear* Alice, one of Winchell's sources—on the sidewalk. She had stood unwillingly, her ankles snapping with cold under the lengths of fur she wore, for minutes while Alice sorted and offered her inevitable gossip; it had come out in little sharp swords of frosted breath. But Alice never peddled news except for value received.

"You and Hank divorced yet?" she asked finally.

"Haven't had time," Maggie said. "Six weeks. . . ."

"My dear, the Johnsons—you remember—managed much more easily. In Chicago."

Maggie's cold nose twitched with sudden interest. "How?"

"Darling! You know I never pry into other people's private affairs. Ask *them*."

So Maggie had asked them.

Now, as she lay back in a chair to allow the surgeon's treatment, she thought, *but I haven't told Hank. He's got a right to know, to have his say. Maybe—*

"Remind me to send another wire when you get through butchering me," she told the doctor.

She got the answer to it that night. In her hotel suite, her cheek smarting under the bandages, her fingers miraculously calm, she opened the yellow envelope and read the single line: "Anything you want is okay good cheer darling."

It was signed, "Hank."

For a long time she sat, unmoving, searching within herself for reaction, for unhappiness, for the empty sense of loss this ending must, by all rights, bring with it. There was nothing. She thought of phrases from songs, written to articulate what she was supposed to feel now—"All my dreams, gone beyond recall . . ." "Goodby to spring and all it meant . . ." "Just friends, lovers no more . . ." She caught herself snickering with the embarrassment they

There was her surprise marriage to Director William Wyler (above) and the subsequent divorce. There was, finally, Leland Hayward (right). But this time Maggie accepted her good fortune slowly, suspiciously, finding it hard to believe

caused her. They needed enhancement by Lombardo, moony atmosphere. She knew only a sense of relief, an enormous fondness for Hank. That was not right; she felt cheated. Desperately she turned to nostalgia, drawing out the sharp memory of nights pale with light reflected from the beach and the smooth surface of Silver Lake; of football games and the colored autumn: Princeton-Yale, chrysanthemum in her red cloche hat, streamers on a stick, Hank, with a cigarette stuck to his lower lip, shouting while she shouted; small dinners in the Village, desperately Bohemian; rococo supper clubs, and Hank; the bad time, and rice for dinner, and Hank; Harlem at dawn. . . .

There was nothing. *Anyway,* she thought, *one thing's certain. I'll never marry again, since I couldn't make a go of this.* She got up and went to the phone. *Never,* she thought, dialing.

Then she waited, not thinking at all, until the persistent ringing brought a sleepy lawyer's voice to her ear.

AFTER that there was a blank period in her life, a time without meaning. Hollywood and the making of "Only Yesterday" were part of it; the woman named Margaret Sullavan, small and lean and sharp-faced as always but somehow without a certain vital spark in her personality, fumed and raged at the studio and the town and the picture. After the first rushes she offered them $2500 to release her. They refused, protesting the rushes were terrific. She made the picture as hastily as she could, growling off set.

There were impressions, detached, confused, seen in the light of her bewildering dual character. The press, businesslike, openly prying without apology: the voice of her professionally Southern progenitors returning again to sneer, and her intelligence refuting that; the directors who praised her artistry with one voice and in the next moment reminded her she was there to obey orders, not to be temperamental; the lack of conversation in any company, the tropical laziness everywhere, the sameness. And the loneliness. . . .

She fled to New York the instant she was free. The city, she realized after the first day, was a depression city, dispirited and lethargic under the spell that had begun in 1929. Maggie had been too close, too busy, to understand this before. Besides, she was more than ever alone in the midst of too many friends, all of whom demanded time and strength from her who needed, just then, both from others.

In Hollywood there had been long periods when her nagging mind, still battling furiously with the thought of failure and the evolvement of her dim future, had been induced by the peaceful slow pace of the Coast world to sleep for long periods, release her from turmoil. Days—even weeks had gone by in which she had eaten and slept and worked without remembering such things as maladjustment, or emptiness of feeling, or stalemate of personal progress. But here in this harsh realism, with every phase of her past brought sharply to notice, once again her mind took up its relentless march—to nowhere.

There was, she thought, nowhere to go. In analysis she realized now that so far her life had consisted of two great phases: her childhood and early youth, spent fighting the restraining clutch of an earlier generation, a softer generation—an eternity spent seeking escape and achieving escape.

Then had come love, the second phase: Hank, and the years until marriage, and the year of marriage, and the time afterward when the same love had the same importance but translated to the past tense and the passive voice.

Now she had escape and it bored her. Now she had love no longer. . . .

Hollywood, waving its magic checkbook, enjoined her to return and make "Little Man, What Now?" with Douglass Montgomery. She accepted almost listlessly. When it was over (she liked Hollywood no better afterward) she checked her resources, found them replete, and sailed for Europe.

For a while she lost herself in the strangeness of a different world, in the excitement of discovery.

Health, mental and physical, would not long tolerate her state of mind and Maggie was congenitally robust, wiry; when her boat docked at Manhattan again her heart was singing in a manner that was almost cheerful, and she had a plan.

She remembered her greatest happiness as intrinsic in the summers she had spent playing stock. Well, it was summer—of 1934—and there was the Mt. Kisco Stock Company preparing its season. She went there and for two months, until August, she had a kind of happiness: negative, but peaceful.

Then again Hollywood wired a picture was waiting for her and she at once made aeroplane

reservations with what amounted to excitement. The turbulent spirit, long dormant, had revived. She was ready, again, for anything. If there were nothing, she would create something.

Let Hollywood, and the world, look out. It has been too long, too long—

DIRECTOR WILLIAM WYLER, his eyes red with fury, flicked the sweat from his forehead and planted himself in front of his star, arms folded. He said, with menacing calm, "Now you listen to me. You've disrupted this company, you've made this picture—don't *interrupt!*—last twelve weeks when the shooting schedule was seven and you've all but demoralized me . . . now this is the end. You're going to enter left, stand on that chalk mark, twist that vicious pan into the semblance of a human face and drench this scene in pathos. You're not going to underplay or suffer silently by gritting your teeth. You're going to cry—get it? Bawl. And like it."

Maggie Sullavan heard him out in silence, her chin an insult. Then, without a word, she turned on her heel and left the set of "The Good Fairy" for the twenty-second time since shooting began.

Half an hour later, while she sat in her dressing room and shook with rage, there was a knock, the door opened, and Willie Wyler came in.

"Now then, Sullavan," he said.

She bit her tongue to keep from screeching. With the utmost venom she told him simply, "Wyler, I hate your—"

"But you respect me," he interrupted. "Don't you?"

Her mouth opened for retort, then closed, since there was none. The lump of her anger dissolved. She grinned weakly. "Yes."

"I'm going to take you to dinner," he said then. "Get ready. You're smart enough to know I'm only doing this in the hope of talking you out of being difficult, so I can finish the picture."

A gleam of grudging admiration appeared in her eyes. She reached for a jar of cream, dipped out a blob with her fingers and began removing grease paint . . . .

IN his car she settled comfortably and looked coldly out of the window, refusing to help. She heard his voice: "Where would you like to eat?"

"I don't care." She looked at her nails. "I'm restless—let's go somewhere silly, do something without any sense to it."

He turned the car toward Santa Monica.

They dined on the terrace of a café overlooking the beach; and with the crab flakes he talked smoothly of new novels and art, with the clam broth of the stage and contemporary acting, with the lobster of personalities and Hollywood as a social phenomenon. His voice was calm, assured, reassuring. While she heard it Maggie could not remember clearly the source of her hatred, nor of her fury, nor of her blasting temper that afternoon. She felt suddenly that she was losing to this man a fight which she herself had started; and so, jerking herself from the mood of relaxation his words made, she pushed back her plate and her chair.

"I'm tired of fish. Shore dinners always sound better than they taste. Let's do something to digest—if it's possible."

He paid the check, grinning. "Do you like roller coasters?"

She shrugged.

A few minutes later, waiting on the platform for the little string of cars to come roaring in, she had a momentary qualm. The trestle loomed so high, like a giant's mad plaything; the distant screams of those already riding seemed such authentic fright . . . Then she was in the front seat, with Willie impassive beside her, and they were climbing jerkily up the first steep incline, toward black starlit doom.

In the screeching downward rush, the next moment, her stomach constricted warningly and she felt a momentary blankness, familiar to roller coasters. As she came out of it she heard Willie's voice in her ear, yelling above the scrape and whine of the wheels.

"I've loved you from the first time I saw—" and then the pitch over and down again drowned the sentence. It was a lesser dip. Going up once more she allowed herself to think, to hear his next shout: "Will—y o u—m a r r y—mee-e-e . . . ?" The wind spaced the words.

Shock was short-lived. She had the sensation that there was no time, no opportunity ever again for clear consideration—or for sanity. Her mind raced, blinding her with quick impressions, attuned suddenly to the speed and lurch and swoop of this ride. Her life seemed to her in that clear instant to be like this fantastic apparatus, now up, now down, now turning with sickening speed; beside her, his arm holding her against the seat safely, strongly, was the only reality in the voice and person of Willie. He could hold her in check, lend his strength to her weakness, make living a straightforward, solid thing. He could slow its pace for her, or he could hold tightly to keep her from being thrown out . . . .

She put her mouth close to his ear and screamed. "Yes!" Over the sound of wind and wheels and the hysterical laughter of two young girls in a seat behind, she shouted, "Yes! As soon as we can—"

Then the car shot one last time down, under an arch, turned, slid braking slowly onto the platform where the crowd waited, and stopped.

Maggie, blinking, her hair a tangle, sat quietly, realizing what she had done.

THEY were married the next week in Yuma, to the extreme consternation of Hollywood. It took them six hours, there and back, by air, and they had breakfast on the set next morning, hurriedly, with flurried press photographers and amazed grip boys surrounding them with bedlam; and there was that.

There were the next few months, during which she did not think but lay back in the warm flood of relaxed dependence being married to Willie meant. She could concentrate on career, now, and did, making "So Red the Rose" that year and "Next Time We Live," which was an emotional gem and caused the studios, as well as theater audiences, to be Jimmy Stewart conscious. Maggie was glad of that. Besides her sincere fondness for the lanky boy, she recognized in him a link with the earlier years—Silver Beach, Falmouth, the great beginnings . . . .

Jimmy had come ambling into town along with Hank. She saw them both, of course. There was no drama: she was not a remarried divorcee meeting her ex-husband with too much poise and too much artificial gaiety. They had written to each other, they were friends. She did what she could for Hank, introduced him, gave him advice. Sometimes, late from the studio, she would wander vaguely into the mad household he had set up with Jimmy and John Swope, and ask for dinner. Hank, shaving to go out, would yell instructions to the cook; Jimmy would fold himself behind the miniature bar to concoct merriment for them all.

There was a pleasant understanding here, a careless insanity that made work and play and existence as a whole a carefree, rather exciting thing. It reminded Maggie, increasingly often, of the years—the inestimably good years—she had spent in this manner, living this way.

Until at last she came to view her marriage to Willie with a mild astonishment. It had been built on a maladjustment, on a foundation of personal complexes But they were gone, now. She was happy, she was sure again.

There were these things, and there was her separation from Willie as a matter of course; and following that came 1936, and "The Moon's Our Home" made with Hank as co-star, and the press reports that they would marry again, and their delighted chuckles over that, and their pleasurably sad nostalgia over that too; and there was her divorce from Willie—*(I will not think about this now, this second failure)*—and the resultant publicity; and there was the autumn, and the broken arm that kept her out of "Imperial Hotel," and New York at last for a rôle in "Stage Door." There was, finally, wonderfully, Leland Hayward, God-sent.

SHE had had love, unthinking, selfish, furious—a love of rages and reconciliations, of heights and depths, of glamour and reality—all mingled, forming an exciting and an unbearable muddle.

She had had love, careful, constructive, unimaginative—a love restraining and blunting her high stormy spirit.

The rebel Maggie Sullavan had married Hank Fonda, for romance, for glamour.

The well-bred conventional Margaret Sullavan had married Willie Wyler for safety, for reassurance, for sanity.

But Leland Hayward was the impossible. He was neither and both. He was her indefatigable Luck, reappearing after too many knockout blows. He was brilliant and charming and possessed of her same exhaustless vitality and he was love, once more; yet he was not alone these things. His culture was congenital, socially basic; he could laugh with her and he could calm her exuberance when her laughter was too loud or too long. He wanted a home and children but he wanted to work and be amused as well.

He was the man she had always dreamed of and yet never dreamed existed, and she accepted her good fortune slowly, suspiciously, finding it and him hard to believe.

"I want to wait a while," she told him that day in his skyscraper office, standing at the window to watch the rain sift in wavering lines to the street far below. "I know I'm in love with you. We can make it a real engagement. But I have to check with myself first."

She looked at him for courage. "I botched the others."

"Much as I hate stooping to truisms," he said without expression, "I hate to remind you of that third-time gag. The charm you know."

"We'll see," she said. A nagging voice whispered. *Now* . . . She added, "I'll let you know."

But it was a year before she did.

They were married in the winter of 1936 and she had his baby, a girl named Brooke, the next year. That was before she signed the long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, before they bought a Colonial house in Hollywood and remodeled it: she could bear Hollywood now. She could even like it.

From the Studio Biographical Questionnaire returned by Margaret Sullavan:

Closest friends are: The birds and the bees and the flowers.

What living person do you most admire? Leland Hayward.

Hobbies: Looking at houses.

Favorite Scent: Brooke Hayward.

Greatest Ambition: To be an actress on screen, a person off.

Occupation: Housewife. . . .

WHO'S MARRIED TO WHOM?

Here are the answers to the roto spread found on pages 42 and 43

1 and 42:	Madeleine Carroll and Captain Philip Astley
3 and 32:	Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow
5 and 22:	Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres
7 and 28:	Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda
9 and 34:	Anne Shirley and John Payne
11 and 46:	Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery
13 and 36:	Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin
15 and 18:	Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burns
17 and 30:	Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman
19 and 26:	Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben
21 and 8:	Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy
23 and 2:	Mary Astor and Manuel Del Campo
25 and 20:	Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson
27 and 6:	Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown
29 and 14:	Jean Arthur and Frank Ross
31 and 40:	Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews
33 and 16:	Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard
35 and 10:	Danielle Darrieux and Henri Decoin
39 and 38:	Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward
37 and 44:	Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy
43 and 12:	Mr. and Mrs. Fernand Gravet
45 and 24:	Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer
41 and 4:	Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray

"Kiss me Again"

LOVELY SKIN IS VERY APPEALING ! THAT'S WHY I ADVISE EVERY GIRL TO GUARD AGAINST **COSMETIC SKIN** AS I DO

I REMOVE STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP.** IT'S A SIMPLE, EASY CARE THAT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

LORETTA YOUNG
IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"SUEZ"

HONEYMOON TENDERNESS

—keep it through the years—let Lux Toilet Soap help you guard against Cosmetic Skin

WISE is the woman who cherishes the charm of lovely skin. She does it the easy Hollywood way—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* the stale cosmetics, dust and dirt which, if left choking the pores, may mean unattractive Cosmetic Skin, with its dullness, tiny blemishes and enlarged pores. Use this fragrant white soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Close ups of Hollywood Designers

PRODUCED BY PHOTOPLAY

DIRECTED BY GWENN WALTERS

Above left, Galer
Above, Voris

Lights! Action! Camera!

YOUR Fashion Editor, enthused by the gay holiday spirit, has gone Hollywood with a vengeance and replaces her regular Fashion Letter with a surprise package which brings you a Hollywood production designed to reveal not only the important trends of the moment, but also to provide a keen insight into the careers of outstanding creative geniuses whose courage and vision combined to make their names bywords in the fashions of the commercial world as well as the motion-picture world.

Quiet, Please! Roll 'em!

Close Shot: Galer at the age of ten conceived and executed all of his mother's hats (with emphasis on "executed" at Galer's request)! Cut To: Helen Ainsworth (Cupid to her Hollywood friends) at the age of ten played office instead of house. Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Galer and Cupid are partners in the millinery business, for it was *she* who decided that *he* should design hats for *her,* and who shortly thereafter decided that *he* needed a promoter and—*he* decided he *did!* So, together, as pioneers of the now famous Sunset Strip, they opened their Hollywood shop and decided *together* that they would create the best hats for the best people that would eventually be available to the more hat-conscious women of the world. And they did!

Now during 1938 they are tasting the luscious first fruits of their labors, for they count among their following some of the most glamorous stars of the cinema. (Here are a few names selected at random from the many that adorn their famous autograph board that greets you as you enter their shop—Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur, Billie Burke, Helen Hayes.) They also have a wholesale outlet the length and breadth of these United States—you will find the Galer label in the better shops of every metropolitan city; and they also ship Galer models to Australia, London and South America. They, Galer and Cupid, make hats that go to the heart as well as the head!

Galer loves "chats about hats." He said, "Color, color and more color is my creed for the winter of 1938. I am featuring two pet color combinations. Number one: pink and black, designed for Mrs. Don Ameche; Number two: dark brown enchantingly lifted by 'romance' purple, designed for Jean Arthur."

Noted for his more whimsical flights of fancy, Galer also makes the practical sport hat of felt which can be worn by "Sixteen" or "Sixty."

So Galer and Cupid have arrived—you will see some of their hats in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion pages next month. Fade Out.

Fade In: "Suedes By Voris" is the imposing nameplate that distinguishes the famous "little" shop that belongs to the petite, charming Voris, whose career has been as unusual as the medium she uses in her designs. Still in her twenties, she started her leather-designing career with a bit of chamois swiped from her younger brother. Out of this leather she made miniature garments which were soon interpreted into life-size models. Today she has the distinction of being the only person in the world who designs exclusively in leather from head to foot. Her models are styled for active spectator sport and evening wear. Such star names as Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, Irene Dunne, Bette Davis and Virginia Bruce are included in her clientele.

Voris' style trends are staple and simple. She features frocks, one and two-piece, swagger top coats, "the separates," gored skirts, dressmaker blouses, bags, gloves and hats.

Always having an eye for romance and individuality in her creations, her color chart for cruise and winter suggests an itinerary for a glorious California holiday—Golden Gate Gold, Santa Anita Blue, Desert Tan, Spanish Tile, Redwood Brown, Mission Pink, Cactus Green and Poinsettia Red!

Voris discards the old adage, feeling "a stitch in time . . ." is a "waste" of time, so she cements her creations together—they last a lifetime, as does their style!

Bullock's-Wilshire, which carries her creations, recently sponsored a Voris all-suède fashion show—the first all-suède show ever held in Hollywood fashion history.

Leading stores throughout the country carry Voris designs, so, luckily, you don't have to live in Hollywood to own one. Fade Out.

Print Them! That's All For Today!

Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious

Double Mint Gum

Lovely and light hearted—that describes Hollywood's attractive young star ***DEANNA DURBIN*** whose merry mood is caught in the camera shot *above.* And it is just such gayness and happiness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. The reason—double-lasting, wonderful tasting Double Mint gum is so delicious, it helps take your mind off your minor cares and you become more natural and at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely.

Try it. Satisfy yourself as have millions of others how easy it is to be lovely and happy by chewing refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum. Get some today.

Healthful, delicious *Double Mint Gum* aids your digestion, helps sweeten your breath and relax tense nerves. Also it helps polish your teeth into a lovely smile. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, endearing ***DEANNA DURBIN,*** Universal Pictures' star now playing in "That Certain Age"—gave Double Mint gum permission to show this fashion sketch of her new party dress, *the one photographed above.* From her personal wardrobe. Designed for her by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. It's easy to make and flattering. Just purchase ***SIMPLICITY*** Pattern 2951 at any Simplicity dealer or write Simplicity, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. But remember Double Mint helps you to be lovely and happy—the first essential to looks. Enjoy Double Mint gum today.

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For carefree lounging, Marjorie Weaver, who is now appearing with John Barrymore in 20th Century-Fox's "Hold That Co-Ed," wears pajamas of mauve Skinner satin designed by Hogan. The contrast piping is of Josette green. Marjorie's stunning pajama, "Night Flight" by name, was selected from the Broadway-Hollywood

Kornman

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
..More Like a Honeymoon!

SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE... THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

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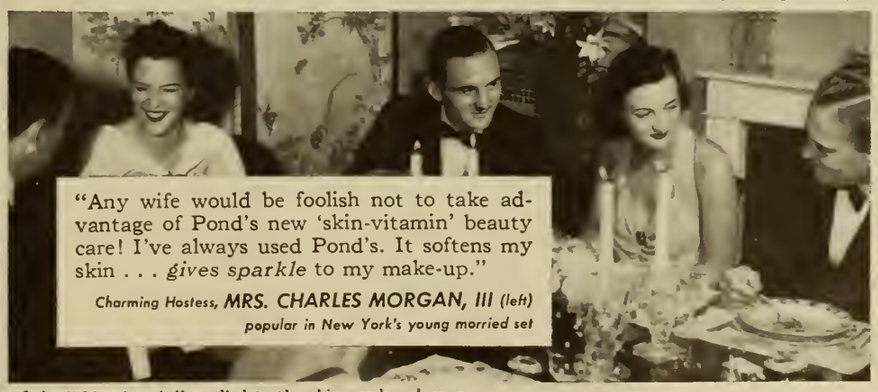

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SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

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This handsome accessory — smartly designed to grace any table—has an ingenious humidifier in the top, to prevent drying out of cake, sandwiches, baked goods, etc. With the cover, it keeps foods moist and tasty — without, it's a full-size service tray with handy removable wooden inset. An impressive gift, fashioned in "spun" aluminum.....$2.75

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One finger on trigger easily opens and closes the spout when filling or pouring — leaving the other hand free. Cool Bakelite handle. 2½ qt. capacity. The "Trig" whistles when water boils. Useful and attractive. Available in "spun" or polished aluminum.....$2.85

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I enclose check money order for $.....herewith:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Even His Best Friends Don't Know Him

(Continued from page 27)

quiet and secluded, not the giddiest Hollywood rendezvous, but it gives Tyrone satisfaction to go there. And when he speaks of Alice, his voice is charged with emotion. He feels that without her encouragement that black night he would have lost his nerve completely, and if an actor ever does once lose his nerve he's through.

There is, too, the contrasting incident of Tyrone and a Hollywood Glamour Girl. Around three years ago, Tyrone was in Hollywood, but he had no work. Nonetheless, he knew a pretty girl when he saw one and he knew how to get an introduction too, and the very moment he did meet the girl he tried to get a date with her. But she was a Glamour Girl and he was a nobody, so she couldn't be bothered. However, when Tyrone clicked, the girl sought him and insinuated that a date with her would be very much in order. But this time Mr. Power was busy, very busy.

You see, he has a remembrance of things past.

IT is right here that I believe Tyrone is deeply fortunate. For all his talent, for all his handsomeness, there runs through his life a strain of bad luck that is the best protection he has. The devastating loss of his father forced him into a quick maturity. The fact that he couldn't get work easily has shown him the awful value of money and the vast need of true friends. Getting his ears slapped down by a director at the very instant when he first clicked in Hollywood undoubtedly kept him from getting the big head. And the fact that several lovely ladies of Hollywood looked at him with eyes like frozen glass before he was a hit protects him from those same ladies who now melt beneath his cynical glance. For one of the biggest distortions that has been printed about this star is that he is a "perfectly normal young man." He is as un-normal—and don't get me wrong: I said un-normal, not abnormal—as they come.

For he is distinctly wiser than his years and wilier than an Irish politician (he's Irish, anyhow, so that's probably where he comes by the instinct). If, on his arrival in stardom, he did the natural thing and took out attractive girls like Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and numerous others, he now is retreating just as quietly from the traps that are laid for his handsome feet. And, believe you me, those traps are laid. In other towns, a beautiful girl is pursued wherever she goes, but in Hollywood the reverse is devastatingly true. A handsome young man in Hollywood may be able to call his soul his own, but that is usually all that escapes. But, at the moment, Ty is quite fancy-free and I'd bet my bottom dollar that he has been heart-whole all the time. For, while he is undoubtedly romantic and will talk on and on about his "ideal girl" (keeping her description so generalized that she sounds like no one on earth), the thing he really loves is acting.

A FEW months ago I happened to be in Kansas City waiting for a plane out for New York. By pleasant happen-chance, Tyrone was there at the same time, waiting for the same plane. So we went to see a movie together. Unfortunately, however (that typical Power bad luck), we got in on the "B" feature of the program and had to sit through the performance of one of the most ghastly actors on the screen. I asked Ty, "What makes him so bad?" "Well, he was acting," said Ty and he gave the word "acting" a great emphasis. "You don't have to act."

"What is it you do then?"

"You have to feel," Ty said. "You've got to know what the emotion is like to put it across, but you've also got to keep yourself out of it, stay cold and listen to yourself and stop yourself the moment you hear yourself getting phony." He paused for a moment, his sun-tanned face concentrated. "Look," he said, "that's why actors aren't really great lovers. That's why so few of us have satisfactory marriages. What have you got to give, at home, when you return from a whole day of doing love scenes? All day long you've had a beautiful girl in your arms, and you have said the most beautiful speeches to her, speeches that some other man has written for you. She has answered you, too, in lines that have been written for her. Yet her lines and your lines are almost the words you must say in a real love scene at home. That girl, waiting for you outside the studio, wants you to say them to her. But you can't repeat them. You can't go on saying those things over again, those things that have been work to you all day. So there you are. You have nothing to give. But you can't expect your girl to understand that, unless she, too, is an actress, and not always then."

Now you must admit that is no normal young man speaking. A normal young man would just go ahead and get married, as Don Ameche did. Tyrone thinks that perfect Ameche marriage is one of the loveliest things on earth and in the moments when he is lonely, and those moments are numerous, he wishes he had gone and done likewise. He watches with almost equal envy Richard Greene carrying on, quite unmolested by the press, his romantic courtship of Arleen Whelan. He doesn't realize that neither of these handsome men has about him that electric spark that automatically attracts attention to everything he does.

The reason for his loneliness actually is the most romantic thing about him. For try to hide it as he will, try as much as he can to play the sophisticated man of the world, actually the boy is a romanticist. Today, with his great rush of fame, with his sudden new and exciting wealth, he still has, buried deep within him, a set of ideals that he is trying to work out. One of these ideals concerns itself with friendship. Being the politician he is, he goes dutifully to the parties that he should go to and smiles at all the proper ladies; but, when it comes to real friendships, he has about him a very few but trusted and loyal acquaintances. Except for the very mild gatherings he has with this little clan, he is much alone. For he is, as I've said, a moody guy who likes solitude in which to read and think and listen to music. His favorite composer is Johann Strauss, and certainly no one has ever written more romantic music.

WHAT is actually happening, of course, is that behind his fame, he is trying to discover himself and find out what manner of man he wants to be. He is so grateful to his public that he feels a sense of responsibility toward it. He is glad that he has been cast in romantic rôles, feeling that since there is almost no romance in modern life perhaps he can be the medium that will bring it into lives that might otherwise be utterly colorless. For this reason, he likes costume rôles, reflecting as they do the glories of gentler days than ours.

He is still young enough that he believes that life can have significance, young enough to believe that there is beauty to be had, and friendship and loyalty. But he admits these things only to the people who are close enough to him to understand him. To casual acquaintances, to the world at large, he can be just a young fellow who—in the Hollywood phrase—"has a lot of laughs." Actually, his humor is devastating and his descriptions of people have a hilarious but biting edge to them. But he has learned to hide this side of himself, too, having watched the destructive quality sharp wit has when it gets on paper in the form of a quote from a popular actor.

Tyrone Power and his mother at the dedication of a plaque in honor of Tyrone's father, who played the rôle of Brutus in "Julius Caesar" in May, 1916, in Beechwood Canyon. It was the first play to be given on the site of what is now the famous Hollywood Bowl

Pinned down to a formal interview, he gives out select, careful phrases which could come from any one of a dozen of Hollywood's younger generation of stars. But catch him alone and he will talk on and on for hours, on every subject under the sun, till your whole mind will take fire from his enthusiasm and you will finally see him for what he is—a brilliant, highly wrought, sensitive artist whose head rules his heart and whose heart rules his face.

If this doesn't make for simple happiness, of this you may be sure—he will live whatever it is to the final drop, living it with every sense he has and with that alert mind of his savoring its special flavor, always expecting disillusion, yet always dreaming of perfection.

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The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 31)

couldn't do it. She was finally defeated—not by others, but by herself. She died in obscurity, but those letters remained to her dying day as her cherished possessions."

"Where are those letters now?" I asked.

"As nearly as I can find out," he said, "Charles Temmler obtained possession of those letters and wanted to sell them. His chauffeur stole them and approached the studio which has Woodley Page under contract. The studio delegated Frank Padgham to handle the matter. Padgham reached an agreement with Wright; Foley was the lawyer who drew that agreement. Temmler discovered the theft and naturally resented it. He employed a private investigator named Thompson Garr to steal the letters from Carter Wright. I found out that Garr was planning to get possession of the agreement before Carter Wright had signed it. He thought there would be a clue in that agreement to the location of the letters. He didn't realize that Carter Wright was far too smart for that."

"So what?" I asked, breathlessly.

"So I went to the house to protect the interests of Woodley Page. I entered the house. Apparently, no one was home. I started wandering around investigating. I got as far as the upstairs bedroom when someone who had been hidden behind the door cracked me on the head. We struggled. I got another crack and lost consciousness. When I came to, I was tied, gagged and in the closet."

"How long was that before I arrived?" I asked.

"Probably about ten minutes before you arrived. I don't know how long I was unconscious."

I pushed the key across the tablecloth. "The lockbox," I said, "is in the bank in Las Almiras and arrangements have been made with the man in charge of that bank to write into a blank power of attorney the name of any person who presents this key."

For a moment, Bruce Eaton didn't reach for the key. His eyes, instead, were on my face. "What a fine, true-blue girl you are," he said, and I didn't need to be as expert as William C. Foley to catch a note in his voice which sent blood surging into my veins.

Then his hand came slowly across the table. His fingers closed over the key. He said, "I don't need to tell you . . ." and broke off as a shadow fell on the tablecloth.

I LOOKED up to see the cold, cynical eyes of the detective who had been investigating Mildred Parker's injury. "Well," he said, "fancy seeing *you* here, and lunching with Bruce Eaton!"

Bruce Eaton stiffened. "Friend of yours?" he asked me.

I met his eyes. "No," I said.

Bruce Eaton started to push back his chair. The hand of the detective closed on his arm. "Now, *just* a moment," he said, and his left hand flipped back the lapel of his coat to give Bruce Eaton a flashing glimpse of a badge on which appeared the words, "Special Investigator."

"What was that the little lady handed you just now?"

I thought fast and was speaking almost before I realized that I was talking. "Mr. Eaton," I said, "this man is a detective who has been investigating certain matters in connection with the injuries of Mr. Foley's former secretary. He has shadowed me before and I have every reason to believe that he has followed us here."

The detective held his right hand clamped in a grip of steel on Bruce Eaton's right arm. The key to the safe-deposit box was clenched in Bruce Eaton's right hand. The two men seemed frozen into immobility. Eaton said, "I'm putting the cards on the table. If you and I start battling, it's going to be front-page news. It's bad publicity for me as an actor. Now, I'm warning you: Keep out of this."

THE detective turned to me. "So I've been shadowing you, eh? *Where were you last night?*"

I felt a sudden surge of rage. I pushed back my chair and got to my feet. "Where were *you* last night?" I demanded and I knew that my eyes were blazing into his. "You tried to follow me, and . . . ."

His face twisted, his voice suddenly raised in pitch, "Say, you ain't . . ." He stopped, took a deep breath and roared at me, "Nix on it, Sister! You keep the hell out of this. And what I want to know is, what's this you're handing to . . . ."

Bruce Eaton jerked his right hand out from under the other's grip.

"Give me what you're holding in that right hand," the detective shouted at Eaton. And I saw that the eyes of everyone in the dining room were on our party.

"Take this hand instead," Bruce Eaton snapped.

He landed a hard, smashing impact to the jaw with his left fist, a smooth, well-timed blow that packed plenty of force behind it.

The detective staggered back. Then he came in with a rush.

I'd read in a picture magazine that it was never necessary to use doubles for Bruce Eaton in the fight scenes. He was one actor who could take it and who could dish it out. Now he dished it out.

The proprietor came running, but the detective was completely vanquished before he got there. "What is it?" the proprietor asked.

Bruce Eaton indicated the bruised, battered detective. "This man," he said, "was annoying the lady."

The proprietor turned to the detective. "Out you go," he said.

The detective started to say something. Bruce Eaton caught him by the collar. "Out you go," he repeated, and with one hand on his collar, the other on his belt, started him on a rush to the door.

I was seized with a sudden inspiration. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to one. There was a telephone booth near the cashier's desk, and I went to it, dropped a nickel and called the office. To my relief, I heard Mr. Foley's voice on the other end of the line.

"This is Miss Bell, Mr. Foley," I said. "I've just had an experience . . . I . . . I wanted to ask you . . . ."

"Yes," he said crisply, "go ahead, Miss Bell. What is it?"

"You remember that detective who was investigating. . . ."

"Yes. What about him?"

"I'm having lunch with a . . . with a friend. A few minutes ago the detective came in. He started to make a scene. He's evidently been following me."

"Why should he follow you?" Mr. Foley asked.

I thought for a moment I should say

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something about that key, but instead I heard myself saying, glibly enough, "I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what happened?" he asked.

"He asked me, in a loud, accusing voice, where I was last night, and I got angry and jumped to my feet and said, 'Where were *you* last night?' and started to accuse him of shadowing me."

"Yes," Foley said anxiously, "what happened?"

"There was a very peculiar change came over him."

"You mean his facial expression?" Foley asked.

"No, in voice."

"What did he say?" Foley asked.

"He said, 'Say, you ain't . . .' and then stopped."

"How did his voice change?"

"I don't know as I can tell you. It was pitched a little higher and . . . ."

"How about the 'you'?" Mr. Foley said crisply. "Did he accent the 'you'?"

"No."

"You're certain of that?"

"Absolutely. In fact, he sort of slurred the 'you ain't' all together, and then suddenly quit, for a second, and then started browbeating me."

"What I'm particularly interested in," Foley said, "is whether he emphasized the 'you'."

"No, I'm certain he didn't."

"All right. What was the angle of his head when he talked? Was his head forward or back?"

"Why, I hadn't noticed . . . let me think . . . back, I guess . . . no, it wasn't either. He ducked his head forward. That was it. I remember now; his . . . why that's one of the things that gave his voice such a funny tone. His chin was down against his collar."

"And you say he followed you to lunch?"

"Yes, I'm certain he must have."

Mr. Foley said, "That, of course, is serious. If he followed you last night, he must have known . . . I'm glad you telephoned me, Miss Bell. Thanks a lot. Now go back to your lunch and leave the rest to me."

Bruce Eaton was back at the table by the time I returned. "I'm frightfully sorry about this," he said.

I smiled at him. "I'm not. I only wish I'd been a man so I could have put in a punch or two of my own. You . . . that is . . . he didn't get the key, did he?"

"He did *not*," Bruce Eaton said.

I laughed then, with relief. "I think," I said, "that he knew I was handing it to you."

Bruce Eaton frowned at that bit of information. "Let's check out of here," he said, "and get down to Las Almiras."

It was hot after we'd swept out of Los Angeles and started to skim over the Pomona boulevard. By the time we turned off the main boulevard, the sun, beating down from an intense California sky, dried moisture from our systems as fast as we could take it in.

"When we get there, I want you to keep entirely in the background," Bruce Eaton said, as we whizzed down out of low, rolling hills and hit the straightaway which led to Las Almiras.

"That's out, definitely," I told him. "*You* can't afford to figure in this. I'm going inside. I'm going to have the banker put *my* name on that power of attorney. You're to wait outside in the car. If anything goes wrong, *you* must be in the clear. You have too much to lose. After all, you know, this key came from a house where a man had been murdered. Lord knows who dropped it! Carter Wright didn't, because it wasn't in the room where his body was found."

"Yes," Bruce Eaton said, "Carter Wright would have kept the key with him. Whoever murdered him took the key and then found it necessary to tap me over the head and tie and gag me. While he was bending over trussing me up, the key slipped out of his pocket . . . the police will reason that out. Whoever murdered Carter Wright took the key. Therefore, whoever has the key murdered Carter Wright."

"And we have the key," I said.

He smiled across at me. "*I* have the key," he corrected.

"But you can't," I told him. "You simply can't. I can do it and you. . . ."

He interrupted me by sliding the car to a stop in a wide place in the road near a group of one-storied, wooden structures. Just opposite the front wheel, a curbed cement sidewalk began. It ran for some fifty feet to the corner. The only curbed sidewalk which Las Almiras boasted—directly in front of The First National Bank.

Bruce Eaton jumped out from behind the steering wheel and dashed into the bank. It took me a few seconds to get the big door to swing open; then I, too, stepped to the curb.

Las Almiras is a little place in the midst of an agricultural district. The city itself consists mostly of two large stores selling general merchandise, a restaurant, a gasoline station, garage and The First National Bank. It was, I judged, a bank maintained largely for the convenience of the big cattle ranches which had pay rolls to meet and large checks in payment of livestock to clear. As far as life was concerned, the streets were virtually devoid of motion.

I REACHED the screen door of the bank and pulled it open. The interior, I saw, was arranged upon the lines of a conventional bank. The counter was surmounted by a heavy mesh screen in which arch-shaped openings were cut for tellers. I gathered that the banking activities varied from virtually nothing to hectic periods of activity twice a month when pay-roll checks were being cashed. The banker was in the vault with Bruce Eaton.

He glanced up when he heard the screen door slam, nodded to me. He was a young man with bulging brows and thick-lensed spectacles which distorted his mild, watery blue eyes. The skin was taut across his cheekbones and I knew at once he'd picked Las Almiras in an effort to get away from the impure air of the city. "I'll be with you in just a moment," he called.

Apparently, he managed the bank all by himself—at least, in between pay days. I saw a lacquered metal lunch box and a thermos bottle just inside the grilled window. Near them were a package of cigarettes and an ash tray.

I cleared my throat, getting ready to say something, and then stopped self-consciously as I remembered Mr. Foley had told me that was an indication of nervousness and lack of confidence. I heard the banker say to Bruce Eaton, "This young woman isn't with you, is she?" And Bruce Eaton, looking at me with calm, disinterested appraisal, said, "No, I've never seen her before."

That put me in a spot. I couldn't say anything without undoing all of the good I'd tried to do. I was furious to think of how I'd been jockied into such a position; yet there was nothing I

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"I was living only eleven months a year."

Poor Peg! She really *lived* only eleven months a year. Utterly wasted a month of precious days, because she thought she had to avoid activity during menstruation to save herself discomfort and pain.

And now, the best skiing party of the winter — just at the wrong time. Luckily, Doris knew Peg's trouble, and how to help. "Midol keeps me on my feet," she said. "So you're taking some, right away!"

"Give Midol the glory for a grand afternoon," Peg later confides. "For pleasure I thought I'd have to pass by. There's going to be a new month on my calendar—a month of days no longer wasted!"

MILLIONS of women — you, perhaps, among them — still believe that giving in to pain during menstruation is as natural and necessary as the process. But many doctors say much of the pain can be relieved. And Midol proves it. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding medical or surgical treatment, most women who try Midol find it not only relieves the pain swiftly, but permits them to live normally, actively and comfortably through the time which they once gave up to inactivity and suffering. Midol is made for this special purpose. It acts quickly. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases.

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THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!

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BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO! *

Now—give your skin extra beauty care. Smooth extra "skin-vitamin" (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond's Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible *future* need. Same jars. Same labels. Same price.

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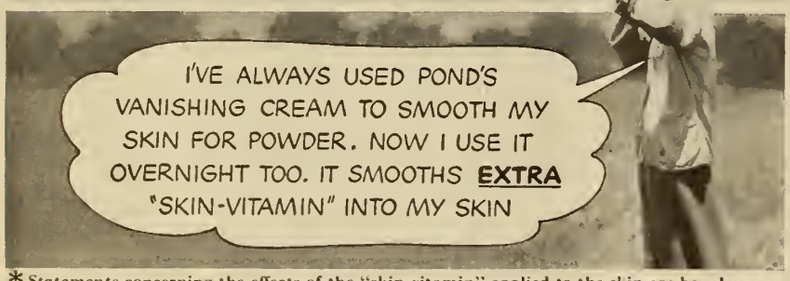

* *Statements* concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N. B. C.

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could do about it except stand there at the counter seething inwardly but apparently waiting complacently.

At any rate, I could keep a lookout, making certain that Bruce Eaton had an avenue of escape open if anything went wrong.

APPARENTLY, the banker hadn't recognized him. I could see that he was nearsighted as he bent over the paper he was filling out. Then Bruce Eaton handed him a driving license, showed him a wallet containing a passport. I realized then that "Bruce Eaton" was only a stage name. I remembered having read somewhere that his real name had been considered far too unromantic by the studio publicity department. Of course, his driving license and passport would be under his real name.

The banker inserted a key into the upper lock on the safe-deposit box. Bruce Eaton inserted the key I had given him in the lower lock. I gripped the counter, fascinated, wondering if the key would work. Had I been right in assuming . . . .

The key turned and I could hear the lock click smoothly back. The banker turned away from Bruce Eaton. His figure, partially concealing the interior of the vault as he came toward me, prevented me from seeing just what Bruce Eaton was doing.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting. You see, I'm all alone here in the bank afternoons. What was it you wanted?"

I blurted out the first idea which came to my mind. "I want to cash a check."

"A check on *this* bank?" he asked courteously.

"No," I said. "I'm afraid it will have to be drawn on my Los Angeles bank."

"How much is the check?"

"I can get along with five dollars," I told him, smiling my best smile. "You see, I left my purse in the rest room at Pomona. I want to telephone back about the purse and get enough gas to carry me on through to San Diego."

"You have your checkbook with you?" he asked.

I started to produce it, and then suddenly realized that it was in my purse, and my purse was hanging just below the level of the counter. Having made that crack about losing my purse, I certainly couldn't let him see it now.

"No," I said, "my checkbook was in my purse. I'd have to fill in a blank check."

He blinked owlishly at me through the thick lenses of his spectacles.

BACK in the vault, I heard Bruce Eaton slam shut the door of the safe-deposit box and breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be all right if I could only hold this banker in conversation for a few more seconds. I pushed my leg against my purse, clamping it tight against the counter and then trying to ease it down to the floor. But the purse was of smooth leather; it slid out and dropped with a bang. The banker looked puzzled. I said, hurriedly, "Of course, I can put up my wrist watch as collateral," and started to take it off. As I partially turned, I looked out through the plate-glass window, past the gilt letters which proclaimed the name of the bank, its capital, assets and the names of its directors. I saw a car slide in close to the curb and stop. On the upper right-hand corner of the windshield was a huge spotlight with a red circle of glass, the telltale insignia of a police car.

There were five men in the car; one of them, wearing a huge black sombrero, looked as though he might be the sheriff of the county. The other four were quite probably detectives from the city.

They opened the car door and debouched to the sidewalk, forming in a compact little group.

I tried coughing. It didn't seem to catch Bruce Eaton's attention. The banker said, "Just a moment, Miss," and then pushed his head out through the arch in the window to stare down at my purse lying on the floor. "Isn't *that* your purse?" he asked.

I called out, sharply, "Bruce, look! Hurry!"

He was still in the vault, apparently checking up on a bundle of letters he was holding in his hand. From where he was standing it was impossible to see the car containing the officers.

"Bruce! Hurry!" I cried.

The banker said suspiciously, "What's all this? What's all this?" and jumped back in alarm. I could see now that he thought it was a stick-up, with me to hold his attention at the teller's window while Bruce Eaton was back in the vault. His face was white with alarm. His bleached blue eyes, magnified and distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, seemed as large as warped dinner plates.

I saw him fumble at the handle of a drawer and knew he was looking for a gun.

A FRANTIC glance out through the plate-glass window showed me the officers were starting purposefully toward the bank.

I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out of there and finding some place to hide those letters he had taken from the safe-deposit box. He was alarmed now and coming toward me, but still didn't appreciate the danger of the situation. The banker was pulling a gun from the drawer. The officers were rounding the corner.

I ran to a door in the partition, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted, "Stop where you are, both of you."

I collided with Bruce Eaton, snatched the letters from his hands and yelled, "Run! Officers!"

The banker pulled the trigger on a big, blue-steel revolver which he'd dragged from the drawer and which looked as large as a cannon. The reverberating roar of a report filled the room.

When my ear drums started functioning again, I could hear the tinkle of falling glass.

The cashier dropped his gun. Evidently the jar of the recoil had jerked it out of his hand.

He half stooped as though to pick it up; then, apparently overcome by panic, ran through the door in the partition, half crouching, screaming, "Help! Police!"

The officers were approaching the door of the bank. The running banker burst through the swinging screen door to collide with them. I heard someone say, "Stick 'em up," and then a drawling voice, evidently that of the sheriff, "Wait a minute. This is Frank Stout, the cashier here. What's the trouble, Frank?"

The banker's lunch box was on the table in front of me. I had to think fast and, at that, had no choice in the matter.

I jerked open the cover, dropped the little bundle of letters inside and slammed the cover back into position. The officers poured through the screen door into the bank and I raised my eyes to confront a bristling row of artillery.

"The jig's up," the sheriff said.

Madman, money, revenge—why was Carter Wright murdered? January PHOTOPLAY *brings the surprising answer to this exciting murder mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner.*

What Makes Love Tick?

(Continued from page 29)

tough," you are apt to think. No? Well, two items of history, never before printed, will clarify. Universal tried its best to get the McCrea smile to star opposite Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris," but Sam had lent Joel to Zanuck for "Three Blind Mice." And—this one hurt—Capra tried vainly to borrow Joel for "You Can't Take It With You." The cautious father could have snagged from $75,000 to $100,000 each on those pictures had he been free.

Joel has never squawked. Long ago *his* father told him, "The most important thing in life is *living*." When Joel thought security the best thing for the McCrea family, he paid the price.

When Frances restricted herself to two pictures a year and Joel sold himself down the river to Sam-on-Legree Goldwyn (a durn good boss, says Joel) all Hollywood wagged what passes for its head. "If those two can commit career suicide, they'll certainly do it."

AT the moment Joel was lendable. Paramount offered *both* the leading rôles in "Wells Fargo" to the McCreas. Free advice became frantic: "Romance on the screen between husband-and-wife actors! Screwball idea! Idiots! The public won't take it!"

Joel and Frances talked over the story with Producer-director Frank Lloyd, argued vividly both ways and—(they love to disregard advice)—announced blandly, "We'll do it."

It seems hard for the McCreas to lose. "Wells Fargo" strengthened both. Frances' assignment opposite Ronald Colman in "If I Were King" was sought by a dozen leading actresses and now Joel prepares for a De Millean triumph in "Union Pacific."

Friends peck at Frances and Joel for "the secret." Both declare they have never made each other any special promises and neither one has ever asked the other to make any particular sacrifice. Yet the record shows they both stand ready, all the time.

A fellow actress pressed Frances most of one afternoon on how she "handled" Joel. Finally one tip came, so practical, so illuminating, it takes the breath away:

"I don't believe 'matrimonial vacations' are necessary or desirable. The place to work out problems and find happiness is with each other.

"But when either husband or wife does go away, remember this: there's bound to be a feeling of relief—from strain of work, perhaps from details of homemaking.

"Better be sure the husband or wife doesn't attribute that relief *to being away from the loved one.*

"If there's personal strain between you, that's not the time for a trip.

"Joel and I never part from each other, even for overnight, except when we're at our very happiest."

That sounds more like brains than luck!

To know what you really want in life, to peg away at it all the time, to be prepared to make any necessary sacrifice — that's the McCrea formula. (And somehow the sacrifices turn out to be gains.)

The other evening Frances and Joel were both kept late in town, effecting a rare appearance in a Hollywood restaurant. One of the town's most cynical columnists read his own column the next day and scratched his head. He had written:

"They came and ate and went away, and they had no eyes for anyone but each other. Every watcher followed them through the door with envious glances."

Yes—it pays to put love first.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

has brought forth similar plans from others, one of the most prominent of which is the merge between Vic Orsatti, another high-powered flesh peddler and John Emerson, the producer and co-author of "San Francisco" . . . .

PERHAPS it is because of this producer situation that there is, today in Hollywood, so much friction between the creative personalities and their producers . . . so perhaps if these new production schemes in which the personalities have a share work out, all these vivid people can forget their quarrels and go back to giving us some fun . . . and whatever the new plan does, it should do away with some of the horrible miscasting under which stars now suffer . . . privately I think it is a waste of talent to put an enchanting comedienne like Claudette Colbert in the creaky old "Zaza" . . . the real reason Miss Colbert is doing "Zaza" is simply because Paramount was stuck with it when they discovered that Isa Miranda, whom they had brought over from Italy, simply couldn't play the rôle . . . certainly you can't blame stars for protesting against such rulings . . . certainly it looks sensible for them to follow the examples of men like Cary Grant and Ronald Colman who, under definite commitments to no one studio, manage to pick rôle after rôle that keeps them at the very top. . . .

As regards a writer like Mr. Emerson being a success as a producer, here's a story which I believe will prove to you that his chances are very high. . . .

After the preview of "San Francisco," all official Hollywood was carrying on in high glee over having another hit . . . pushed around in the lobby crowd I happened to find myself beside the author and I immediately piped up my congratulations, too. . . .

"Why shouldn't it be a hit?" asked Mr. Emerson, grinning. "Every situation in the piece, but one, is planned along the lines of situations that have been hits in melodramas since they began. We just strung them along to make a set of thrills. We did have to have one absolutely new situation and it had to be shocking. We couldn't think of anything more shocking than a crook striking a priest. So we wrote that scene."

Which, of course, is a grand spoofing way to talk of one's "art" since it tells nothing of the labor it takes to "string them along to make a set of thrills" . . . but we feel that a man with as much honesty and sense of humor as Mr. Emerson won't lose those qualities even when he becomes a movie producer out on his own. . . .

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BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

He Really Mows 'Em Down

(Continued from page 21)

still remember their fierce warnings—"Quiet! I said—*Quiet!*" The whole set trembles.

Well, when Joe McDonough's first roar rang out, it had an echo—

"Quiet," piped Charlie McCarthy.

"*Settle down,*" glowered Joe.

"I said 'Settle down!'" squeaked Charlie.

"Roll 'em!" ordered Joe.

"Sure," agreed Charlie. "Roll 'em."

It was very disconcerting, but it takes more than a haranguing dummy to get in Joe McDonough's hair because, for one thing, Joe hasn't much hair. The elements themselves had to come to Charlie McCarthy's aid for the supreme satire on assistant directing.

In the middle of a later scene, one of those brief but violent California thunderstorms broke over the San Fernando Valley and the stage at Universal shivered with a peal of thunder. In the hush that followed, the strident voice of Charlie McCarthy rang out:

"*Quiet!*" he yelled.

The thunder ceased immediately.

"Boy," said Charlie, "that's telling 'em!"

BREAKING up scenes, aided or not by the rumblings of nature, was one of Charlie's specialties.

One day Charlie, Edgar and Andrea Leeds were tied up in a heavy scene when the writer on the picture strolled onto the set. Being nervous, as most writers are, he was absent-mindedly flipping a half dollar which presently missed his palm and dropped with a silvery clink on the floor. It wasn't enough noise but what the sound monitor could fix it; it was enough, though, to touch off Charlie.

He whipped his face to the sound of silver.

"Tails!" he cried. That broke it up.

In fairness to Charlie, however, it should be said that his studio-set influence wasn't all destructive. Often, in his unique fashion, Charlie actually helped things along.

There was one time, during the filming of "Letter of Introduction," when Charlie's fresh antics amply aided a scene. It was after a long afternoon of a very difficult shot. Charlie had been sliding down a banister all afternoon. Something was wrong with every take. Finally, after about three hours' work, they made a perfect shot. Whereupon Charlie, while the cameras still whirred, turned to Bergen:

"Don't look now, Bergen," he whispered hoarsely, "but I think I picked up a splinter!"

When Stahl yelled "Cut!" the laughter was mixed with groans. The fresh little guy had spoiled it. But Stahl smiled—"We'll keep it in the picture," he said. "I think it's funnier that way!"

THE really funny part about the whole McCarthy-versus-Hollywood business is that Charlie, who is, after all, only a wooden doll, gets the blame, or credit, for all of it. The man who actually says and does the things that have given the brittle little brat his reputation escapes scot free. That is because, for some reason or other, Charlie McCarthy is invariably regarded by everyone he meets as real flesh and blood.

John Stahl admitted he couldn't watch anyone else but Charlie when he was in the scene. Once he okayed a take where Bergen had made a mistake—so busy was he watching the McCarthy. Even the script girl, meticulously trained to observe everything, blushed once and admitted she couldn't tell what Andrea Leeds had done in the shot previous.

And on no one does he exert it more than on his boss and alter ego, Edgar Bergen. Bergen and Charlie, of course, are as different as day and night. Bergen is shy to the point of reticence. He says little and in a crowd always hunts the deepest corner. With girls he is polite but uncomfortable; Charlie is fresh and confident. Bergen is formal with his directors, his fellow stars, all the people who work for or with him. Charlie is familiar, insulting.

Tommy Farr, the prize fighter, visited the studio while "Letter of Introduction" was shooting. He was brought on the set for some publicity pictures and met Charlie. When he left, he was fighting mad. Charlie aped his odd Welsh accent, inferred that as a fighter he was a cream puff and a number of other extraordinary, uncomplimentary things. But Edgar Bergen was never in any danger. The big scrapper muttered only against Charlie. It is really amazing.

In fact, the game has been played so long by Bergen himself that there is no doubt but that he at least subconsciously believes it. To him, Charlie is a real little person.

IN Bergen's new house, Charlie has his own room, his own wardrobe, bed, chairs, stationery, even pictures on the wall, made of various colored woods and carved in appropriate McCarthy design. He is taken in this room every night and put to bed beneath the stuffed head of a mountain goat and an air rifle. Under the B-B gun hangs this defiant McCarthy boast—"The Hell I didn't!"

Sweethearts of Edgar Bergen's have testified before to the impossibility of rivaling Charlie McCarthy for the affections of Edgar Bergen. As his mentor's romance buster-upper, the kid bats a thousand per cent.

This distinct and separate personality reality has let Charlie pick on Bergen himself as much as on any of the rest of his Hollywood quarry. In "Letter of Introduction," moreover, it allowed him to act as a sort of prompter, conscience and general outlet for Edgar's nerves.

In one particular scene—a rather simple one—Edgar simply couldn't get going. Patiently Stahl put him through a dozen takes—but all of them Bergen "blew" to the skies. It struck Edgar himself funny after a particular bad mix-up and he began to laugh.

"Shut up," commanded Charlie. "This is no laughing matter!"

"Sorry, Charlie," Bergen apologized.

Charlie turned to Stahl. "He'll get it right this time," he promised.

Bergen got it right.

JUST how long Charlie McCarthy can go on deflating puffed personalities and wilting stuffed shirts in Hollywood, not to mention keeping his own creator in hot water, is something that no one seems competent to foretell. Maybe, when Edgar started work on the new and different dummy, he had a hunch that the kid is getting out of control. Maybe he believes that Charlie's sins will soon catch up with him and swallow him from the rear in one avenging gulp.

Certain it is that Charlie has rushed in where angels hitherto have feared to tread. Often you would swear that Bergen is not only surprised but downright mortified when Charlie annihilates reputations at Hollywood parties and sizzles stars in the public frying pan which always precedes live-air time on the Chase and Sanborn broadcast.

Even the one annual event which all Hollywood respects and takes seriously, the Academy Awards Banquet, took it on the chin from Charlie.

You'll recall that a special award was voted to Edgar Bergen and Charlie. It was a tiny one, presented for unusual merit in a field not included in the regular classifications.

After the announcement and presentation, Edgar Bergen took the spotlight with Charlie roosting on his arm.

He made the kind of modest, appreciative speech you would expect. He said he was deeply touched by the honor and especially by the hospitable way all Hollywood had received him and Charlie. He said a number of nice, sincere, to-be-expected things.

But all the time Charlie McCarthy was peering at the tiny statue in Bergen's hand and then at the big ones lined up for the other stars. And right away he set up a howl.

"What's the idea?" yelled Charlie. "Why don't we get a *big* one, Bergen?"

Edgar tried to shush him. He kept on with his speech of thanks. But it was no use. Throughout it all the insistent yips of Charlie McCarthy were sounding out. "I want a big one! It's fixed! Unfair! How come?" and so forth.

As Bergen walked away, bowing and blushing, the irrepressible little realist on his elbow was yelling at the top of his boxwood lungs.

"They can't do this to me, Bergen! I'll mow 'em down!"

But turnabout is fair play. Oddly enough, that's the very fate that may await Charlie McCarthy in Hollywood—if he doesn't watch out!

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured. Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education. The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

for a Hollywood star when she's making a picture.) A salad, a small broiled chop or steak, a green vegetable, squash or some other in-season vegetable. Her dessert is a dish of stewed fruit or sherbet.

As she doesn't have to worry about gaining weight, she eats starches when she likes, usually potatoes with her evening meal and pastries about twice a week. Never overdoing it, you see.

Dorothy's diet is well-balanced and rich in all the elements that go to make up a strong, healthy body, clear skin and lustrous hair. If you are neither underweight nor overweight, I'd suggest that you follow it, too, and I'm sure that you'll notice an improvement in the condition of your skin and hair as well as in your general health. It's an energy-building diet, too.

"HOW do you take care of your skin at night?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't do very much to it," Dorothy replied. "I think the most important thing in skin care is to keep it clean all the time. So I remove my make-up with at least two applications of cleansing cream. Then I smooth a rich cream into my face, wipe most of it off and leave just a touch of it on overnight. I never put on make-up, though, without first cleansing my face thoroughly. I think it's very bad for your skin to keep adding make-up all day. And, as I said, I always wash it with soap and water in the morning.

"I generally have a facial pack and treatment about once every two weeks to keep my skin in good condition, too."

You, however, don't need to have a professional facial, because there are several very good ones on the market that you can apply yourself at home.

"You use a special make-up at night, don't you?" I inquired. "You practically threw glamour all over the place the other night at the Troc. How did you get the effect?"

"I guess it was the powder," said Dorothy. "You see, I have a powder that's blended specially for me. It contains a lot of lavender and I use it only for evening wear." (So that's what gave her skin the lovely transparent look it had!)

"In the evening, I use a little more mascara and some eyeshadow, which I blend almost up to the brows. Every now and then, when I want a more dramatic effect, I have the eyeshadow flecked with gold or silver grains. I don't use rouge at night, either, and of course the color of my lipstick blends with that of my dress."

That's an important point, too, and one that can't be mentioned too often, especially this season when vivid colors are so smart. Use a bright, clear red with black. If you're wearing the new plum or purplish colors, be sure that your lipstick has blue as its basic tone, so it will blend with your costume.

Dorothy brushes her hair constantly. She is one of the very few girls in pictures who has long hair, and by using a stiff, long-bristled brush she keeps it smooth and lustrous. The only other care she gives it is having it shampooed once or sometimes twice weekly with a very fine, pure soap.

"Now how about exercise?" was my next question.

"Well, when I was much younger, I was inclined to be plump and I was afraid of gaining weight. I discovered that tennis and swimming and dancing kept down my weight and gave me the long, slim lines I wanted, so I went in for these sports with a terrific bang. I don't have that problem any more and I don't want to lose any weight, but I still play tennis about three times a week when I'm not working and try to go swimming once or twice weekly. I don't take any calisthenics, though, because I don't need them, but everyone should take some kind of exercise to keep in good condition."

Dorothy practices diligently to strengthen her throat muscles, however, and it's a very good thing for you to do, also. She throws her head back and then drops it forward on her chest as far as possible. Moving the head to the left as far as you can and then to the right is also very fine.

To keep her eyes clear and bright, Dorothy exercises them daily, too, by rolling them from left to right, then up and down, closing them; then opening them and starting all over. She does this twenty-five times. She washes her eyes with a good lotion daily. If she has time, she lies down for a half-hour before dinner and takes advantage of this respite by dipping cotton pads into an herb eye solution and placing the pads over her eyelids.

I NOTICED Dorothy's hands, which are smooth and velvety, with beautifully shaped nails, and asked her what she did about them. "Just hand lotion morning and evening and whenever my hands have been in water. Cuticle cream on my nails before I go to bed. I have a thorough manicure once a week and generally have my nail polish changed daily."

To sum it all up, Dorothy believes that everyone to be glamorous must be immaculate in appearance so that she'll never be caught unawares, and that cleanliness is definitely the biggest and most important step toward the achieving of glamour. The final touch of glamour is her use of perfume. She applies a drop to the lobe of each ear, a drop to her hair, another under her chin, and on her wrists, so that there will be a delightful aura of scent all about her.

You need no proof of the efficacy of Dorothy's beauty routine, because, when you see her on the screen, you see the finished result.

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Portrait of a Man Walking Alone

(Continued from page 32)

provocation. He is a poor student of politics and has a positive mania for buying antiques. He wears a wristwatch, is good at spelling and listens to advice easily.

He would rather be the talker in a discussion than the listener.

He is a good manager of his own business.

He thinks women have lost nothing by affecting mannish styles. He spreads his feet and braces himself as if for a fight when he sings.

He does not like being guest of honor at a large function and it is easy for him to admit he is wrong. His knowledge of history is rather disjointed.

He thinks good taste is the result of education.

He is not quick-tempered.

He spends most of his time when at home in his own bedroom which is fitted out with all the conveniences of other sections of the house. He carries a lighter and his favorite flower is the rose.

His beard is heavy and he does not like to watch soccer or basketball.

He is able to sing in French, German, Italian, Russian, Yiddish, Spanish and Latin. He has never read "Penguin Island" or the works of Gertrude Stein.

He has his own pewter beer mug at Jeager's Restaurant, New York.

He thinks Kirsten Flagstad the last of the great dramatic opera stars. He considers himself a realist, a sentimentalist and a cynic with a slight predominance of the first.

He likes farmyard smells and does not care for modernistic interiors.

He never uses oil on his hair.

He was born in a New England type house and does not like highly spiced foods. He reads the comic strips, loves museums and never attends the concerts at the Hollywood Bowl.

He is frank and forthright. His father was a machinist engaged in naval work. He does not like to read publicity about himself.

His rarest possession is a cook who welcomes big parties.

He dislikes taking long walks and remains unflattered by autograph hounds. He thinks Fontainebleau Forest the most awesome park he has ever seen. His outlook on life is optimistic.

He has a particular hatred for being interviewed by women.

He is extremely nervous at his own previews and has never worn silk underwear. He enjoys prize fights, tennis matches and loves the travesty of modern wrestling.

He is not of a suspicious nature and cannot stand Hawaiian music. He has an aversion to singing by request at the homes of friends.

He is addicted to considerable whistling, humming and singing when by himself. He has no preference in suit colors and he thinks human nature has not changed fundamentally during the last hundred years.

He dislikes writing letters, likes wearing neckties, and his eyes are blue.

He has been happiest in Hollywood and thinks war will never be abolished. He is not a fatalist.

He still reads fairy tales.

He has a radio in his car and likes to hear symphonic recordings. He has no thought of retirement or escape from anything. He hates starched collars.

He is a very poor after-dinner speaker and he cannot understand the writings of Kant. He feels that money has nothing to do with happiness, its consummation depending entirely on one's capacity to be happy.

He likes sea travel and makes no point of seeing all the pictures made by other singers.

Nelson Eddy is high-strung.

He has grown an inch in the past four years, making him six feet, one inch tall.

He makes no pretensions at being an actor and never goes in for winter sports. He thinks radio has raised the average of music appreciation in the United States.

He is very moody and prefers doing his reading in bed. His favorite number is Wolfram's Song to the Evening Star from "Tännhauser."

He dislikes double-billing of movies and has a special fondness for little out-of-the-way restaurants. He always wears business suits and has an extraordinary physical stamina.

He doesn't care when he goes to bed.

He likes baseball and football and dislikes barber shops.

He likes to drive on long motor trips. He has never had his hand read or an astrological chart made for him. He is one of the few actors in Hollywood who is not a Kentucky Colonel.

He practically forced himself into a taste for Brahms. He has no ambition to climb a mountain and he prefers bathing under a shower rather than in a tub.

Nelson Eddy learned many operatic arias from phonograph records. His first job was as a telephone operator in an iron works and he was fired from an advertising agency because he paid too much attention to music.

He voted the last time fifteen years ago. He is very sensitive to other people's opinions and he is addicted to soft-collared shirts.

He never wears jewelry, doesn't like hamburgers and is always punctual.

For ten years, husky George O'Brien has been one of American boys' idols in outdoor he-man action pictures. Happily married to Marguerite Churchill, he is an example of another side of effete Hollywood too often neglected by the sensation-minded

He was a boy soprano in a church choir and if he had not been a singer he would rather have been a fiction writer. He respects the work that colleges do and believes that an educated man is more receptive to the finer things of life. He owns a Welsh terrier and had great difficulty studying dialogue when he first came into pictures.

He is systematic, easily depressed and wears both jacket and pants of pajamas to bed.

He likes listening to political commentators on the radio. He has never been to a hot mineral springs and he does not enjoy the adulation he gets in public places. He particularly enjoys murder mysteries on the screen. His fondest memory is one of boyhood when his mother played the old square piano and with his father the three of them sang old hymns.

He likes riding horseback, takes pretty good care of his money and hates stupidity and chicanery.

He is not vindictive.

His only desire is to continue working as long as he is in demand. He was seasick only once in a storm on the North Sea.

He has a fetish for shoes and is constantly buying new ones. He hates being alone and is always seeking companions.

He likes to go shopping. He thinks the chief virtue of American pictures as compared with the European is a feeling of physical cleanliness—the film, the sets and backgrounds seeming cleaner.

He was born in Providence, Rhode Island. His hobby is modeling and he values beyond any price his first torso. He feels that he has utilized his fullest capacities in life.

He thinks the most beautiful sight he has ever seen was an autumn sunset over Frenchman's Bay seen from Winter Harbor, Maine. He catches cold easily.

He drinks little coffee, much milk and seldom wears a lounging robe.

His first song on the screen was in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady." He has never gone hunting, belongs to no lodges, clubs or societies. He plays solitaire and never has a hunch. He prefers city life and suffers a slight astigmatism.

He has visited the Chinatown of every major city in the United States and thinks most night clubs are stupid.

He plays golf badly, dislikes gambling, hates formal dress and thinks Slater Park, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the loveliest he has ever seen. He considers "Naughty Marietta" his best picture. His favorite restaurants are Solari's in San Francisco and Count Arneaud's in New Orleans.

He thinks swing is the bad dream of music. He likes early autumn, medium-rare roast beef, and he is of English descent with a slight dash of Holland Dutch. He does not think success and happiness are synonymous.

He never plays bridge, has never dieted, takes calisthenics every morning and is devoted to Shakespeare's sonnets.

Nelson Eddy's first job was a recital of American Revolution songs for the Colonial Dames in Philadelphia. A generous lady rewarded him with twenty-five dollars. In later years he sang at her funeral when his price for a song was considerably higher.

His success has been gradual, life has been good to him and he is determined to enjoy it.

Bob Burns of Van Bazooka

(Continued from page 23)

says and does, yet never stains his material with the muck of moral manure piles or flaunts the bad weeds of envy and malice. And for a final comparison, there is about Burns as there was about Rogers, a constant radiation of modesty—gratefulness for and pride in having climbed high, but never any cheap ostentation, any obvious posing, any arrogance of pretense. Bob Burns is as easy to get along with as an old pair of shoes—and not much prettier.

ALMOST anybody can be a successful failure. It takes a stout soul and a clear head not to become a private failure after worldly success has arrived and especially as it arrived in Burns' case, almost, so to speak, overnight.

Three years ago or a little better, Bob Burns was hard put to it to earn an average of $1,500 a year. In this year of grace, 1938, he is making as much—or more—in a day as he made then in a year.

And, if I am one to judge, it hasn't spoiled him, hasn't altered him out of his mold of loyalty to the environment from which he came or fondness of his mates of those lean times, or affection for the memories of the days when he was a struggling, underpaid vaudevillian.

People who knew him back there tell me he is the same Bob Burns he was then.

Three men I think of who largely built their fame on continued and everlasting devotion to their home towns—Will Rogers, the late O. O. McIntyre and Bob Burns. Will put Claremore on the map and, by constant whimsical references, loyally kept it there. McIntyre dealt tenderly and sentimentally with boyhood scenes in Gallipolis. Now along comes this copper-crested fellow Burns and, through jokes about a host of imaginary but enormously comic kinfolks and neighbors, makes of Van Buren a shrine of humor—a place which inevitably you picture as a place where people do laughable things and say laughable things but never mean or sordid or cruel or dirty-minded—nor ever vulgar.

Take that tale of Bob's—a favorite of mine—about his fabulous "Uncle Fud," who always was tolerant and gentle in his estimates, who never had a harsh word for anybody or anything. Bob, coming home for a visit, heard that Uncle Fud had been sentenced to the penitentiary for forgery and at once went to call on the unfortunate in his cell.

"Look here, Uncle Fud," he said, "you can't read, can you?"

"Nary a word, son," said the prisoner.

"Nor write either?"

"Can't even write my own name, Robin."

"Well how on earth could any jury find a man guilty of forgery who can't read and write?"

"Well, boy," said Uncle Fud, "studyin' it over, I'm beginnin' to think mebbe I didn't have a very good lawyer."

Perhaps Burns himself doesn't know it, but I am of the opinion that had he followed the course which the average man under like circumstances might have followed, he would never have attained to his present place in the popular estimation. Had he gone Broadway—had he gone Hollywood, either—he might have been by now a cynical, shrewd, sarcastic commentator on the passing show, passing out sidewalk repartee and playing the Bazooka excellently well—and like so many of the run of the theatrical breed, been looking for a job. But by some instinctive magic he kept the small-town viewpoint, kept close to the homespun verities of life which the city so often strangles, kept the angles and slants of the real underlying Americanism which you'll still find, if only you know how to look for it, in the Claremores and the Gallipolises and the Van Burens of the land.

Having come to know its most distinguished citizen and favorite native son, I'd like to go to Van Buren myself someday. Thar's gold in them hills, pardner!

And from there Bob Burns brought some of that same gold in his heart. That today he is drawing fat dividends from it is all the more to his credit—and Arkansaw's.

What Really Happened to Bette Davis' Marriage?

(Continued from page 25)

like a sick man? There was nothing at all the matter with him; he simply was being difficult and spoiled.

Her will tried to make it that way, but for once it failed. She didn't want Ham to be unhappy, or ill, or disturbed; didn't honestly see why he should be. Things had been all right so far; why did they have to change now?

But Ham had reached the psychological moment where things *did* have to change, and he with them, as he very well knew. The silent moody young man, wrapped in an impenetrable wall of gloomy reserve, was not the most stimulating companion in the world for a mercurial, brilliant wife.

So Ham threw a suitcase in his car and drove back East, back to New England. He visited all Bette's relatives and his own. But, chiefly, this is what he did: he went back to every one of the places in Massachusetts and Connecticut that he and Bette had shared in their early courtship. He did not write letters to her, but every few days a postal card would arrive, with the picture of some landmark in their lives, and the message on it would say, simply, "I remember the blue dress you wore here on a Sunday night in June." Or, "They have fixed the leak in the canoe, but the trees are the same" . . . .

Bette, tormented and distracted, was hard pressed by her emotions. She didn't honestly know whether it was right to try and pick up the raveled ends of their separated lives and try to weave them back together again, or to break it off sharply, then and there. But the chance was that a too-hasty reconciliation would merely work around to the same impasse again and they would be right where they were before Ham went East.

She was on vacation, so she took sister Bobbie and went up to Lake Tahoe, on the Nevada border. This immediately gave rise to the rumor that she was there for a divorce. This was not true.

TO squelch this divorce rumor, Ham tore across the continent, driving six hundred miles a day, and joined Bette in Tahoe.

But not the same Ham who went away. This one, Bette says, looks and talks and thinks and laughs more like the boy she married seven years ago. A measure of his old independent spirit came back with him and Bette is triumphantly proud of it.

This extraordinary Bette is that rarest of rare human beings—an absolutely honest person who is honest even with herself. More than once I have heard her say, "I feel sorry for these poor devils of Hollywood husbands. They lead a dog's life and they never get a break. They are among the forgotten men and the unsung heroes of this world, with very few exceptions!"

And so, Bette gives Ham all the best of it—she would—and she wants it that way. She wouldn't speak again to anyone who made it, by the word spoken or written, any other way. In all justice, there are faults on both sides, as in every comparable case.

The real reasons behind the difficulties of any two married persons are known only to themselves, and to no other. No divorce judge, however astute, no lawyer, no friend ever knows the *real* reasons.

Generally they are so pyramided and interlocked that the very persons involved could not accurately separate and identify and catalogue them. If they are very smart, they don't even try; they just go on from there. And that is what Bette and Ham are trying to do.

BETTE and Ham are both back in Hollywood now, living apart in a "trial separation," and subsequent developments are exactly where Bette says, "in the lap of the gods." We who know and love Bette are aware that she has been protecting and defending her marriage for some time—not consciously, for she is not a person to discuss casually her intimate relationships. But she was determined to make it endure and she has tried, perhaps more sincerely than most women would have, because marriage to her is a permanent institution not to be entered or abandoned lightly.

If, during this supercharged interval of uncertainty, someone should come along to interest Bette more than Ham does, even temporarily, it would complicate things—but even then, unless she fell sincerely in love, I do not think she would rush off for a divorce. The same thing could, possibly, happen to Ham. Persons in their indeterminate state of mind are always at the mercy of their undefended emotions. They may be back together again tomorrow—or they may decide their only solution is divorce. The weight of opinion is toward the latter solution.

I will let all the masterminds and the columnists make all the definite predictions and keep you posted exactly as to what is going to happen to Bette and Ham from day to day. As for me, I merely know them pretty well, love them dearly, admire them greatly, see them frequently—and haven't the faintest idea what they are going to do next.

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Golden Girl

(Continued from page 22)

contract was cancelled in a nightmare and I ended up shining shoes."

On the walls of the bedroom are two pictures. One is of the girls' mother when she was a little girl; the other is of their niece, daughter of sister Martha, married to Maxwell Edwards, English instructor at the University of Illinois.

Over each bed are flower prints and the outstanding object of furniture is an unpretentious maple desk, cluttered with perfumes and toilet waters—a Priscilla fetish—abetted by smitten boy friends.

PRISCILLA explains that her fracture of the romance with Wayne Morris was caused by nothing more serious than her ambition to give herself a chance in the career now warmly beckoning.

"I won't marry—not now—not for at least five years," she confided. "I've heard it somewhere before—but it holds true with me just the same—career and marriage don't mix."

As this is being written, Priscilla is being escorted frequently by Orin Haglund, an assistant director, "but—" as she said to me, "it's no romance."

Five feet two-and-a-half inches tall, the youngest of the Lanes weighs 102 pounds, has corn-silky blonde hair, sky-blue eyes—and the smallest waist in Hollywood—just barely eighteen inches all around with a true tape measure. She doesn't drink and uses no make-up save a dab of lip rouge. A scar on her right shoulder blade is the result of leaning against a hot radiator at a tender age when her shoulder blade reached no higher than the radiator's summit. She also has two tiny moles on each side of her neck. "One is my 'no' mole—the other my 'yes' mole," is her whimsical comment "They never agree."

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" is Priscilla's favorite book and "Little Women" a runner-upper. She has read each at least fifteen times, she estimates. She prefers classical music but admits, until recent years, she dreaded the thought of music lessons. She wears a 4½ C shoe, insists she is not superstitious but won't walk under a ladder and carries with her, as a good-luck token, the tiny beret she wore in "Four Daughters."

She won't wear blue on Mondays, considers seven her lucky number and Wednesday her lucky day. That is because it was on a Wednesday that she started with Waring, also the day she started broadcasting, was cast in "Four Daughters" and started working in "Brother Rat."

Nightgowns are her passion. She boasts two hundred of them — in silk, flannel, satin, lace-fringed and fur-fringed.

But she has a mere dozen pair of bedroom slippers.

Priscilla made her first public appearance at the age of nine—at an amateur night in a Des Moines theater. She did a tap dance and nothing more would have been said of the occasion if she hadn't tripped while making her exit, falling flat on her freckled face. The crowd liked that—and roared. Priscilla leaped to her feet, dashed into the wings and then, sticking her pert head out, yelled, "Yoo hoo, folks. I meant to do that." Perhaps, although I don't believe it, that is why, in later years, she and Rosemary were hired by the same theater to sing accompaniments to Lola Lane's pictures.

Priscilla had made up her young mind that she was to be an actress and cajoled her parents into sending her to the Fagin Dramatic school in New York to study acting. She was fourteen then. At the end of the term, her mother and Rosemary arrived to take her home. And then one of those movie situations occurred. The three stopped in at a music-publishing firm to buy some new music. The girls tried out the songs there and Fred Waring, passing in the hall, heard them. Curious, he entered, liked their faces and their voices and signed them to sing with his Pennsylvanians. They remained with Waring for five years.

Priscilla tells me her first show with the band was at the Roxy Theatre in New York and now, being many years past her amateur debut at nine, she was jittery. To calm her nerves, she stuck a piece of gum into her mouth before the performance and was still chewing when Waring gave her the cue to start singing. Annoyed when he saw her mouth wagging, he stopped the band and chided her. Priscilla made a flippant and undeniably impertinent remark. As on that other occasion, the house roared and from then on she was stamped as a comedienne—and comedienne she seemed doomed to remain until Hal Wallis cast her in "Four Daughters," where she proved herself capable of more serious emotions.

Priscilla confesses to gratitude to Waring for whatever success may be her portion. It was when Warner Brothers signed Waring and his band for "Varsity Show" that she and Rosemary got what is commonly termed their first "break"—because he it was who suggested that the girls be cast for rôles in the picture. As I told you earlier, the studio saw great possibilities in Rosemary—and was merely tolerant toward Priscilla. Nevertheless, both youngsters came through satisfactorily and Warners purchased their contracts from Waring.

Waring, of course, is not to be blamed for Priscilla's devotion to cats—about a dozen of them run loose at her home. Among them is no longer the one she picked up near the ranch—a lady cat which did not turn out to be a lady—she bit Priscilla. It was a wildcat!

THE girl is an expert tennis player and equestrienne, deft at lassoing and spinning a trick rope. She once won a red ribbon at a rodeo and she can roll her own cigarettes.

She is up at five every morning, being awakened by her mother who has a hot breakfast waiting for her—and at night, upon her return from the studio, a hot dinner. Mama Mullican is her business manager and invests her money in government bonds and annuities—placing Priscilla on an allowance.

The home they live in is rented but has been completely furnished and decorated by the girls themselves. They moved in without any furniture and started to buy one piece at a time—adding the pieces whenever they saw one that hit their fancy. The white wooden fence encirling the grounds was painted by Priscilla herself.

In conversations with the young star, I learned that recently she had had two wisdom teeth extracted, that she hated night clubs and parties and all things formal, that she loved mystery and adventure stories, especially at night when they scare the stuffings out of her, also that she likes books on horses, and pulp magazines, with fudge to chew upon while reading them.

Priscilla doesn't like fancy clothes. Lola and Rosemary design dresses and experiment with them by making Priscilla wear them. She has never cared much for the garments they have thrust upon her. Her roadster is of an inexpensive, popular make, numerology is her fad and she writes music proficiently. During the making of "Four Daughters," the cast desired to express its appreciation of Director Mike Curtiz, so Priscilla wrote a song, words and music, and the cast sang it to him.

"I'll never be as pretty as Rosemary," sighs Priscilla, "nor as smart as Lola, nor as studious as Leota, nor as content as Martha. Maybe I'm the family misfit." But Lola and Rosemary and Leota and Martha modestly insist that most of the fame of the Lane family will rest upon the shoulders of the little ugly duckling who became a Golden Girl, confused fables or have it your way!

Clara Bow, despite the many efforts to get her back on the screen, continues to be the happy housewife of a Nevada ranch. Husband Rex Bell holds George, age six months, while Rex, Jr. watches

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

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200% AMERICANS

WHOEVER started this insane search for foreign talent? Annabella, Simone Simon, Franciska Gaal, Ilona Massey, Danielle Darrieux! Names like these are crowding out the names of such celebrities as Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye and Norma Shearer. And can someone tell me why?

Danielle Darrieux is a beauty! So what? There's nothing wrong with the Lombard profile and La Faye could make a man swoon any day. Luise Rainer is THE actress because she won two Academy awards. Well, maybe she is good. (Who am I to doubt it?) But let's not forget Bette Davis and Janet Gaynor. They also have "Oscars" and it's my prediction that they will still be tops long after Rainer "suffers" herself right out of the movies.

These foreign imports have nothing over our own American lassies and yet they monopolize the front pages. Not that I entirely object to these stars-of-other-lands, but why not forget them for a while and concentrate on the less publicized, but just as talented Anne Shirleys and Claire Trevors?

LORETTA WALSKI,
Hammond, Indiana.

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MORE POWER TO JESSE JAMES

ANY old-timer can spend an afternoon telling you that these Ozark Hills still remember the visits of the outlaw brothers, Jesse and Frank James; but never will these same Ozark Hills forget the return of those brothers in the flesh and blood of Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda.

The small town of Pineville, Missouri, has been made into a replica of Liberty, Missouri, stamping ground of the James Gang sixty-five years ago.

The day I watched production, Tyrone, in the leading rôle, smiled his best atop a dated train engine. It was hot as Hades, but still he smiled. I had my doubts about Tyrone. Now I know I like him. He isn't fabulous as I expected. There is even something of the small boy about his solicitude.

But Henry is the same Henry of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It seems to me he hasn't quite the same personal, vibrant contact with all the public as has Tyrone. He's shy. The company should leave Henry when they go. He was made for these Hills.

R. ROBERTS,
Wheaton, Missouri.

What Hollywood Is Thinking

(Continued from page 17)

believe in it for myself."

One feminine objector declared: "Sounds all right in books, but, in real life, the woman always gets the worst of it."

One masculine endorser said: "Yes, if both parties have intelligence enough to understand responsibilities involved."

Of the male dissenters, the majority seemed to feel that conventions, as a whole, are better respected. One cautious youth ventured to remark that such a procedure involved "too much responsibility."

Another felt that "love must remain idealistic to last."

The majority of dissenters, both men and women, were married.

PHOTOPLAY'S fourth question was one which has been creating something of a furor since the turn of the century:

"Do you believe in birth control?"

"Yes," said sixty-nine per cent of the Hollywood women.

And: "Yes!" said ninety-nine and one-half per cent of the men!

Among the feminine "fors," one young star presented the interesting theory that "prospective parents should have time to prove parent worthiness." Several more were of the mind that "modern civilization has gone beyond the laws of nature. To have a baby every year would be unthinkable, physically and financially."

The majority of women, however, gave lack of financial resources as the main reason for birth control.

"I'm working hard, now, and saving my money. I'll have my babies later —but not more than I can afford," one married woman star declared.

For the most part, the feminine dissenters gave religious reasons as the basis of their objections to birth control.

As for the men—they were more laconic on the subject, but the great majority gave lack of adequate finances as the main reason why birth should be controlled.

"When a man can't make enough to support children, he shouldn't have 'em," one wrote.

"It's a tough world and children don't ask to be born. You owe them good breaks or you shouldn't have them," commented another.

"Do you believe a woman is entitled to a career after marriage?" was the next question and one which Hollywood, being a career town, answered characteristically. Ninety-three per cent of the women said yes; and seventy-eight per cent of the men.

"I believe extra-domestic interests help to cement, rather than to break up a marriage," one woman star wrote in support of the idea. She is the wife of a non-professional and their marriage is counted as one of Hollywood's happiest. They have two children.

"Extra money coming in is nice, say what you will," said another young contract player. "I have servants to do my housework, now, but otherwise I might have to do it myself and I am the world's worst cook. I am sure my husband (another non-professional and not wealthy) likes me better this way."

On the other hand: "Laugh, if you like, but I think a woman's place *is* in the home," wrote a recent bride. She is still working, but vows she is going to stop after her next picture.

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Of the men favoring wives as career women, several qualified their answers by saying: "If the career is established before marriage."

A few more said yes, they believed a woman to be entitled to a career but that they would oppose their own wives' having one.

"In theory, it may be okay," wrote one. "But in practice, it is the bunk!"

Among the masculine dissenters a goodly per cent admitted that the idea of a wife's working is bad for the masculine ego.

"I like the idea of paying a wife's bills, provided they're not too big," one remarked. Another: "The old 'protective instinct' gets an awful kick in the pants from the 'career woman.' I'm against her!"

HARD on the heels of Photoplay's question concerning career women came this one:

"Do you believe that half a husband's earnings is rightfully his wife's?"

Results were rather unexpected. Only fifty-one per cent of the women questioned believed in this share and share alike plan, while a chivalrous seventy-seven per cent of the men embraced it!

"A wife earns her keep, all right, and then some!" one young married woman declared.

Another, however, while endorsing the idea, had a different slant on it.

"Yes," she wrote, "a wife has a right to half her husband's income, but he also has a right to half of hers!"

A few of the women who were against the theory said they thought the less financial independence a married woman has, the better off she is.

"It is the right of the male to rule, as well as his duty to protect the female," one wrote. "I think new-fangled financial practices do a lot towards promoting divorce!"

On the other hand, "I don't want my wife to have to ask me for every cent she has. She is entitled to her share of my earnings," insisted a certain male star. "In fact," he added, "her responsibilities are more exacting than my own."

Turning from marriage to a deplorable but often logical sequence of events, Photoplay next concerned itself with questions on divorce.

"Do you believe in divorce?" was the first of these.

"Yes," said sixty-seven per cent of the women and ninety-five per cent of the men.

"Certainly I believe in divorce," wrote one young woman star (unmarried). "If you make a mistake in choice of a career or in any other choice, you try to remedy that mistake. I believe the same practice should apply to marriage."

"Divorce is the only answer to some marital problems," wrote another star (divorced), with decided conviction.

"Yes, I believe in divorce, but only as a last resort," said a third, conservatively. "I do not think a couple should conduct their marriage with the thought of a divorce court forever present, though."

On the other hand: "I am not a Catholic, but I believe that marriage should be for life!" said one of the dissenters. "I should think a long, long time and try every other remedy before I even considered it!"

"I am for divorce—but only as a last resort!" was the consensus of the masculine "fors."

"I never think of divorce, even when I quarrel with my wife, but I suppose it is a good thing in some cases," said another.

"Emphatically, I do *not* believe a divorce court the solution of marital troubles! If divorce was not so easy, fewer couples would jump into hasty marriages," wrote a second male dissenter.

"I think I know what I'm talking about," he added. He should. He has been divorced himself.

"THE most frequent cause of serious marital difficulties?"

Among the women who answered that question, thirty-seven and one-half per cent selected money trouble, eighteen per cent selfishness and lack of consideration, nine per cent sex maladjustment and nine per cent plain incompatibility. The rest of the reasons were well scattered, including jealousy, personal or professional, no sense of humor, moral instability, infidelity, lack of friendship between parties, lack of common interests, lack of good manners.

In contrast, thirty per cent of the men considered jealousy the villain in the marital peace, twenty-nine per cent chose selfishness, fifteen per cent sex maladjustment and only ten per cent believed money the root of all marital evil. One thoughtful young star added to his choice of drink as the greatest cause of trouble, "the neurotic condition of modern women." Another considered "nagging" the main source of trouble. Still another, "inability to see another's point of view."

A majority of women who voted for money trouble apparently believed the old adage: "When poverty walks in the door, love flies out the window."

The women divorcées were almost equally divided in their belief that either money or lack of consideration was the cause of marital trouble. The divorced men favored jealousy, although describing this in several cases as "professional, not personal."

"What do you consider ample grounds for divorce?" was the next question.

"Incompatibility!" answered a majority of both men and women.

"Such a reason may sound a little vague, but try and live with a person who goes against the grain!" wrote one feminine star, herself recently divorced.

"Incompatibility is harder to take than villainy!" declared another divorcée.

"If you are not compatible, you've nothing left when the novelty wears off," wrote a young actor, married.

Second choice of just grounds for divorce among the women was habitual drunkenness.

"Some things can't be helped," one wrote contemptuously, "but this can! And if it is not helped—then *I* want a divorce!"

One man wrote: "A male drunk is bad enough, but a drunken woman is beyond the pale."

A majority of the men, however, considered infidelity second to incompatibility as justification for divorce.

One said: "A fellow might still love an unfaithful wife, but his pride would take him to court."

A fair-sized group of women also considered infidelity grounds for legal separation, but, in general, for a different reason. As one said, "Things would never be the same again if that happened."

Other grounds cited by both men and women included non-support, habitual nagging, public humiliation, refusal to have children, gambling.

"IF necessary, would you gain a divorce by mutual consent (illegal in most states and known as 'collusion')?"

To this question, next on the list, sixty-five per cent of the women answered an unequivocal yes, while only a slight half of the men felt that way about it.

"The only civilized method," stated one young woman player, flatly.

"Emphatically yes. Should be legal in every state!" wrote another.

"The only intelligent way," said one of the men supporting it.

The "against," with scarcely an exception, took their stand because collusion is so extensively illegal.

"We've enough of law breaking, without conspiring to do it," one young star wrote.

THE last question in the first section of Photoplay's questionnaire, was: *"Should there be alimony?"*

The answers to this stacked up rather illogically, for only fifty per cent of the women said they believed in alimony, while sixty per cent of the men declared themselves for it.

Of the women "fors," twelve and one-half per cent of the original fifty per cent demanded alimony only in case there were children to be supported.

A large majority of the men, who went on record as being against alimony in general, qualified this by agreeing that it should be paid in case it was needed for children's support.

Comment for and against was emphatic.

"My father never paid my mother alimony and she was too proud to ask it. But he should have! She gave him the best years of her life!" wrote one girl star, bitterly.

"I wouldn't accept alimony if I were starving!" said another.

"I suppose alimony is all right if there are children, but I am against it in principle," said a third.

Most of the men "fors" considered alimony a "just obligation." "But not in excess," said several, cautiously.

"Women who have done their best to make marriage a success, even though that best is not good enough, should have help until they can make their own living," said several.

On the other hand, "Women have made such a show of being equal . . . Well, here's their chance to see how it works. DOWN with alimony!" concluded a small but militant group of males.

Strangely enough, of those questioned, more of the divorced men favored alimony (although within reason) than the divorced women.

"It's too hard to collect," explained one of the latter, wearily. "I find it easier to work at a job."

This is the first of two PHOTOPLAY *articles on "What Hollywood Is Thinking." Next month: the stars' answers to such vital problems as child raising, sterilization, social theories, politics and religion.*

A CORRIGAN SCOOP!

Here for the first time is the real reason why the famous flyer, "Wrong Way" Corrigan, is going into the movies. Also, a hitherto unpublished story of Lindbergh's Hollywood venture. Both these unusual features to be found—

in January PHOTOPLAY

Casts of Current Pictures

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE" — PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and George Sessions Terry. Based on a story by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Cast: *The Arkansas Traveler*, Bob Burns; *Mrs. Martha Allen*, Fay Bainter; *John Daniels*, John Beal; *Judy Allen*, Jean Parker; *Matt Collins*, Lyle Talbot; *Constable*, Irvin S. Cobb; *Benjamin Franklin Allen*, Dickie Moore; *Butcher*, Ralph Remley.

"CAMPUS CONFESSIONS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Lloyd Corrigan and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: "*Hank*" *Luisetti*, Himself; *Joyce Gilmore*, Betty Grable; *Susie Guinn*, Eleanore Whitney; *Wayne Atterbury, Jr.*, William Henry; *Freddie Fry*, John Arledge; *Lady MacBeth*, Fritz Feld; *Dean Wilton*, Roy Gordon; *Wayne Atterbury, Sr.*, Thurston Hall; *Coach Parker*, Russ Clark; *Buck Hogan*, Richard Denning; *Ed Riggs*, Matty Kemp.

"DOWN ON THE FARM"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on original stories by Homer Croy, Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The Cast: *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Aunt Ida*, Louise Fazenda; *Herbert Thompson*, Russell Gleason; *Jack Jones*, Ken Howell; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, Billy Mahan; *Cyrus Sampson*, Eddie Collins; *Tessie Moody*, Dorris Bowdon; *Emma Moody*, Roberta Smith; *Tommy McGuire*, Marvin Stephens; *Hofferkamp*, William Haade; *Marvin*, John T. Murray; *Coleman*, William Irving.

"GIRLS' SCHOOL" — COLUMBIA. — Original story by Tess Slesinger. Screen play by Tess Slesinger and Richard Sherman. Directed by John Brahm. The Cast: *Natalie*, Anne Shirley; *Linda*, Nan Gray; *Michael*, Ralph Bellamy; *George*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Duchess*, Cecil Cunningham; *Gwennie*, Margaret Tallichet; *Mrs. Simpson*, Doris Kenyon; *Miss Armstrong*, Marjorie Main; *Monsieur*, Franklin Pangborn; *Miss Laurel*, Gloria Holden; *Betty*, Dorothy Moore; *Nell*, Marjorie Deane.

"IF I WERE KING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Screen play by Preston Sturgis. Director, Frank Lloyd. The Cast: *Francois Villon*, Ronald Colman; *Katherine De Vaucelles*, Frances Dee; *Louis XI*, Basil Rathbone; *Huguette*, Ellen Drew; *Colette*, Alma Lloyd; *Johan LeLoup*, Colin Tapley; *Father Villon*, C. V. France; *Noel*, Bruce Lester; *Renee de Montigny*, Stanley Ridges; *Guy*, William Haade; *Anna*, May Beatty; *Coin*, Adrian Morris; *Casin*, Francis McDonald; *Tristan*, Walter Kingsford; *Captain of the Watch*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Oliver*, Ralph Forbes; *1st Ruffian*, William Merill McCormack; *2nd Ruffian*, Russ Powell; *Robin Turgis*, Sidney Toler.

"KING OF ALCATRAZ" — PARAMOUNT. — Original story and screen play by Irving Reis. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: *Dale Borden*, Gail Patrick; *Raymond Grayson*, Lloyd Nolan; *Steve Murkil*, J. Carrol Naish; *Robert McArthur*, Robert Preston; *Bonnie Larkin*, Virginia Dabney; *Nora Kane*, Nora Cecil; *Captain Glennan*, Harry Carey; *Mathew Talbot*, Porter Hall; *Harry Vay*, Richard Denning; *Dixie*, Dorothy Howe; *Lou Gedney*, Anthony Quinn; *1st Radio Operator*, John Hart; *2nd Radio Operator*, Phillip Warren; *Pietr Mazda*, Harry Worth; *Gun Banshek*, Tom Tyler; *Bill Lustig*, Gustave von Seyffertitz; *Dave Carter*, Eddie Marr; "*Nails*" *Miller*, Paul Fix; *Silver*, John Harmon; *Ed Vierick*, Jack Knoche; *Bartender*, Dick Rich; *Olaf Gustafson*, Emory Parnell.

"LADY OBJECTS, THE" — COLUMBIA. — Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The Cast: *William Hayward*, Lanny Ross; *Ann Adams*, Gloria Stuart; *June Lane*, Joan Marsh; *George Martin*, Roy Benson; *Mr. Harper*, Pierre Watkin; *Ken Harper*, Robert Paige; *Charles Clarke*, Arthur Loft; *Baker*, Stanley Andrews; *Mrs. Harper*, Jan Buckingham; *Miriam Harper*, Bess Flowers; *Miss Hollins*, Ann Doran; *Langham*, Vesey O'Davoren.

"MAN TO REMEMBER, A"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on Katherine Havilan Taylor's story "Failure." Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Garson Kanin. The Cast: *John Abbott*, Edward Ellis; *Jean Johnson*, Anne Shirley; *Dick Abbott*, Lee Bowman; *George Sykes*, Granville Bates; *Homer Ramsey*, Harlan Briggs; *Jode Harkness*, Frank M. Thomas; *Clyde Perkins*, Charles Halton; *Johnson*, John Wray; *Robinson*, Gilbert Emery; *Howard Sykes*, William Henry; *Dick Abbott (child)*, Dickie Jones; *Jean Johnson (child)*, Carole Leete; *Jorgensen*, Joseph De Stefani; *Roy*, Lew Fulton; *Ellie*, Sarah Edwards; *Bookkeeper*, Grady Sutton; *Superintendent*, Julius Tannen.

"MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF"—RKO-RADIO.—Original story by Mark Kelly. Screen play by Philip G. Epstein. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. The Cast: "*Doodle*" *Bugs*, Joe Penner; *Janice Martin*, June Travis; *Offside Jones*, Richard Lane; *Professor Minorous*, Billy Gilbert; *Larry Wendel*, Ben Alexander; *Mickey Wells*, Alan Bruce; *Ellory Bugs*, William Davidson; *Martin*, George Irving; *Wendel*, Pierre Watkin; *Hammond*, Frank M. Thomas; *Sophomores*, Wesley Barry, Bob Parrish, Steve Putnam; *Brennan*, Jack Arnold; *Terry*, Bob Nash; *Delivery Boy*, Edward Arnold, Jr.; *Student Musicians*, Bill Corson, Harry Campbell, Walter Sande, Ned Crawford.

"NIGHT HAWK, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Earl Felton. Directed by Sidney Salkow. The Cast: *Slim*, Robert Livingston; *Della*, June Travis; *McCormick*, Robert Armstrong; *Otto Miller*, Ben Welden; *Parrish*, Lucien Littlefield; *Lefty*, Joseph Downing; *Willie*, Roland L. Gott; *Captain Teague*, Cy Kendall; *Spider*, Paul Fix; *Bobby McCormick*, Billy Burrud; *Lonigan*, Charles Wilson; *Colley*, Dwight Frye; *Larsen*, Paul McVey; *Midruney*, Robert Homans.

"PRAIRIE MOON" — REPUBLIC. — Original screen play by Betty Burbridge and Stanley Roberts. Directed by Ralph Staub. The Cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Frog*, Smiley Burnette; *Peggy*, Shirley Deane; *Brains*, Tommy Ryan; *Nails*, Walter Tetley; *Slick*, David Gorcey; *Welch*, Stanley Andrews; *Barton*, William Pawley; *Mullins*, Warner Richmond; *Hartley*, Raphael Bennett; *Steve*, Tom London; *Pete*, Bud Osborne; *Sheriff*, Jack Rockwell; *Band Leader*, Peter Potter.

"ROOM SERVICE"—RKO-RADIO.—Scenario by Morrie Ryskind from the Broadway comedy hit by John Murray and Allen Boretz. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Gordon Miller*, Groucho Marx; *Henry Binelli*, Chico Marx; *Faker Englund*, Harpo Marx; *Hilda Manning*, Ann Miller; *Christine Marlowe*, Lucille Ball; *Leo Davis*, Frank Albertson; *Joe Gribble*, Clifford Dunstan; *Gregory Wagner*, Donald MacBride; *Dr. Glass*, Charles Halton; *Simon Jenkins*, Philip Wood; *Sasha*, Alexander Asro; *Hogarth*, Philip Loeb; *Elevator Boy*, Donald Kerr; *House Detectives*, Bruce Mitchell, Max Wagner and William Ruhl.

"SISTERS, THE" — WARNERS. — From the novel by Myron Brinig. Screen play by Milton Krims. Directed by Anatole Litvak. The Cast: *Frank Medlin*, Errol Flynn; *Louise Elliott*, Bette Davis; *Helen Elliott*, Anita Louise; *William Benson*, Ian Hunter; *Tim Hazelton*, Donald Crisp; *Rase Elliott*, Beulah Bondi; *Grace Elliott*, Jane Bryan; *Sam Johnson*, Alan Hale; *Tom Knivel*, Dick Foran; *Ned Elliott*, Henry Travers; *Norman French*, Patric Knowles; *Flora Gibbon*, Lee Patrick; *Flora's Mother*, Laura Hope Crews; *Stella Johnsan*, Janet Shaw; *Doc Moore*, Harry Davenport; *Laura Bennett*, Ruth Garland; *Anthony Bittick*, John Warburton; *Caleb Ammon*, Paul Harvey; *Blonde*, Mayo Methot; *Robert Forbes*, Irving Bacon; *Tom Selig*, Arthur Hoyt.

"SONS OF THE LEGION"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Lillie Hayward, Lewis Foster and Robert McGowan. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: *Charles Lee*, Lynne Overman; *Linda Lee*, Evelyn Keyes; *Butch Baker*, Donald O'Connor; *Grandmother Lee*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Uncle Willie Lee*, William Frawley; *Steven Scott*, Tim Holt; *Billy Lee*, Billy Lee; *David Lee*, Billy Cook; *Baker*, Edward Pawley; *Commander of the Legion*, Richard Tucker.

"STABLEMATES"—M-G-M.—From the story by William Thiele and Reginald Owen. Screen play by Leonard Parskins and Richard Maibaum. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Tom Terry*, Wallace Beery; *Mickey*, Mickey Rooney; *Mr. Gale*, Arthur Hohl; *Beulah Flanders*, Margaret Hamilton; *Barney Donovan*, Wimor Watson; *Mrs. Shepherd*, Marjorie Gateson; *Pete Whalen*, Oscar O'Shea.

"STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by M. M. Musselman and Allen Rivkin. Based on a play by Damon Runyon and Irving Caesar. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Denny*, Richard Arlen; *Linda*, Ethel Merman; *Barbara Drake*, Phyllis Brooks; *Drake*, George Barbier; *Hannibal*, Willie Best; *Potter*, Paul Hurst; *Broderick*, Sidney Blackmer; *Syd*, Will Stanton; *Peruvians*, Ivan Lebedeff, Gregory Gaye, Rafael Storm; *Slippery Sol*, Stanley Fields; *Terrible Turk*, Tiny Roebuck; *Promoter*, Ben Welden; *Globe*, Ed Gargan; *Taxi Driver*, George Chandler; *Bartender*, Ralph Dunn; *Carter*, Clay Clement; *Grouch*, Harry Hayden; *Referee*, Pat McKee; *Stout Woman*, Grace Hayle.

"THAT CERTAIN AGE" — UNIVERSAL. — Screen play by Bruce Manning, Charles Hackett and Billy Wilder. Original story by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The Cast: *Alice Fullerton*, Deanna Durbin; *Vincent Bullitt*, Melvyn Douglas; *Ken*, Jackie Cooper; *Mr. Fullerton*, John Halliday; *Mrs. Fullerton*, Irene Rich; *The Pest*, Juanita Quigley; *Mary Lee*, Peggy Stewart; *Tony*, Jackie Searl.

"THERE GOES MY HEART"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Eddie Moran and Jack Jevne. From an original story by Ed. Sullivan. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. The Cast: *Bill Spencer*, Fredric March; *Joan Butterfield*, Virginia Bruce; *Peggy O'Brien*, Patsy Kelly; *Pennypacker E. Pennypacker*, Alan Mowbray; *Dorothy Moore*, Nancy Carroll; *Mr. Stevens (editor)*, Eugene Pallette; *Cyrus Butterfield*, Claude Gillingwater; *Flash Fisher*, Arthur Lake; *Hinckley (Secretary)*, Etienne Girardot; *Detective O'Brien*, Robert Armstrong; *Mr. Dobbs*, Irving Bacon; *Dr. Snezrude*, Charles Waldron; *Mr. Gorman*, Irving Pichel; *Robinson*, Sid Saylor; *Mrs. Crud*, Mary Field; *Officer*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings. Based on a story by Len Hammond. Directed by Jack Conway. The Cast: *Chris Hunter*, Clark Gable; *Alma Harding*, Myrna Loy; *Bill Dennis*, Walter Pidgeon; "*Gabby*" *MacArthur*, Walter Connolly; *Joselito*, Leo Carrillo; *Parsons*, Johnny Hines; *Hulda*, Virginia Weidler; *Mrs. Harding*, Betty Ross Clarke; "*Pearly*" *Todd*, Henry Kolker; *Willie*, Willie Fung; "*Fake*" *Hulda*, Patsy O'Connor.

"TOUCHDOWN ARMY" — PARAMOUNT. — Original story and screen play by Lloyd Corrigan and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The Cast: *Brandon Culpepper*, John Howard; *Jimmy Howell*, Robert Cummings; *Toni Denby*, Mary Carlisle; *Kirk Reynolds*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Jack Heffernan*, William Frawley; *Dick Mycroft*, Benny Baker; *Colonel Denby*, Minor Watson; *Bob Haskins*, Raymond Hatton.

"VACATION FROM LOVE" — M-G-M. — Original story and screen play by Patterson McNutt and Harlan Ware. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The Cast: *Bill Blair*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Patricia Lawson*, Florence Rice; *John Hodge Lawson*, Reginald Owen; *Flo Heath*, June Knight; *Barney Keenan*, Edward S. Brophy; *Mark Shelby*, Truman Bradley; *T. Ames Piermont III*, Tom Rutherford; *Judge Brandon*, Andrew Tombes; *Oscar Wittlesbach*, Herman Bing; *Dr. Waxton*, George Zucco; *French Judge*, Paul Porcasi; *Danny Dolan*, J. M. Kerrigan.

"YOUTH TAKES A FLING"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Myles Connolly and Tom Reed. Directed by Archie Mayo. The Cast: *Joe Meadows*, Joel McCrea; *Helen*, Andrea Leeds; *Frank Munson*, Frank Jenks; *Jean*, Dorothea Kent; *Madge*, Virginia Grey; *Tad*, Brandon Tynan; *Captain Walters*, Oscar O'Shea; *Mr. Judd*, Granville Bates; *Mr. Duke*, Grant Mitchell; *Girl on the Bench*, Marion Martin; *George*, Willie Best.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

THERE is something cozily satisfying about this unpretentious, girl-gets-boy romance and we're inclined to believe ninety per cent of the satisfaction comes from the swell performance delivered by Joel McCrea. As the Kansas farmer boy who yearns with all his might and main to go to sea, Joel scores in every scene. Andrea Leeds, as the shopgirl who lures Joel away from his ocean-going notion by the good old home-cooked-dinner method, seems a bit too serious in the rôle, but manages to provide a proper balance for Joel's delightfully light performance. The comedy (and it's plenty good) is furnished by Frank Jenks and Dorothea Kent, a team that should be held over for more and more pictures. If it's a few quiet chuckles you're looking for, here they are in "Youth Takes a Fling."

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

THIS is a hard-fisted story of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston. They maintain their constant battling while warring unitedly against J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict, and his gang, all of whom have stowed away on a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, as a ship's nurse, is beautifully calm throughout the bloody fracas. Harry Carey is clever as the ship's Captain. It's rather brutal fare.

THE NIGHT HAWK—Republic

POSSIBLY, on a double bill somewhere, you will catch this quick little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Stretch your legs and relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets a respirator through hijacker lines to help bad-man Bob Armstrong's sick brother. Later Armstrong gets a chance to repay the kindness. June Travis provides what romance is necessary.

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

WITH such writers as Richard Sherman and Tess Slesinger on the script you'd expect great things from this. But it disappoints. The simple, Durbin-like charm you are led to expect is missing. Instead, you get a rather heavy story of a sad poor girl, Anne Shirley, in a rich girls' school. Nan Grey is meanest rich girl. Noah Beery, Jr., plays the sympathetic plumber; Kenneth Howell, the poet. Ralph Bellamy has a short, effective bit.

★ A MAN TO REMEMBER—RKO-Radio

A WARM, heart-appealing story of a country doctor, Edward Ellis, whose life story is revealed through the settling of the small estate after his death. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints Doctor Ellis, and Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, both turn in splendid performances, but it's Ellis who steals the spotlight. Harland Briggs, Frank Thomas, Sr. and Granville Bates are three likeable rogues.

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

THE Ritz Brothers, after one or two lesser efforts, now again save from weakness a hastily constructed story. They invade the race track, find lovers Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks quarrelling over a horse named *Playboy,* and resolve the problem in their inimitable way. This is done by proving that *Playboy* is a jumper, not a runner. Ethel Merman sings two good songs, and there are three Ritz sequences that, in one way or another, have classic comedy value.

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

JOHN HOWARD is a smart-cracking, ace football hero who comes to West Point and takes a beating because he isn't too "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, gets in her reform work because, for some inner chemical reason, she just can't help loving this misguided fellow. Love and the Army team both triumph in the last minute of play, with John carrying the ball. It's straight autumn cinema, well done.

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

JOE PENNER and his funny laugh start this one off in a night club. He runs a jitterbug orchestra, but leaves to reenter college. His father offers an endowment of $200,000 to the school if it can turn him into a football hero. Joe likes Ping-pong, but the plot thickens when the president's daughter steps in to change his mind for him. He's pretty funny, with his gags and vague antics, but otherwise it's just another campus picture.

THE LADY OBJECTS—Columbia

THERE'S a quality of down-to-earth understanding of simple human problems in this story of a modern Portia. It concerns Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross, a married couple, and his losses at bridge. She gives the parties for social reasons; he can't afford them so he gets a job singing nights to pay off. At the cabaret Lanny meets an old college flame and she strangles herself in his apartment. Gloria comes to the rescue. There is action and suspense in this, with several fine portrayals.

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

FALL always brings out the college stories and Paramount is just the studio that can do it, too. Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney, Bill Henry—perennial seniors in the movies—all help in this. "Hank" Luisetti, basketball star, centers the slight plot. Is college sport more important than scholastic achievement? asks Paramount. "Hank" effortlessly proves that athletics should have their place, anyway. You'll like it.

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

A MILD little effort with strong basis of Americanism and loyalty as a firm foundation. Tim Holt is the courageous young American who organizes Sons of the Legion into loyal defenders of the Constitution. Lynne Overman and his two sons, Billy Cook and Billy Lee, contribute touching moments. Donald O'Connor, as the toughie who reforms through Holt's efforts, is splendid. William Frawley and Elizabeth Patterson lend capable support.

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

THIS is out of line with the usual Marx Brothers type of antic film. It is a very close interpretation of the play and, comparatively, is not nearly so funny. Still, it has its moments and during those moments you'll rock with hilarity. The story is the simple one of a down-at-the-heels producer who boards his entire company at an hotel, on the cuff, while readying a play. A new manager comes in, causes trouble; Frank Albertson pretends to have measles untill an angel sends on a check. Donald MacBride, as the explosive manager, Philip Loeb, as the "We Never Sleep" collection agency representative, and Frank Albertson, playing the hick author, offer the best portrayals outside of the usual Marx performances.

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

SPECTACULAR, thrill-packed, richly produced and timely of interest, this is the prize Clark Gable-Myrna Loy team's sequel to the hugely successful "Test Pilot." It is built on the idea that a newsreel cameraman's life has never a dull moment. The background is the chaos of today's China.

Of course, there's a feud between two cameramen, and there's a girl. Gable and Myrna, with the suave, humorous Walter Pidgeon replacing sorrowful Spencer Tracy, form the star trio. The two men, in their attempts to outdo each other, even stoop to faking shots; then, when Gable signs Aviatrix Loy to aid him, the rivalry develops an obvious sex angle. Mark down an extra star for Hal Rosson's photography, Jack Conway's fine direction, and the support given by players Walter Connolly, Leo Carrillo and all the others.

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

THE failure of this sometimes amusing, sometimes embarrassing film must be assigned to the miscasting of Fredric March and to the dated story. Surely by now you are tired of seeing the "It Happened One Night" formula; and surely March has never been more unhappy in a rôle. He plays the news reporter who tracks down Virginia Bruce, runaway heiress who is bored with riches and wants to live as the People do. She is befriended by Patsy Kelly, a shopgirl—and here Patsy is in her element. She gets most of the laughs and manages to lift the show from the elegant Miss Bruce and the bewildered Fredric. Eugene Pallette shouts and worries as the editor. Nancy Carroll returns to the screen as another shopgirl but she does not Come Back. If you are still a devotee of the "mad mad fun" school, you will probably enjoy this.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on Page 12 with these correct ones:

1. Errol Flynn
2. Bobby Breen, Deanna Durbin
3. Harry Langdon
4. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea
5. George Bancroft
6. Frank Capra
7. Irene Castle
8. "Wings"—in 1927
9. Madge Evans
10. Harold Lloyd
11. Merle Oberon
12. Frank Morgan
13. Boris Karloff
14. "The Singing Fool"
15. Ricardo Cortez—in her first Picture, "The Torrent"
16. "Penthouse," "Broadway Bill"
17. Miriam Hopkins
18. Carole Lombard
19. Elizabeth Patterson
20. Patric Knowles

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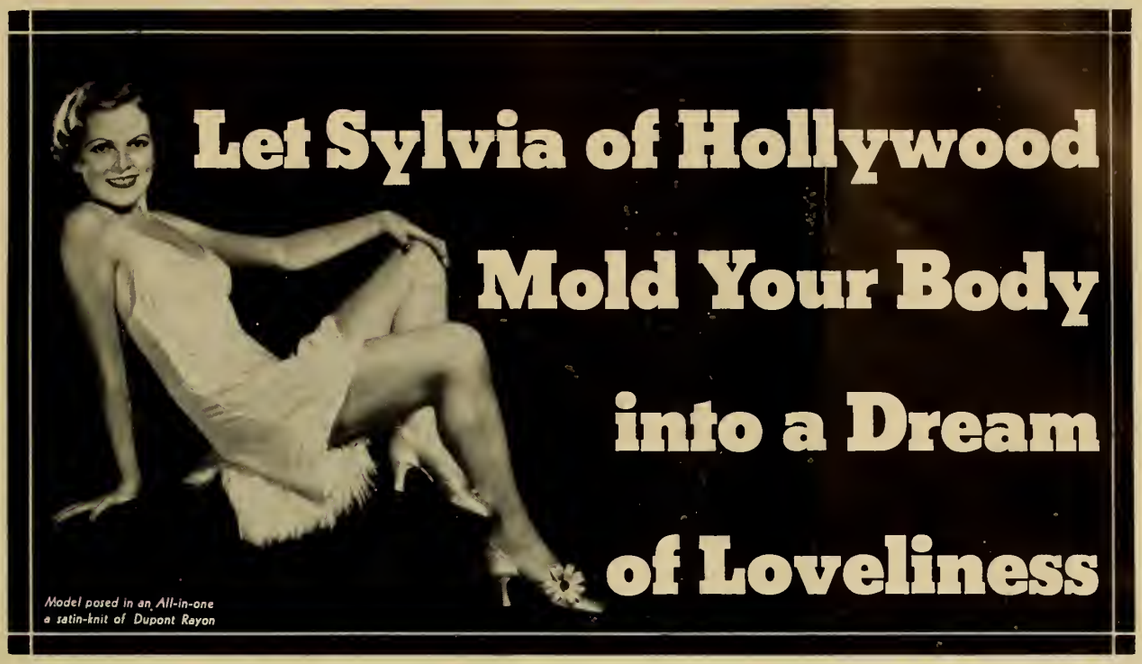

Read This Table of Contents

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK

DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING

WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED — Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce

REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC

GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH

IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs

PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!

THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE

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CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS

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SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET

BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET

ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE — OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS

ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT — To Mothers—To Girls

THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

Now you can acquire the beauty of the screen stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her book, *No More Alibis.*

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to many of the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

Sylvia has put these beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

Carefully guarded secrets told

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time many carefully guarded health and beauty secrets . . . the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by photographs and excellent diets.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

Sylvia of Hollywood

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Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatments right in the privacy of your own home.

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BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these tobacco experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES: Bill Currin—Auctioneer—has smoked Luckies for 15 years

Sworn Records Show That—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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